# EDWARD WORTLEY

AND

# The Exile of Scotland.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

[EDWARD WORTLEY.]

*LONDON:*

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# EDWARD WORTLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

EDWARD had imparted to Mr. Melliflower his wish to embark for England by one of the vessels that would sail that week; though Mr. M. was prepared for the intelligence, he loved Edward with so sincere an affection, that it cast upon his heart a dark shade like the retiring of the sunbeam of joy. A dew drop stood in his eye like what humanity calls a tear, and seizing Edward's hand with an affectionate ardour, said, he would not detain him any longer; he was convinced how glittering were the prospects of youth, and the eagerness of their pur-

suits. He added he would call at the coffee house, Third Street, and make enquiries when the first vessel sailed, and secure him a passage; and as the wind was outward bound, he believed the ships that were loaded would immediately sail; he would give orders for his accommodations that day. They then both went to Third Street, and found the captain of a vessel, who intended sailing in three days. It was then the fifth of December, and the softest morning that ever adorned departing autumn; the wind blew lightly from the south west, one of those voluptuous breezes that spread such serenity and ease over the frames of man; and the insects, as in the midst of summer, sported in the sun-beam.

Mr. Melliflower, who looked grieved, proposed to his friend to take a sail down to Chester, a little town in Pennsylvania, on the shore of the Delaware. Edward, who felt equally agitated and distressed, was glad of the proposal, as the activity of the scene might restore his composure. The fishes glided in shoals round the little

boat as she cut the silver waves, and the wild fowl in flocks swam on their surface. When they had landed, and reached the tavern, Mr. M. ordered a good dinner to be immediately prepared, and afterwards rambled with Edward in the woods that lay near the town.

There this good man unbosomed the feelings of his soul, how much he regretted his departure, and still more so that circumstances would not permit him to accompany him the voyage.

"But," added he, with a look that spoke the pious faith of his breast, "we shall soon meet again, and when once I am under your roof in England, I will never quit it till I am summoned by my Father to the sepulchre of my ancestors."

Edward was too much affected to reply, and he covered his face with his hands to hide the perturbation of his soul. Mr. M. was both pleased and pained; and with emotion took out his pocket book, and presenting to Edward a bill of exchange for one thousand pounds on London. Said, "give this to my niece

when you arrive in England as a part of the marriage portion I intend for her: go, and live happy; but why did I add this, such a virtuous mind as your own must ever enjoy happiness. But we will return to the tavern; the subject we have dwelt on, is too distressing for our mutual feelings." They instantly retraced their steps; and after they had dined, re-embarked for the city, and strove to find

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

## CHAPTER II.

On the morrow, Mr. Melliflower invited his principal friends in the city to partake of a farewell dinner given to Edward, and whilst Mr. M. was employed in writing letters to send by Edward to his sister and brother, Edward took a walk to the Skuilkill to bid adieu to the scenes of the New World; the day was temperate, but more chilly than it had been the preceding one, but the sky was a clear sapphire, the wind blew from the north west, which is the American bright weather and outward bound wind; it called to his mind a thousand tender ideas, for it blew towards the shores of his Juliet, and in a short time he should be on the path of the wide waters that led to her home.

He reviewed, in his mind, the noble and disinterested conduct of her uncle, who, had he been a father, (here a sigh burst from his heart, he thought of his own parent, and wished to chase the comparison from his breast,) he could not have been more kind; he examined his heart, it confessed it loved Mr. Melliflower, but he was sad in the reflection, he could never make him a suitable return. When he came to England, he was determined to conduct himself as a duteous son to him, and he was conscious his Juliet would prove as tender a daughter.

He thought of Castle Vineyard, he knew it was lost to him, but he had found new treasures, and he thanked the Disposer of human events for his good fortune. He returned to Chestnut Street, where a large party of Mr. Melliflower's commercial friends were assembled; the conversation at table was rather invidious, and Mr. M. perceived it, for the Americans cannot suffer the idea that a stranger should forsake their country, which

these egotists suppose is the paradise of the earth. They were both glad when the visitors had retired. But Mr. M. was too absorbed for conversation, and so was Edward, and to conceal their painful uneasiness they parted early for the night.

## CHAPTER III.

THE next morning when he rose, he heard the cry of fire shouted fearfully in the street. Mr. Melliflower immediately after rushed into his room, and desired Edward to follow him and assist the citizens to extinguish the fire. They went to the spot where crowds of the principal people were ranged in rows from the pumps to the houses that were burning, handing buckets of water from the one to the other to supply the engines, but for want of a sufficient quantity; and owing to the combustible materials of the roofs, which are shingle boards, the houses were soon burnt down, as is almost generally the case when a fire happens; the service being voluntary, and not having fire plugs to give a copious supply of water, as in the city of London, where all is conducted

by the fire companies, it is generally labour lost, unless the conflagration be immediately perceived, when it is sometimes successfully extinguished. It proved a very cold morning, and the water froze in the buckets.

After they had returned Mr. Melliflower enquired of his clerks whether all the things he had ordered had been provided for the passage of his friend.

Finding every thing ready, he took Edward to the Secretary of State, and procured him a passport as an American citizen, a circumstance which eventually proved fortunate.

Some merchants called in just after they had dined, and one of them drinking to Edward's safe passage to the old country, remarked the wind blew very cold from the north west. The chill phrase excited sympathy in all the company; Mr. M. looked at the fire, and ringing the bell, desired the footman to put more wood on. Another remarked it was a noble outward bound wind, and he would bet a trifle the

river would be frozen on the morrow, and the ships that did not sail that evening would be ice bound.

Edward looked disappointed, when a loud rapping was heard at the door. Mr. M. looked sorrowfully at Edward, and said he was sure it was the captain: it was so, and with tidings that he should sail in two hours. A car was ordered immediately to take Edward's luggage, and so hurried was the captain, he would not stay to drink a glass of wine.

This unexpected haste saved the two friends the sorrow of a parting farewell.

Mr. M. walked down Market Street with Edward, they found the ship already in the stream with her sails unbent, and the captain hailing his boat to go on board.

Edward embraced his friend, his luggage was put into the boat, when jumping in himself, he waved his hand, and in a few minutes was in the cabin of the ship, and she already out of sight of the town: in twelve hours they had dismissed the pilot and were without the Capes, and by

nightfall out of sight of land, when the cloudy top of Cape May sunk behind the waves.

Edward breathed a sigh to his Philadelphia worthy friend, and weighed down with pensive thoughts, retired to the state room.

## CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD scarcely slept all the night, but passed it in divided thought with his worthy friend and his beloved Juliet, to whom he trusted an all directing Providence would soon bear him.

He could not but pour forth his gratitude to Mr. Melliflower for the bounteous provision he had made for his voyage, of two hampers of wine and brandy, several dozens of porter, turkeys, geese, fowls, hams, and eggs, and a large cask of crackers. Had he been going to the East Indies he could not have been more amply provided for.

When he rose to breakfast, he was surprised and vexed at the luxuries he beheld, which consisted of a roasted, or rather baked turkey, boiled eggs, buttered crackers, and a bottle of his own wine, and coffee. Edward ate a cracker or two and took

some coffee; but the captain and mate drank the wine, and eat great part of the turkey.

He beheld in the physiognomy of his guests the worst vices that disgrace mankind, drunkenness, ignorance, and cruelty; and he already felt uneasy under such wretched pilots.

He was convinced his sea stock would soon be exhausted, and when they had gone upon deck, and the steward was getting dinner in the cabouse, he went to the hampers, which he found had already been plundered, and took half a dozen bottles of wine and brandy, and a large silk handkerchief of crackers out of the cask, and put them into his trunk. He then went up upon the quarter deck, but the wind was so cold, and the sea ran so high, he quickly descended, and taking Carter's Account of America out of his pocket, began to read.

He had been down but a few minutes, when the captain came bawling to the steward to pour him out half a pint of spirits, for he said he was as cold as h—l.

Every day this beast got regularly drunk, and trusted his ship to the mercy of Providence.

Edward was very uneasy, and mentally said, "if that God who had guarded him through so many dangers would mercifully protect him to England, he would never put his foot again on board a ship, for his life to be at the disposal of some ignorant brute."

He heard the wretch every night at his hamper, drinking his wine and brandy, which, in the course of a fortnight, was all gone.

The weather was one continual hurricane, and Edward seldom went on deck; it was now the seventeenth day of their passage, when the ship became leaky, and the sea broke over her tremendously. The men were continually at the pump, all the boats, with the exception of the pinnace, which hung at the stern, were washed overboard; and the drunken captain, who kept his reckoning with chalk, had taken no observation for several days, and knew not where he was.

Edward's distress was unutterable; he resigned himself as a lost being. A squall had carried away the fore top-mast, and the ship in the tumultuous billows became almost unmanageable; her helm was lashed, and she was suffered to beat where the waves might carry her. The forecastle was full of water, and the crew were obliged to live in the cabin. No food could be dressed, and the people lived on raw pork and biscuit.

Edward's dismay was at its height; his situation, from the licentious behaviour of the seamen, the drunkenness of the officers, the howling of the winds, and the noise of the billows, was like as if he had been in the infernal regions: and lucky it was he had made the reserve he had, for this was all he had to subsist on.

He wept bitterly in his solitary confinement in the state room; hope had faded from his view like the departed light: he prayed to Heaven, thought of his Juliet, and gloomy and dismayed, resigned himself patiently to his fate.

The next morning the wind suddenly

abated, when throwing the lead overboard they found themselves on soundings, but where and on what shore they could not tell; at twelve o'clock the weather became almost calm, and they perceived a ship under French colours bearing down upon them, it was a corvette out of Havre de Grace, who took them in tow, and by six that evening brought them to a safe anchorage in the Seine.

Never was a man so happy as Edward, never did a bosom pour a more grateful prayer. He exhibited his passport, and was permitted to land with his trunk. How he blessed the foresight of Mr. Melliflower, but for whose wisdom he must have languished in a French prison. He immediately wrote to Juliet and her father, informing them of his safe arrival in France, and that in a fortnight he should be at Box Farm, the paradise of his bliss; and renewing his passport, set off the next day for Paris, from whence he meant, almost immediately, to start for England.

## CHAPTER V.

EDWARD admired the beautiful cultivation of the Old World as he rode for Paris. The magnificent chateaus on the banks of the Seine, the beauty of the woods and ornamented grounds, and the numerous spires that glittered on the landscape, he could not help contrasting with the rude efforts he had seen in the New World.

When he arrived in the city, the grandeur of the public buildings equally attracted his admiration, whilst the narrowness of the streets as much disgusted him.

After enjoying a good night's rest, he walked to the Louvre to riot in a banquet of taste no other country in the world could afford. The three galleries of paintings, enriched with the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools,

overwhelmed him with astonishment. The colourings of Titian, the sublimity of Raphael, the boldness of the Caraccus, the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, the heads of Guido, the polish of Rubens, the simplicity of Rembrandt, and the magic pencils of Poussin and Le Brun, presented such a bounteous *fête* to the imagination, that it oppressed him as with enchantment. In the Hall of Sculpture, the master skill of the Grecian chisel were shown in the Apollo of Belvidere, and the statue of Venus, with other rare examples. In a separate room was the fine picture of David, representing the battle of the Romans and the Sabines, and if France could not have furnished another piece, this would have immortalized the Gallic genius.

Edward, after having visited Notre Dame, L'Hopital des Invalides, the Pantheon, Palais Bourbon, the Luxembourg, and all the splendid edifices of Paris, spent a few hours at the Jardin aux Plantes, and on the morrow went to the Palace of Saint Cloud, the residence of

the First Consul, visited Sevres, where the porcelain manufactory is established, and the famed monument of Louis le Grand at the Palace of Versailles, which is a *tout ensemble* of the richest luxuries of architecture and painting, with the exception of the *façade*, whose area is too contracted to show its splendour. The water-works, the statues and ornaments of the garden, are superb.

Edward would have waited to have seen all the beautiful environs of Paris, but some spirit haunted his imagination, and uneasiness or impatience clouded his enjoyment. It is not difficult to find out who this spirit was ;—it was the image of Juliet that delighted and tortured him in all his curious rambles, nor did she cease her persecutions even in his sleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

JULIET, the tender, virtuous Juliet, when Edward on the French coast, hopeless of rescue, and had resigned himself a prey to the waves, was in the oak parlour, at Box Farm, pensively ruminating, with her elbow on the breakfast table, and her head upon her hand. Like heavenly pity shuddering over the wounds of humanity, and thinking how she should heal them, or the nymph Contemplation at her holy vigils.

Edward's last letter had convinced her he was on the stormy billows of the ocean. Imagination, that officious intruder to the distressed bosom, cruelly painted his dangers; and the lovely mourner shuddering, lifted her eye to heaven, like Piety at her grateful worship, and prayed for the Almighty's protection to conduct his ship in

safety. Apprehension, with his dark presages, would now sadden her mind, and force the tear, when young Hope, in the plumes of Cupid, attended by the painted joys, would drive the sable augur from her mind, and in her magic mirror show her the faithful Edward in her arms, breathing vows of everlasting love, and in his impatient bliss pointing to the village church; when the modest blush would crimson her virgin cheek, and purest rapture thrill her trembling frame.

Her father, in this sweet agitation, brought her in a letter, with the blessed intelligence that her Edward, her beloved Edward, had safely arrived in France, and in a few days would be at Box Farm. He mentioned but slightly the circumstance which compelled them to seek shelter in a hostile country, nor spoke of his having obtained an American passport, lest the letter should have been opened by the French government.

But it entered not into Juliet's head he would be detained; and had Guido been there with his pallet, he would have

painted a countenance resembling heavenly Peace, when she wept over our disobedient first parents on their being driven from Paradise, and taking her last farewell of the polluted earth. She thanked her God, and her tears were her holy sacrifice for her lover's safety; and a tide of tender pulsations throbbed her heart, as she counted the short time that would bring her Edward to Box Farm. Her mother coming in from the dairy shared the glad tidings, and the world did not contain so happy a trio as the little oak-wainscotted parlour.

Sweet expectation budded again the blooming roses of Juliet's cheeks, and Joy on her sun-beam throne lighted again the sparkling lustres of her azure eye. The whole discourse of their mornings and evenings was of Edward, and with the banquet of her feelings Juliet grew more lovely than ever.

## CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD, having received his passport on the eleventh of January, took a seat in the diligence for Calais; the road from Paris to Chantilly is paved, and lined with rows of trees.

Edward would have gone and viewed the palace of the Prince of Condé, but he was informed by the *maître de hôtel* it was in ruins. When they arrived at Amiens, he went over the cathedral, which is a fine structure; and without any thing further, worthy of notice, reached Calais in safety, where he deposited his passport, and not being able to procure a passage, remained at the Silver Lion, (Dessein's) all night.

The next morning he embarked, and with a grateful heart arrived at the Ship at Dover by two o'clock, when, after he

had dined, he took a chaise and four for London, where he slept that night, and in the morning continued his route, and the next evening, before the sun went down, was in the oak parlour in the arms of his Juliet.

The joy of Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, though not like that of their lovely daughter, poured as much comfort upon their grateful hearts; and when they saw Juliet happy, and Edward returned in health, the picture of the faithful pair would force tears into their eyes; not drops of sorrow, but the dews of the soul, that like the dew of the morning upon the flowers, gave refreshment to their pleasures.

Edward delivered Mr. Melliflower's letters, and when Juliet observed the valuable contents of her own, her feelings displayed such a tender sensibility of soul, which, to Edward's fond mind, seemed superior to her uncle's bounty; her good parents were equally strong in their gratitude, and they surveyed the perspective with rapture, when they should be blessed with his amiable company.

Mr. Somerville said, "he should enclose the bill of exchange to his brother Benjamin, the banker, at Ludlow, to procure the payment of it."

Juliet, though she was content with the banquet of love, conceived her Edward, after his fatigue, stood in need of some other refreshment; and tripping like an airy sylph, soon spread a table that would have invited the daintiest appetite.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The sullen night shook from her raven wings, as the departed tributes of comfort and the bright morning spread her lustres over the happy tenants of Box Farm.

Edward awoke like a grateful patient recovered from a fatal disease, and when he had descended the stairs, was met by young Happiness in the form of his lovely Juliet; and, as in the patriarchal times, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, like Abraham and Sarah, rejoiced in the comforts of the young pair;—their sorrows had passed away like the darkness of evening, and not a shade obscured the splendour of their contentment.

After they had breakfasted, Mr. Somerville and Edward walked over the farm, when Mr. S. informed him of the death of Lady Faingood, and the name of her successor. Edward heaved a sigh,

but it was not a breathing complaint for the loss of fortune, it was an expiation for human depravity, which had deprived him of his legal rights; and he shuddered in reflecting on the base actions the love of gold would tempt man to commit.

He blessed the memory of his deluded cousin, and emphatically observed to Mr. Somerville, "it was not an act of her own will, the cloud of age had obscured her judgment and benumbed her faculties, and what appeared cruel on the first reflection, will be extenuated by the liberal as the unthinking folly of her feebler childhood."

Mr. Somerville was astonished at the magnanimity of Edward. His pious resignation and fortitude sustaining losses that would have unhinged weaker minds, raised him to the highest standard in his estimation.

The truth of Edward's sentiments was visible in his fine countenance, and Mr. S. who was a disciple of Lavater, was, as he contemplated it, strengthened in his creed.

The heart, however hacknied in the

ways of men and battered with vice, is apt to expose her secrets and inclinations on the ductile face, as the lines of avarice cannot be effaced from the miser's visage, nor will the sunshine of benevolence illumine the man-hater's brow.

It was Edward's candid countenance that first attracted his attention, and won the confidence of himself and Mrs. Somerville; and it was his suavity and benevolence that enchanted the youthful Juliet, and conquered her affections; and if the heart be the temple of the passions, the crystal countenance betrays all their emotions.

Mr. Somerville, to banish the remembrance of Castle Vineyard from Edward's mind, changed his discourse to rural affairs, and pointed out to him some very fine sheep, that were feeding upon turnips in the adjoining field. When they were come up to the hurdles, Edward very much admired their fine symmetry and fatness, and seemed astonished at the nourishment turnips afforded, and requested to be informed what county first intro-

duced this profitable condiment to cattle, and improved system of tillage. Mr. S. said, "he believed it was Norfolk, whose original shallow poor soil suggested some more ample method of manuring their fields than the scanty supply of the straw afforded. They were in the habit of sowing their grain crops and grasses after turnips, and by hurdling their sheep on them, have rendered that county the most productive in grain of any in the kingdom." Mr. Somerville rejoined, "these successful experiments induced the formation of agricultural societies, which, in the early days of their institution, so rapidly promoted the improvements in husbandry; but as good and evil are equally blended in all moral agencies, speculations in stock and farming courses, of the most expensive latitude, in a short time superseded the safe but slow practical experiments; and many capital breeders of stock, in pursuing symmetry and fineness of bone to gratify public taste, reduced themselves to beggary; and others, by foolish theories in new systems of manuring, coursing,"

and burning their soil, have impoverished both themselves and farms. It has also introduced extravagant machinery, which is destructive of manual labour, so necessary to find employment for a population so numerous as that of our country. But the worst mischief it has occasioned to the interests and welfare of the country, is the monopoly of farms; this is an evil of so dreadful a nature to our social and moral happiness, that language is inadequate to express its accumulated injuries, and if a prudent check to this growing modern mania be not put by our great land proprietors, thousands of disinherited families of the soil will be compelled to fly from their country, and seek their subsistence in the forests of the New World, and owe to savages that comfort civilized society has denied them.

"It is a truism verified by our history, that the sinews of the yeomanry are the invincible defence of the country. What has the poor free born Englishman to boast, who has not a cot of his own, nor a perch of ground to set his foot upon?

The feudal age, which enrolled him the trapped slave of haughty ambition, were golden days contrasted with his present condition; as with the cold charter of liberty he is often divested of employment, and would perish, but for the sparing considerations of charity work-houses.

"The people of this once happy country, through the effects of monopoly, are now reduced to two classes, the rich and the poor; the intermediate class, the proud pillar of its strength, at whose base happiness and morality reared their sacred altars, are now ejected, by the princely farmers, princely merchants, princely bankers, and the princely manufacturers to the lowest basement of dependency. The country by these invasions on the general welfare may appear more rich, but it loseth its strength and its happiness.

"I remember," said Mr. Somerville, "a few years back, the adjoining parish was divided into forty-two substantial farms, on each of which lived a happy industrious family, who paid their way

well, brought up their children in habits of piety and usefulness, and made a reserve of some little property to forward their future welfare; the markets were then plentifully supplied with poultry, eggs, butter, and grain at moderate prices. These farms are now occupied by only three men, and excepting their residences, the other houses are dilapidated, the children of the ejected tenants reduced to servitude under the others, the hopeless victims of wretchedness and despair. These opulent men raise no poultry, nor attend any market, they are enabled to keep their grain in the stacks till it fetches extravagant prices; and whilst labour is almost a drug, the necessaries of life are beyond the reach of the poor man. I do not mean to question the right of the great land proprietors to their extensive possessions, but as fortuitous circumstances procured them these vast tracts of soil, which they have not the power to cultivate, and as all men in the chain of society mutually contribute to its support, in justice to the general welfare, their

lands should be so divided, that the greatest possible number of individuals might find subsistence. The territory of Britain is so limited, and its population so numerous, a monopoly of the soil is one of its greatest scourges, and may produce one day a crisis fatal to the prosperity of the empire.

"There is another evil which elicited from the agricultural societies, the destruction of our sheep walks by the enclosure of the commons; we are now wholly dependent for fine wools on the Spanish market, beside the sum of distress occasioned by the ejectment of cottagers, who on these soils of nature almost supported their families, but now are driven in famished multitudes to the poor houses. The patriotic *design* for adopting this line of conduct, was the scarcity of grain, though our improvements in agriculture have doubled the produce of wheat in this country within these forty years.

"The war certainly caused a temporary demand on the necessaries of life, but our foreign allies were the principal consu-

mers; and such a period of distress is not a fit epoch to be adopted as a criterion to the sufficiency for our national wants."

Edward was both delighted and astonished at the profundity of Mr. Somerville's observations, and the luminous energetic manner in which he displayed his subjects; and so fixed was his attention, that Juliet had not once presented herself to his mind, till on their return home. He perceived the village church, when her lovely image, blooming in the ripened graces of youth and beauty, rushed upon his throbbing heart, and with it a thousand tender ideas.

## CHAPTER IX.

JULIET had heard the ever welcome steps of her father and lover, and as by magic she laid the cloth, and brought in a couple of fine roasted ducks, her mother and servant maid bringing in the other appendages.

Hunger has the effect of love in exciting pleasurable sensations, so Edward and his companion enjoyed dinner in the society of Juliet, who released the blooming attendants of her mind—love and joy—and like an earthly mortal proved the spoon-billed animals were not ideals, nor was Mrs. Somerville a quiet spectator of the savoury contest. The pleasures of mind and body were equally blended, and the happy company might have been justly named the four cardinal virtues of content.

A bottle of Metheglin was opened as soon as the clatter of arms began to cease, and with fervour and affection each drank to the health of the good Mr. Melliflower, and his speedy return to England.

Edward sighed over his remembrance, and the grateful Juliet, recollecting his bounty, dropped a tear into the glass, and consecrated her sacrifice. These were dulcet moments. The oak parlour was the Temple of Virtue, and in it Benevolence burnt her holy censer. The genius of good men watched over it, and the gnomes of mischief were not suffered to intrude.

What could the ambition of a Cæsar, or the wealth of a Crœsus display in comparison with the contentment of this happy party. Love that flies the noise of the battle axe; peace that hovers round the fire side of the virtuous; ruddy independence that seeks toil and hates voluptuous ease; and health in her buskins, and her crown of roses, were all in the oak parlour, pouring their blessings on the happy guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville retired to their domestic concerns, and left Juliet and Edward unseen but by the spirits of the blessed pouring their bosom secrets in mutual confidence.

The pangs, the dreads, their bleeding sorrows that were past, and those light joys, transports and raptured blisses which now so well repaid their faithful sufferings. Such joy was theirs as purest Eden felt when first her flowers sprung, and spread their incense to the skies, to welcome love conducting blushing Eve unto her nuptial bower.

## CHAPTER X.

EDWARD awoke every morning with pleasure in his veiw, and each evening he retired to his pillow, happiness shook from her silver wings the down of peace upon his slumbers.

He had opened his fond heart to the father of his Juliet, soliciting his consent to yield the hand of Juliet. Mr. Somerville tenderly respected the bliss of Edward, wished to postpone his marriage until he had gained an experience in agriculture, as he purposed to engage in that most useful and peaceful pursuit.

He added he knew a very pretty farm in an adjoining village, with a comfortable house on it, which would be vacant by May-day, the refusal of which he had been promised; "and by that time," said he, smiling, "you will be a tolerable far-

mer; and at that period, I shall not refuse to place Juliet under your protection."

Edward pressed his hand with filial gratitude, and declared he would prove himself a most active pupil to deserve his reward.

Mr. S. informed Edward he had a letter from his brother, informing him he had presented Mr. Melliflower's bill of exchange, and the money had been remitted.

They now walked to the field where the men were ploughing, and Mr. S. explained to Edward the necessity of brushing the ground for the spring crops; and the process he had followed with success, of ploughing the lime and manure in with the stubble, by which means the whole was blended into a rich compost at the second ploughing, when the barley or other spring grain is sown.

Perceiving Juliet and her mother coming up the paddock, they went to meet them. They had brought Edward a letter

from Scotland, which on opening he found was from his dear friend Mr. Macdonald, which informed him he was the happiest of men, and his Moggy the most faithful of wives; he had been married a month, and he said he had mentioned his friend to Moggy, who ardently wished to see him and thank him for his kindness to her dear Macdonald: he desired him not to be surprised at his bringing his Moggy to see him and his dear Juliet at Box Farm, but it would not be until late in the summer as he had been returned for the burgh of ———, and was obliged to attend on particular local business this session of parliament.

Edward gave Juliet the letter and was pleased and displeased with the contents. His friend was married to his Moggy, and he had an ordeal of six months before he should enjoy his happiness.

Juliet perceiving after she had perused the letter, Edward's uneasiness, cast upon her lover an arch look of reproof for his impatience, which was succeeded by the

sweetest smile of atonement love could spread upon a countenance.

The charm dissipated his chagrin, and taking Juliet's arm, he was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, ranged in the form of a crescent, and they promenaded slowly the meadow, whilst Edward repeated all the circumstances of his adventure with his Caledonian friend. The ladies were affected at the cruel usage Mr. Macdonald experienced from his father; and the fidelity and love of Maggy excited their highest admiration and respect; and they anticipated the sincere pleasure they should enjoy in their charming company.

Mr. Somerville reprobated the stern conduct of many parents in controuling their children on account of their own unamiable prejudices, and by such unnatural severity sacrificing their happiness and every other blessing that could make life supportable.

As the white tower of the church broke upon Edward's view, he gently

pressed Juliet's hand: the blush and sigh responded to his emotion, and spoke more eloquently her feelings, which ceased not to vibrate till they arrived in the oak parlour.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE next day Mr. Somerville was surprised by a visit from his brother, the banker, at Ludlow, who had brought the contents of the bill of exchange, with the exception of two pounds ten shillings and sixpence deducted for postage and commission.

He was a person, who, by stifling every sentiment of humanity, and pursuing the most parsimonious habits and extortions in business, had acquired a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds.

He was a little thin man, withered as if he had been a guest of the other world; he had little twinkling eyes, a hook nose, and a very wide mouth, with broken decayed teeth, which seemed as if they could now no longer bite mankind.

He wore a slouched hat tanned with age, a little curled brown wig, that seemed

the pattern of the first peruke invented to cover lascivious baldness: his neckcloth through bad washing or length of years was turned yellow; his coat, once black, which he wore as a mourning dress for George the Second, was thread bare and brown; his greasy small-clothes forty years ago might have been upon the back of a doe; he wore upon his shrunk shanks blue worsted boot stockings, and his neat leather shoes, ornamented with a pair of small silver buckles, was the only part of his costume that denoted a man of property.

