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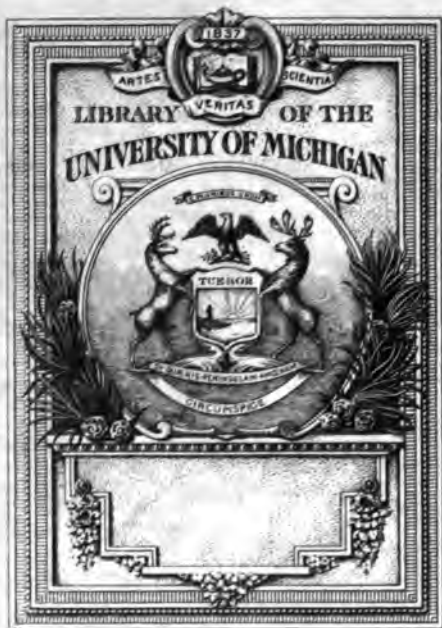
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Vol 5



THE
FOOL of QUALITY;

OR, THE
HISTORY

OF
Henry Earl of Moreland.

VOL. V.

By Mr. BROOKE, Henry.

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THE

FOOL of QUALITY;

OR, THE

H I S T O R Y

OF

HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

THUS my Lord, in the recent acquisition of such a son, forgot all his losses, and cast the whole weight of his late calamities behind him. His eye could not be tired with seeing him, neither his ear with hearing the sweetness of his voice; and he continued to hold, to gaze at him, to caress him, unmindful of aught else, unmindful even of his friend Meekly, who sat enraptured beside him.

Will you leave me again, my child? cried out the Earl; do you intend to go from me again, my Harry? You must not,
A 2 you

4 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

you shall not leave me, not for an hour, no not for a minute; a second loss of my son would quickly bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Never, never, my Lord, will I leave you, tenderly cried Harry; never, for a moment, will I forsake you again, my father. I come purposely to watch over, to comfort, to tend you, while I have life, with all possible tenderness, affection, and duty.

But where, hastily asked the Earl, where is the murderer who stabbed my peace? where is that old thief, that robber; who rent my child from me? Ah! my Lord, cried Harry, he is very far from meriting such opprobrious epithets. He is a summary of all that is excellent, all that is amiable in nature. He respects and loves you too, above the world, and all that is in it deserving of love. O! had you lately seen his grief for your losses, the floods of tears he shed, — for — for — for! — Here Harry could no more, but, on the recollection of his mother and brother, burst into tears.

But tell me, my dear, continued the Earl, tell me who and what he is, whom you commend so highly?

Even the son of your own mother, my Lord; my much loved, my revered, my most honoured uncle.

Impossible,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 5

Impossible, my child. That old despicable man my brother? No, no, my Harry, he must have deceived you. My brother was all that was amiable upon earth; *the fairest among ten thousand*, the straightest cedar in the forest.

And such he is at this day, my Lord. But, alas, alas, he has been broken by the batteries of many afflictions; a man wholly made up of sorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs. You wanted me not, when he took me, my father. You had other and richer treasures, comforts that were infinitely more worthy your regard. But, little and despicable as I was, he had nothing but me. I became his only comfort, the only treasure in which he delighted. Yet, as soon as he heard that you wanted consolation, he chose rather to be without it himself; and so he restores me to you, if I may be any little matter of comfort to you, my father.

And where is this dear uncle, this precious brother, my Harry? Is he come with you? shall I be so blessed to take him in with my eye, to take him in with my arms, to petition, to obtain his pardon, to press him to my bosom, to my heart, to my soul? Where is he, where is this precious brother, my Harry?

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THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

He is not come with me, my Lord; he feared, as he said, that you would not forgive him the carrying off of your Ganymede, but he is desirous of attending you on the first intimation.

Then you must write to him for that purpose, to-morrow, my son, and dispatch your invitation by some of our swiftest horses. The influence of his darling will, unquestionably, be greater than that of an offending and unnatural brother. Is this letter from him, Harry? — It is, my Lord. — Then I will not peruse it till I get by myself. It probably contains reproaches but too well merited; or, possibly, matters of consolation, too tender for me to bear. — But, Mr. Meekly, my dearest Meekly, ten thousand pardons! — Harry, take to your arms the man in the world, next to your uncle most deserving of your reverence, most deserving of your heart.

Here Mr. Meekly kissed and embraced our hero with all the tenderness of a father and the ardour of an old friend.

Mr. Meekly, cried Harry, looking earnestly and fondly at him, do I not remember something of that face, Mr. Meekly? Are you not the gentleman, for whom I long since conceived such
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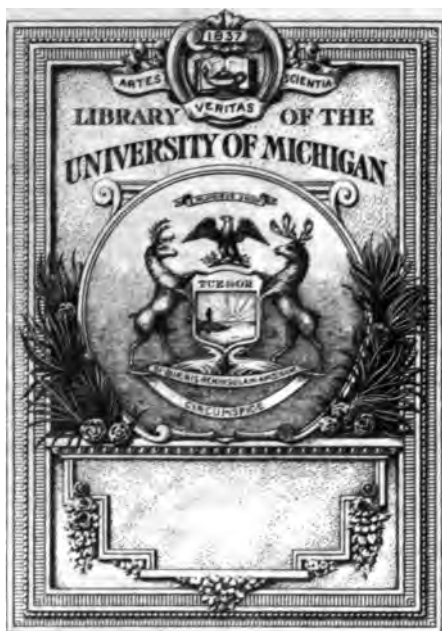
THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 7

an attachment, to whom my heart cleaved, as I may say, from my infancy?