When he came into the oak parlour where the four friends were seated, he squeaked out without any salutation, "Brother, how do you do? I have brought you, Jack Somerville, your money," and added, "I hope Juliet will take care of it." And after hemming, coughing, and spitting in the fire, he sat down at the table, and counting over the bank bills, gave them to his brother-in-law. He then addressed Mrs. Somerville, "they tell me, Betty, Mr. Melliflower is very rich."

Mrs. S. said she could not tell, but she was happy to inform him her brother would soon be in England.

"Aye, aye, dame, I dare say he will; England's the only place to keep money in:" he now peered at Juliet: "why, dame," continued he to Mrs. S., "your daughter is as tall as yourself; I dare say the wench will soon want a husband." Juliet coloured-up to her eyes, and Edward was displeased at the rudeness of the old bear.

Mr. Somerville asked his brother if he would partake of any thing. "You may give me a slice of bread and cheese and a mug of table beer, and feed my horse, and then I shall be off back to business."

He had not deigned to open his lips to Edward, to the great mortification of the family, and glad they were when the old egotist was on his passage home.

Juliet, who had been severely wounded by the brutal behaviour of her uncle, took tenderly Edward's hand, and apologised with the smile of an angel, for his slighting rudeness. He understood the sweet in-

tercession, and laughing remarked, the banker was an original.

Mr. Somerville, who had just returned from setting off this monied scourge, asked Edward, in a jocose manner, what he thought of his brother.

"He is an oddity," he replied, "who thinks himself wise in his own system."

"An honester man, nor a stricter ceremoniast in his religious duties never existed, but humanity never warmed his breast; and though possessed of so large a fortune, the world cannot record a good action of him: his unforgiving sin is poverty; and were I so reduced as to be compelled to solicit his assistance, I should perish before he would spare a shilling from his overflowing coffers, nor would he condescend to interfere with his splendid connections, acquired by his banking concerns, to procure me a situation to screen me from want and misery. Such an idol is independence to his soul, he would think the asking of a favour would be overturning the image of his soul's adoration.

"Such are the untoward destinies of this world, the benevolent are hunted into poverty, whilst the callous and the self-lover, conceal hoarded treasures that ought to nourish thousands. But these beings enjoy no happiness, their covetousness is a flaming fire that devours their peace: and whilst their vast possessions create envy and murmur in the ignorant spectator, they themselves are deserving commiseration, as being the most miserable victims among mankind.

It is hard to determine which is the greatest brute in society, the unfeeling wealthy man, or the ungrateful poor one.

It is a misfortune that in all political bodies, too much consideration is bestowed upon property, and that talents and virtue, unless attached to it, are considered as dross. But when we reflect that the security and happiness of social welfare are derived from wisdom and virtue, the active agents in the wide circle of man, to encourage and support them should be the first creed of civilization.

It is not the private suffering of an in-

dividual when virtue languishes in poverty, but the misery of the many who would be nourished in their wants, and comforted in their afflictions, were she as she deserves surrounded by plenty.

"Man is not endued with sufficient energies to become an independent being; his feebleness requires social relations, or the assistance of his fellows.

"There is something wrong in human institutions, in not protecting property from being almost the certain prize of the vicious and selfish, and to this error, the distresses, the disorders, the fatal wars, tyrannies, and oppressions of all social bodies are to be ascribed."

The impression of the banker was now worn out of every one's memory in the party, and content and her rosy train again sprinkled with the incense of peace, the quiet oak parlour.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHILST Mr. Somerville and his adopted son-in-law were strolling over the farm next day, Mr. S. resumed his discourse concerning the old banker.

"He said his brother was fifteen years older than himself, and that they two were the only survivors of a family of fifteen children; that they kept up no correspondence, and he had not seen him for the space of twenty years, nor should he then have been honoured with this visit, but for the purpose of paying Mr. Melliflower's bill of exchange.

Mr. Somerville spoke at considerable length, and deprecated, in some respects, (very properly) the system of trade adopted by country bankers. The accuracy of his information, his general knowledge of subjects, and profound understanding, surprised Edward, who asked him, rather

in an abrupt manner, if he were a native of the village he now lived in. Mr. S. replied with a smile, " he was born in Oxfordshire, and that his father was vicar of one of the parishes near Oxford, and a worthier man never existed; unlike many of his brethren, though his tithes were not regulated by a modus, he never, by an oppressive rise, disturbed the Christian spirit of his flock, who honoured and adored him.

" Though he was hospitable, his manner of living was frugal, and he left at his death full eight thousand pounds in equal shares to Benjamin and myself.

" At his funeral there was not an unaffected spectator, and his name is still revered in the parish he inhabited.

" If his amiable and truly pious conduct were imitated by all his brethren of the Established Church, that benevolent liberal spirited fabric of the Christian faith would be preserved entire, and prevent the growth of that class of dissenters, whose discontented spirit, deceived by appearances, pursue the shadow of religion,

and whose persecutions, if they acquire an ascendancy over the other sects, will be more cruel than ever was experienced from the intolerance and tyranny of the Church of Rome.

"Of all the dangers of society, the bigoted evil is the most obnoxious: it is not the essence, but the cloak, of piety they contend for, and holla the troops of the ignorant multitude, and woe to the poor wretch whom their power can assail. This inflamed faculty of ignorance and folly persecutes the social feelings, and destroys all the happiness of life; its sears all the sympathies of the breast, and changes man into a monster—the fanatic agent of the most cold-blooded cruelties.

"Religion breathes happiness and comfort to man, superstition despoils him of all his blessings, and education is the only shield to its malignant mischiefs: the mist vanishes before her eagle eye, and shows the fiend, though concealed in his dark vapour, escaping from her lustrés: devotion can only raise her eternal altar in

the intelligent bosom that understandeth the mighty works of the Creator, whose unclouded reason can meditate virtue in all her charms, and view vice under all his disguises; who seeketh wisdom as the treasures of his happiness, and in the constant duties of benevolence proves his faith in his God.

"Of all the monsters in society," continued Mr. Somerville, "the lukewarm moralist is the worst; his passions are unfrozen but by self-love, his cold-blooded constitution can assume, unagitated, any masked character in society; without piety, or the feelings of humanity, he wears the successful garb of superstition, and prowls, a disguised wolf, privileged to devour his fellows; he echoes with an hyena cry the sorrows of mankind, but spares not a farthing from his large possessions, but what the law compels him to do, towards their relief. Self is his only idol, and his daily sacrifice is the increase of his treasures. His callous heart, uncherished by the social affections, has no passions to mislead it from its sordid pur-

suits, and to gratify his ambition without remorse, can become the bloody actor of a St. Bartholomew's day, a gunpowder-plot, or an Irish massacre.

"As hostile to man's welfare, and the happiness of the world, is a certain set of fast-increasing dissenters, (though no doubt, it is charitable to suppose many honest dupes are in the number), who receive, as proselytes into their pale the most abandoned of mankind, without proving, by a reform in their lives, the sincerity of their repentance; villains, who continue their evil courses, and defy with impunity, from their white-washed sanctuary those they have injured, and palliate their new vices by the blasphemous expression, 'the spirit forsaketh the watch-tower, that the devil might come to tempt them to sin, to prove their weakness.' Happy is it for society, the penal law is stronger than this abominable Satan! and thrice happy for the comfort of man, that philosophy has preserved the kingdom of reason from these fanatical inspirations, incantations,

and all the other overwhelming clouds and mists of ignorance and folly."

Edward could have listened to Mr. Somerville all day; but, as King Solomon wisely remarked, there was a time for all things, and looking upon his watch, and perceiving it two o'clock, they both considered it time to adjourn to the oak parlour.

## CHAPTER XIII.

In the evenings, whilst Mrs. Somerville was knitting, and her good husband smoking his pipe, Edward would instruct Juliet in some elegant branch of literature. He had read the British Poets, and explained to her perceptible mind their various beauties. He had arranged these classic writers into three ages: the first dawn of literature, included Chaucer; the second, Elizabeth's reign, or the morning when lived Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and Massinger; and the third, the meridian splendour, when flourished Cowley, Dryden, Temple and Waller, and the writers of Anne's reign. In reading Hume, (the prince of English historians) Robertson and Gibbon, he would distinguish the characteristics of the style of each, and divide into separate topics the

English history. He taught her to read Rollin and Bossuet's ancient histories in their own tongue, and remarked to her the principal epochs of the Assyrian, Grecian, Roman and Carthagenian empires, philosophically reasoning on their decay: how the luxuries of Babylon caused the empire of the Medes and Assyrians to become the easy conquest of the Persian Cyrus; that the divisions of Greece produced the famous Peloponesian war, which destroyed civil liberty, and made the self-desolated states of Greece a prize to the Macedonian; how the same poison, which had unnerved the eldest monarchy, enervated the Persians, who conquered it, and yielded the world to the ambitious son of Philip, whose universal monarchy fell asunder at the death of Alexander, and became the prey of the hardy, victorious Romans, who, also, near the same time, conquered in three wars,—what Polybius has called the Punic wars—the empire of the Carthagenians, which reduced Africa finally to a desart; and how Rome fell by her own weight, as Horace pre-

PAGE NO- 57 TO 64 MISSING IN ORIGINAL

lover, whom she longed, but dreaded to see.

They were soon all seated round the table partaking the fragrant production of China, and though the happy business of the first of May was no secret with any of them, each conceived it such, which occasioned that evening an agreeable, but awkward confusion.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The morning of the feast of Flora at length arrived; the sun broke over the eastern hills in cloudless splendour, not a breeze agitated the grove, the dews glittered on the bashful bosoms of the flowers, the birds shook the welkin with their song, the village bells sounded merrily down the glassy waters of the Vaga, and a voluptuous tranquillity seemed to pervade all nature.

Edward had risen as blithe as the soaring lark, expecting his lovely bride. Juliet was blushing at her toilet, accompanied by her mother, who was assisting her to dress. The vicar, who had been spoken to, and the old clerk, were already in the church. The bridemaids and bridegroom were with Mr. Somerville in the oak parlour, to which Edward had now re-

tired. And soon Juliet, bright as Aurora, when she comes in crimson veil to light the eastern skies, descended, supported by her mother. When led by the enraptured Edward, and followed by the smiling group, with palpitating heart and trembling step, the bashful bride tottered towards the Temple of Hymen.

The young rustics of the village in neat white gowns, and crowned with garlands of flowers, poured from their baskets violets, cowslips, and all the meadows' treasures on their path, and the young ringers in their shirts, covered with bridal favours, formed a crescent at the church gate to exact their customary tribute, and welcome the charming pair.

During the time the ceremony was solemnizing, Juliet continued to weep, but her crystal tears were a saint's reliques to the holy altar. The herald bells sounded over the village the nuptial tidings, and to all it was a holiday of bliss, and all shared the bounty of Box Farm. Plain but plentiful was the banquet, and fastly

tripped they while it was day, but soon the sooty night quenched this obtrusive light, and drew her sable curtain round the timid virgin.

Festivity was continued at the Temple of Felicity till Luna's pale crescent again glittered on the western sky: happy was Juliet, happy was her Edward, and supremely blest were the tender parents of our happy bride.

Juliet continued diligent in assisting her mother making arrangements for their domestic establishment, while Edward, like Jacob, constantly attended the business of the farm, so as to become an excellent agriculturist.

Their house at Birch Top being ready, and the farm surrendered up by the old tenant for a pecuniary consideration, they retired from Box Farm, and were settled as comfortably as they could have desired. Their residence was a very pretty villa, ornamented with gardens, fish ponds, and pleasure grounds, in a very tasteful manner; it had been built by a gentleman

of the army, who had gone with his regiment to India. They had taken a lease of it, and their happiness seemed to them complete.

Mr. Somerville rode over to them every day, giving his son-in-law advice in the management of the land, and the purchase of stock. Edward assisted to get in his harvest, and Juliet superintended the concerns of the dairy; their days were days of bliss, may never the jealous fates overcloud them.

Edward had domesticated some fish in a little pond, and on the summer evenings, himself and Juliet would feed them. As soon as they approached the bank, the speckled trout would rush to the sides and feed out of their hands. Sometimes they would weed their flower garden, which boasted every choice bud the painted Flora sprinkles on the earth. Such were the sweet avocations of our first parents, and such innocent labours were those of Juliet and Edward. Bosoms of purity, deserving all the rewards of

peace and contentment. Edward was benevolent and kind to his poor neighbours, and Juliet would attend the poor woman's nursery, and clothe her infants. Such characters as these deserve the gifts of fortune, and the spirits of heaven should guard them.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In this peaceful and useful circle of activity did the happiest pair love had ever united, pass the first year of their marriage; when Juliet, on May-day, that blissful epoch in their lives, presented her Edward with a daughter, fair as an infant Venus, who, in honor of the day, was christened Flora. She was the infant queen of flowers, for her cheek had robbed the goddess's pallette of all its brilliant tints. If Juliet, in her maternal cares robbed Edward of a share of her tender solicitude, he was overpaid by his smiling infant, whom he would dance for hours in his arms, whilst the fond mother's doating eyes shed equal raptures on the sharers of her heart. The grandmother was almost constantly at Birch Top, and the delighted Mr. Sorner-

ville, doubled the length of his visits. So fond they were of the little Flora, and happiness seemed to shower increasing treasures on the virtuous parents. But the fates, who had slumbered awoke, and envious of their joys, were determined to cloud them. The old vicar suddenly died who had the living of the village that contained Box Farm. The patronage belonged to the successor of Lady Faingood, who, jealous that Edward, the rightful heir, whom he knew was sheltered by Mr. Somerville, should be so near Castle Vineyard, was resolved to choose a person to succeed to the vicarage, who should persecute him in the tithes, and he fixed upon Dr. Syntax, who, though naturally a good man, he had so prejudiced him against the occupiers of Box Farm, that he really considered him to be a bad character, and was predetermined to torment and impoverish him, by harassing him in the collection of his tithes; he had also prevailed on the clergymen of the parish of Birch Top to

follow his example in persecuting Edward, and so soon as he was inducted into his living, Mr. Somerville and his son-in-law were served with notices that their tithes should be collected in kind, a cruelty in the clerical body, which has not only injured agriculture, but created those bickerings and schisms which have disturbed the Established Church, and threaten to endanger its security. To encrease their vexations, each clergyman kept a number of dogs, and to the very hour the improvident law permitted the sporting season to begin, though neither the corn at Box Farm, or Birch Farm were housed, they and their friends' horses and dogs would come and tread down their crops, and spoil more grain than the amount of their tithes.

Mr. Somerville was sadly grieved, but did not complain to his son-in-law; and Edward, who knew himself to be the innocent cause of this persecution, was severely affected by the shade that now clouded his happiness. He endeavoured

to conceal it from Juliet, but her penetration perceived the uneasiness of her Edward, and she consoled him with the hopes that this act of injustice would be continued but for a very short period.

These acts of oppression were, however, commenced again the following year by the institution of an action, and the service of process on Mr. Somerville from the Spiritual Court. Conscious of its injustice, and the fallacious plea set forth in the plaintiff's declaration, he pleaded in defence of his cause, and for want of evidence to substantiate facts, was cast in heavy damages, which not only injured his fortune, but preyed upon his spirits. Edward and the family were sadly afflicted, and they were resolved to convert all their lands into arable.

About this period, a young gentleman, Sir Marmaduke Fitz-James, who had been Edward's fellow-student at College, took a house, for a few months, in the neighbourhood of Birch Top. Edward was acquainted with him while at Oxford as a

man of superior talent, and possessing an independent fortune, but was not aware that he had subsequently squandered that fortune at the gambling table. Deceived by the many false reports of possessions which did not now exist, Edward received Sir Marmaduke with that sincerity of heart, which was peculiar to his character, and which invariably governed his actions; but Juliet, though not conversant with the world, nor the ways of man, was strongly prejudiced against him on his first appearance at Birch Top, as there seemed something in his behaviour so unlike humanity, and derogatory to the feelings of society.

The benevolent and unsuspicious Edward, still believing him the wealthy baronet he had been represented at college, lent him money, supplied him with wheat for his house, and oats for his stable, which soon amounted to a considerable sum; but still he felt no uneasiness, supposing him still a wealthy character, that would cheerfully, when requested, discharge his obligations.

His tithes and every other sorrow would vanish in the presence of Juliet and his little Flora. And Juliet, though she felt agony at heart for her Edward and father's persecutions, (in the presence of him her soul adored) the best reader of mankind would not have supposed a lacerating thorn lay concealed in the smiles of her seraphic countenance.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EDWARD, his Juliet, and little Flora were at breakfast in the little palour, whose bow window looked over the flower garden into the paddock that joined the high road, when they perceived the white gate open, and a coach and four driving in. There is always a presentiment that acquaints the mind of any particular forthcoming occurrence, it shall experience; but how this intelligence is embodied, whether an airy spirit, or a genius invisible to man, like that which counselled the divine Socrates, it is impossible for finite beings to expound, but Edward exclaimed in ecstacy, "it is my friend Macdonald;" and catching little Flora in his arms, he hastened with Juliet down the garden, where, to their great joy, they met with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, their charming little boy, and Mr. and Mrs.

Somerville whom they had pressed at Box Farm. "I am come," cries Macdonald, "with my Moggy and little Alexander," rushing into Edward's arms "to stay a whole week with you." Mrs. Wortley and Mrs. Macdonald as closely embraced each other as if they had experienced an age of friendship. The husbands now exchanged mutual salutations with their respective wives, nor were their kisses forgotton to their little Flora and Alexander. Mr. Macdonald after having had the carriage put up, dismissed the post horses, when the happy group retired to the breakfast-room, where, when their Caledonian friends had refreshed themselves,

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

like the electric fire thrilled from heart to heart. Mr. Macdonald apologised for his neglect in not having visited Birch Top last summer, which only proceeded from a pressure of domestic concerns, which now he had fully arranged to the great satisfaction of his Moggy, who was impatient for him to introduce her to his friend. The two ladies, such is the attraction of

virtuous breasts, were closely woven in their own discourse. Alexander and Flora played on the carpet, and the gentlemen, in imagination, were on the banks of the Patapses, repeating the incidents that brought them to be acquainted. Mr. Macdonald then reverted to the untimely death of Mrs. Macdonald's brother, whom he said was a very fine young man, and lost his life by a fever he contracted by sleeping in a damp bed at Edinburgh. Edward now perceived his friend wore mourning. He had only looked upon his noble countenance, and his joy at meeting him so unexpectedly, one so high in his esteem, had suspended his lesser faculties, which on such occasions are only exerted by little minds. Edward loved Mr. Macdonald with a brotherly affection, which was as warmly and disinterestedly exchanged. A more sincere party never could have assembled, and their felicity; especially by the friends when they recollected their past sufferings, and stealing a look of what they loved best on earth, their cultivated and virtuous bosoms felt thrills too blissful for language to ex-

press. Mrs. Macdonald was highly pleased with the kind and benevolent manners of Mrs. Somerville, nor was Mr. Macdonald less charmed with the wise sentiments and fund of experience displayed by Mr. Somerville in the various topics of their evening conversation; as for the enraptured young married fair ones, they seemed the daughters of happiness fastly entwined, (and pouring bliss into each others bosom) like the flexile woodbine wound round the fragrant rose: nor would these tender unfashionable *caro sposos* desert their husbands whilst they quaffed their brown October and talked unwomanish things.

The misanthropist, had, he viewed this contented group, the childrens innocent amusements, the fond mothers, the good Mrs. Somerville, and the trio of friends, would have dismissed his scepticism, and believed man was intended to be a happy being, and the verdent earth the temple of felicity.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Macdonald and Edward, often accompanied by Mr. Somerville, and attended by the ladies, in the carriage drawn by a couple of post horses, would ride out in the mornings to view the surrounding country. Mr. Macdonald was enraptured with the cultivation of the landscape and the picturesque views, but confessed the sublimity of the Caledonian scenery surpassed all he had seen in England. "You must come, my dear Wortley, and bring your Juliet, said he to Edward, "and see our blue lochs and mountains capped with snow to feel the great in nature." They formed a party in the week to descend the Wye from the town of Hay to examine its castles and abbeys and witching scenes. They visited the place where the fair Rosamond was born, (once belonging to the De Cliffords) that beautiful victim to a revengeful queen, the

ancient city of Hereford and its vicinity, Home Lacy, the seat of the duke of Norfolk, the town of Ross, where lived the benevolent Kyrle, so famed in the immortal verse of Pope; Wilton and Goodrich Castles, Symond's gate a rock near New Wier, from whose promontory a stout man could throw a stone into the Wye, that after sweeping its right base, makes a circuit of five miles and washes its left side. Monmouth appeared to them a very pretty town, and from the Kymyn near it they beheld the most delightful views they had seen on their tour. They next reached Tintern Abbey, where once the pompous monk hurled his red terrors over the layman's head, now mouldered in the dust beneath its ruined pillars, the ivied covert of the birds of the air.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald acknowledged they had never been so surprised with wonder as when the keeper of the abbey, Mr. Gethin, opened the great western door, discovering its masive unroofed arches and the beautiful window of the altar, among whose ruins lay the effigies, in coarse

stone, of Strongbow Lord of Struggall and conqueror of Ireland. Afterwards they proceeded down the pastoral Vaga to Chepstow, a romantic but ill built town. The castle is a fine piece of baronial ruin, the greatest part battered down by Oliver Cromwell. In this strong prison grafted on a rock, which if gunpowder had never been invented, would, from its massive appearance, have conquered time, was imprisoned the famous regicide Martin, whose epitaph is most curious, and whose peaceful bones rested in the chancel, but were removed from their sleeping house by a loyal, pious rector, whether to get another living, or a detestation of republicanism, it is impossible to clear up.

In the evening, whilst at supper at the Beaufort's Arms, Chepstow, the friends agreed, after viewing the beautiful grounds of Piercefield, to cross the passage and spend a day in Bristol. The happy party rose the next morning at six, and as it was a fine day, resolved to stroll to the walks. The picturesque scenery of the shores of the Wye, as they wound along the walk that look upon

its waters very much delighted them, but the prospect from Windcliff surpassed their expectations; the Severn seems to float its silver tide in the air, and the humble Vaga beneath in the valley, creeps like an inglorious flood beside its pompous rival, but all the landscape round dotted with spires and towns, bounded by the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire hills, is both romantic and sublime. They now returned to the inn, and set off immediately for Bristol, the second largest city of England. They were pleased with the active scenes that buzzed round them, of ships loading and unloading, the throngs in the streets, the rich shops and moving drays and coaches. They visited the cathedral, heard the tale of the bishop from the choristor boys, of his having been flayed alive for stealing the silver bells, and pencilled the elegant lines on Mrs. Mason's tomb. Afterwards they visited Radcliff church, and both Edward and Macdonald felt, as they paced the sacred floor where the ill-starred Chatterton had received the inspirations of the sweetest muse that ever strung the English lyre, a thrill of

horror; and here stood its cenotaph, a stigma on the barbarous age he livid in. They next wandered over Clifton, the Montpelier of England, and fearfully gazed upon the creeping Avon beneath the lofty summits of St. Vincent's Rocks; and after partaking of the Fountainof Hygdia, at the Hot Wells, returned to the Bush Tavern, and immediately set off for Birch Top, where they safely arrived.

The time, the sad time of parting now had reached its goal. And Mr. Macdonald to Edward, and Mrs. Macdonald to Juliet, with emotions that healed the wounds the tidings they meant to communicate would inflict, informed each they were obliged to leave their hospitable roof, as the preparations for their tour to the Continent were ready.

It was rather a silent evening with all, excepting the playful Alexander and Flora, who had never thought they were to part. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville slept that evening at Birch Top, and the sad morning came that was to part the sincerest of friends. Post horses had been ordered the overnight, and the coach was at the door, the

friends embraced and embraced again, the ladies wept, little Alexander would not go without Flora. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville looked sorrowful—the morning was rainy—they rushed out of the house—the carriage drove off, and Edward and Juliet sighed as if happiness had forsaken their dwelling. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville returned to Box Farm, and the remainder of the day Edward and his Juliet consecrated to the mourning of their absent friends.

## CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Macdonald, who possessed a most excellent genius for drawing, had left as a memorial of his having visited Birch Top, sketches of the beautiful scenery that surrounded that charming villa, nor would it be *hors de sa place* to represent these paintings, by a description of the house and situation. Birch Top stood in the bosom of a knot of venerable oak trees, intermingled with drooping birches that overlooked the crystal currents of the pastoral Vaga, whose white flood, for a great extent, was seen flowing peacefully through the green valley, which, at intervals, was shaded with dark forests and limestone rocks, whose brows were either feathered with glossy beech-trees, or crowned with purple heath, blended with the wild rose, and the golden furze and broom; another vista opened to the lofty taper spire of the church of the

town of ———, and the ivy-crowned towers of the castle of ———. The area before the house was occupied by a flower garden, simply but beautifully planned by Edward's elegant mind; on the east side of which was a paddock, dotted fancifully with umbrage tufts of evergreens, which surrounded the parterre on two sides, and extended to the public road, at the western side of the garden was a fairy plantation of syringas, laburnums, fringe trees, Portugal laurels, brooms of every species that would resist the climate, and Gueldre roses. The entrance to this enchanting paradise of bower and shade was under a gothic arch and bridge, formed by old trunks of trees clothed with ivy, under which rolled a silver brook, which, like the waters of Helicon, was never disturbed by a tempest, and whose pebbled sides, till it dissolved itself into the pond, were fringed with clumps of laurel, arbutus, laurestinus, and juniper. The pond, where sported the speckled trout, tame as if they had been charmed by Orpheus' lyre, in the manner of nature, was orna-

mented with rock, in whose chasms bloomed the French and China roses, and islands covered sweetly wild with furze bushes, brooms, and weeping willows; and from the bottom of this peaceful water, rushed a small cataract, which meandered through a shrubbery of roses down the avenue that lead to the public road, where it mixed with the streams of a rivulet that glided down its sandy side.

The season of flowers had again returned, and Juliet had presented her Edward with another daughter, whom, in memory of his parent, he named Mary. Flora had not robbed her mother of all her charms; for little Mary, sweet bud of innocence, if possible seemed the fairest of their loves. The clergymen had ceased their outrages on the farms of Edward and Mr. Somerville, and tranquillity semed to have plucked the thorn from her seats at Birch Top and Box Farm; the last little pledge had recalled the fleeted joys, and Edward and Juliet were again as happy as earthly mortals could be. Juliet was as blooming as the summer rose, and

her Edward's bosom felt the warm sunshine of love and content. They kept no other company, except when Sir Marmaduke intruded himself, but their benevolent parents, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, and so serene passed their days, they had a right to flatter themselves the angry fates had again sunk into their slumbers. Edward believed all mankind to be as good as himself, and rather lavishly distributed his favors to the masked hypocrites who inhabited the surrounding cottages. Juliet was equally benevolent. What a treacherous portrait have the heated brains of the poets drawn of Arcadian bliss! What a dream of fools is that of the innocence, and happiness of the cottager! there may be exceptions, but these are very rare. The peasant is an hypocritical, overreaching, ungrateful being, he cares not whom he flatters, provided he can gain by his impositions. Of duty he has no comprehension, and it is indifferent to him, whether he robs his benefactor or oppressor. It is impossible for precepts to exist in the breast of the ignorant, it unrestrained follows

nature's selfish bias, and her active spring is a constant counteraction to the social welfare. Of this Edward was soon convinced, and he learned, that to make them happy is to improve their minds, and the just incitement for their relief should be their industry.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The storm began to gather, that soon would fall pitiless upon the heads of the most innocent and worthy of human beings. Edward and Juliet were at the breakfast-table, Flora on the knee of the mother, and the little smiling Mary cradled in her father's arms, when the servant brought in a letter sealed with Sir Marmaduke Fitz-James's arms. Edward felt a perturbation on opening it, and Juliet experienced uneasiness, presages of their future misfortunes, and no doubt monitions, had Edward listened to them from his guardian spirits. But why have they not speech; they whisper to the fancy, but were the sounds audible, poor mortals would accept their councils, and avoid their evils. Edward perused the letter, dissipated as he thought his foolish fears, and told Juliet

Sir Marmaduke wished his presence immediately on some pressing business. The tender wife never scrupled her husband's will, though she could not dismiss the cloud that hung upon her mind. He rang for the nursery maid, resigned his pretty burthen to her charge, and the demons of mischief laughed as he went out of the house. When he had reached the priory he observed two ill-looking men, who seemed not like fabrics of humanity, seated in the hall. He was ushered into the drawing room, where he perceived the baronet in a moody and thoughtful posture leaning against the marble column of the chimney peice, the noise of the door opening roused him from his reverie, and he attempted to assume his wonted gaiety of manners, but even to Edward's eye gloom was visible through the artificial veil, and as he shook him by the hand anxiously said, "Sir Marmaduke, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," answered the baronet; "but my rascally steward has not made his remittances from Ireland, and a troublesome dun of a creditor threa-

tens to arrest me. It is not the sum, which is paltry, affects me, but it is my honor being questioned, enrages me. I sent for you, Wortley, as I am not known much in this neighbourhood, to be my surety, as they will not give me a moments time, though I expect my rents every post, when I'll pay the rascal off."

Something shot over Edward like a chill, but the poor victim signed the bond without reading it, which, when given to the bailiffs, they instantly departed. The sum was for three thousand five hundred pounds, a sum greater than the hapless Edward was worth: his ruin was completed, and the fates went to snore again in their iron chambers. Sir Marmaduke once more was the gayest of the gay. But Edward felt sad. However, he was induced by the Baronet, to go out with him on a coursing party, and after killing a couple of brace of hares, he was compelled to stay to dinner where the glass was pushed merrily about by the Baronet, who had escaped the snare with which the pennyless gamester had entangled his credulous

friend. The banquet was a sacrifice, on which were offered up the welfare and peace of Juliet, himself and his children. Edward returned late in the evening, and was received by his innocent wife with her accustomed transports.

## CHAPTER XXII.

PEACE had lingered at Birch Top all the summer; the harvest, which had been fruitful, had been gathered into the barns, and Edward and Juliet, with their little children seemed happier than ever. It was the beginning of November, the time when the judges go to Westminster-hall, followed by bleeding humanity weeping on their footsteps, and howling winter, attended with his snows and rains, rides on the tempest, and sweeps the fragments of summer from the frozen earth.

Edward had that morning sent in his demand to Sir Marmaduke, and scarcely had the servant returned with the sad tidings that the Baronet was gone to France, when those two ill-looking myrmidons he had seen at the priory rushed into the apartment where Edward and their smiling cherubs were seated, and vociferated they had brought an execution into the house for three thou-

sand five hundred pounds, as the rascally Baronet had slipped over to France. Edward's countenance instantly changed to a deathly paleness, the faculties of his expression were palsied, he wrung his hands, and beat his forehead, but could not articulate a syllable. Juliet stood awhile with Flora in her arms petrified with dreadful astonishment, like a maniac, wildly ringing the bell, bid the nurse, who came in, carry little Mary. She then rushed out of the house, the maid following her frantic mistress for Box Farm; but they had met the distressed Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, and in half an hour were again at Birch Top, where they found the bailiffs taking an account of the moveables, but saw no Wortley. Juliet screaming for her Edward ran from room to room, followed by her weeping parents, and at last found the poor mourning victim stretched upon the ground in all the mute agony of grief in her dressing-room. Juliet beholding his pale and convulsive face uttered a piercing cry, and fainted on the floor. The situation of his Juliet, roused Edward from his

despair, he caught her in his arms, whilst her mother ran for water; cursed his folly; he had ruined the best of women; he had beggared her children; he had distressed for ever his father and mother; he loudly called on his Juliet to awake and not to kill him, by making him her murderer. Juliet opened her eyes, looked dreadfully despairing at Edward, and closed them again. The mother had returned with the water, and bathing her temples she again recovered from her fit and shed tears. Edward asked her to forgive him. "Aye, my Edward, if you will not look so sad."

The father and mother now soothed them with expressions of kindness that would have honoured saints "My dear Mr. Wortley," cried Mr. Somerville, "a villain has injured but not ruined you whilst I possess a shilling; the fault you have committed, is a defect in the benevolent mind, surrounded as it is by monsters in this cruel world; think not of the past, I do not chide you, nor does Mrs. Somerville or my Juliet chide; kill not my sweet girl by cherishing your sor-

row, all will end well. There are still myself and Mr. Melliflower your friends; our purses are your own. Edward grasped his father's hand with an agony of gratitude, and a shower of tears broke the tempest of his grief, and Juliet kneeling to her father and her mother, joined the pious tribute of her Edward, who now more composed raised his Juliet in his arms, and blest her with the holiest kiss that could breathe from mortal lips for her goodness to him, and unexampled forgiveness for his rash error. Mr. Somerville wished them, the children, and the nurse to accompany his good wife to Box Farm, and said he would stay and see that those ruffians acted properly; and taking Edward's hand made him promise he would neither mention nor grieve over his misfortune, as he valued his friendship and the tranquillity of his daughter's mind. Edward carried his little Flora, and taking Juliet's arm, the nurse following with Mary, the mournful party set off for Box Farm.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

It is a problem more difficult to solve, than any question of the abstruse sciences, whether law be an evil or benefit to man. It is not irrational to suppose, that the arbitration of a few intelligent individuals might settle all the disputes of mankind, without paying a tax of at least twenty per cent. out of the social order, to support an army of strife, more numerous than the standing army of the nation, to ascertain what never is intended by *the glorious uncertainties of lawyers* to be ascertained, the nature and features of justice.

The day of sale arrived, and like Cornish miners, or the untutored Irish running to a stranded vessel to plunder the wreck, the good Christians of the neighbourhood (if by sleeping in church on Sundays can be the means of making good Christians) hastened in throngs to pick up bargains at Birch Top,

where the goods and stock of a suffering individual were to be sold under an execution warrant; and had it not been for some of Mr. Somerville's respectable friends, the property of the unfortunate Edward, like many a fellow-creatures, hunted down by distress, had been sacrificed to these harpies at one fourth its value. The instinct tribes assemble in society, and have no contest but love and ambition, or over their females, and the prey they have slaughtered. But rational man, endowed with a living soul, ferociously pursues his brother through life, smiles at his misery, and fattens on his ruin. There is a vein of gold in the hardest rock, and there are some pure hearts in the corrupted mass of mankind. Mr. Somerville was one of those pure characters, who fulfilled the duties of humanity in serving his fellow-creatures, and he rejoiced that the funds produced by the sale were sufficient to discharge all his son-in-law's debts. The good man set no other value upon money, than it enabled him to serve his friends, and he was glad it was still in his power

to assist the worthy Edward who was so dear to his heart. When the bustle of the auction was over, and Mr. Somerville was upon his return to Box Farm, the vicar, who had so wantonly injured him, came bustling through the crowd of bidders, and caught him by the hand. Mr. S. looked surprised, "nay don't appear astonished, Mr. Somerville," said the vicar squeezing his hand, "you and I hence forward shall be good neighbours. I have been deceived, and never knew your worth till this day; nor shall any titled wretch ever again cause me to inflict a wound in the breast of humanity, Christianity, or benevolence. I intend your tithes to be upon the late footing of my predecessor, nor will I omit any further opportunity that may occur for my serving you." Mr. S. thanked him politely for his good intentions, and taking a last but painful look of the late residence of plenty, love, innocence, and happiness, now the abode of silence and desolation, returned with slow steps, interrupted with sighs and painful reflections, to his fire-side. Edward

had frequently hinted to Mr. Somerville his wish to apply for a land stewardship, as from his knowledge in agriculture, he conceived he was qualified for the situation. Mr. S. was pained at his son-in-laws uneasiness, for he loved him with an affection, as sincere as that he cherished for his daughter; he wished him to have continued under the plentiful though obscure roof of Box Farm, where affection, tenderness and respect would daily minister to his comfort, and in defiance of fate, still scatter roses on his path; but he possessed too accurate a knowledge of his son-in-law's independent disposition, to suppose he would be happy, though only under the imaginary pressure of dependence; and he secretly wrote to his opulent brother to recommend him to some of his splendid connexions for a steward's situation, vainly hoping the ties of consanguinity, on this occasion, would relax his severe unnatural pride in not asking a favour to serve a fellow-creature.

Unhappy Edward, why wert thou not resigned to the peaceful, though obscure

circle the kindness of thy friends had thrown round thee? why seek among the wolves of mankind a substance that is the certain prize of the unworthy, whose baseness by endurance will soften unkindness into benevolence, and by fawnings melt pride into compassion; whilst the noble spirit of man, the undebased image of the creator, through the corruptions of humanity, shall languish in solitude, the scorn and contempt of passing luke warm virtue and triumph gloating folly? Why, misled by the *ignis fatuus* "fame," and deceitful "independence," would'st thou forsake thy peaceful haven to search a barbarous world, which, though thick set with flowers, there are on it concealed blasted paths of famine and pain, where bewildered genius and virtue have frequently perished?

Mr. Somerville redoubled his acts of kindness to Edward since his misfortune, and anxiously expected an answer from the banker. He strove to flatter himself it might be successful. But then his hope would be dashed by the reflection of his brother's uniform pride and avarice,

those vigilant watchmen of mean self-love. On the third day after he had dispatched his request, he received his answer, the contents of which were written on a quarter of a sheet of paper convinced him before he had perused them they were disastrous to his wishes. On opening the letter, he read with indignation his laconic epistle as follows:

*Ludlow, January.*

BROTHER JOHN,

"I am surprised at your addressing so ridiculous a letter to a man of my prudence. So you have married your daughter to an adventurer, who has totally ruined her. This is, John Somerville, the result of your benevolence. I knew, when I was at Box Farm, the fellow had more buttons on his coat than guineas in his pocket. And, as you have brewed so you must bake. I shall ask—nor would any one who values his independence—no favor of any man.

Yours, in haste,

BENJAMIN SOMERVILLE."

The tear glazed Mr. Somerville's eye as he threw the unfeeling billet into the fire; all the family were seated round the breakfast table, and were surprised at the promptitude of the action. Edward and Juliet both sighed, as they thought it concerned them. Mrs. Somerville suggested nothing, though she perceived a strange uneasiness on her husband's countenance, and remarked to him she thought something was the matter. "Nothing," replied he, "only a paltry note from Benjamin." Mrs. S. was of a tranquil mind, and her curiosity was perfectly satisfied. Not so with Edward; the name of the testy bachelor convinced him, he had been the principal subject of the letter, he felt sad, and to conceal his agitation from Juliet, played with his little Flora. Mr. S. contemplated in his mind the barbarity of his brother, who by a single word, without yielding a penny from his idol purse, might have healed the wounds of Edward, and made him happy for ever. Charity he considered a duty in man, and not an optional kindness, and his opinion of charity was not limited to

the mere relief of obstrusive mendicity, but in seeking opportunities to advance virtue and genius by the exertion of their own talents, and his belief in Christianity was grounded upon the precepts delivered by Christ himself, which included in its golden creed, the love of God, the love of man, and the love of virtue, and who followeth not this creed, though he profess Christianity, is not a Christian, but a wolf in sheeps clothing, who defiles the earth with blood from his mangled sacrifice of humanity. Such beings pass their lives and sink into their graves without having conferred a benefit on their fellow men. Edward, though conscious of his friends unremitted kindnesses and the love of his Juliet and children, scorned selfish motives, and worshipped independence with the same ardent feelings as when the sunshine of prosperity surrounded him; and though his Juliet, whose magnanimity concealed her own sorrow, smiled affectionate and lovely as ever, and his children prattled unconscious of misfortune around him, still the suppressed sigh rankled

his bosom, and the chillness of dependence withered the roses of his peace. The oak parlour, his late bower of bliss, looked desolate, for its cheerful inmates, happiness and contentment, had forsaken it, and the obscured mirror of hope presented no cheering prospect. Edward became absorbed in melancholy, and never smiled but to attempt like the sun beam to drink the tear in Juliet's eye, and then it was artificial, like the meteor that glides over the darkened horizon, and showed his gloom deeper. Juliet could have been happy with her Edward in a cottage, it was for him she felt, she knew the struggles of his independent soul, and in his chamber, when watching her sleeping infants, her showers of hearts grief would unceasingly flow. Mr and Mrs. Somerville, for the first time in their lives, wished they had possessed more wealth ; they endeavoured by the most soothing tenderness to reeal happiness to Edward's heart ; they acquainted him of the reconciliation of the vicar, and his professions of friendship ; which pleasing intelligence lighted in a

manner the melancholy gloom that preyed so much on his mind; after which, Mr. Somerville took two letters out of his pocket, one of them was addressed to himself, and the other to Edward. The sentiments of kindness which they conveyed, proved as overeign balm to his broken spirits; praised he the disinterested kindness of Mr. Melliflower, and rejoiced that the period was not far distant, when his friend would return to England. While thus he contemplated, his spirits continued inflexible to procure some reputable calling that would secure for him a comfortable living.

Refreshed by these joyful tidings, he conversed in more cheerful spirits, while Juliet, like an angel from heaven, praised the eternal providence of our omnipotent Creator, and as her father and mother continued to unite their prayers with her emotions, the vicar entered the room. It is but proper here to remark, that his intrusion did not disconcert the serenity of the pious services performing by Mr. S. and his family, with whom the vicar united; after which, with that degree of

politeness which characterised his good manners, he complimented the ladies, and shook hands with the gentlemen.

The vicar was a well educated man, who knew the ways of the world, understood the constitution of society well, and possessing a highly cultivated understanding, was in course of a very erudite conversation with Edward on the classics, charmed with the brilliant talents that Edward discovered, inasmuch as the latter admired the vicar's attic taste; who remarked to him, that it was a misfortune he had not chosen the church. He now complimented Juliet, who had little Mary on her lap, as being an excellent nurse, and after partaking of some bread, cheese, and a bottle of October, departed with assurances to Mr. Somerville of his becoming in future a very good neighbour.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In the evening the happy change in the vicar's disposition was alluded to by Mr. Somerville. The subject raised by degrees the spirits of Edward; he had conceived himself, and justly, the cause of his father-in-laws persecutions, and he congratulated himself this probing thorn was now taken from his bosom; and his features began to assume their wonted serenity. How the grateful Juliet rejoiced over this happy change, which, reader, if your heart be not as pure as hers, you cannot appreciate. Juliet in the dulcet notes of music's own tongue could now sing lullaby to her little Mary, and Edward run races in the parlour with his playful Flora. Tranquillity, like the advancing day, began to illumine the oak parlour. Edward could again attend his father over the farm, and amuse himself with learning all the processes of

husbandry, particularly the arts of engrafting and inoculation of fruit trees, in which branches Mr. Somerville particularly excelled; and Juliet, when released from her infants could attend her mother in her household concerns. Grief began to abate its ravages at Box Farm, and Edward, refreshed by the breezes of the fields, returned home every evening more cheerful and invigorated.

The soul of Edward was disinterested, dignified and manly, he preferred the bestowing of benefits on his fellow men, than the receiving any from them; and though he was convinced Mr. and Mrs. Somerville considered their acts of kindness not as favours but the gifts of duty, yet he had a young family, and it was an obligation in him, by the exertion of his own talents, to promote their welfare. This desire was increased by an advertisement he was then reading in a provincial paper, by a nobleman for a steward who required those qualities and references he possessed. The qualifications were "integrity, humanity and candour," requi-

sites of so amiable a nature, that convinced him the writer must himself be a very worthy man, and under whom an agent might live like an independent character. He read the paragraph to Juliet, and particularly the *nota bene*, which, in his hurry, he had overlooked,—"Salary to a person qualified as above no object." Here were all the desiderata a reasonable man, situated as he was, could desire, and he asked Juliet her opinion. She, sweet soul, would have preferred their remaining at Box Farm, but yielding to her husband's feelings, said she considered the situation unexceptionable.

Mr. Somerville came in and was shewn the advertisment. The good man, though biassed by the same sentiments as his daughter, would not contradict Edward's desire of applying for the employment, and the morning was fixed on for his journey to Ivy Hall, the seat of Lord Rackrent, where he expected to find his idol, independence. Edward acted like any other mortal, who is haunted by a desire, would have done. The life of man may be compared to the chace of a day,

when often the prey escapes, and if taken it is when the sun is gone down, and the day almost spent. So giddy man, under that fancied shape that suits the ambition of his soul, spends in the pursuit of happiness, the morning and evening of his days, and if he grasp it, it is when the sun of enjoyment is gone down, and tired and exhausted he is arrived at the brink of the grave.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE sun had reached his utmost southern journey, and had summoned the showers and dews to attend him on his northern tour to welcome descending spring, and drive winter and his chilly tempests to their snowy dens at the poles. It was on the morning of the twenty-second day of March, that Edward, after having embraced his Juliet and little children, and bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, set off on an excellent hackney belonging to M——S. for Ivy Hall, the noble mansion of Lord Rackrent, and after a ride of fifty miles arrived about seven in the evening at the village of——— at the end of which rose the proud turrets of his lordship's residence. After putting up his horse at the principal inn, and bespeaking a bed, he

enquired of the landlord the nearest way to the hall, boots was immediately called for to be his guide, and with a bosom agitated by hope and doubt followed his conductor to the back door of the splendid dome, who rang the bell and retreated. A lacquey in sumptuous livery immediately appeared, and rather pertly enquired his business. Edward replied he had waited upon Lord Rackrent on a particular affair, and wished to be introduced to his lordship. "Have you any letter?" briskly rejoined the footman. Edward answered in the negative. The saucy well fed knight of the buttery, placing his hands in his coat pockets, straddling his legs, and to the peeping retinue in the passage behind him, exposing those parts of a man that ought to be concealed, smirking with importance in Edward's face said, "unless he informed him of his business, he could not see his lordship?" Edward was piqued at this silly retainer of pride, but informed him he came in consequence of an advertisement. "O!" cries the fellow, "the stewardship," and instantly retreated

into the house, and in a few minutes returned bowing and requesting Edward to follow him to the house-keeper's room, where were seated three or four pert abigails, and a pimple-faced little old woman, which shewed her to be an excellent connoisseur in strong waters. They all viewed Edward, as inquisitively as they would have peered a foreign animal exposed at a fair. And one of them, with a significant glance, that discovered her anticipation of Edward's business, said she, "hoped the new steward would be a pretty fellow."—"You should rather," growled the old woman, "wish he may be a bachelor."—"Lord bless us," continued she, "we have had almost a dozen stewards within these twelve months." A cold chill ran over Edward at this remark. The old woman continued, "why, Mrs. Silvertongue, my lord wants a man of integrity, candour, and humanity, that is, a dirty hypocrite, who can carry two faces under one hat, and who squeezes the tenants, tells him tales, and hunts all the beggars out of his sight." Edward felt colder and colder,

and his teeth he could scarcely keep from chattering. "It is a lucky thing, Mrs. Julep," cries Mrs. Silvertongue, addressing herself to the old woman, "my lady is not so fidgety as my lord, or she would not keep a lady's maid a month." The lacquey Edward had first seen, came in and desired him to wait upon his lordship. When he entered the study, my lord was seated at a table, covered with account books, and maps of estates. He was a little thin pale faced man, appeared about sixty, his countenance was spread with a freezing hauteur, blended with the lines of cunning and avarice; and Edward, who generally judged men according to Lavater, formed no very prepossessing opinion of his lordship, and the recollection of Mrs. Julep's remarks still sunk his esteem in the thermometer of his judgment. But his lordship was a man of the world, and in his voice could imitate the whole octave in music, and in the sweetest treble note desired Edward to sit down. The invitation was so soft and enchanting, Edward began to doubt the perfectibility of

his system of physiognomy, and thought that nature in her sport might to some of her models give Socratic countenances, that covered the most benevolent of hearts. His scrunity of Edward, though carelessly glanced, was sufficient to impress him with partiality, and he requested his name and references. He informed his lordship of the first, but said that he had not brought the latter, as he was doubtful whether the situation was vacant, but he added he was acquainted with Dr. Syntax whom he believed would give his lordship every satisfaction, both of character and ability. "It is sufficient, young man," answered his lordship, "and I wish you with all convenient speed to assume your functions," which Edward promised his lordship in the course of that week. His lordship, with a *sang froid* that marked him experienced in mankind remarked, "salary was no object with him, he paid his agents according to their services, but he promised no fixed sum, though he might expect it at least considerable enough to make him independent; and besides

there would be a house provided for him in the village. You perfectly comprehend, Mr. Wortley, the purport of the advertisement; the three requisites I shall expect in a steward are integrity, candour, and humanity." Edward was enraptured with his lordship, the required qualifications being such strong proofs of the goodness of his heart.—" With respect to integrity," resumed his lordship, " I extend the circle of its acceptation, and include in it your particular regard to my interest, and the particular objects you are to execute, I shall take care to point out. The next qualification I seek is candour, which is, that as you will have opportunities to see and learn what is passing in the neighbourhood, I must hear and see all things as justly as you have heard and seen them." A reflection stole over Edward's mind, and Mrs. Julep's words appeared there like ghosts admonishing him of his becoming a tale-bearer. His lordship proceeded, " with respect to the last qualification ' humanity,' I wish to learn the real state of those who pretend to be

distressed, that I may relieve them with economy. But I do not wish my ears to be assailed like those of the physician of a hospital or an overseer; you must only represent to me absolute distress; but your comprehensive mind will soon understand my wishes, and when you are settled will act in unison with them. I shall expect you on Saturday next, when the rent roll books shall be delivered to you, and you shall receive my further instructions." Edward bowed to his lordship and retired.

Edward slept that night more comfortably than he had for some months. Independence, the doating idol of his generous soul, appeared the most striking figure in the visions of the night, and when he awoke he rejoiced in the good news he should carry to his Juliet, and his friends. Edward's unsuspicious temper would not permit Mrs. Julep's satirical character of his lordship to intrude upon his mind, and he only surveyed the bright side of the question. Sometimes his lordship's definitions would rush to shadow his good fortune, but he dismissed them with the

cheerful hope he had misinterpreted their meanings, and that integrity, candour, and humanity would always stand on their proper bases. Box Farm never excited more agreeable sensations in his mind than, when descending the hill, he beheld the peaceful smoke of its chimney, and in a few minutes more he was in the arms of his Juliet, surrounded by the rest of the impatient group. Edward with sparkling eyes detailed his good fortune. Juliet, was happy because her Edward was so, and the father and mother shared their transports. At this instant the worthy vicar, who had been a daily visitor since his reconciliation, stepped in, and with the familiarity of an old acquaintance asked Edward how he did; "and how (for he had been informed by Mr. and Mrs. Somerville the cause of his absence) he liked the noble proprietor of Ivy Hall?" Edward replied, "he could not form a competent opinion as yet of his lordship, but from the conversation he had had with him he appeared an intelligent, candid nobleman."—"Have you agreed with him?"

said the vicar. "I have, good Sir, and I blush to own that without your concurrence I made use of your name as my reference."—"That you are welcome to, Mr. Wortley; but I am sorry you have engaged with a man so utterly undeserving of your abilities and virtues. I wish I could say more amiable things of this nobleman. But he is a man who, possessed of upwards of fifty thousand a year, possesses the avarice of a usurer, and with a heart as hard as adamant, would impose upon the world as a feeling benevolent, and amiable character. Vain delusion, the shadow will never pass for the substance. The suavity of your disposition may effect some change in his lordship's disposition, and you may secure his favour, but of this I doubt. It is my good wishes to you have extorted this caution from me; and I will not damp any further your expectations."

The conversation changed to more agreeable topics, and the worthy vicar was prevailed on to stay and spend the evening.

Juliet, when Dr. Syntax had gone,

pondered in her mind all she had heard, and wished her Edward would rest contented at Box Farm. Mrs. Somerville broke silence and remarked, she did not much like this Lord Rackrent; and Mr. Somerville, with much delicacy, hinted to his son-in-law his disapprobation of leaving them; but there was something in Edward's countenance that showed a steady resolve of undergoing the ordeal, and though Juliet sighed, all other entreaties were checked. Mr. S. said, he would accompany him on the Saturday, and as a house would be provided for him, he would see what would be necessary to furnish it; which, as it was but three miles from the city of ————, would be best purchased there. Edward's eye glistened at this fresh mark of Mr. Somerville's kindness, and he almost wished he had repaid his affection by remaining at Box Farm; but the image of independence passing on his mind, brushed away the struggling doubt, and he was resolved to follow her beckonings.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE storm, and the sunshine, are equally blended on the human path, to prove that there is no such thing as perfect sublunary bliss. The landlord of the Crown brought in five letters, four of them from Mr. Melliflower, acquainting each of the happy family he should return to England by the next spring, and the other was dated Nice, from Mr. Macdonald, with the sad intelligence of Mrs. Macdonald's ill health, and his resolution of remaining in the southern parts of Europe, till the following summer; it also mentioned the birth of a little daughter. The news both pleased and afflicted the party. They rejoiced at Mr. Melliflower's speedy return, and with the sincerest pangs of friendship for their Caledonian friends, breathed prayers for the amiable Moggy's recovery. Edward

wrote letters that evening to Philadelphia and Nice, uniting the grateful affection and friendship of his dearest friends, which were dispatched to the post office immediately. Mr. Somerville now wished heartily Edward would not leave them, but said nothing, but the thought was visible on his brow, and perceived by all. Edward mentally accused his own obstinacy, but his idol rallied his weakness, and he remained steady to his design, though Juliet's tear, which had rushed from her unguarded eye, and Mrs. Somerville's mournful look, pleaded strong, but pleaded in vain. Mr. Somerville was hurt at the distress of the little circle, and ejaculated, "I hope, Mr. Wortley, you will find Lord Rackrent a better man than the vicar has represented him; but, however," and he looked in his wife's benevolent face, "we have enough in our power to make you comfortable, however things may turn out." Mrs. Somerville was affected, and to hide it, said, "my dear, shall I fetch you a pipe?" Juliet cast an angel's countenance upon her father and

mother. Edward felt womanish weakness, which he could scarcely conceal, and Mr. S. smoked his pipe.

Why are there not more Mr. Somervilles among mankind? They are angels in mortal coverings, sent by heaven to allay the sufferings of bleeding man. Why are not all men good, when happiness is their certain reward? Would the intemperate man spare the noxious superabundance he devours to his suffering fellow men, he would not only preserve his health, vigour, and serenity of mind, but would acquire the respect of mankind whilst living, and fortified by faith when summoned by his God, would journey through the valley of death without fear, to receive his bright and lasting reward. The pains and penalties of bad men, are so unceasing and terrible, that to the just it appears madness, their deluded fellow-creatures should exchange the jewels of peace and virtue, for the corroding miseries of vice, that consume them in this life, and put to the hazard their inheritance of eternal bliss in the life to come.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

PERHAPS it may be more to the advantage of worldly interests for a man to appear what he really is not. But can wealth compensate the heart for the loss of its peace, or power still the wakings of an unjust conscience?

The time had now arrived for Edward's return to the hall, and it was the last evening, for many weeks, he should spend in the company of his Juliet, her darling children, and the sincere and affectionate Mr. and Mrs. Somerville. Independence to Edward's mind never looked so disagreeable as on that evening, and he almost wished the phantom had never haunted his mind; but honour and pride supported their drooping champion, and won the victory against love and tranquillity. The amiable mother had assisted Juliet in her painful preparations, and her Ed-

ward's trunk had been conveyed to the city in the neighbourhood of Ivy Hall. The sorrowful party were all assembled in the oak parlour, the time to Juliet appeared an age before she should again behold her Edward, and as she counted the weeks, a drop from her heart denoted each interval of the number, and a dismal shadow overspread her late cheerful mind. Mrs. Somerville's mournful countenance spoke her distress. Her husband was silent, and Edward, with his two children on his knee, looked motion less and grief struck as the statute of Niobe. He was the first to break the gloom of silence, and looking at the weeping Juliet with unutterable love said, "in seven weeks, my dear, we shall be comfortably settled at Ivy Hall." The sound of Edward's voice roused Juliet from her torpor of mourning.—"Seven weeks," she exclaimed, as if terrified, "it is a long time my Edward." He was overpowered at the tone with which this expression was uttered, and putting down his children on the carpet, ran to his wife

and clasped her in his arms." Juliet viewed her husband's wounded countenance, and summoning her fortitude, cried, "let us not mind it, my dear, it is, I hope, for our mutual interest, and the time will soon glide away." Mr. and Mrs. Somerville now looked up, and repeated, "dear children, the time is nothing, it will soon be past." The two little children began to cry, Mary ran to her mamma, and Flora to her papa; they took the sweet infants on their knees, and kissed their tears away; they were all now more composed. Mrs. S. ordered supper, and drew from her closet a bottle of Metheglin.

The uncommon kindness of Mrs. Somerville, more than her cordial nectar, calmed the perturbation of Edward's feelings, and with tolerable cheerfulness he drank to Juliet's health, and that of the kind group around him, adding, he should expect, at least, two letters a-week; the last syllable sounded in Juliet's ears like the knell of departed happiness, the sluices of sensibility again gushed open, and the

wave of humanity rolled down her pale cheek; this was an unexpected damp, cast upon the dawn of tranquillity that had begun to shine bright again in the oak parlour. Edward clasped his wife's hand, (the children had been put to bed), and Mr. Somerville bid his daughter keep up her spirits, as the period would be but short before they would be reunited, he hoped, never to separate again. Mrs. S. was too much affected herself to be a comforter. The tenderness of her Edward and father again soothed her grief, and the evening concluded with something like serenity.

The morning was fair, and shone unconscious of the grief of the tender Juliet, and the sorrows of the maternal Mrs. Somerville. Edward and his father-in-law were soon some miles on the road for Ivy Hall. They both jogged on silently, for when friends are grieved, silence is the best eloquence; the bracing breeze of the early day, and the new scenery which opened to them on the road, had dissipated something

of their sad reflections, and they began to converse on every subject, but that which respected their journey, and when they had rode about thirty miles, Mr. Somerville proposed the baiting of their horses, and calling for some refreshment. Exercise was known to the ancients as the best receipt for an appetite, and the execution made by the travellers on a cold surloin of roast beef, proved it an active medicine with the moderns, which being administered in the delightful minstrum of sparkling bottled cyder, so much exhilirated the *compagnons de voyage*, that the remainder of their ride was both pleasant and agreeable, and by sun-set their horses were put up at the same inn Edward had called at on his former journey. Edward immediately went to the hall, and by the same lacquey was conducted to his lordship, who seemed quite pleased at his punctuality. His lordship exhibited his rent roll. His tenants were classed under four heads, titled A. B. C. and D. Those marked A. his lordship observed, are free-

holders, "to this class you must be attentive, and complaisant to their repairs, as they give great weight to my interest in the county election; those marked B. are respectable men who pay their rents well, but their attachment to me is on their side, and if you think either of their farms will bear an advance give me information of it, as I do not choose these men should grow independent of me. The C.'s are tenants in arrears, to whom you must give notices, that unless the same are paid up, they will be distrained; for you are sensible, Mr. Wortley, when once these people get behind in their payments, unless they are threatened, their affairs will end in insolvency, when I shall be the great sufferer. This is the part of humanity to my interest, I wish you to be particularly attentive to. The tenants under the title D. are small occupiers, who have been served with notices to quit, by Mr. Squeezem the law steward. As I intend to throw their small takings into the large farms, which will save me the expences of repairs, and their lands

will let for more money." Afterwards he exposed his copyhold rolls, "to this part of your duty you must be vigilant, Mr. Wortley; and as my waste lands are very extensive, you must be careful to look to the encroachments, and as soon as the peasant has occupied a lot a year and a day, at the expiration of which period it becomes the sole property of the lord, you must charge a small chief rent upon it, which, according to circumstances, must be increased. And, Mr. Wortley, you will keep in mind my three requisites in a steward, 'integrity, candour, and humanity.' Monday evening after you have served the notices to class C., I shall expect you to attend the parish meeting at the Dragon, and from your candour I shall expect to satisfy my humanity. You will the next morning bring me an exact account of the proceedings. I shall give orders for your house to be immediately repaired, and until that is ready for your accommodation, you will make up your accounts in a room prepared for you in the

hall. Edward bowed and retired, in passing down the long gallery that led to the servants apartments, the sound of "the new steward" echoed from servant to servant, and he almost deprecated independence as he skulked towards the inn where he lost his reflections in the kind company of Mr. Somerville. Mr. Somerville staid Sunday with his son-in-law, and they went to view the house and land assigned for his residence; it was a very convenient pretty residence, but appeared much out of repair; upon enquiry they learnt it had been vacant these ten years; and Mr. Somerville observed it would not be fit to be inhabited for many weeks. The person who had showed them the premises was his lordship's bailiff, who, with a significant shrug observed "his lordship in all that period had not met a steward who remained long enough to inhabit it; for," adds the fellow with a grin, "his lordship's stewards undergo their trial at the hall; some stay but a week, some a month, but not one since I have lived

under his lordship has remained in his service three months."—Mr. Somerville answered not a word to this remark of the bailiff, nor did Edward make a comment, but odd thoughts passed on the brains of both.

They now walked over the splendid pleasure grounds and Park of Ivy Hall, where every magnificence glittered that ought to make man happy; but the statues of the garden and the temples of the pleasure grounds only gratified strangers, the noble owners wanted that benevolence of soul, that even throws upon the desert the flowers of Eden. Time outstrips the shaft of the lightning, and the arrow of light when it wings off our pleasure; but when advancing with his treasures, limps like a decrepid old man. Mr. Somerville was now upon his horse on his return to Box Farm, the other hackney he had presented to his son-in-law. Edward's hand was grasped in his as he sat upon the saddle, he had said many things to be told to his Juliet, but that which

fell from his eye and the warm pressure of his hand, told tenderer things. Mr. Somerville could not even bid farewell, but responded with a squeeze Edward's grief, and loosening his hand galloped off with a bosom overflowing with sorrow.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

EDWARD, previous to his going round with the notices to the unfortunate tenants, called at the hall for a guide to show him their several residences, when the bailiff was recommended to him by the butler, a person whom he had not seen before, and whose physiognomy very much disgusted Edward. Dependence lay couchant on his brows, and cunning hypocrisy, and all those nameless imps of vice, begotten by servility, were printed on his countenance; he had lived from his childhood with Lord Rackrent, and had risen from coal box boy to be the knight of the Corkscrew; he had learnt in his servitude to out finesse his cunning master, and make use of his lordship's own vices to promote his own interests. He could assume all his lordship's humanity, candour, and integrity, and by being his tale

bearer, made his suspicion his slave. He was particularly fawning to Edward, begged him to take a glass of hock before he set out on his disagreeable errand, (for the secrets of his lordship were known to the whole house). How he pitied the poor tenants, the times were so distressing to them, and his lordship was too hard upon them. Edward made no reply which rather baulked him, and he kept silence, when Edward and the bailiff set off on the round.

Edward and his attendant called on the respective defaulters, and his heart bled at every door he left a notice. They informed him the real causes of their being in arrears to his lordship, which was the low state of the markets, and they could not dispose at any rate of their cattle, unless by ruining themselves; as oxen, which fetched forty pounds a yoke the last year, were not now worth more than twenty, but they hoped things would soon change, when they should be enabled to pay off his lordship, and they hoped their noble landlord would not

distress them, which would complete the ruin of themselves and families. Edward was already sick of his new employment, and in the bitterness of his soul cursed the hard-hearted rich. When he returned to the hall, the butler hoped he would take some refreshment, and the housekeeper's table groaned with the luxuries of a city feast. A bottle of excellent Madiera was put upon the table, with a glass for Edward and one for the butler, and the wight of the cellar now began to draw out Edward's sentiments upon the business he had been sent upon. But Edward, who possessed a singleness of soul, that worthiest endowment of humanity, carefully reserved his own private sentiments, and answered not a query of the discomfited tale bearer. Edward returned to the inn to be retired from the infectious breath of menials, until the most discordant and unfeeling of all human assemblies, the parish meeting, had congregated, which took place at seven o'clock, when the principal inhabitants met. The chair had been taken by Mr. Grinder, one of the overseers, a freeholder,

miller and farmer, a gigantic square piece of flesh and bone, which seemed to weigh nearly half a ton, and one of those carcases of luxury, like the Lincolnshire ox, which showed how far good stuffing could extend the human figure. When Edward entered the room, he had a tankard of ale in his hand and was haranguing his companions on the bad times, and the necessity there was to be sparing of the parish funds, "for" adds he, after emptying the tankard, "if we listen to the paupers humdrum tales we shan't keep a bit of bread in our cupboards." The company, who perceived Edward standing, and guessing it was the new steward, who in a village possesses as much authority as a minister of state, immediately rose, and last of all the fleshly orator, whose enormous bulk required a longer pause in lifting his machine. Edward seated himself on a chair on the right of Mr. Grinder and was requested but declined accepting a part of his second potation. The tattered band on the parish books began to assemble, and Edward, who never before had witnessed an overseer's

levee, felt all the anguish of their distress. The first wretched petitioner was a widow with six infants, all under the age of that most unfortunate of human lots, parish apprenticeship. Dr. Humanitas, a very worthy magistrate of the adjoining parish, had issued his orders for her of an allowance of two guineas per month, which extravagance was deprecated by Lord Rackrent, who had limited her allowance to only one pound. "So, Mrs. Crocodile," vehemently roared the fat overseer, "you have been with your cock and bull stories to the doctor? Do you suppose, Mrs. Cant," added he quite purpled with rage, "we shall listen to the doctor's bother, who lives out of the parish? No, no, Mrs. Beelzebub, (throwing a pound bill on the table) there is your money, and if you don't like it lump it." The poor woman weeping at this brutal usage, pulled a letter out of her pocket from the justice, threatening the overseers with a prosecution in the court of Kings Bench, if they refused relieving her according to his order. The orator was confounded at the contents, and

with a look that would have sent, if its malice could have been executed, the poor woman and her children to perdition, paid her the two guineas. The third tankard at the parish expence was again under the nose of this Goliah of marrow and flesh. The next tottering claimant was a poor man weighed down by fourscore years of hard and patient labour. "So, you hypocrite, you are come for your three shillings are you? Why the parish will be utterly ruined; eight pounds sixteen shillings for you and your old beldame of a wife; you ought to be satisfied with two shillings a week."—"Why, master," modestly replied the old veteran of industry, "I have worked as man and boy for seventy years and upwards, and never asked you for a bit of bread, till within these two years, and the flour is now twenty shillings a bushel." "You should eat the less," replied the sinner of consumption.

Numerous other trembling sons and daughters of misery attended, and who each, separately, received their due share

of execration from this benevolent administrator of poverty, and rejoiced was Edward when his boorish tyrants had separated. When left to himself, numerous reflections crowded upon his mind, respecting the causes of the distresses of the lower orders of society, now so numerous and miserable a body of dependents. The principal ones that suggested themselves to his reason were the monopoly of lands, the enclosure of commons, and the draught of men from their families by the war. The first, which reduced the families of little farmers, when deprived of their lands, into hopeless servitude, was a monster of the greatest mischief, which, like the dragon in legendary tales, devoured the subsistence of thousands. The second, which ravaged the sward of nature from the cottager which partly subsisted him, added greatly to the number of the unfortunate.—And the last, which tore the father from his family, compelled his wife into vice and his children to the parish. This mass of humanity is a mass of putrescence, in which the noble energies

of the mind are corrupted, all traces of man defaced; where vice is cherished in all his filthiness of spirit, poverty and disease shake their mildews on the famished and desparing soul, and from whence daily sacrifices are dragged to expiate, with their miserable lives, for those crimes which the injustice of society has occasioned.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

When Edward had supped, the landlord, a jolly good-natured independent fellow, who had learnt from the overseer he was the new steward, *sans ceremonie* entered the room, and drew his chair to the fire, and like Boniface in the comedy, who praised to every customer his ale, without preface or apology, began to amuse Edward with his constant theme Lord Rackrent's character. "This nobleman," adds he, "sets up, like many other moral gamesters, for a man of humanity and virtue, and under the disguise of soft words and promises, not one of which he has ever performed, to serve his distressed fellow-creatures, hopes to make the world believe it; but the shadow, Sir, will never be taken for the substance. His heart possesses not a nerve of sensibility, or ever cherished a sentiment but for himself.

His disposition is not to suffer a tenant under him to save a penny by his industry, and if they improve his lands, they are certain of an advance, that they may derive no profit from their labour. The freeholders who rent under his lordship are pretty well off, but this does not proceed from any goodness, but his self-interest, as that body, of which I am one, is numerous, we and our connexions can turn the scale of the county election; so that we don't thank his lordship for his favours. I would not change my heart with his lordship for his fifty thousand a-year. He is hated by all his neighbours and despised by the gentlemen of the county, who all know him to be a tyrant and a pretender to virtue. I can say without vanity I give more in a month to my suffering fellow-creatures, than his lordship does in a whole year; for though he is always complaining of his servants neglect in not sending to him the real objects of want in the parish, they know his lordship too well ever to put a beggar on his path, for the consequence would be their

immediate discharge. We freeholders, who do not value his lordship a straw, have always a merry bout over his advertisement for a steward. For his 'candour, integrity, and humanity,' like Satan's rebellion, would soon hurl him from his station at Ivy Hall. He has had seven or eight new stewards within these few months, and unless Mr. Squeezem his law agent gets him one, or the devil sends one, his lordship will never be suited with the qualities he wants, 'a heart as hard as his own,' 'an oppressor to grind the tenants into the dust,' 'and a spy and informer to feed his suspicions with the close secrets of every family.'" The landlord looking stedfast in Edward's face, prophecied he would not be long enough at the hall to have the house in the village fitted up. Edward smiled. "My lady," rejoined he, "is a worse character than his lordship. She was a fine rosy wench when she used to play Lady Townly in my barn, before my lord married her; but according to the old saying, set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to

the devil. My lady now is eaten up with the vapours, and consumed so with her sensibilities and exquisitive feelings, though she never feels kindness but for her lap dogs and her lord, she looks as pale as the white rose, and if she were playing the devil to pay in the other world, it would be no loss to the neighbourhood." Edward began to reply to the vat orator. He remarked it was a mistaken notion, in gentlemen to imagine the world acquits them of a participation in the acts of oppression committed by their servants.

How much more noble in men of fortune to exhibit in the conduct of their agents the perfect examples of justice and benevolence; they ought to be convinced of this truism, that a bad hearted man will mind his own interest more than his employers, and that it is for the advantage of landlords to relieve, and not oppress, their industrious tenants. An intelligent, active farmer, who provides well for his family, is certain to pay his rent. And how much more gratifying to a nobleman or gentle-

man to merit what they wish to be thought a character of humanity; how far more preferable is this respect from society, than the empty bow to his station, that conceals the smile of contempt, or the fawning praises that come from the heart of malediction.

## CHAPTER XXX.

In the morning Edward, with the painful feelings of his disagreeable situation, which the landlord's loquacity had much increased, waited upon his lordship to give him a detail of the parish meeting proceedings. He informed his lordship that Mr. Grinder, the overseer, had taken the chair; the names of the other parishioners, which he could recollect, and those of the claimants on the parish fund. "There could not have been a more proper man on such an occasion," said his lordship, "he possessed a local knowlege of the pauper's situations, and combined discretion with humanity." Edward started at the last expression, he thought it wanted the preposition "in" for its initial syllable. Edward then mentioned the letter Dr. Humanitas had addressed to

the overseer, a cloud overspread his lordship's countenance, and he ejaculated, with emphasis, "this doctor is a mistaken philanthropist, and always meddling himself with the concerns of our parish." "What was the principal conversation of the evening, Mr. Wortley?" "Nothing else but parish business, and the disastrous times." His lordship looked disappointed, but rejoined, "what do you think of the management of our poor?" The humane Edward simply replied, "he thought they were harshly dealt with;" a satirical smile glanced on his lordship's frowning brow, like the prelude lightning of the thunder. "You are a young man, Mr. Wortly," muttered he, "and one that is apt to be led away by his feelings: if we had not prudent men to manage the parochial fund, the claims of the paupers would soon equal the rent-roll of the parish. I admire humanity in all ages of man, but without discretion, it becomes a ruinous quality. My rent day is this week, and as I am going to Whinnberry Abbey for a few days, Mr. Squeezem, my

law agent, will sufficiently instruct you in your proper conduct to the tenants, and," acting his old farce of humanity, said, "in my absence, if you meet any object of real distress, (you comprehend the import of my words,) you may represent the case to Lady Rackrent, whose humanity will order immediate relief." Edward bowed and retired, reflecting within himself, that half the miseries of life proceeded from the corruptions of humanity.

As Edward was coming out of the inn door, he was accosted by a woman, seemingly in the last stage of human misery. She said her name was Butterworth, was the mother of five young children, and her husband was ill of a consumption, he had known better days, and once lived under Lord Rackrent, till, through the failure of their wheat, the last hard winter, they were unable to pay their rent, and had been seized on; she said they had a little property of their own, about two and twenty acres of leasehold land, which had maintained them pretty well till her hus-

band fell sick, and now, as her children were too young to work, and they were obliged to hire a man, things were going to wreck and ruin, and if God did not restore her husband to health, they would be obliged to go to the parish. The doctor," the unhappy woman said, "charged nothing for his attendance, and declared medicine could do her husband no good, for he only wanted wine and good nourishment, and she hoped, for the sake of humanity, he would speak to Lady Rackrent to please to order her poor Thomas, to restore him, a little wine."

Edward's heart was wrung with anguish, and from his little store he presented her with a guinea, assuring her he would mention her pitiable case to the lady that day; the grateful woman curtsied a thousand thanks, which only hurt more the feelings of Edward, and he set forward immediately on his errand of humanity.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

When Edward went to the hall, he sent in a note to Lady Rackrent, as by his lord's desire, he wished to inform her ladyship of a subject of real distress, when the old butler, who had carried the message returned, he told Edward drily, you are going on an unwelcome errand to her ladyship. When he entered the drawing room, Lady Rackrent was in a procumbent state upon an ottoman, attended by Mrs. Silvertongue, a fat sick pug dog was reclined on a satin cushion at her feet, and half a dozen lap dogs near it, lapping cream and sweetmeats out of china soup plates. The lady appeared shook by her nerves almost to inanity, and her extreme sensibilities had given her countenance a ghastly appearance; she was quite alarmed at the entrance of Edward,

and desired Silvertongue to hold her bottle of hartshorn under her nose. As soon as she had recovered, Edward represented the poor woman's case, when she relapsed into her fainting debility, but exerted herself to say, the impudent Mrs. Butterworth's complaint had quite unnerved her, and she desired Silvertongue to bathe her temples with *eau de luce*. At this instant, the pug dog whined, when starting, as if nothing ailed her, in a sharp tone, she demanded of Silvertongue, if she had given her sweet Zanga his cough drops; the simpering abigail replied with great humility, "yes, my lady," whilst Edward's olfactories, from the over fed animal, were offended with an effluvia not quite so fragrant as the vapour of the *eau de luce*. "What," cried Lady Rackrent, "does the woman want wine; very improper, Mr. Wortley, from the modern practice of physicians." "But the poor man, my lady, is in a consumption, and only nourishing aliments can check the disorder; and the poor creature once knew better days, and was a tenant of

his lordship's" "Silvertongue," said her ladyship, "hand me my diet drink, I shall sink under my sensibilities; why does my barbarous lord suffer my ears to be so haunted with tales of distresses? Mr. Wortley," continued her ladyship, "Julep shall send him a bason of barley water, and you may advance the family a shilling on my lord's account." Edward, in indignation, bowed and retired:—he repressed his reflections until he got out of the hall, when he mentally exclaimed, "Good God! a human being, labouring under one of the most fatal maladies, is only allowed by a man of fifty thousand a year, to snatch him from the grave, a bason of barley water, and a paltry shilling; his children may pine, for want of a father's succour, in misery and want, and the poor widow, unable to relieve their cries, in speechless agony must shed her vain tears upon the cold ground."

Edward now had experienced a complete lesson of the humanity required by his noble employer, which was to drive

misery to perish out of his sight, and to keep indigence from violating the path of his nobility. In the anguish of his heart, he resolved, at the expiration of the quarter, to resign his employment, and seek some worthier means of finding independence.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE rent day, which sounds like a knell to some, and to others with a full purse like the pancake bell at the beginning of Lent, at length arrived; and Mr. Squeezem sat in his awful chair, Edward seated on his right hand, to give receipts. It was a very painful day to his generous mind. His fawnings to the freeholders would have made a byestander believe nature had very much wronged him, in giving so foul a covering to so bright a mind; but, when these had been dismissed, and it came to the defaulters turn to have their audience, the enraged features, the coarse unfeeling language, and terrible denunciations of ruin and destruction, would have corrected his judgments, and convinced him the plaistic mother is always right. These poor victims of penury,

who, in those distressed times, were compelled to sacrifice their property to enable them to discharge a part of their rent, were dismissed without their dinners, to nourish themselves with their groans and their tears; whilst the monopolist, who grew rich by the distresses of their fellow men, made the vaulted hall ring with their drunken festivities.

Mr. Squeezen in the evening delivered some notices to Edward to be served on the tenants in arrear, threatening them with distraints if their balances were not paid up in a week, and after adding up the books, and counting the sums he had received, which he delivered to Edward, and Mr. Squeezem departed. And the distressed Edward, to whom the day of feast had proved a day of sorrow, returned to the inn, where a young man, who lately had been a tenant of his lordship, was introduced to him by the landlord. He simply and briefly related the subject of his intrusion, which was for him to present a petition to Lord Rackrent, in which, if he succeeded, he should again be a

happy man, and enabled to support his aged mother. He added he had once possessed property, which was all destroyed by fire when he rented under his lordship, who was acquainted with his misfortune.

Edward sighed bitterly, he was certain his lordship would serve no man, but with promises, however, he recommended him to accompany him to the hall on the morrow, when his lordship would be returned from Whinnbury, and he would mention his case, and procure his introduction, but he could promise no farther.

The young man was modestly retiring, when Edward insisted upon his supping with him, and during the conclusion of the evening had opportunities that proved to him his good sense and virtuous principles.

In the morning Edward took the young man with him to the Hall, but first saw his lordship, and paid him the sums he had received, who took it with all the avarice of a miser. He then mentioned the case of the young man, and that he

had brought him to the hall to represent his own situation. His Lordship with a sneer said he would see the young man, when he had audited his accounts. The numerous defaulters made his lordship outrageous, and he furiously asked if Squeezem had served them with notices of distraint. Edward replied "he had them in his pocket." "Give them then to me," more angrily rejoined his lordship; "I will have them more properly served than you yourself can do; so you may retire." Edward bowed and left the study. Before he had reached the inn, the same impudent lacquey he had first seen overtook him with a note from his lordship, and the fellow laughed in his face when he had given him it, and went whistling away. The laconic epistle contained these words:

"Mr. Wortley, I have enclosed you fifty pounds, and have no further need of your services."

Edward was not sorry he had only been anticipated, and resolved, instead of returning to Box Farm, to seek his idol in-

dependence in London, and after hiring a man to take his hackney to Mr. Somerville and a letter to Juliet, which mentioned his journey to town, but not his discharge, resolved on the morrow to set off for the Metropolis.

He had scarcely sat down in the inn, when the young man with a woeful countenance entered his apartment, he thanked him for his kindness, but informed him his lordship had behaved in a brutal manner to him, bidding him to go out to day labour, and not come to him with such stories; as he was going, Edward pulled two guineas out of his pocket, saying he wished it had been in his power to do more.

When he shut the door the landlord entered, and laughing told him "his words had come true, he was too much of a Christian for Lord Rackrent, nor would the house in the village ever hold a steward, till one came from the lower regions to inhabit it. You frightened Lady Rackrent into fits with Mary Butterworth's story, and that is the cause of your discharge."

Edward was too much vanquished by his feelings to attempt to rebut the raillary of the red-faced boniface, and merely replied her ladyship had very weak nerves. "Yes," adds the witty landlord, "she has every sensibility, but that of feeling for the distresses of her fellow-creatures." Edward ordered his dinner, which caused a cessation of the sprightly landlord's mirth, now so unpleasant to his feelings.

He went to bed with a heavy heart, and had frightful dreams, but dreams are but the shadows of the day's thoughts.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE next morning his bill being settled, and his horse sent off for Box Farm, with an oppressed mind, possessing only sixty pounds, he departed in the heavy stage for the metropolis in search of that *ignis fatuus* independence, and by ten o'clock in the morning the next day arrived at the Green Man and Still, Oxford-road.

Edward, whilst jolting in the coach, ruminated and resolved on what he should do, which was to open an institution for the instruction of young gentlemen. He had heard London was the encourager of genius and the rewarder of talent, and already deceitful hope exposed her glittering vista rich with honours. But the prudent Edward, in his romantic dreams, rejoiced his children and Juliet were sheltered by the roof of plenty.

He took a porter with him to seek a

lodging, and in the vicinity of one of the squares hired suitable furnished apartments at one guinea per week. His next object was to circulate an advertisement through the medium of the daily prints, and distribute a printed prospectus round the neighbourhood. No person applied the first week, but on the succeeding Monday a fashionable widow with two boys attended by a footman, enquired of his landlady if a gentleman of the name of Wortley had apartments within.

"You mean, my lady, the schoolmaster," uttered the mistress of the house in a shrill voice, that sounded to Edward's ears like St. Sepulchre's bell to the felon led to execution, who immediately descended, and politely asked the widow and her sons up stairs to his apartment. When seated the lady began.

"I have seen your advertisement in the Times Paper, and very much admire your mode of education; it is a mild system, that cannot but ensure success in your instruction, and I intend placing my sons under your care. They are very spirited

boys, and though young, are conscious of their independence. Their private tutor, whom I yesterday discharged for his harsh language in chiding the children, has assured me they have made a rapid progress in their studies."

Edward modestly asked the lady what had been their principal pursuits, whether they had learnt Latin, French, accounts, &c. "O! Mr. Wortley," replied she, "their grandpapa says they are too young to learn Latin; (all this while the boys were throwing ink out of the pens at one another). I believe Charles, the eldest, can speak a French phrase or two, which is enough for a gentleman to know, and repeats John Gilpin by rote." The mother now turning to the boys to make Charles deliver his Cheapside story, to her great surprise she observed their faces and shirts all splashed with ink. "Fye, Charles, fye, Augustus," tranquilly whispered the mother, when they both flung their pens filled with ink in her face. The mother only smiled, and turning to Mr. Wortley, remarked hers were spirited boys, and she

did not wish them as yet to write, as they would only be splashing the ink. Edward thought how many great boys bedaubed their fellow-creatures with the same corrosive substance. The widow, by a bribe of a crown piece, induced Charles to come up to Mr. Wortley and read John Gilpin in Scotts lessons, but the little wight knew not his letters, though by the labour of his memory he could repeat it. "Is not Charles, Mr. Wortley, a charming genius?" Little Augustus, by the same silver charm, spoke Cowper's sonnet of the rose, which included the whole of their erudition, for neither of them knew a letter of the alphabet. "Are they not nice clever boys, Mr. Wortley? and their dispositions are the sweetest in the world, they possess very tender hearts, and the first reproof is sufficient to correct their errors."

Edward requested to know in what studies he should direct the young gentlemen. "Any to please them; too much book at their tender age would make them dull. I would wish them, as their for-

tune is so independent, to be brought up as men of the world; to be *degagee*, feel no sheepish bashfulness, but make a genteel bow, and enter a drawing room of company without confusion. Learning makes men look old, awkward and grave; it does very well for the closet, but gentlemen have very little need of it. I think I have, Sir, sufficiently explained my childrens' tempers and prospects, and I shall commit them wholly to your trust." She presented her card, and added "she would leave her boys that day with him," when suddenly such a yell bursted from their throats, that made the passengers in the street stand and look up at the window, as if murder had been committing. Each caught hold of their mamma's dress; to pacify them she again tempted them with money, which they threw against the partition, and had like to have broken a large mirror. Edward stooped to endeavour to soothe Charles, who gave him such a sweet compliance to *his first reproof* on his nose, that it gushed out blood, when he retreated, and the tender

mother apologising to Edward, said she would give them a holiday that day, and take them with her. The victorious boys sounded notes of joy as loud as they had of sorrow, and the widow dropping a curtsey retired, followed by Edward with his handkerchief at his nose to the door.

Independence, in his new profession, did not present such amiable charms as she had on the first appearance of the widow; he found her glittering robe concealed many deformities, and that all the paths to her temple were thickly set with thorns.

He was sitting musing on his chair, the Sceptrum Pœdagogorum in his hand, which was a simple wand, and not the Ferula, the Grecian imperial ensign, when he was again surprised with a visit from the fashionable widow. She made many apologies for Charles's accident on his nose, which she palliated as only proceeding from a familiar spirit of good-nature, which he would excuse; and added, "they often served Mr. Basso, their music-master, in

the same manner, who only laughed at their roguish jokes. I would have brought them to school, but they are really, Mr. Wortley, so nervous, and so fond of their rocking-horses, it was impossible to tempt them to come. And she hoped (at this expression she pulled off her glove, and exposed a beautiful white hand, adorned with a rich brilliant) Mr. Wortley would condescend to wait on her little boys at home, as it was really necessary," she said, looking languishing to Edward, "as they had no father, their education should be attended to. I shall not scruple any charge, Mr. Wortley, you may choose to make on this occasion." Edward bowed his consent, and she sprightlily resumed, as she was going with a party to the opera that afternoon, she should expect him on the morrow evening, when his academic hours were over.

The dame of laughing weeds seemed so comfortable in Edward's apartment speaking trifling things, but chatting with her eyes such tender expressions, that any one but Edward would instantly have

comprehended, she would have remained there much longer, had not the roguish oculist been interrupted by an old pale gloomy looking citizen conducting in his son, whose mechanical visage wore all the lines of passive obedience.

Soon as the widow had quitted the apartment, he demanded from Edward a card, which after perusing through his opticals, he observed he should place his son under his care. Edward t' anked him, and surveying his countenance, fancied he perceived but two impressions, the love of gold, and the punishment of avarice. After placing his hat and cane upon the table, which exposed his long thin face and naked forehead, over which was barely spread a few lank hairs, he began his harangue."

"You must know, Mr. Wortley, I am an individual who has made a good fortune by my industry, and I wish my only son Obadiah may be instructed how to keep it. I have digested all the plans of education, and that of Solomon's " spare the rod and spoil the child" is the one I was

brought up in, and which I safely can recommend, as the success of my worldly concerns prove. Never pardon a fault in my boy. I would sooner buy birch, than you should spare his whippings. Let him be always sober, chastise severely every appearance of mirth, it misleads the heart to sin. This world, as the moralists have wisely said, is a vale of tears, and he that is joyful will feel the sorrows of want. But I shall resign him entirely to your care," and repeating as he put on his hat, and laid hold of his cane, " spare not the rod, Mr. Wortley," and departed.

Edward shuddered at the systematic barbarity of the parent, who could desire a teacher to beat his son black and blue for being happy. What a miserable wretch; ejaculated he to himself, is this father of a child; had his counsels been taken at the formation of the earth, not a flower must have bloomed, not a bird but the raven and the screech owl have sung, the smile on man's countenance would have been bonded with iron, and nothing adorned its surface but wedges of gold,

cabbages, and loaves of bread. How mistaken is the text of the Israelitish king, who means in his figurative proverb, "spare the rod spoil the child;" that if instruction be withholden from youth, ignorance will occasion their unhappiness and ruin. How opposite, Edward repeated, are human dispositions. Some children are to be ruined for want of reproof, and others are to be persecuted right or wrong with the terrors of punishment. Edward called the little boy to him, who trembled like a felon, and giving him a question in Arithmetic to solve, comforted him with the assurance, they should never fall out if he learned his lessons, and conducted himself properly. The boy looked in Edward's face, and his sunken brow seemed to doubt his kindness.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE third morning after Edward's pedagogal assumption, a respectable looking man, a friend, came into his room attended by two little boys; he asked Edward if he had any prospectus or plan of education; which being answered in the affirmative, and receiving one, he read it with deep attention, and seeming pleasure. "Your system of instruction, Mr. Wortley," said the quaker, "corresponds with my ideas of intellectual improvement, and is that I have sought for in vain through the metropolis. I have no doubt of the erudition and abilities of many of these teachers, but they travel on the surface of knowledge, and confine their modes to the parade not the substance of science. I wish my sons, Mr. Wortley, according to your method, not merely to learn sounds,

and effects, but to probe the principles of things, and as far as human ability will allow, to trace nature to her causes. What are the majority of youth but garrulous parrots, who utter things they do not understand? The strength of the mind is derived from knowledge, and it is her tree of blossoms that spreads fragrance and joys on the human path. The man who cannot think for himself, however endowed with wealth, splendour, and power, is but an automaton, passive but to the motions of those agents that surround it. I would have my children, as your system promises, assisted up the difficult ascent of literature, not suffer them to become dispirited and exhausted, in the vain labour to attain what only the ability of the teacher can explain. I approve of your rapid manner of teaching them the classics, by reading with them their lessons, and comparing for them the parts of speech as you construe, and in the perspective of Grecian or Roman events, to throw in the existing condition of the other societies of the world, and to make the study of the modern lan-

guages a principal duty of education. Nor, as you say, confine geography to the dry terms of names of places, latitude and longitude, but to divide each country into sections of ancient and modern history, the state of its government, and to trace those causes which either have degenerated or ameliorated a society, and in your explanations of climate, to prove its influence upon the productions of the soul and anima ion.

"In your problems on the globe, you will not merely turn the sphere round, but philosophically, by diagrams, prove the various phenomena of the earth and heavens; what is meant by latitude and longitude, the obliquity of the earth's axis, the angle of the ecliptic retrocession of the equinoxes, and the causes of day and night, and all the variety of seasons. I admire, Mr. Wortley, your method of teaching elocution, whose fundamental rule, as proved by common conversation, whose sounds fluctuate according to the emotions of the passions is to follow nature; no one can hope to excel in this

sweetest of the sciences, unless he is endowed with a sonorous voice, and vivid imagination. Notwithstanding all the quack advertisements of many teachers who presume to cure every impediment, and fix a Tully's pipe, or the voice of the eloquent ass in dumb mouths. In astronomy, that science of Almighty wisdom, which measures the fields of eternity, after explaining to my sons its general elements, to understand the constellations, and distinguish a planet from a sun, leave farther investigation to their own active minds. In history, that lamp of earthly wisdom, your assistance will be particularly wanted; for infants, without a master's ability to develope and to impress the chronology, and point out its geographical theatres, will read this godlike science as unaffected as common fables; the agencies of men are the same now, as they were when empire first raised its superstructure on the ruins of social independence; the same qualities or virtues have exalted characters to bless and enlighten their fellow men, and the same vices have corrupted

them to oppress, and wound their happiness in the ages of Assyrian tyranny as in the modern times. In the chronicles of Greece, my sons will read with admiration the character of true glory and wisdom, and ere the luxuries of Asia destroyed the Roman virtue, in the lives of their patriots, will contemplate that astonishing grandeur to which the inspiration, the love of liberty, and country can elevate human nature. In the region of natural history, which, with all the labour of the elegant and scientific Buffon and other elaborate researchers, is still a *terra incognita*. I would recommend you to be guided by the rod of experiment, and to point out only that part which is known to be correct. The systems of geology, chemistry and botany I perceive, by your prospectus, you understand. The elements of these beautiful sciences I would wish you to instruct my sons. I value the improvement of their minds more than the ornament of their dress, and should sooner grumble over a taylor's than a schoolmaster's bill. In the classification of our poets, of course you

will point out to them their distinguishing beauties. The mathematics, which I consider the science of truth, you will advance them experimentally in, which is, to prove every problem as they proceed. As your prospectus dilates every scientific qualification proper for youth, I shall only add a religious and a moral obligation, which, as a philosopher and Christian, you will not fail to impress on the minds of my children, which, as reverence to the name of God and the love of truth, the latter is not only the greatest and best quality of the heart, but without which, talents and acquirements lose their lustre, like tarnished silver. I wish them to worship this divine quality with a Stoic's firmness, and endure every pain and privation rather than violate it, as falsehood proves not only the most hated but the most fatal of all the corruptions of humanity." The good friend now took his leave, and Edward resumed the avocations of his school.

When Edward had dismissed his pupils, he waited upon the widow in the square of——. He had been expected; at

the first rat tat at the door, it was opened, and the footman conducted him to the drawing room, where sat the anguishing widow, her little sons were galloping and smacking their rocking horses, making as much noise as French postillions. When he had made his bow, he was requested to be seated on the chair close to the side of the ensabled matron. As soon as the young gentlemen perceived their tutor, they dismounted from their flying *pegasuses*, and began flogging his legs, until he had intrenched himself behind his chair, the widow laughing and crying fy, and Edward making wry faces. The servant entering with the tea tray, on which was a magnificent service of Chinese porcelain, they retreated from their tutor, and fell smacking him, when, whether from pain, or from spite, he stumbled with the china, which broke several rich pieces, and scattered the buttered muffins over the turkey carpet. The boys enjoyed their sport, nor did they cease their torments on the poor fellow, till their mother gave them money to go out with

Jonathan to buy oranges; and the young tyrants, to the great pleasure of Edward, left the room.

When they were fairly out in the street with the coachman, the widow rang and ordered coffee, and over the fragrant infusion of the berry of Arabia, which physicians say increase voluptuous sensations, like the amorous besieger of Captain Shandy, commenced her meditated attack upon the citadel of the youthful and handsome Edward; but as widows and old maids have more experience than young misses, whose coquetries generally suffer their captives to escape, the sable dame, like an old engineer, first laid a mine under the fortress to dismantle its ramparts, and make it the sooner surrender.

This *ruse-de-guerre* in Cupid's campaigns, is styled confidence, that always opens an avenue to the heart. The wily widow, when the tea equipage was removed, crafty in all stratagems, so contrived it, that her chair was placed *en profile* to Edward's, so that she could watch the workings of his countenance,

and conceal and direct her ogles and glances, as circumstances required. She remarked with a sigh—that herald from the female breast, whose sound conveys important intelligence—that her little boys very much wanted a father; a pencil of rays, condensed and burning as that from a lens in the sun, shot from the widow's black eye, right in the corner of Edward's; the charge was so intense, it forced a blush upon his modest countenance, and raised a tumult of disagreeable ideas in his mind. She continued, "Mr. Musnud, her late husband, was a kind and generous friend and parent, and she should never cease regretting his memory; he had amassed a very large fortune: but, Mr. Wortley (another sigh, and the handkerchief to her face as if tears fell) the climate of England did not agree with him, and he died five years after our marriage, of a rapid decline, after having settled one hundred thousand on the two boys, the interest of which I am to receive for their education, and support until they attain twenty-one years."

The crafty handkerchief was again applied to her eyes, and half a dozen sighs breathed, when she continued, "her generous friend had not forgotten his faithful wife; he had settled three thousand a year upon her as a dower for life, with ten thousand ready money, and the town house, and Rose Hill estates, their country residence, in Surrey: was not he, Mr. Wortley, a most worthy benevolent character? and ought not his grateful widow long to mourn such a dear friend?" —"Certainly, Madam," said Edward, with much feeling. The widow drew her chair nearer him, and looking with Ephesian tenderness in his face, resumed, "My friends, Mr Wortley, advise me to marry, that my little boys may have a director;" she placed her hand as if by accident on Edward's chair, (who now perceived the drift of the widow, and became restless and shocked at her pious sorrows,) and darting another syren look, that would have dissolved a Joseph's resolution (but the image of Juliet stood before Edward, and saved him from all her enchantments)

with a sigh continued, " if she could meet with a worthy man, fortune was no object with her, who would become a father to her children, and take care of their interest; on their account, she thought, she would break her resolution, and enter again into the marriage state." This was succeeded by another shower of arrows from those batteries, that sparkled brighter than the diamonds of Golconda, which Edward in a masterly manner blunted on his white shield, *erst* a pocket hankerchief. The widow, though foiled was not dismayed, and looking again piercingly soft on Edward's confused countenance, who wished himself in the red sea, as if by want of thought dropped her pretty white hand on his knee, and then, with blushing confusion, instantly withdrew it, saying prettily, " she did not scarcely recollect what she had been thinking of. O! Mr. Wortley, I was going to remark, that notwithstanding the endowments of fortune, a widow's situation is but desolate; she had no friend to council her, no director of her worldly concerns, but was the dupe of

every impostor that came round her; are not these your sentiments, Mr. Wortly," (drawing her chair, as if under the power of attraction so near to Edward's, that they might have been said to have formed but one seat.) The bell of the street ringing, checked the widow's fond advances, but remarking it was only her little boys, and that it would be to late to give them a lesson that afternoon, was in the act of again putting her hand upon his knee, when the door of the drawing room opened, and *sans ceremonie*, bounced up to the fire, Mr. Basso, who, by this familiarity proved himself to be not only a music-master, but a familiar acquaintance.

The lady looked confused. Edward now relieved, was serene in conscious innocence, and poor Basso's features, exhibited astonishment, jealousy, and resentment. The widow coolly remarked she had not expected him that afternoon. "Did you not, Madam?" replied the musician tossing his head. The widow withdrawing her chair to the point of equal distance between two the teachers, like the sun between

two planets, gilding them both, restored Mr Basso to good humour, which was increased, when Edward took his leave, to the apparent mortification of the matron in weeds.

On his way to his lodgings he resolved to throw up his school, and forsake all those honours hope had painted round her temple, to get out of the widow's witchcraft, whose inexperience and fortune, would soon render her the dupe of the tuneful sharper. And here, he said in his reflections, is a strong instance of inefficiency of wealth to make happiness, which is not the idol of sensuality, that expires like the phœnix, in its own luxuries, but the splendour of virtue, whose rays are never clouded, but shine and refreshes the heart, till relieved by that bliss or glory which has no age, no period, no change, no ending.

That night hope forsook Edward's pillow, and in the morning he had to choose another path, that might conduct him to the temple of his adoration, independence.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

EDWARD early the next day, after discharging his lodgings, and saying to the landlady he was going into the country, hired a hackney coach, and taking his trunk desired the coachman to drive him to the Angel at Islington. As he was proceeding over the stones of London, as if he had arrived at a most dreadful precipice his thoughts were gloomy and desperate, he had but ten pounds left, had fixed on no new pursuit, and poverty, terrific image, haunted his imagination; he endeavoured to suggest some plan, but the figures of thought were scattered and lost in the shadows of his despairing mind, and the coach was stopped at the door of the inn, and the coachman demanding his fare at the window of the carriage before he suffered him to get out, ere he had marshalled his ideas of where he was going, or what he intended to do, and the saucy

whip was compelled to repeat his question before he awoke from his reverie. He descended from the coach and had his trunk taken into the bar.

He went into the coffee-room followed by a porter, who asked him by which of the north coaches he was going, the absorbed Edward said nothing. The porter repeated his question, but Edward merely requested him to tell the waiter to bring him a glass of brandy and water. The fellow stared, and all eyes in the room were peering very inquisitively and suspiciously at the forlorn Edward. He paid for his glass, and walked out of the house, and perceiving against a lamp post a bill announcing some new publications, the thought struck him to turn author. He found that blockheads succeeded best as teachers, as parents chose their own system. Hope, the harlequin of the passions, with her magic wand now brought bay crowns, laurels, trophies, fortune, monuments and everlasting fame to his enraptured mind, and gay as the lark at dawn, he sought for a lodging, which he

almost immediately found on very cheap terms, in an adjoining street. He soon returned to the inn with a servant from the lodging, who carried his trunk to his new apartment; and afterwards took a walk round those charming and healthy environs of the metropolis of the empire.

Edward had now seen a great deal of the miseries of London; in his boyish days he had witnessed its splendours, and in his perambulation these reflections on the greatest city of the empire impressed his mind. This county of houses, this hive of men, the temple of pleasure, the corrupted sewer of vice, where a few disinterested characters in its smoaky atmosphere, may, perhaps, number the five talents of virtue God required of Abraham to save from destruction the cities on the dead sea.

When he viewed in St. Giles's the group of wretchedness and crime, it would harrow up his soul, and he would say are there among the instinct tribes, beings so degraded and that suffer such pain? how feeble is reason, how unwise the institu-

tions of men, that the image of the creator should be debased beneath the brute creation. And when he observed the splendour of the midnigh trout, the glittering equipages of the great, the magnificent dresses, and wasteful extravagances, he would groan over the distresses of the thousands that might be nourished by their useless squanderings of pride. He would, likewise say, London is a peopled desart! for of the thousands that pass the streets scarce one is known to the other. If you are well there is no friend to greet you; if sick, there is none to comfort you; if you die you are carried to a burying-ground (from whence you will be torn, by a callous hypocrite of the pall and feathers, who shares no other feeling of humanity, than if your carcase were that of a dead ass.) When in company one man regards another, whilst he assumes the mask of friendship, with mistrust and suspicion, and all that surround you, strive to pick your pocket, mislead, or disturb your tranquillity. It is astonishing to meet among such a mass of men so little intelli-

gence; trifles divert them, a bottle broken in the street, or a couple of drunken women fighting, will stop hundreds from their business. Yet London contains the first talent, the highest virtue of the empire, and the most splendid public charities; it abounds with the greatest plenty, and the most consummate want. Often is found perished on the steps of a palace a human being, which the scraps refused by their dogs would have preserved; and thousands without emotion will pass this victim of the world's injustice, and cold cruelty, until it be removed to the bone-house for enquiry. In t is fœtid mass of humanity, the impostor, the quack, and the dunce, whilst a Chatterton famishes or welters in his blood, grow wealthy by the ignorance of the multitude. Sixty thousand wretched mortals rise every morning uncertain how they shall live the day, and where they shall lie down at night. And sixty thousand rise at noon to consume in ebriety, what would nourish as many famalies the week. The fish of the Thames fatten on the soups and gravies thrown

down the sewers that would almost nurture the poor of the metropolis. Such is London, that attracts the ignorant countryman to his ruin, unknown to those joys that can make man happy, which always breathe the sweet air of the country, and love to invigorate their bloom in the silver fountain, or on the daisied meadow.

Edward attached a bill in his window announcing compositions of every style, and every description of writing. As it was near Valentine's day he had a numerous call of Derni, bucks of the town, such as clerks, dancing and music masters, shopmen, valets, butlers, and waiters, to write for them amatory lines on the occasion, such as sonnets and acrostics. Some few for orations, among which was a son of the brogue, a lawyer's clerk, not long imported from Dublin. He wanted, by Jasus, a speech for a soshiety of——— and mentioned the subject. Edward composed an excellent piece of oratory, which Mr. Patrick Killi begs would have altered, to add climaxes like the celebrated Hibernian orator of the bar. In one paragraph of

the speech, the words "I think, gentlemen," Patrick wished it thus altered: "I tink, gentlemen, I believe, gentlemen, and I am confident, gentlemen, and I shall always be assured gentlemen." "There," cries Patrick, exultingly repeating it, and pausing at each sentence with the fall of his fist lik a drum stick, "that is the right climax of Master Hellocushun of my swate country." After the broguish orator had worried Edward's patience for a couple of hours in recitation, and phillipising the climaxes, he was asked by him his charge; and when informed it was half a guinea for a hundred lines,—"By Chreest," replied the son of Erin, shrugging up his shoulders, "but you are very dare with your hellocushun in England; for half-a-crown I could have written, by that good crater, Pat Drummelhead, the schoolmaster in the liberty of Dublin, a whole quire of paper;—but here is a thirteener, and that is all I have about me by my leeving shoul, but if you'll sip a little whisky, I'll trate you into the bargain." Edward refused taking any thing,

and off retreated the shillala hero, repeating, "I think, gentlemen, I believe, gentlemen," till he was out of hearing.

A sober, down looking, dark man now entered his apartment, who informed Edward he was a distinguished teacher and lecturer of the metropolis, and told him he wanted twelve or thirteen lectures written on the sciences and education of youth. Edward really believed him, by his preface, to be a man of learning, and he modestly requested him to write down the title heads of the lectures he required, acquainting him, at the same time, his charge was five pounds each lecture, and that he expected they were to be only orally delivered. With much pomp and gravity he sat down at the table, and scribbled as follows, the first word of which proved to Edward, what a *Graculus inanis superbus*, he was.

*Lecturs on the Sienses.*

"On Ellocushun, teach geography, arithmitic, bels letturs, astronnome, geom^e

meetre, histury of riting, orashun on the late battels, and on eddecashun. "There Sir," said he, looking sage as a lord chancellor, "is the thing I want; there is no doing in London without being known; and the folks here never examine your talents but your notoriety." Then adding he wanted them very soon, with a real pedagogues bow departed.

He was succeeded by another gentleman who wanted an essay written on the state of the poor, for which adds he, I will not, if well composed, scruple any charge. Edward promised it should be ready by Monday next.

"Pray, Sir" said he, "do you know that person who went out." Edward answered in the negative. "Why, Sir, he is the greatest puffer in London; and without an iota of ability, or scarcely knowing how to spell his name, by the help of strong animal spirits, that support his unblushing impudence, passes on the vulgar, and also on those men of literature, who, gratified by fawnings, and base servilities, examine no further the talents of a man,

as an oracle of wisdom. If you have written any thing for him, he will palm it on the world as his own, and by these impositions is known as an author, though he never composed a line of sense in his life." Edward, of a naturally unsuspicious and generous disposition, did not believe all the stranger said, who in a few minutes departed, appearing chagrined at Edward's excessive *sang froid*.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

EDWARD began to get tired of his sonneteer avocation, and began the compilation of a new system on a popular science. "This," said he to himself, "will not only win me the crown of bays, but straightly conduct me to the golden bearing garden of the Hesperides, in the centre of which stands the lofty temple of independence. When completed, I will publish it by subscription; the true lovers of science will rejoice to subscribe their names to so useful and intelligent a work." This was reasoning like a rational man of letters unacquainted with the world. The honored sons of science have a natural antipathy to all young rivals in fame, and that neglect and indifference, the consequence of ignorance, with which the unlettered buffet genius, are shewn to the young author by the scientific, through jealousy and narrow-

minded pride, and his surviving the bruises of his classic and unclassic enemies, and reaching the summit of reputation, is almost as miraculous as the three Jews coming safe out of the fiery furnace of the Assyrian king.

An author rambling from house to house with a subscription list, may be well compared to an overseer collecting his parish rates, but with this difference, the abuse and impudence change sides, and the solicited become the insulting tyrants. This hacknied labour, the most painful to a man of sensibility, with all its assiduity seldom succeeds; and the volume of Hume and Sterne, more magnificent trophies of the British nation, than the monuments of her warriors, had they not been preserved at their own risk, would have ingloriously expired in the torturous flames of the oven, to bake mince pies.

Edward had concluded his volume, which treacherous hope had promised would bring him the golden shower, though his extreme labours had been interrupted by the frequent tasks of composing funeral

sermons, orations, sonnets, and amorous epistles, to gratify the mocking birds and false feathered wits of the metropolis, and had intended that morning, commencing his perambulation round the mæcenases, and literati. When the door of his apartment, after a civil tap, was opened by his landlady, conducting in a young woman, habited in all the grotesque and expensive ornaments of fashion a full purse and bad taste could put about her. Her figure resembled nearly a mathematical square, with a head on it large and shrouded with bushy coarse black hair, a round fat rosy face, large black eyes, pug nose, monstrous flabby ears, and very wide mouth, which contained pearls of the largest size, though not of the highest value; her pedestals were wisely formed by nature of the Doric order, to support its ponderous superstructure of fat; and her red arms, which even blushed strong through a thick pair of silk gloves, if brandished would have struck terror into a giant. She gracefully curtsied to Edward, if the diagonal movement of her vast shape could be

called grace, and informed him with a grin, that formed a terrific gulf, she had waited on Mr. Julius Scaligerus (Edward's assumed name,) at the recommendation of Mr. Stringum, her music-master, for whom he had composed one of the prettiest copy of werses she had ever read, as a present to his sweetheart, Miss Polly Sugarplumb, the grocer's daughter, who lives in Drury-lane.

"O, Mr. Julius," I can't think of your other name, and laughing quite loud contiued; "they are wastly pretty, and I believes I has them in my pocket;" but on feeling, and finding no werses, she said with another loud titter, "she had left them at home with her papa, who is a bowel leg merchant."

"What," cried the astonished Edward, "A bowel leg merchant?"—"Wulgarly called, Sir, a tripe and cow heel shop; and though, Sir, you may not know," putting her formidable arms a kimbo, "Mr. Cadwallader Maybutter, my papa, is able, Sir, to buy a lord mayor, and a couple of aldermen into the bargain."

Edward did not know what to think, and was absolutely frightened at his heroine who continued. "My papa, who is the son of a clergyman near Snowdon, is an excellent judge of poetry, and when he comes home from the Goat at twelve o'clock in the evening, he says I writes such pretty werses, they always puts him to sleep. O, Sir, Mr. Stringum did not acquaint you I writes poetry, that is what brings me here. But I must show you first, Sir, the werses Mr. Grace, a certain gentleman, tossing her head, "who pays his respects to a certain lady," another waddle or sideling curtsey. Edward was now downright terrified, and really supposed this daughter of Apollo, had been scorched by his rays, and was no other but a lunatic escaped from some asylum, and thought it most prudent to give her her way. "O Sir," and a loud laugh followed, "I have forgot your hard name, I will show you the werses, and did you know what wastly pretty things Mr. Grace tells me when we goes to the tea gardens; he calls me his little wenus, says I am more grace-

ful than Bacchus the god of the graces, that I writes better werses than one Sappo who drowned herself." She now gave Edward the verses, Mr. Grace, the Drury-lane mercury, had composed for Miss Cadwalladerina Maybutter; which, when he perused, in spite of his fears, he scarcely could restrain his risible faculties.

"Now arn't they, Sir, wastly pretty?" Edward said they were wonderful.

The reader perhaps may wish to peruse them, and the following is the verbatim copy:

LINES TO MISS CADWALLADERINA MAYBUTTER.

1

"Vicked Wenus got between us
And stole my heart, O! what a job.
And since this Wenus has owerseen us,
I does nought but sigh and sob.

2

"Cupid flutter round Miss Maybutter,
Vound her heart as bad as mine,
But soft as butter, lest she mutter,
And vill not be my walentine.

3

"Jolly Bacchus, do not lack us,
Bring thy graces God diwine,
When you tack us, care shan't rack us,
But ve'll drink good Sherry vine."

Miss Maybutter thinking Edward was pleased, again opened her sonorous wide orifice, and Edward had as much pain to withhold joining her merry chorus, as that of Tantalus when the cooling fluid, and delicious fruits, which disappeared soon as they touched his parched lip.

The heroine again extending her arm and whirling her parasol repeated in theatrical ecstacy, "they were so wastly pretty, that when we walked last Sunday in Bagnigge Vells gardens, I treated Mr. Grace with a bottle of sherry vine." Edwards terror began to subside, as he now perceived, by her consistent follies, her complaint originated in a defect of pia-mater, and not an overturned brain. She informed him of the mystery of her wisit, which was to show him a copy of werses, or in the sublime vords of Mr. Grace, an ode on the Princess royal's marriage, which

she intended presenting to the queen at the drawing-room. Mr. Grace and my papa says they are wastly finer than those of Pindar, the great Turk, who lived a short time after the flood. She now presented them to Edward for his perusal she said, but not to alter one vord, as it wóuld spoil their diwinity. Edward, with the best composure he could put on, read the following curious production on the tenth muse:

## ODE

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND WITH THE DUKE OF WIRTEMBERG.

"Ye muses lend me Southey's fire!
And with his epic strength inspire!
A modest maid, who strives to claim,
Like Joan of Arch, eternal fame!
But not like Joan through blood to fight,
Be her's of royal things to write.

"Great queen, when Juno left the sky
His car was harnessed not with doves,
But by peacocks, birds diwine,
Which come beyond the tropic line,

And when descended from on high
On James' towers, where dwell the loves,
For to commune with majesty.
On amber clouds the godhead floats
His peacock's screaming heavenly notes.

"Great queen," cries Juno loud and shrill,
His voice was like the thunders trill;
"Charlotte, awake, I come from Jove,
Whose palace is the sky above;
With greetings to the royal pair
Great Wirtemberg your daughter fair.
Little Cupid, rosy maid,
Vaits with Hymen in the shade,
And all the gods are coming down
To bind their brows with Wenus' crown.

"Great queen, a royal race shall spring
From this illustrious line,
Whose deeds shall through Europe ring,
From Lapland to the Rhine;
And Wirtemberg and Charlotte fair
Shall fill the earth with princes rare."
Thus sung the mighty Juno loud,
His woice still trembles on mine ear,
Then wish'd good night, and on a cloud,
To Olympus rose, but bid me bear
The tidings unto Britain's queen,
Nor others tell what I had seen,
Which from blockheads God's concealed
And only unto vits revealed."

Edward, when he had read her namby pamby ode, really compassionated the poor lyre-struck ideot, and intended giving her his real sentiments on the folly of her meditated mad adventure at St. James's, and began, "I really, Miss, am astonished". —He was cut short in his morality by the sprightly poetress. "Aye," says Mrs. Cadwalladerina, "this is exactly what Mr. Grace and my papa told me before I came out, that if you were a man of genius, you vould really be astonished at the sublimity of the composition," and presenting Edward with a pound note, which he was compelled to accept, added "that as she was convinced he possessed the sympathy of genius, she would unfold the whole secrets of her soul to him, and inform him how she intended being dressed when she presented the ode to the queen.

"Her robe should be a sky blue lute-string with silver vandykes, which would make her look like Wenus. Her head should be adorned with a crown of myrtle and white roses, her hair drest in the Grecian style, ornamented with pearl combs, she

could borrow of Mr. Grace the pawnbroker; she would also have pearl coloured silk stockings, blue sandals, with polished steel clasps, white French kid gloves, and on one of her fingers would wear the Dutchess of ———, a French emigrant's large brilliant, now at pawn at Mr. Grace's. This costume would correspond with the diwinity of her ode. She said she would notdress at her papa's, that her neighbours might not know where she was going. But go from her aunts Snowdenia Griffith's, at Plaitwell, the straw bonnet warehouse, in Cranbourn alley, where I shall take a coach for the palace.

"The queen will be quite diwirted at my werses, and as Mr. Grace says as all great people likes to be praised, he has no doubt that if I was a man, I should be either knighted or made a lord of, but I suppose, Sir, I shall be only presented with a brilliant ring, or a diamond snuff box. What a proof of my wast abilities to show my wulgar cousins Miss Winifred Penmaurina Howell ap Tudor, and Mr. Cadwallader Skenerith Griffiths ap Shenkins

when they come up to town from their Welsh mountains."

Edward, relishing the joke, informed her it would be necessary to forward a letter to her majesty, previous to her going to the drawing-room. "That, Sir, Mr. Grace and I have composed, and after searching her pocket in vain for the epistle, said she was sorry she had forgotten it, but he might be assured after her papa, her aunt and Mr. Grace had seen the diamond snuff box, she would come and show it to him;" and after the ruddy square waddle had made another diagonal reverence, in the clouds of good-humour she quitted his apartment. Edward now gave nature her lawless sway, and laughed so loud and hearty, that his landlady rushed into the room, and thinking Miss Cadwalladerina Maybutter was still there, pale with passion, "said she would not have such goings on in her house."

But her moderated optics perceiving no lady, apologised for her mistake, and when she had shut the door, Edward's fit of Momus returned strong upon him, and he aughed on till the good woman came in

again to inform him his dinner was on the table. In the afternoon he tore the billet from the window, resolving to admit no more rhymers, fantastic orators, or any other of the mad children of Appollo, and fixed in his mind the resolution to confine his studies to compositions, either to be printed by subscription or sold to the booksellers. That afternoon he spent in an agreeable walk, purposing on the morrow to try the patronage of his new scheme.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

EDWARD waited first on the mæcenasis, one or two of which behaved liberal and candid to him. He was requested by a gentleman, who put his name to the list, to exhibit his plan of improvement to Doctor Verdigris, whom he recommended as the warm friend of genius, and protector of letters. Accordingly Edward waited on the muscular doctor, whose first reception was very gentlemanlike and condescending; he said, after putting a few questions to him on the subject, he would consider on it, and perhaps might recommended him some subscription names. Edward called the next day, when he was informed by the servant, his master was occupied, and could not be seen; but Edward had spied the Doctor through his parlour window, where he was sitting solus, and he desired the servant to take in

the paper he held in his hand. Soon as this liberal son of Æsculapius, whose forte was to patronize blockheads and impostors, who would lick, for self-interest, the dust off his shoes, saw the servant open the parlour door, than he roared out like a bull, tell him, I say, I am going out on a consultation, and swang the door was shut in his face. This almost cooled our heroes pursuit after the literati, who are as great barbarians to rising talent as the ignorant; but he was resolved to make one more essay, and then drop his scheme as hopeless. So he knocked at the splendid door of Professor Sparrowbones, a celebrated orator, and rectifier of nature's impediments; he rang the bell, and desired the servant, who answered it, to inform Mr. Professor S. a gentleman wished a few words conversation with him. He was announced and received with a smile, if a contortion of the face from a little withered animal could be so called; but soon as Edward exhibited the subscription list, and began to expose his plan, there is not a portrait among the curious could

exhibit such features. He barked, he had no time to examine such things, he hated the sciences, in discords similar to the little cur in the Stygian shades, the ancient poets omitted in their mythology, whose yelpings used to keep the furies awake, that they might not cease their torments. Edward made some further remarks, when he turned on his chair with a grin, for he had not asked Edward to sit down, and squeaked, he had no time for conservation, and desired the footman to shew him to the door. Edward with a curse upon pedagogues, and all the pretended benefactors of science now resolved to turn away for ever from their thresholds.

Edward had now tried three of the flowery paths that led to the temple of independence, and opposed by impenetrable thorns had retraced his steps, though he had not abandoned the phantom. He had heard how all the luminaries that now so splendidly adorn the British pantheon of the muses, had first tried their young pinions in the periodical journals; and numerous essays he com-

posed on various subjects of science and knowledge, for *these y'cleped heralds of resurrection literature*, but his rewards were but barren leaves; and he determined to seek the fruit and write a book of ethics, and try his fortune in Paternoster Row.

When he had finished a couple of sheets, one rainy morning our classic adventurer set off from his lodgings, in search of this famous rendezvous of the muses. He knew not correctly where, this famous row of Booksellers was situated, though he had been informed it was close to St. Paul's, and enquiring as he sauntered down Aldersgate-street the way to this noblest monumeut of the genius of Wren, was answered with a jeer by a porter, "follow your nose, master, and you'll soon break your head against the railing." The rain clearing up he perceived the cupola of the finest Protestant church in the world; and soon as he came into Newgate-street, in wandering from lane to lane without asking a further question, joyfully espied Paternoster Row, the overstocked

warehouses of wit and dulness. He entered the first shop whose door was opened, and producing his manuscript handed it to a tall giant figure in black behind the counter, informing him of the subject of his errand.

When Mr. Scrapebones had perused it, he demanded of Edward in a ravenous croak and contracted brow how long he had turned author. The modest composer replied "but a few weeks." "O! Sir," flinging the manuscript on the counter, "we never venture paper and print on unknown scribblers. The style I must say is classical, and the subject moral and lofty, but we want scandal and satire, one sheet of which pays us better than a folio of virtue; but good morning, Sir, we make it a rule never to employ any writer, whatever his talents are, until he has made himself known to the puplic."

Edward's hopes had sunk many degrees, but he patiently tried every shop in the Row, though without success; he had almost abandoned his pursuit as chemerical, when observing in another street a young man, who appeared not

to be hacknied in the ways of the world standing at the door of his library, he went up to him, and in doubt gave him his manuscript to read.

Mr. Concord when he had read it, requested our author to walk in, and after placing him in a chair, informed him he had been much in want of such a tract, and demanded the price per sheet of a volume of the same ethics. Edward answered he should trust to his liberality for his remuneration.

Mr. Concord immediately presented him with five pounds, desiring he would continue the subject, for," adds he smiling, "your talents, since the death of my friend Dr. Moral, are what I have been seeking for, and if you are agreeable, they shall be fully employed."

As Edward was going out, Mr. Concord requested him to call in the morning, and bring him a sonnet; for I suppose, Sir, by your prose metaphors, you can write verse, and a short chapter on benevolence. I shall want these immediately to insert in a magazine that I am now printing. Edward pro-

mised his compliance, and departed with the transporting thoughts, he had now found the certain noble avenue he had so arduously but so vainly tried for. What a feeble worm is man! the least cloud of sorrow almost annihilates him, and the sun beam of hope obscures the lamp of his reason, and leads his dazzled mind astray into the treacherous ambush of destruction.

Edward returned so much elated to his lodgings, that the old woman, who opened the door, observed it, and remarkd with a smile, "Why, Sir, you have heard some very good news; have you gained the great prize in the lottery?" He made no answer; his thoughts were soaring above earthly things—he was at the waters of Helicon, viewing in its limpid bosom sands of gold, poets crowns, and temples of independence. After he had taken a rump stake, and drank a pint of Whitbread's, for even the candidates of immortality must eat like ordinary men, the ebullitions of his joyous thoughts subsided into a serene flow, and he could

think of his Juliet and his beloved children, with the other peaceful tenants of Box Farm. He considered it prudent to take more genteel lodgings, and accordingly gave his landlady notice, and whilst he enjoyed a prize, his good fortune caused to her a blank, which she partly amended by stealing, when Edward took his usual walk, all his loose linen that was about his chamber, which he only discovered when in his new lodgings.

Fortune, in her full splendor, seemed for a moment to cherish the deluded Edward, but he never dreamed of that locust tribe, the critics, who issue like the African swarm from their envious hiding places, to spoil the buds of genuis, and devour the fruits of his talents, who, for a bookseller's gift, will force their valet fame to bear the coarse bales of dulness to the four winds of the heavens, and tear in the dust the fine and ingenious tissues of sense and erudition.

Edward that evening wrote to his Juliet, and revealed to her his new situation, and splendid prospects, but she,

though not a writer, possessed an exalted judgment, and when she read her Edward's plan, she considered he was following an *ignis fatuus* that would soon deceive him. She knew his amiable and honorable disposition, and would not reprove, but leave his own experience to make her comments. She compared authors to ministers. To day the idols of popularity, to morrow the outcast of fame and fortune, and the victims of resentment, wretchedness, and misery.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

After Edward had composed the following sonnet, and an Essay on Benevolence, he waited on Mr. Concord, who expressed great pleasure and satisfaction at his punctuality, and praised very much the style and elegance of the two pieces.

### SONNET.—THE SIGH.

"When perfect bliss forsook the heart,
And grief first pierc'd the mind;
The seraph maid to blunt the dart
Her soft sigh left behind.

"Which sometimes melting into tears,
And falling from the eye,
Invoke the angel from her spheres
To quench its misery.

"When love afflicts the virgin's breast,
And Damon proves unkind;
The language by the sigh exprest,
Recalls his wandering mind.

"And when the tear breaks from distress,
Th' shower falls not in vain—
Some pitying friend is near to bless
And soothe afflictions pain.

## ON BENEVOLENCE.

"This divine faculty of the mind, during life, burns with unceasing affection to our fellow-creatures, and constantly is exercised in the advancement of their temporal welfare. The acts of benevolence are not strictly confined to the feeding of the hungry, or the clothing of the naked, but its charitable munificence seeketh the troubled mind, and healeth its sorrows with the sympathising tear of compassion; it putteth on the shield and buckler of truth, and smiteth those backbitings and calumnies, with which the mean hosts of ignorance and malice assail the bosom of dejected virtue. Its godlike charities

palliate the errors of humanity, and pour oil and wine into the wounds of those deluded victims of false pleasures, which vulgar unfeeling barbarism delights to behold ever agonized and bleeding. This holy saint, among the human virtues, searcheth out in the chill vale of obscurity the bashful and pining sons of misery, who are ashamed to ask alms, and supplies their wants without wounding their sensibility. She encourages the forlorn victims of power and oppression, and shames the hypocrite, who would hide a polluted heart under the veil of artificial morality. Dejected merit is the object of her constant solicitude, and she abases it not by aiding an ostentatious subscription to a work of genuis, but exalts it by guiding it to independence, which only can cherish the noble energies of talent. She hateth superstition, that treacherous duluder of the senses, and destroyer of man's happiness. Her pure worship is the love of her God, and her duty to mankind.

"Such is the pure spirit of benevolence,

which, but in man, pervades all nature round the throne of Jehovah. His sunbeam warms alike the wilderness as the garden. The dews of heaven fall as kindly upon the barren hill, as the fruitful plain, and cause the shoots of vegetation to spring upon the hard rock, whilst man coils himself into his selfish and narrow circle, hears the cry of the orphan without a pitying feeling, and beholds the tear of the desolate widow without compunction. Force alone extorts from his treasures the pauper's mite, which, with a malediction, he throws to their famished distresses."

When Mr. Concord had perused these pieces twice over, he emphatically exclaimed, "Mr. Juluis Scaligerus, these are indeed most excellent compositions. But they are very similar in letter, especially the prose, to a work of a celebrated teacher, but a most extraordinary puff of this town, I am now selling for him." Edward requested to be shown the book, which he instantly recognised to be his own compositions, and informed Mr. Con-

cord he had written them as lectures under a solemn promise they were only to be orally delivered and never printed. "This, Sir, is a common imposition of the town. Dunces procure men of genius to write works for them to introduce them to popularity, and then palm them on the world, to their vast emolument, as their own. You perceive," added Mr. Concord, "it is under the patronage of great names." Edward saw that the muscular doctor, and a distinguished character of the R——l S——ty, could patronise dulness and plagiarism, though they shut their doors on real merit. "I should wish you, Mr. Julius Scaligerus, to begin an elaborate work on criticism. You possess the talents and learning for the purpose, and I am sensible it would meet with a rapid sale. I will pay you three guineas a sheet, and let me have one ready as soon as you can. A very tall lank figure, with his hair powdered and opticals on his nose, came into the shop, and addressing himself to Mr. Concord, "Well, Concord," said he, "what new publications have you?" He

mentioned some, and informed Doctor Tartar, that that gentleman, pointing to Edward, was going to commence for him a learned work on criticism.

The Doctor now eyed Edward curious as a naturilist would a new species of insects, and remarked to him that criticism was a dangerous field for a young author to launch into. Edward answered, "truth was a sure guide through every region." "Not always so, young man," replied the Doctor; "criticism, I repeat, is dangerous ground. — With impunity an author may attack the foibles of mankind, but touch not their prejudices or their systems, or the whole world will be in arms against him; the empire of criticism is very extensive; for though men reserve the controul of their instinct passions, (with the exception of a few) all classes leave their taste and understanding to the critic's government.

"It is the critic's interest sometimes to ruin reputations, and crush aspiring genius, to advance dullness, and recommend nonsense; this is one of the most profitable

branches of criticism; but he must never attack a brother critic, or the whole hive will rise and sting him to death.

"Genius and refined erudition, are not necessary to modern criticism; very little ability is required to recommend the works of the authors of the day, or scandal and broad grin to laugh merit out of notice; the comments of critics must be confined to the arts and the sciences, the science of the mind, and the welfare of society must remain as our forefathers have sealed them, whose views of temporal interest cannot be improved. It is arrogance, if not blasphemy, for a critic to suppose that the feeble light of the dawn of our ancestors was not stronger than our noon tide, which dazzles the judgment, though enlightened by the sun of science and the wisdom of ages. Critics may safely recommend the alteration of their grandfather's pair of breeches, as may suit the flesh; but he must not dare to question the statutes, whatever be the alterations and changes of the social order. His hoary head has stamped as the eternal guide of the rising

generations, whom he considered would be born with passive obedience to his perfect wisdom, for everlastingly governing the human welfare. It was a saying used by the sages of antiquity, and remains holy to the present times, that too much knowledge spoil man's happiness, and that the bulk of mankind should have their understanding kept from them, and should only be free agents when tried in the presence of their God and their country. Whether this be true or falfe a critic must support and believe it; and though quarrels of blood, and other sad disorders desolate political and religious societies, the zeal, manifested is not for the altar or the state, but for the prizes they contain. Criticism, young man, for I have not the honor of knowing your name, is now become a species of traffic, and its successful customers are the hypocrites of mankind." He then wished Mr. Concord and Edward good morning, and left the shop.

"Pray, Sir," says Edward, "who is that eccentric gentleman?"—"A celebrated satirist," answered Mr. Concord, "who,

though possessed of the finest talents of nature and cultivation, by siding with the minority, or the sensible men of the nation, scarcely can procure a livelihood. Mr. Juluis Scaligerus," proceeded Mr. Concord, "be careful not to offend the critics in your essay. I wish you to exhibit the genius and learning of the famous Bayle, to blend attic salt with savoury and pungent satire, but not to be too severe, which would only raise round you a host of enemies." Edward took his leave of Mr. Concord, promising to wait on him on the morrow, and retired to his new lodgings, to begin his labour, which he fondly hoped would immediately conduct him to his favourite idol and her shower of rewards. He wrote an affectionate and flattering letter to Box Farm, and then retired to his pillow, where all the lying painted trains of Morpheus, to cherish his delusion, came loaded with bay crowns.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

EDWARD waited on Mr. Concord with his essay on criticism, who informed him he should, to give it notoriety, print a chapter of it in all the daily papers. Edward, in the evening of its publication, happened to be drinking a glass of brandy and water in a well known coffee house, and heard some gentlemen in the adjoining box censuring in severe terms his publication—"Who the devil can it be who has written this shameful libel on the author?" said one. "Say rather a just attack upon him," replied another; "it is time the age of dunces was past." "But, gentleman," cried another, "what would the booksellers do with their publications if only men of sense bought?"—"Do very well," cried the second, "if only men of sense wrote."—"Well," said the bookseller, "I would not be in the author's coat

if he is known; he'll have to-morrow all the critics upon him for all the new publications that will come out this year." "What sort of critics, Mr. Stitchstreet?" repeated the second gentleman; "those hirelings, who pawn their talents to corrupt and mislead the unthinking degenerate age." —"I wish the author to triumph," said another. "And so do I," replied the bookseller, "if it did injure our trade, for he is '*aut diabolus aut erasmus.*' I never read a finer piece of wit and satire since I have been in business." At this the gentlemen left the room, leaving Edward to his own meditations, but who shortly after took his accustomed walk, distressed with many doubts, whether his last work would not injure him. His walk proved not so comfortable or refreshing as when his mind had not been alarmed, and he soon returned to his lodgings, and went early to bed, where he ruminated on disagreeable things, but his mind was soothed in thinking of his Juliet and his sweet children, and he wished in his tender thoughts he had now been the companion of her pillow

at Box Farm, where he sighed real happiness could only exist.

Mr. Concord, the next morning, rushed into Edward's apartment, his countenance ghastly with disdain and rage, and his lips white as a sheet of paper. Edward was petrified at his sudden appearance, but more so, when his perturbation had something subsided, he uttered these terrifying words:—"Mr. Julius Scaligerus, I am a ruined man, but I deserved it. Why did I give encouragement to a young author, unknown and unacquainted with the temper of the town? Your essay on the criticism, Sir, has roused all the critics of the metropolis, and you are attacked by the whole swarm, headed by the formidable and invincible Doctor Scorpion and Counseller Crabsclaw, who impress all the *gusto* of the town. O! Mr. Scaligerus now I have lost these gentleman's friendship, my new publications will be on my shelves as waste paper; in fact, I may as well shut up my shop. They accuse you, like another Voltaire, of impiety, licentiousness,

atheism, illiberality, ignorance, feebleness, false grammar, and all the other deadly sins."—"How?" cries the trembling and pale faced Edward. "I will tell you, Mr. Scaligerus:—of impiety, for supporting that man was indebted for his happiness to the illuminations of his reason, the just arbitress of the senses, and that this happiness wholly consisted in thinking right and serving our fellow men. Of licentiousness, for censuring superstition as the origin of the greatest proportion of the evils of society, which placed religion in the treacherous imagination, and not on its immoveable base the heart. Of atheism, for arguing the senses should credit, nothing but what they can prove, and that the true worship of God is brotherly affection. Of illiberality, in saying Dr. Johnston, that Colossus of literature, that bore on his shoulders the lore of Greece and Rome, had a weak old woman's conscience and encouraged superstition. Of ignorance, for daring to assert, that the world, with all its wise ceremonies, had still remained in savagism, but for the bene-

factions of the arts and sciences. Of feebleness, for saying in your criticism of Dryden, that the heads of all his successors were too small for the Laureate crown. And of false grammar, for dividing the hermaphrodite dipthongs, occasioned by the printer's mistakes."

The exhausted bookseller now sunk upon a chair, and Edward revolved in his agitated mind the cruelty and unfairness of his antagonists. He had been opposed by illiberality and low humor, and not by argument, and was sacrificed, like many another son of genius, for speaking the truth on the altar of bigotry. He cursed the folly of the multitude, whose ignorance, deluded like the insect, attracted by the candle's flame to its destruction, perpetrated their own evils in ranging themselves on the party of their hypocritical enemies, whose selfish views are to obscure truth and to prolong the reign of darkness and injustice.

Mr. Concord disturbed these reveries by starting up, and saying, I am sorry for you, Sir, you possess fine talents; but I never can employ them again, and he as

precipitately quitted his apartment as he had entered it. The grief of Edward at the departure of the bookseller rose to that excess of phrensy, its description defies the powers of utterance. His bright hopes, quenched as the sun shall be at the dissolution of the world, when nature will shudder in an eternity of night, had been crushed as by the blow of annihilation, not a prospect was visible in the deep horror of his despair; his heart was emptied of every joy, and not a solitary glimpse lingered on its gloom to comfort his soul; he franticly paced his chamber, beat his forehead, and in the agony of his feelings cried out, "why was I born to live on this earth, whose injustice permits baseness, cruelty, and selfishness to prosper in the sunshine of prosperity, whilst virtue, humanity, and genuis are compelled, from the scorn of men, to pine in the desolate shades of penury and want? Why did I forsake the only asylum of friendship I ever found, to follow an *ignis fatuus*, that has led me to the horrid gulfs of destruction. It is an error in my nature, who

intended me for independence, my right, or she would have gifted me with "the base insensible habits of a slave. It is true I live among a million of human beings, but I know not one of them, and I may perish, unpitied by them all. I have no friends, no money, no hope. I am the scorn of myself, and I might as well have been cast upon a desart of sand, where not a blade of vegetation grows, and no print of humanity but my own could be traced." His agitation now violently increased, he endeavoured to sigh but it expired in his feeble breast, he strove to weep, but the fountains of his heart were dried up by the blasts of his despair; his reason wandered from her seat, but he had written a few scarce legible lines to his Juliet, and his exhausted and burning frame sunk upon his bed, the insensible victim of a high delirious fever.

## CHAPTER LX.

JULIET shook with apprehension as she perused her Edward's almost unintelligible letter. Her tender nature interpreted too much. She resolved that instant to fly to London, though it was now dark, and the night was wet and chilly; her agonised countenance prevented opposition in her parents to her design; and though her father with tears solicited to accompany her, he was only permitted to attend her to the town, two miles distant, where this pattern of conjugal fidelity, this most affectionate mother and saint of affliction, set off in a chaise and four, for the sick chamber of her afflicted Edward.

What powers can pourtray the misery of this lovely woman, when she beheld her husband's pale emaciated form stretched upon the bed of sickness in the apparent agonies of death. She looked wild and sad,

rushed to the bed, and seized his burning hand; in all the frantic despair of a maniac she kissed his parched lips, screamed to her speechless Edward to awake and speak to his Juliet, and fell lifeless on the bed.

The physician and nurse who were in the room, tenderly affected by the scene, raised her inanimate form. The good man, the tears gushing from his eyes, placed her tenderly on his lap, and pressed her head to his bosom, whilst the worthy woman bathed her temples with strong hartshorn, the stimulant was propitious, and she breathed. The physican, whose humanity did honor to his profession, thanked his God; at the ejaculation the sweet mourner opened her eyes, the kindness caused a relieving shower to fall, and rising she fell on her knees, and beseeched the doctor with a fervour unknown but to the virtuous mind, to inform her candidly of her Edward's distemper and danger.

He said as well as his oppressed feelings would permit, he had hopes the strength of his constitution would conquer the disease, but that the crisis was now upon

his patient. He raised the weeping angel, his humanity soothed her, and she thanked him, and sat speechless on the bed holding her Edward's hand. The prayer of innocence prevailed, the balm of Heaven alighted upon his brows, he breathed a sigh, was it Juliet's image he was dreaming of, or did the love of her presence soften his obdurate distemper, for a perspiration spread upon his forehead.—" Blessed be God," cried the physician, and taking Juliet's hand congratulated her upon this favorable symptom. In a few minutes more Edward opened his eyes upon his watchful but soul-rended wife; he seemed amazed but he knew her, and smiled, but nature was yet too weak, and he relapsed into a slumber, whilst Juliet poured such pious prayers, their grateful sounds must have increased the harmony of Heaven.

The good physician watched her emotions with parental feelings, and the nurse thought her more than mortal. In the course of another hour all danger was past. He could talk with his Juliet though feeble, and his sad looks seemed to ask her

forgiveness; but her holy love never acknowledged a fault in her Edward, and her tenderness, through his misfortunes, the more increased towards him.

The physician recommended quiet to his patient, and Juliet remained silent, but looking eloquent affection. That afternoon Juliet's company appeared so to relieve Edward, that at his request the doctor permitted him to sit up, which so refreshed him, he said he could eat and drink anything, and he ate some fowl and took some wine and water, which very much invigorated him, and in the course of the following day he walked about his chamber, nor did one reflection of sorrow intrude in the presence of her his soul doated on. The physician took his leave, saying he would call in the morning, though not on a medical account, but to enjoy their agreeable company, hoping they would not deem it an intrusion. When the doctor had left the room, an unexpected stranger arrived, it was the worthy Mr. Somerville. He was afflicted at the feeble state of his son-in-law, but told him, as soon

as he could bear it, he would report to him some very good news. Edward smiled, and said he was then strong enough to hear any news that were good. Juliet was all anxiety, and the good man told them Lord Littleworth had died of a fit of intoxication at Paris, and that Edward was now the possessor of Castle Vineyard estates, and the steward had been seeking for him at Box Farm. It was such good tidings to Edward, that it seemed more like a vision than a reality, and he almost doubled it; for his soul now enjoyed what so long had eluded his pursuit, Independence. He was a new creature, and health already sparkled on his brightened countenance, but his gratification of wealth arose not from avarice, but the possession of it to relieve his generous soul of the burthen of dependence, and bountifully to serve his fellow-creatures. Juliet's happiness was reflected by her Edward's contentment, and whilst he was happy she sighed not for riches nor power. Edward's disorder, which originated in a disappointed mind, was now eased by her own aliments,

and health as quickly restored to him. He could now anxiously ask for his children, recollect all the happiness that was passed, and view without a dread of losing it, the bright perspective that glittered round him. He was so well, he proposed setting off immediately, but Juliet opposed it, for fear of a relapse, which argument was reinforced by the amiable physician, who now made his appearance, greeting with the fullness of joy, an honest heart feels, the happy trio. He requested his patient to wait the week in London, and show his friends the city, which would not be so fatiguing, as the undertaking immediately so long a journey. Edward, who loved his doctor, informed him of his good fortune, and related many of the anecdotes which had happened to him since his arrival in London, which both pleased and pained the worthy man; who remarked London was very deceiving in its prospect to young minds. Edward wished to make him some great recompence for his attention to him, but he desired him to wave that subject, as the reflection of

having served such amiable friends was a princely remuneration to him. He spent the whole day with Edward and his friends, and promised to endeavour the next summer to visit them at Castle Vineyard.

## CHAPTER XLI.

THE next day Edward, Juliet and Mr. Somerville took an airing in Hyde Park. They had never been in London, and were much pleased with the magnificence of the squares, the streets, and public buildings, though Juliet saw nothing so pleasing as the countenance of her husband, and children, and she heartily wished they were all in the oak temple of happiness at Box Farm. Edward rode with his dearest friends to the Bank of England, that mighty reservoir of the world's wealth. Mr. Somerville and Juliet were both astonished at the riches displayed to them, the capaciousness of the building, the number of the clerks, and the bustle of the stock market. After amusing themselves for some time in this temple of Plutus, they went to the India house; it happened to be a sale day for teas, and they were asto-

nished at the annual sums paid in silver, to the Chinese for this article of luxury. Edward on examining the structure could not refrain from exclaiming, "Good God! does this little fabric controul the destinies of millions of distant people, whose habits and whose climate are almost unknown to its possessors; though its sceptre is but a goose quill, it has overturned the mighty Musnud of the Mogul, and disposes of the thrones of Asia as if they were baubles. From Leadenhall-street they proceeded to St. Pauls, and whilst they admired its magnificence without, were disappointed at its poverty within, where the monuments in one of the noblest churches in the world were so few.

They next drove to Somerset house, that superb and spacious fabric for the offices of government, they admired the bronze figures and fine architecture of the interior of the quadrangle, and the exhibition being opened they first walked into the statuary room, where some fine pieces of the English chisel were exposed; but the antique figure of Hercules at the

bottom of the stairs that led to the galleries of paintings, the most attracted their notice,—its sinews, its massive frame showed every thing but life.

When they entered the suit of apartments for the paintings, the various specimens of the British arts very much delighted Juliet, and Mr. Somerville. Edward was well pleased with the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the wild conceptions of Fuseli, and the sacred Crayon of West. They rambled sometime amid these creations of the pencil, pleased with the variety of the company, continually ingressing and egressing to gratify their curiosity. When they had viewed all at Somerset house, they next visited Westminster Abbey; the venerable style of its architecture inspired, as they approached, the visitants with reverence and awe; there is something so religious in the Gothic style of a temple, that it seems better adapted for a place of worship than the light chastity of the Grecian orders. And when they entered this mausoleum of our kings, our heroes, our

statesmen, and men of genius, their bosoms felt a holy flame, which the rolling volumes of the deep toned organ intensely increased. The dusty marbles that exhibited the forms of breathless grandeur, threw a respectful chill over their hearts, as they contemplated the vanity of earthly things, and now the service was past, the silence of the sanctuary of the sleeping, diffused a solemn devotion in their souls.

The magnificence of Henry the Seventh's chapel, where those who held the sceptre now fall to dust, excited in them surprise and respect. This was the greatest mental treat Juliet had enjoyed whilst in London, and as she left the great western arch, she breathed a pious sigh upon the honoured dead. They returned to their lodgings pleased with the days excursion, and in the evening went to Covent Garden, where they were all gratified with Mr. Kemble's Rolla, and Mrs. Siddon's Elvira, in the play of Pizarro.

## CHAPTER XLII.

EDWARD remarked at breakfast to Juliet, he was now so well, he should wish, if agreeable to her and Mr. Somerville, to start the next day for the country. It was cheerful tidings to both; Juliet wanted to be with her children, and Mr. Somerville, tired of the smoke of London, wished again to enjoy the pure air of his fields.

They rode that day to the Tower. This repository of arms very much delighted Mr. Somerville, nor was Juliet, though of a pacific disposition, displeased with the fanciful array of the small arms. Our ancient monarchs, *a chevaux clept* in iron armour, was a novel and grand scene to them all; the various colours and cannon captured from the enemy, were also trophies of gratification to their patriotic breasts.

But whilst they enthusiastically ad-

mired the warlike aspect of the godlike Elizabeth, they contemplated with horror the various engines of torture and suffering, the cruel Spaniards, in their vain arrogance of invincibility, had prepared for Englishmen; they cried with grateful emphasis, "blessed be the memory of good Queen Bess, and her valiant heroes, whose courage had saved their ancestors from bleeding, and preserved their beloved country from desolation." After visiting the mint, and other curious things shewed in the fortress, they returned, and afterwards went to Drury Lane, where they were greatly delighted with the comic powers of the English Thalia in the Spoiled Child.

The morning beamed with rosy splendour on the happy trio, as they galloped in a chaise and four down the great western road. Mr. Somerville was merry, Juliet looked divine, and Edward was in raptures.

When they had reached Oxford about 12 o'clock, Edward waited upon his old tutor and friend Mr. Bell, and invited him to the angel; and whilst dinner was get-

ting ready, they strolled with him over the various colleges and libraries, and very much admired the classic shades of Maudlin, where Edward told his Juliet he had frequently invoked the muse.

On their return to the inn, the savoury dinner and sparkling Opporto, roused all that wit in the fellow Magdalen, that ever set the table in a roar. In conversation over the inspiring juice, Edward, who loved his old tutor, delicately inquired if he was not almost tired of his fellowship. He wittily, in the words of a celebrated laureat, remarked, "these fellowships are pretty things, but he would cheerfully exchange his for a snug rectory or vicarage."

Edward, with a look of friendship, in a smile, that meant more than met the sight, pressed his old friend the next vacation to pay him a visit at Castle Vineyard. It needed not a second repetition; he knew that church livings lay in that quarter, and smelling out a suit, promised with much deference, to honour himself by an early visit, and after shaking hands,

the party again proceeded with speed, and by eight o'clock the same evening, they arrived in safety in the oak parlour, the pearls of gladness glittering on the cheeks of both parents, as they pressed their children to their hearts, and welcomed the tender Mrs. Somerville.

The only damp to Edward's happiness was the studied respect excited in his amiable parents, by the alteration of his circumstances. His soul was as modest as when a dependant upon their generosity, and with the most officious duty, he wished to impress them with his gratitude.

The bells welcomed the heir of Castle Vineyard at Box Farm, and the benevolent Mr. Somerville poured in foaming pails, libations to the greeting villagers. Dr. Syntax came in, and with purest feelings of friendship, congratulated the happy Edward and his deserving wife on the late event, and so great was the change of bliss to Edward, that he almost doubted the phantom's existence.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

In the morning Edward dispatched a message to Castle Vineyard, informing the steward he would be there that day. Juliet, her children, and Mrs. Somerville, went in a chaise, preceded by Mr. Somerville and himself on horseback. Various ideas occupied each of the party, but neither pride nor vanity had any share in the impressions. Edward, though only receiving his birth right, rejoiced at the bounty, as it enabled him to exert the energies of his soul, which only could extend on the sunshine of independence.

Juliet's pleasure was a sober rapture, she was pleased with her Edward's good fortune, as it healed all the wounds of his generous mind; but the dazzling bliss was moderated by the reflection that his splendid station might diminish the sweet privacy of their domestic comforts.

The happy cavalcade had now arrived at the porter's lodge, which led into the park, where Edward at his last visit to Lady Faingood had been so insulted. It was now, by the obsequious vassal of interest, thrown wide open, and the lodge keeper standing bare-headed, shouting with joy as they passed up the avenue, where they were met by the whole train of servants, formed into two lines, the females on one side, and the males on the other, throwing flowers under their horses feet, and making the welkin ring with their huzzas.

The old gardener brought to the door of the chaise a bouquet of the choicest exotics, which he presented to the little Flora. The folding doors of the grand entrance were opened wide, and the fawning butler, who before scarcely knew Edward, with hypocritical tears and bows down to the ground, welcomed his new master and mistress.

Edward detested the base menials; and when he had entered the drawing room, ordered the steward to attend him. Not a

Dutch resident at the court of Japan, who, for the lucre of commerce, denies publicly his Saviour, ever so servilely crawled to the emperor, as did this interested wretch in approaching Edward, who ordered him to exhibit his accounts, which had been carefully prepared. Edward perceiving a balance in his hands sufficient for his objects, desired him to pay every servant their wages, and one year in advance, and immediately discharge them with the exception of Thomas Drew, the old man who swept the walks. The steward looked chagrined, but immediately obeyed the order. Had the pencil of Hogarth been in the servant's hall, it would have furnished the world with a dramatis personæ on canvas, more striking than any of its productions; the servants all disappointed, but expressing it by different contortions. The fat butler wished he had been more civil when Mr. Wortley had last visited the castle, but he thought his late master had lungs for a hundred years. The gardener snivelled, he was in a bad humour, when he was cross to him in the green house,

and the porter wished the lodge had been blown down, before he had been in it that morning. The women repeated a similar sorrow, and they all tried solicitations, but in vain. Their master had learned experience in the bitter cup of adversity, to confide in hypocrites, and grumbling and cursing their hard fortune, they all skulked off.

Edward now settled with his steward, saying he had no further occasion for his services. A miser who had been plundered of his treasures, could not have exhibited a more livid and disappointed countenance, as he left the drawing room. Poor old Thomas, expecting a similar fate with his brother servants, trembled as he approached Edward, who rose and shook the old man by the hand, which welcome was repeated by Juliet, and the children who had learned the name of old Thomas, that used to drive their papa's poney.

The poor creature's joy was too much for him, and he quite sobbed; he had always loved his young master, as he used to call Edward. Edward asked him

what were his weekly wages, he answered seven shillings; "I shall allow you, Thomas, thirty pounds a year, and present you with some land and a cottage, and require you only to look over the walks." He now asked what family he had? "Please your honour," replied the grateful man, "I have seven children, all grown up, and I live with my daughter who is married."—"How many sons have you?"—"Please your honour, six." "Where are they?"—"They used, please your honour, all to work at the castle, but were turned away by the steward, for saying in the servant's hall, shortly after your honour's last visit, that they loved young Mr. Wortley."—"Where are they now?"—"They work under some of your honour's tenants."—"Thomas," continued Edward, "let me see all your family this evening; but one more question I have first to ask you, where is the little spaniel that used to run after my poney? (This was the faithful dog, when forsaken by man, that acknowledged the disconsolate Edward, on his last visit at Castle

Vineyard)—"Please your honour, it is at my daughter's cottage on the green, where I took it, as the gardener swore he would kill it for fondling on your honour."—"Then send your daughter with the dog to me immediately, and afterwards bring here your sons."

The poor old creature, with pleasure, he had long unknown, made his bow and went to the cottage. In half an hour, Susan, his daughter, and the little dog came into the drawing room. She was a well looking young woman, and whilst Juliet and Edward were giving the poor blushing creature orders to sleep in the castle, and act as their housekeeper till they had hired servants, Flora and little Mary were playing with the little dog; and when Juliet had desired Susan to prepare a couple of fowls for their dinner, she and Edward caressed the grateful animal, which also was greatly noticed by Mr. and Mrs. Somerville. They now took a ramble into the gardens. Edward pointed to the shrubs he had planted when a boy; Juliet gathered a sprig of

each, and put them into her bosom. The beauty and magnificence of the plantations and green house surprised both Juliet and Mr. and Mrs. Somerville. Juliet almost felt humbled, when afterwards they walked over the rich suit of apartments, she would have preferred the humble accommodations of Birch Top, and a tear fell from her eye, which the affectionate Edward, who guessed her feelings, kissed off, and she became again composed.

When they had dined, old Thomas appeared with his six sons, all lusty fine looking young men. Edward demanded what their late avocations at the Castle. The eldest said, "Please your honour, I was Lord Littleworth's whipper in;"—"Then," said Edward to the happy youth, "you shall be my huntsman." The second had been an assistant in the garden: Edward asked him if he understood the hot-house. "Yes, your honour, I used to manage the pines for Mr. Briarley, the gardener."—"I shall appoint you my gardener." The third

said he had been under butler. "You will then make me a good butler." The fourth had been a footman. "You will have no objection then," said Edward, "to wear my suit of livery?" The fifth, who had been under bailiff, was constituted the head bailiff, and the sixth was made a game-keeper.

It is difficult to say which party felt the more gratifying emotions, the generous Edward, or the sons of Thomas. They were requested to begin their respective avocations immediately. The bailiff was ordered to prepare inventories of the stock, and the butler of the cellar. Edward informed them he should be at Castle Vineyard on the morrow, and if they knew the names of the tradesmen, who had served Lady Faingood, to desire them to attend him.

The happy party now set off for Box Farm, delighted with the childrens' prattle of the fine things they had seen at the castle, though their splendor in Edward's eye, did not surpass the plain comforts of the oak parlour, where first he had loved his Juliet.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

EDWARD rode over in the morning to Castle Vineyard, examined the inventories of the farm and cellar, and was well satisfied with the abundance of the stock. Lord Littleworth, who was a *bon vivant*, had replenished his vaults with pipes of the choicest wines, and hogsheads of strong beer for a gala day or magnificent *fête* to be given on his succession to that noble property. What a littleness is human pride, how feeble is human strength; that store he had so amply provided for the gratification of a display of his own pomp, was now to be distributed by another. Edward gave orders and directions to the respecpective tradesmen in the repairs of the castle, and ordered a new coach and chariot of the coach master from London, who had come down expressly to solicit his patronage; a crowd of servants, solicit-

ing situations, came to the castle; the men he himself hired, but referred the women to Juliet at Box Farm, who selected those with the best recommendations. The bailiff was desired to go round to the tenants, and invite them to a feast he intended giving to them, and the populace of the neighbourhood, on the Monday in the following week. The rector of Castle Vineyard, a very old, but worthy man died the same morning, and in the course of the next day, so far and wide sounds a parson's knell, he had numerous applications, as the living was a valuable one, from persons of the most splendid connexions; but when he had first received the tidings, he had appointed in his mind a successor, which was the worthy Dr. Syntax, and in the evening when he returned to Box Farm, he sent for the doctor and informed him of this resolution in his favor; the doctor thanked Edward for his goodness, but informed him on his acceptance of the rectory, he should relinquish the vicarage, as his conscience would not permit him to hold a plurality

of livings, and if he knew any worthy friend he would immediately resign it. Edward admired the disinterestedness of the worthy clergyman, and mentioned his old tutor one of the fellows of Magdalen College.

Dr. Syntax requested his name. Edward informed him a "Mr. Bell." I am very glad of it, Mr. Wortley; I had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman when at Oxford." Edward wrote that night to Mr. Bell, happy in the reflection of having served a worthy man, to whom he was indebted for his excellent knowledge of the classics and philosophy.

The learned Dr. Snytax enjoyed a mental feast that evening with the modest but erudite Edward; and though by his bounty he was possessed of a rectory worth fifteen hundred a-year, it was the man that pleased him more than the gift.

Edward was surprised in the morning by a visit from his old friend and Champion Colonel Staggerwit; their happiness was mutual and sincere. He introduced to him, Juliet, and his children, and the

noble veteran received them as kind as if they had been old friends. "Wortley," said the Colonel, familiarly, "you have a charming wife, I almost envy you for your fortune, and your children seem fair as the progeny of gods."

He was delighted with the conversation and manners of Mr. Somerville, nor did his amiable consort escape a share of his eulogium. He told Edward he had been at Castle Vineyard, and he never entered that noble mansion with such satisfaction as he had done that morning, in reflecting on the virtues of the present possessor." "Why," Wortley, continued the Colonel, "you have a host of workmen painting, papering, white washing, &c." Edward informed him he should remove there in a weeks time. And in a week more you will have the Danglewights, Mopeheads, Nettletons, Randoms, and all your quondam friends to congratulate you *sincerely* to the castle; but never mind, Wortley, you are a fashionable man, and like the rest of these *januses* must carry two faces. The Colonel could not be prevailed on to spend

the day, which Edward perceived was occasioned by a delicacy not to intrude till he was settled, and promising to be at Castle Vineyard by the tenants feast day, and remain a week, with the warmth of sincerity more than the ceremonies of unmeaning politeness, took his farewell of the pleasant, but disappointed party.

The Oxford tutor, though every day partaking the good things of this world under the portrait of his pious founder, like temporal beings, dissatisfied with their present condition, was longing for a better change in his condition; he thought parsons lived too long, had laid his knife and fork across, the venison was removed, and a bottle of old port uncorked; but in the presence of these earthly blessings he heaved a sigh, and thought of Castle Vineyard. At that moment the porter brought him in a letter sealed with the Wortley arms, and with eager haste he broke the emblazoned wax, and to his unspeakable joy found inclosed a good fat vicarage. Already in his ears the tythe pigs squeaked, the turkies gobbled, and he was counting his Easter dues.

There is nothing material, with the exception of light and air, that moves faster than a parson, when seeking a living; and in five hours and a half, from leaving the western gate of Alma Mater, he had alighted at Box Farm, a distance of sixty miles. Edward received with a hearty welcome his old tutor; though troubled with impatience, a general failing, he was a worthy man, and he rejoiced he had served him. Dr. Syntax had heard of his friends arrival, and had come over to greet him, and conduct him to the vicarage house, which the worthy rector had just quitted, who insisted Mr. Bell should take up his residence with him until his own house was properly accommodated for his reception. And whilst the two divines made their pastoral visit, Edward and Mr. Somerville rode over to Castle Vineyard, to inspect the improvements which were now nearly completed, and the new servants arrived, and in their respective callings.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE day of feasting and rejoicing had now arrived, when Edward and his family were to remove to Castle Vineyard. The preceding night, two fat oxen had been put down to roast in the park, and in the morning several hogsheads of strong ale had been drawn there; hundreds of happy people had already assembled round the grateful sacrifice, the cannons were roaring, the flags flying, bells for twenty miles round ringing merry peals, and the gardens and plantations hung with coloured lamps for an evening illumination. At nine o'clock, preceded by the tenants on horseback, bearing oak boughs, Edward, his Juliet and their children, and Colonel Staggerwit in his new coach and six, with servants in rich liveries, followed by the chariot, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, and the rector and vicar on horseback, the

rear closed by an immense multitude of men, women, and children shouting, entered the lodge gate of the park. When they reached the grand entrance the cavalcade formed two crescent wings, and the servants forming parrallel lines in the vestibule joined the acclamations of the multitude as the party went into the castle.

Four large tables had been spread in the great hall, capable of accommodating four hundred persons. At which presided, when dinner was served up, Edward and Colonel Staggerwit at the first, and Mr. Somerville, the rector and vicar at the three others; never was a day passed in greater hilarity; the foaming beverage went briskly round, whilst the band of the county militia played, "O! the roast beef of old England," and the other national tunes of God save the king, and rule Britannia. Edward assured his tenants when he drank to their health, he was come among them to be their friend, not their oppressor, that he wished to see them live, and that his ear should be always open to their complaints; the loud huzza that

shook the Gothic hall, at the conclusion of these words, was responded by the populace in the park, and the blue welkin trembled with the shock. Edward and his party then retired to the drawing-room amid acclamations, that beggared a Cæsar's triumph. In the evening, which was fine, an immense bonfire was lighted, which flamed like the worlds conflagration; the variegated lamps in the garden produced a beautiful effect, which was increased by some fire works, which the vicar, who was a famous pyroteconist, had provided for the occasion. The ladies and gentlemen walked out to the park where the musicians were playing to the merry rustics on the light fantastic toe, and the splendor of the illuminations, which threw a blaze on the atmosphere equal to the noon day, the greetings and mirth of the motley company, and the canons roar very much delighted them. Not one accident occurred to damp the days festivity, and the sun arose envious of the joys his sable rival had witnessed. The next morning when the rector and vicar had left the castle,

and silence reigned over that scene, lately disturbed by the voices of thousands. Edward, who had meditated in his mind how to pay the debt of gratitude he owed his father-in-law, requested him to take a ride with him to the old family mansion, which he observed was a very splendid fabric, though now inhabited only by servants.

When they had arrived at its portals, and had viewed the apartments, and gardens, which Mr. Somerville remarked were fit for the residence of a prince, Edward took his hand, and with much affection bid him accept it, as they should then be nearer neighbours.

Mr. S. as well as his feelings would permit him thanked his son-in-law for his kindness, but assured him in the words of Horace, he never sighed but for a few green fields and a cottage, and these he possessed, more was a burthen to a temperate mind. That he enjoyed the prize all men seek for, happiness, and greater worldly gifts might endanger the possession. Nor would the temptation of the lands of a county make him forsake Box

Farm, in which he had passed so many peaceful days. Edward, though hurt at the refusal, admired the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Somerville's mind. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Somerville after promising a couple of visits a-week, returned to their own comfortable dwelling, as did, to the great grief of Edward, his friend Colonel Staggerwit.

Edward and his Juliet as they were sitting in the drawing-room the next day forming numerous plans to benefit those around them :—happy converse! how superior to the idle tattle of fashionable life, were surprised with a visit from Sir David and Lady Danglewight, who both expressed the sweet felicity they felt in the present opportunity of congratulating Mr. Wortley in the possession of his lawful inheritance, Castle Vineyard. "We shall now, Wortley," cries Sir David, "be warm friends." Lady Danglewight, under the fashionable veil of kindness, was quizzing the country girl, as she estimated Juliet, whose dignified manners repressed her ladyship's satire, and she was con-

strained to be polite and apparently kind. She played with Flora, kissed little Mary, said they were beautiful children, and what pleasure she should feel in introducing the sweet creatures to her Rosabella and Augusta. Sir David wished to know of Edward if he had heard of the intended resignation of Sir H——n one of the county members? and without waiting a reply advised Edward to offer himself a candidate; adding, "he was certain of the fact, as he had heard it in confidence from Lord Nettleton."

Edward assured him he had no ambitious views, and preferred domestic tranquillity to the dangerous and unstable path of politics. "So you mean," said Sir D. "to snore out your days like one of the old pictures in the castle? One of the family must offer himself, and as your estates are the most considerable, you are the most proper. The Lord Lieutenant, Counsellor Mopehead, Lord Random, &c. have pledged themselves to support you, So let not your false delicacy deprive the senate of another Fox; for I know,

Wortley, you possess great oratorical powers." Juliet was uneasy at her Edward's persecution, she mentally hoped he would remain in a private station. Sir D. conferred his hyperbolical compliments to Juliet, and declared Wortley had the handsomest wife in Britain; he likewise condescended to shake hands with the children, and after a few other trifling sayings, he and his pouting lady, who had been displeased with his last compliment to Juliet, bid their *common place* farewell. In an hour after their departure, the courier from the post brought in a large packet from Lord Nettleton, the Lord Lieutenant, appointing Edward, as he said, for his loyalty and wisdom, a justice of peace, and a deputy Lieutenant of the county. Edward, after having perused this plausible epistle, laughed and presented it to Juliet, revolving in his mind the inconsistencies of the human character. Whilst Edward was indigent, this pompous man, who reckoned in poverty all the deadly sins, would not condescend to know him; now accident had enriched him he was suddenly en-

dowed with all the human virtues; he detested his hypocrisy, but willing to support with dignity the ancient honors of his noble family, he answered his lordship's courtly style, by pouring in his acknowledgments for the honors done him, his own savoury compliments of talents, wisdom, discretion and morality. When Juliet had perused the nobleman's epistle, she sighed, for her bounded soul felt no joys, but in her domestic circle.

She wished her Edward's situation had not been so splendid, for its honors must be nourished by sacrificing the greatest blessings of his life; but his family required it, and she was painfully resigned. She knew her Edward's noble heart despised what the weak and vain so sanguinely pursue, and that when he accepted honors, it was to embellish and support his ancestors pride, and not to gratify his own ambition. Edward perceived, soon as he had dispatched his answer to Lord Nettleton, his Juliet's conflict, and taking her hand to rally her depression, jocosely said, "I believe, Juliet, they will not be satisfied until

they have sent me to St. Stephen's chapel." Juliet strove to look serene, but another sigh arose, and it melted into a tear, which the tender Edward caught upon his lips, and pressing her in his arms, with fondest affection, assured her that whatever honours they would place upon his brow, they would soon wither there, if not cherished by the smile of her he loved.

Juliet felt ashamed of her weakness, a smile of seraphic love beamed in reality upon her countenance. She returned the embrace of her Edward, and placing little Mary on her father's knee, and holding Flora to her bosom, the remainder of the evening was spent in the recollection of those scenes in life which they had now passed—in the adoration of those powers, who alone can conduct the innocent, the injured, and the oppressed, to scenes of peaceful joy — comfort — and domestic bliss.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

JULIET enquired of Edward who was Lord Nettleton, as she had never heard him mention his name? "It is, my dear," replied Edward, "the late Sir Peter Lapwing, my cousin, who is one of the most eccentric moralists cunning humanity ever furnished. He is a man, as we may say, born without the passions, except avarice, and of so feeble a constitution; nature never incites him to err, and his frozen habits without pain can assume any character in the pursuit of his own interest. There is not a richer man in the island, which wealth he has acquired without merit or industry, but fawning from fortune her favours. He is a courtier in the strictest sense of the word, for let who will be minister, he votes with the loaves and fishes. He never offends his party by contradiction, and his good humour and comfor-

mity have procured him the best sinecures. To an individual who is really in want of a favour, he tires him out with promises he never means to perform, but to the requests of his superiors he is ever complaisant, and vassal-like complying. So closely fitted to his face is his veil of morality, that his base heart triumphs in secrecy. He thinks no stretch of the prerogative can be too great, and he would rejoice over the last wreck of civil liberty. Always in the splendor of the palace, he sees nothing of the miseries of the bulk of the people, and he would rather they had but one neck, and perished with one blow, than an iota of extravagance should be abated from the civil list, or one useless sinecure abolished. He is one of the greatest sticklers for the church, though his covetous habits are those of an infidel; for in what does infidelity consist, but in contradicting, by a life of oppression, brotherly hatred, covetousness, and luxury, the divine precepts of religion, altered by the divine mouth of Christ himself, who says, 'do unto all men as you would they should do unto

you,' for this is the law and the gospel? In fact, my dear Juliet, this man, by assuming the disguise of virtue, imposes on the world as a real virtuous character; and such are the impostors, and cold assassins, who, entrenched in power, inflict all the wounds of humanity, and despoil man of his happiness, of his subsistence, and of every other blessing of his life."

Edward, Mr. Somerville, the rector, vicar, Juliet, and Mrs. Somerville, forming a private, but sincere party, one day at dinner, Edward imparted the designs he had formed for the bettering the conditions of the lower classes of his neighbourhood, which were to erect cottages with ground attached to them for the more industrious poor, and to provide a schoolmaster and apothecary at his own expense, for the education of the poor children, and to take care of their health.

The worthy divines, who understood best the latter part of the plan, very much applauded his benevolent design, which would effect so much good at so small an expence. "And I wish," added the rector,

"other gentlemen would follow your worthy example, as on the proper education of the poor, their own welfare, in a great measure, depends."

Mr. Somerville recommended his son-in-law to begin the cottages on a small scale, and extend them as their advantages elicited.

The good divines undertook the task of supplying the school and medical departments, and Mr. Somerville said he would supervise the erection of the cottages. Juliet's heart leaped with joy, and little Flora asked her papa to give old Thomas one of the cottages. "He shall, my dear," said the delighted father. Whilst the party were exchanging the unalloyed transports of private friendship, the butler brought his master in a letter from the servile Mr. Benjamin Somerville, "who after having extolled Edward's virtue, and revealed all his prophecies, how he was assured he would, as he deserved, enjoy at last his inheritance;" though Mr. Benjamin's inspirations were so dull when Edward was in adversity, that he counted

more buttons on his coat than guineas, he solicited as humbly Edward to permit him to continue in the stewardship of his northern estates, as if he had not possessed a shilling. Edward could not refrain from laughing, and showed the letter to his friends. The rector, who had some slight connexions with this famous banker, remarked, "it was just like him;" and Mr. Somerville added, "he should not be surprised if Benjamin did not leave him his property."

The Mopeheads, the Randoms, Nettletons, Danglewights and all their cousins had called at the castle. And Edward, as a compliment to their politeness invited them to a magnificent banquet, which he intended as a courtesy to the noblemen and gentlemen of the county. The vicar had recommended a well qualified schoolmaster, and until a house could be built, one was rented by Edward. A young well qualified apothecary was found by the rector, and the cottages were rapidly building. Edward strictly attended to his magisterial duties, and preventing litigation in

the surrounding parishes. Those tenants whose arrears were occasioned through want of a proper stock, he supplied with money to purchase it, which not only raised them from their distresses, but enabled them to pay well their rents.

Sir David Danglewight, who from the worrying mastiff had now become Edward's fawning Spaniel, came post from London to inform him Sir H———n had accepted the Chiltern hundreds, and that a writ would be instantly issued, for the election of a new member. Whilst he was speaking, the Lords Nettleton and Random, Colonel Staggerwit and Counseller Mopehead entered the drawing-room, entreating Edward to offer himself a candidate, as there was no opposition to their united interest. He was prevailed on, through the strong language of the Colonel, who said the county looked to him as their independent man, and would hand and heart support him. Lord Nettleton looked a little chagrined, but convinced of the county's feeling, and Edward's noble disinterested mind, which would not oppose

a minister as an opposition man, said nothing. Accordingly the gentlemen had the satisfaction, when they departed, of announcing to their respective neighbours, the name of the new candidate. No opposition appearing at the hustings, Edward was unanimously returned knight of the shire, for one of the most opulent counties of the empire. At the dinner given at the town hall, he thus addressed the meeting of freeholders:

"Gentlemen,

"You will naturally expect from those to whom you depute the important trust of representing you in parliament, a knowledge of those opinions which are to guide and instruct them in the guardianship of your liberties, and the promotion of the nation's prosperity.

"With respect to mine own, Gentlemen, they are simple and few, but what I believe include the whole of the duties of a British senator. I first declare to you my unalterable attachment to the present

family on the throne of these realms, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of our religion, our liberty, and our laws.

"But my veneration extends not beyond those wise limits fixed by our excellent constitution, on which just equilibrium our existence, as a free nation, depends. History has recorded this awful fact, that the passion of power is tyranny, and against this ambitious principle it is the duty of the democratic branch of the legislature manfully to struggle. But whilst the prerogative has evils, the representative power has dangerous passions, whose excesses have sometimes proved equally prejudicial to the interests of the country, by perplexing and retarding the operations of the executive government, and the true wisdom of the independent senator, is to guard against these extremes in either branch of the legislature. I assure you, Gentlemen, I shall not enter the House of Commons as a party man, whose principles are enslaved, right or wrong, to one side of the question.

"One sacred sentiment shall ever regu-

late my parliamentary duty, and that is to vote always for what my judgment convinces me, is for the good of the people, and the welfare and integrity of the constitution. I will accept of neither place nor pension, as I consider a pensioner in no other light than the willing slave of the minister, and the rebel of his own conscience. I will be particular in recommending economy in the public purse; and support with all my strength of ability the church establishments, not from being a member of that church, but from the conviction of its liberality, its charity, and benevolent mildness to all its sister sects, which is a doubtful case were any of the other churches to predominate. These are the unalterable principles of my heart, and rather than swerve from them, I would decline, Gentlemen, the great honour you have this day conferred upon me, in electing me your representative, and retire into the private station."

The hall resounded with applauses and shouts of Wortley for ever; and Colonel Staggerwit, the chairman, and the high

sheriff filled a bumper of Madeira to the health of his friend, and three times three was drank with enthusiasm by the whole party, who rejoiced in possessing a representative who would do honor to their county, and confer respect upon the legislature. A magnificent ball where the ladies, decorated with laurel, convinced Mr. Wortley their fair bosoms were in unison with those of the patriotic freeholders.

Castle Vineyard was now scarcely ever empty of company, and the happy hours of domestic tranquillity were exchanged for the fashionable punishments of late hours and unmeaning foibles. For the conveniency of his parliamentary duties, Edward took a splendid mansion in one of the squares. Juliet pined, and Edward was mortified by these drawbacks on his peace, the insufferable penalties of greatness, and to add more thorns to his breast, though honors to his brow. He was, for carrying up a county address to his majesty, created a baronet. And the sound of Sir Edward from his friends conveyed not half the pleasure to his breast as his private but

modest title of Mr.——. Juliet, now Lady Wortley, had to undergo the ordeal of a presentation at court; the queen was struck with her beauty, and thought with the rest of the court, the lustre of her eye and the flame of her lip more brilliant than the gems which glittered on her costume. Her majesty and the princesses were particularly condescending, and the blushing Lady Wortley's diffidence increased the dazzling brightness of her charms.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

At the close of parliament, Sir Edward and Lady Wortley and their little family returned to Castle Vineyard. The cottages had all been built and tenanted under Mr. Somerville's direction. Thomas Drew inhabited the largest, with two acres of good meadow, on which Mr. Somerville informed Sir Edward, with the assistance of the common, he nourished two milch cows.

Mr. Somerville had made enquiries into the state of the poor families of the parish, and relieved all their distresses. As the leases dropt in, Sir Edward would not permit one farmer, to hold more than one estate, as the greater number of men he said might have respectable livelihoods. Sir Edward inspected the school, and was delighted with the improvements of the children; and

this benevolent plan, aided by the pious zeal of the rector, had so improved the condition of the lower classes of society, that neither theft or disorder was known in the parish. And so unremitting were the two divines among their respective flocks, the whole of the inhabitants were pious from conviction, and regularly attended the church, and there was not an ignorant preacher approached for some miles round. The amiable Sir Edward and his lady's daily plans in the richness of theirsouls, were to benefit the condition of their fellow-creatures, so want and the miseries of life might be said to be excluded from their happy neighbourhood. They experienced what the holy inspired writers have written, that a good heart is the best riches. As the principal part of Sir Edward's fashionable teazers had during the recess departed to the watering places, he could now enjoy, without molestation, the good Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and the rector and vicar's society, and could retire to his bed in his proper season, and bless the rising sun like a reasonable mortal.

Juliet was delighted during this holy time of privacy. As these happy intimates were *en famille* at their *petit souper*, an express was received by Sir Edward, announing the death of Mr. Benjamin Somerville, occasioned by the rupture of a blood vessel, through having lost twenty pounds by a tallow chandler, who had recently absconded, and the whole of his fortune, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, had been bequeathed to him, with the exception of one hundred pounds to the county infirmary. A tear was dropt both by Sir Edward, Lady Wortley, and Mr. Somerville on this eccentric mortal. Sir Edward and Mr. Somerville attended the funeral, and piously raised a handsome monument to his memory. Debts he had none, and after investigating what money was in the bank, Sir Edward ordered all accounts to be closed by the clerks, speedily as possible, and after making them handsome presents, and giving the furniture of the house to the old house-keeper, returned to Castle Vineyard. Sir Edward and Lady Wortley endea-

voured to prevail on Mr. Somerville to enjoy the property during his life but it was fruitless.

Lady Wortley had now blessed her husband with a son, and as he pressed his image to his bosom, he piously exclaimed he had not now another wish to make; he was congratulated on the happy event by all the noblemen and gentlemen of the county and their families, and so much beloved was the baronet by his tenants, that they raised a subscription among themselves to testify by a feast their joy on the occasion.

The youthful Edward was baptised by the rector, and he grew in strength and sweetness daily. Lady Wortley had recovered her strength, and descended into the drawing-room, and perpetual were the visits of congratulation of the surrounding families. Colonel Staggerwit beseeched Sir Edward to permit him to stand godfather to the young heir, which was a gratification to the baronet. Lady Wortley was now restored to perfect health, and was sitting alone with Sir Edward in the draw-

ing-room looking love and happiness on him her soul doated on, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Somerville, attended by an elderly gentleman entered—it was Mr. Melliflower.

Sir Edward jumped from his seat, and crying "O! my friend," locked him in his arms.

Mr. Melliflower formed a close friendship with the rector and vicar, who seldom passed a day without calling on him, and spending an hour or two. His piety to Ellen's memory, which they had heard from the clergyman of the parish, increased their respect to veneration. Not a day wet or dry, cold or hot, but he visited the tomb of his beloved, and this duty seemed to increase his happiness and spirits. His conversation, which was plain but sensible, afforded in his account of the New World great pleasure to his companions, the clergymen, who always spent the day with him, when Sir Edward and Lady Wortley were engaged; and to his apartment, when it was a gentleman's feast, would Juliet steal with her children, to

gain instruction from these pious friends. Mr. Melliflower, though bred to commerce, possessed not those selfish feelings which characterize tradesmen; his own fortune proved wealth may be acquired by the most honourable means; he was the love of the New World and the respect of the Old; and one of nature's masterpieces like uncle Toby, in whose soul she had poured benevolence, and all the virtues.

No one ever solicited his aid in vain, he never witnessed distress but he relieved. It is the lot of humanity to share some defects, but his were so few they formed only pleasing shades to display the brighter his virtues. He was as happy in his new situation, disencumbered of the toils of business, as a good heart could desire. Yet he was still active in searching out objects deserving of relief, whom he always made happy. His duty to his God, his affection to Sir Edward, his family and friends, and his constant visits to his Ellen's tomb filled up the cheerful hours of the day.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Sir Edward, Lady Wortley and their children, Mrs. Somerville, Mr. Melliflower, Mr. Somerville and the worthy rector and vicar formed a party one day to visit the cottages. As the weather was fine they walked; and entering the one inhabited by old Thomas, they were much delighted with the cleanliness and comfort displayed there. Susan, though rejoiced at the honor done her good father, made many laughable mistakes in her confusion of assiduity to please her grand visitors. She overturned a piggin of milk in her hurry to hand Miss Flora some of it to drink, let fall the bread and cheese which Sir Edward wished her to bring out for them to refresh themselves with, but she coloured and curtseyed so modestly, she pleased the more her guests by her good-natured blunders. Old Thomas brought out a jug of his beer, and the whole party

partook of his humble beverage, with more satisfaction than if it had been the table of a king. They visited their little dairy, the flower garden and meadows, praised the cows, and called Thomas an excellent farmer, which quite overpowered with joy the good old creature. Lady Wortley kissed Susan's little infant; and Flora asked her mamma to permit her to nurse it. After visiting the other cottages which were equally neat, Sir Edward and the whole company felt the delightful sensations which the happiness and comfort of the lower orders of people confer upon the virtuous bosoms of independence. Mr. Somerville remarked the produce of their gardens sold in the neighbouring town, now enabled them to pay their rent. The divines observed how much good might be produced from the proper expenditure of a little wealth. Lady Wortley said she never enjoyed greater satisfaction than in witnessing the comfort of these cottagers.

Mrs. Somerville praised Susan's neatness in her dairy, and Sir Edward was re-

solved to increase the number of these little shelters for the poor. He was, indeed, a matchless man, but not more perfect than all men of wealth might be. His conduct in parliament secured him the friendship of all parties, for those who possessed not virtue admired it in him; he had a rich soul, and exhibited in the English gentleman the noblest portrait of humanity. In his behaviour to his servants his commands were those of a friend not an oppressor, and in their willing services they were induced by love and respect. To his tenants he considered himself as much obliged as they were to him, and to see them prosperous and happy proved a source of his felicity. He considered himself their common benefactor, and studied to advance their childrens welfare. His acts of charity flowed not as gifts, but obligations due from his superior fortune, and he never allowed the the abject, by fawning prostrations, to humble the image of his Creator. He never turned a deaf ear to the solicitation of the stranger, and felt more pleasure in be-

stowing, than the candidate who received his favours. His heart was pure from the conviction of the excellency of virtue, and he loved to be virtuous for virtue's sake. In his devotion to his God he was as humble as the comparison of infinite power with the feebleness of the creature. He was the tenderest husband, most affectionate father, and most constant of friends. In this pourtray of the goodness of Sir Edward's heart, the author speaks in the plural, and includes the amiable Lady Wortley, who, in love had but one heart, in virtue but one soul.

The neighbourhood of Castle Vineyard in the contending world, was like paradise in the created desart. How might these paradises be extended over the world, if all great men were Sir Edward Wortleys, for the calamities of life are not the consequences of humanity, but spring from the injustice man sheweth to his fellow man.

Every time Sir Edward arrived in the country, after the session of parliament was closed, proved a holiday of love

among the grateful people of the neighbourhood, and greater demonstrations of joy welcomed his presence than those of a great victory. He was the sun of gladness to them all, and no heart was sad when Sir Edward and Lady Wortley were at Castle Vineyard.

The families of the most distant part of the county for weeks thronged to pay their respects to him they considered their pride and ornament, and during these fastidious and pompous visits, the worthy and modest Mr. Melliflower, with his companions, the rector and vicar, would retreat to his snug retirement, in the south wing of the castle, consecrated by friendship, wit, and the virtues. When the interval of quiet returned, the drawing-room was the constant sanctuary of the family and these friends; there they would mingle with the transports of domestic bliss, their benevolent plans for the promotion of the welfare of those around them. These are the objects for which men were born, these are the virtuous pursuits that produce them all the real blessings of life. Selfish

pleasure always terminates in pain, like the stagnated water that corrupts, it is in the flow, that its crystal wave retains its purity, and floats comfort and refreshment to all that approach it. Every one whom Sir Edward met was a friend, every respect shewn him was the voluntary tribute of the heart. Hypocrisy had no allurement, for candour and simplicity could obtain favours without the forfeiture of its sincerity.

He loved every person who had not disgraced himself by vices, and so universal was the diffusion of his bounty, that jealousy was extinguished in every breast by the equal munificence he shared. Those marks by which you know an honest heart wetted the cheeks of both friends. When released he clasped Juliet in his arms, and thanked his God for the happiness he now enjoyed. Juliet kissed her uncle with a child's affection, and Mrs. Somerville, whose feelings now permitted her to enter the room sobbing, took her brother's hand, there was not a dry eye, such is nature's pure joys when cherished

by the virtues. The three children were now brought to have the good Mr. Melliflower's blessing, who gazed with saint like rapture on the babes, and took the two eldest on his knees. The rector and vicar coming in restrained these excesses of tenderness, but each heart still throbbed with tumultuous transports. Mr. Melliflower and the good divines were soon knit as old acquaintances, so speedy is the communication of benevolence, and so strong its attraction. But these pious clergymen could not be prevailed on to spend the day, they deemed it too sacred for strangers intrusion. Mr. Melliflower remarked in his good-humoured way, "Mr. Wortley, I mean, Sir Edward; you must excuse my blunders, as we republicans are not very polite; but you will excuse it on another score, it was the honoured name I first knew you by, and which secured my affection and the rememberance of it, will ever be dear to my heart." Edward sighed, but it was the sigh of gratitude and friendship.

"You must know, Sir Edward, when you were in America, I promised to spend the evening of my days with you." A tear glazed Sir Edward's eye. "You did and shall, my friend, my house is yours."—"Stop," said the good man. "When I arrived in London, I invested in your name in the funds a considerable sum, your title will cause it to be altered." Sir Edward assured him he was already too rich, and he could not accept it. "Then your son shall, and I must be obeyed, it will be necessary to make the transfer immediately, the sum is one hundred thousand pounds, I have enough besides for my current expences. And as I am a plain man, and unused to fine folks, I must have a room to myself where I can skulk to, when your lords come to see you." Sir Edward and his lady were overpowered with gratitude, which was painful to them. They appointed a servant to be called Mr. Melliflower's servant, constantly to wait on him, and a couple of houses at his disposal; they had rooms fitted up neat but plain, according to his order,

in one wing of the castle, which when informed of, he was much delighted, and especially when Lady Wortley informed him that by Sir Edward's request her infant son was to be named Edward Melliflower Wortley, and that he would be asked the favour to stand godfather. Nothing could have pleased the old gentleman more. Sir Edward was very much surprised, that Mr. Melliflower requested every morning a horse to be saddled for him by break of day, but no servant was to attend:—it was to shed tears over his Ellen's tomb, which Sir Edward learned by means of Mr. Somerville, from a conversation he had had with his brother-in-law, concerning the indecency of grazing sheep and horses in a church yard. "It is not in our parish brother," said Mr. Somerville, "but it is in the parish of———" Mr. S. then recollected in that church yard his Ellen had been buried.

Sir Edward, who knew the story, was affected, and he admired with reverence the sensibility of his friend's mind, which

not thirty years of seasons in a New World could efface.

His Juliet and he adored him, and all that friendship, love, gratitude, and veneration could do to administer to his comforts was not neglected.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

Sir Edward was one day occupied in the examination of a number of old parchments and papers, that by accident one of the servants found concealed behind a panel of the wainscot in the library. What were his emotions when he discovered the last will and testament of Lady Faingood, written in her own hand-writing, and witnessed by the old incumbent of the rectory, and two other names whom he had no recollection of, in which the whole of her property without reserve was given to him and his heirs for ever.

He blessed the memory of the pious testatrix, and in the wise inscrutable but ever just decrees of Providence breathed the purest prayer. This document now silenced all the claims which the invidious relatives of Lord Littleworth had threatened him, with respect to the personal

property of the deceased, it saved him from an expensive litigation, and blessed his mind with the conviction of Lady Faingood's justice and affection; in the further examination of the papers, he found some letters from the honest and noble Colonel Staggerwit to his cousin, dictated in the strongest language, to urge her to do justice to the amiable but unfortunate Mr. Edward Wortley, and an answer sealed by Lady Faingood, but carefully put aside by some interested vicious person, which assured the Colonel she had from his representation made a new will.

The gratitude of Sir Edward to this worthy man was too feeling for utterance, and he blessed his God there were some virtuous character, which no selfish inclinations could swerve from their integrity; for the Colonel was the uncle of Lord Littleworth, and it was his interest and affection to serve him, but God like justice had triumphed over selfish motives. He thanked him as sincerely as if from his hands he had received his birth right alone. He eagerly went in search of Lady Wort-

ley, whom he found like another Cornelia in the nursery playing with her children; and when she heard the intelligence her fervour and gratitude equalled those of Sir Edward. Their daily visitors, who were in the drawing-room, were made partakers of these discoveries, and each expressed his comments. The rector, with a look that extended beyond his earthly sphere, said the ways of Providence were ever wise and unerring. Mr. Melliflower remarked nature always ebbed right when not unnaturally obstructed, and blessed the soul of Lady Faingood. Mr. Somerville said the Colonel was a man among men, and he did not know which most to admire, the justice of the action, or the modest secrecy he preserved in keeping it a secret from Sir Edward.

The vicar expressed nearly similar sentiments with his brother pastor, and Mrs. Somerville praised all good men. Whilst the party were enjoying a rich regale in their feelings, the Colonel arrived. Sir Edward seized his hand with uncommon feeling, and scarcely, to re-

press the tear, related the adventure of the morning. "Pooh," said the Colonel, "what, do you thank me for doing what every man should do, his duty? Having received no answer from Lady Faingood to several letters I wrote to her on the occasion, I was vexed at my want of success, and was determined my interference in your favour should remain a secret from you. But since you will bring me to my confessions:—when I witnessed Lady Faingood's first will, I insisted on that clause of the reversion, in case Lord Littleworth died without issue, of the estates to you and your heirs."—"You are then my greater benefactor, for had not Providence appointed you to witness the will, I should have remained a dependent, nor should ever have heard of the last will, I by accident have found." The mutual acknowledgements of Sir Edward and Lady Wortley were too much for the honest Colonel, and though the rest of the party overpowered by their feelings of admiration and respect had left, one by one, unperceived, the room; the Colo-

nel to conceal natures workings, hastily took his leave, requesting his compliments to the absent party. The delightful gratitude of Sir Edward and Lady Wortley to the disinterestedness of this generous man, was expressed by their pious silence, which was only disturbed at the return of their friends to the drawing-room. The happiest of the happy days this *coterie* of true friends ever enjoyed was the present, though the magnanimous Colonel filled up the whole of the evening's conversation. Sir Edward, when the first of May arrived, which was the halcyon of his life, had the infant Edward christened. Colonel Staggerwit, and Mr. Melliflower were the sponsors. On this occasion a magnificent feast was given to the tenantry and populace in the park, but the banquet at the castle, on account of Mr. Melliflower, was private. At dinner the Colonel's toast was, "may the son be like the father." May poles, bowers, and other rural devices were erected in the park. The boys and girls of the parish school, all drest in new clothes, at Sir

Edward's expence, and crowned with May garlands were allowed their own sports in the park, and the young men and women danced round the various May-poles, attended by the sprightly violin and harp, and roast beef, plumb pudding and old ale, were spread in abundance to all who would partake of them.

Whilst the happy party, unintruded on by noisy and frivolous folly, were enjoying one day, in the drawing-room, their usual and interesting conversation, whose springs were virtue and benevolence, they perceived a strange equipage driving up to the grand entrance, which to Sir Edward and Lady Wortley's great joy proved to be their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald and their two children. How sincere were those emotions mutually felt, as they exchanged embraces; and after congratulations to the rest of the company, Mr. Macdonald exclaimed, "Well, Sir Edward, thanks to the salubrious climate of France, I have brought my Moggy again safe to her friends." Little Alexander enquired for his little Flora, the children

re introduced, and Alexander instantly knew his play fellow; the infant Edward seemed to be pleased with Miss Macdonald, and whilst the children played, Sir Edward and Mr. Macdonald, and the two ladies were filling up the interval of their last visit, with the little anecdotes which had respectively occurred to each. And the divines retiring, the family party were left in the delightful enjoyment of exchanging all their family secrets, which constitute the offerings of the purer friendship.

Mr. Melliflower was enraptured with the unassuming urbanity and benevolence of Mr. Macdonald, and mentally ejaculated I wish all men of quality were so free in their manners, I could then partake of their company. Whilst the ladies were in close *tête-à-tête*, which principally concerned their nurseries, Mr. Melliflower expressed his unhappiness in not having shared his acquaintance like Sir Edward whilst in America. Mr. Macdonald replied, "he considered his accidental meeting with Sir Edward an atonement

for all the sorrows he had there experienced." Sir Edward bowed and smiled at Mr. Macdonald, the smile flew into the breast of Mr. M. and recoiled laden with gratitude to its owner. Mrs. Macdonald not having yet finished her long unsettled account of friendship with Lady Wortley, the gentlemen excused the ladies from joining their party to the gardens and pleasure grounds. Mr. Macdonald was charmed with the splendor and taste displayed in the disposition of temples, statues, shades and lawns, in those enchanting retreats of fragrance and flowers. "Ah, Sir Edward, my Moggy admired the taste in miniature of your beautiful villa at Birch Top, but what will she now say when she beholds this Elysuim? We have magnificence in Scotia it is true, but they are palaces unblest with those benedictions of natures sweets, which your milder climate bestows."

All that Mr. Macdonald beheld in the park, pleasure grounds, and plantations excited surprise and wonder, and looking in his friends face with a meaning neither

of envy or regret, but the congratulation of friendship exclaimed, "Sir Edward, you must be a happy man."—"And so he is," replied Mr. Melliflower; "but his happiness is not derived from his wealth and magficence, but from the charitable exercise of it." When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, the general theme of Mr. Macdonald's conversation was upon the beauties he had seen, and Mrs. Macdonald, as it was now late, wished she had not deferred her pleasure till the morning.

## CHAPTER L.

WHILST the ladies were viewing the scenery round the mansion, Sir Edward, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Melliflower rode over his extensive domain. Mr. Macdonald was gratified with the cultivation and plenty seen at his various farms, but what most delighted him was the unfeigned respect and love. Sir Edward experienced from his tenantry ; and he remarked to Sir Edward his character of a good landlord was visible in the countenances of all they met. When they viewed the cottages, Mr. Macdonald knew no bounds to his commendations. "You have here shewn us our duty," emphatically cried Mr. Macdonald. "What happiness, what comfort to the most miserable of society you have diffused, and which all men of fortune should do." Mr. Melliflower rejoined they were now no expence to Sir Edward, for all, with the exception of

Thomas's, which was a gift for faithful servitude, paid a rent equal to the expence of the erection; "and" adds he "these desirable refuges for the poor Sir Edward is fast increasing."

Mr. Macdonald's looks spoke volumes of esteem to the goodness of his friend's character. They next visited the doctor's, and Sir Edward enquiring what patients he had under his care, the facetious son of Æsculapius with a smile of respect to his benefactor, answered there were none, for Sir Edward's bounty in supplying them with the means to get wholesome bread, had banished all diseases from the parish. After wishing the doctor good morning they visited the school. Mr. Macdonald was absolutely astonished with the munificence of his friend's charities, and he eagerly enquired with what expence the medical and school departments were supported. Sir Edward replied about two hundred pounds a year. "No more: Good God! you enlighten the poor, you banish diseases with much less than is lost by one hand of cards by our

fashionable gentry at the gaming table. Well, Sir Edward, you have taught me how to construe benevolence. It is true I give to my poor neighbours, but I had no plan and did little good, whilst you enter into the very germs of charity, and have produced the most vigorous blessings." After they had rode over a great part of the domain, and Mr. Melliflower appearing a little fatigued, they returned to the castle where, during many hours, Mr. Macdonald repeated to Mrs. Macdonald the grateful pleasures he had felt in his day's ride. "My dear Moggy," said the tender husband, "there is none but Sir Edward appreciates duly benevolence; he is an angel, my dear."—"Fye," said Sir Edward. Lady Wortley was gratified with these merited praises of her husband, and so was the good hearted Mr. Melliflower. "My dear Moggy," said Mr. Macdonald, "I should like to be Sir Edward's neighbour; what do you say, my dear?" The two ladies looked divine with pleasure, and Sir Edward replied "do, my dear Macdonald."—"I would," answered

he, "if I could procure a mansion until I could purchase an estate; for Mrs. Macdonald's physicians have informed me the air of Scotland is too piercing for her tender constitution." Mrs. Macdonald stealing a look at Lady Wortley said it would prove the greatest delight of her life.

Sir Edward informed Mr. Macdonald he had a residence, which he thought would temporary suit him, and it was at his service. "Dear Sir Edward, (excuse me Lady Wortley,) how I thank you. I am sensible on his Moggy's account her Macdonald would accept it." It was agreed the whole party on the morrow should ride over and view the mansion.

In the morning the family rode over to the old family mansion, which lay at two miles distance from the castle, the gardens and apartments were admired by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and they cheerfully accepted Sir Edward's friendly offer. Sir Edward insisted they should remain at the castle as inmates, as parliament would soon meet, when they must attend their duty. Mr. Macdonald asked in what

square his town house was situated, and when informed, said he should write to his agent, if one was vacant, to get it prepared for his family reception, as he remarked he should choose to be his neighbour both in town and country.

Mr. Macdonald, by Sir Edward's permission, wished to have the necessary repairs done at Golden Vale, which was promised after they had left the country for London. Never were two ladies so happy as Lady Wortley and Mrs. Macdonald, nor sincerer friends than Sir Edward, and Mr. Macdonald; every day was a day of pleasure. Sir Edward introduced his new acquaintance to all the families of distinction in the county, all of whom were much pleased with their amiable and cultivated manners. When Sir Edward and his family went from the country to attend his parliamentary duties, it was a day of mourning for the neighbourhood, for the man was esteemed more than the favours they daily received from his bounty, and rejoiced were all when the bells of the village announced his return,

when every tongue shouted our benefactor the good Sir Edward is come home.

Mr. Macdonald disposed of his Scotch estates, and after residing about two years at Golden Vale, bought a noble property in the county, only a day's ride from Castle Vineyard, where he adopted similar plans to his friend, and equally improved the condition of his neighbourhood. We will now look into the perspective of future time, and marry Flora to Alexander Macdonald, and young Edward Wortley to his pretty sister. We will suppose Sir Edward and Lady Wortley leading lives of virtue and happiness, lived to a good old age, "when they drooped like ripe fruit way." That Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and Mr. Melliflower blest upon their knees the grand-children of Sir Edward, and hoary in respect departed to the kingdom of their fathers.

Will the sceptic longer doubt happiness to be a mortal prize? but only to be acquired by the virtuous, who enjoy her in the palace as well as in the straw-roofed cottage; and without which the splendors of life wax dim, and all earthly pleasures

are unsavoury, which is the pearl beyond price, that all seek to possess, but is never to be found but in the good conscience, that equally adores his God and respects his fellow man.

END OF VOL. II.