I am, my heavenly creature, answered Meekly, I am the man indeed whose soul was knit to yours, like the soul of Jonathan to David, the first moment I beheld you; and who saw in you then, all those noble, generous, and divinely-humane propensities, that I see arrived to their maturity this happy day.

While Mr. Meekly was thus rejoicing, Harry happened to turn his head aside, and spying the lively portraits of my Lady and Lord Richard, he started, he rose, and, gazing on them a minute, he went softly to the window, and, taking out his handkerchief, kept his back to the company, while he vented his emotions in a silent passion of tears. His father and Mr. Meekly perceived what he was about, but they did not disturb him. He brought fresh to their remembrance all the passages of late affliction, and they silently joined a flow of grief to his. But their tears were the tears of sympathising humanity; or rather tears of delight, on observing the sweet sensibilities of their darling.

In the mean time Mr. Frank, who attended on Harry, had whisperingly given the mourning domestics an intimation



229

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1767

Vol 5

The next morning Harry impatiently rose, before the servants were stirring; and unlocking the great door, and closing it softly after him, he went out exulting on his premeditated expedition. He reconnoitred and recollected the happy scenes of his childhood, and, flying like a bird over the fences, he made the shortest way to his still-precious mammy's.

When he approached the place of his infant endearments, he met his foster-father going forth to his field with a solemn and melancholy air, on his usual occupations. Harry instantly remembered the features once so delightful, and springing to him, and catching at him, he kissed and clasped him repeatedly, and cried aloud, My daddy, my daddy, my dear daddy Dobson! how glad am I to see you once again! how is my mammy, my dear mammy? how is little Tommy and little Rachel, and all your dear family?

The old man then, respectfully withdrawing a space, I do not know you, my sweet master, said he; I never saw you before. Indeed but you did; many a time, and oft, cried Harry, you carried me in your arms almost the live-long day, and pressed and hushed me to sleep.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 11

sleep at night in your bosom. Do not you remember your little Harry? do not you remember my two dogs? do not you remember my cock?

O! exclaimed the good old man, I now believe that you are my child, the dearest child that ever was born! But I never hoped to see him such a thing as you are; I never thought to see such a glorious creature upon earth!

Here old Dobson returned Harry's caresses with a twofold force, and, blubbering all aloud, had like to have smothered him with the intenseness of his embraces.

Bring me, bring me, cried Harry, to the sight of my dearest mammy, I am all impatient to behold her!

Not so fast; said Gaffer Dobson, I love my old loving Kate, and should she find you out of a sudden, she would certainly die of joy. But I will bring you to her as a stranger, and so you may bring matters about. And, indeed, I fear that my own head is likely to be crazed by this business, for I do not find that I am the same man that I was a while ago; I shall grow too proud, I doubt, and look down upon all my better neighbours.

Goodman Dobson then conducted Harry to their ancient habitation, where nurse Dobson was just up, and preparing to comb the heads of her children when they entered.

Kate, says he, I have brought to you a young stranger, that says he can give you some account of our little Harry, who, he says, is still alive, notwithstanding all your frights, and will shortly pay a visit to some parts of this country; and who knows then, but that we among others may happen to set our eyes upon him; and that, I think, would be a great blessing, my Kate!

O, no, no, no, exclaimed nurse, without deigning to cast her eyes on the stranger, he is dead, he is gone from me these many, many years! I once hoped to have his infant on my knee and in my bosom, but that hope is quite gone: never, never shall I behold my darling again!

Harry had seated himself just opposite to nurse, when, looking up, she started, and stared eagerly in his face. Do not impose upon me, William, says she; tell me, tell me at once, mayhap this is my child! ah, against the world! the dimple in that smile, is the dimple of my Harry.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 13

Here Harry sprung up, and at one leap caught his rising nurse in his arms, crying, My mammy, my mammy, my dearest mammy, do I live to be pressed once more to your dear bosom!

But the poor woman breathed short, and could not get out a word. Twenty times she put him from her, and caught him to her again, gazing at him, by intervals, with a frantic affection. At length, she cast herself back on the bench that was behind her, and, clapping her hands together, she gave a great shout, and burst into an hysterical passion of tears, while Harry seated himself beside her, and gently drawing her head to him, placed it fondly on his bosom, and mixed his tears with hers.

This gush came very seasonably for our loving nurse's relief. She soon recovered her breath and her senses; and, seeing some drops on her Harry's cheeks, she drew them in with her lips, crying, Precious pearls be these! I would not exchange one of them for the brightest diamond in the mines.

Mammy, says Harry, I stole away to come and see you, while my father was asleep, or else I should not have had leave to stir from him a foot. But you and my daddy must promise to come and dine
with

14 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

with me, we will have a table by ourselves. And do you, my dear mammy, step to our house, and, if my father should miss me, tell him I am gone into the town, and will be back with him before breakfast.

Harry then stepped into the village, and, remembering Gaffer Truck's house, he went familiarly in, and inquired of the good woman how all the family was. Pray how is my honest old Bartholomew? says he, and how is your pretty daughter Molly? and above all, what is become of my old friend Tom? The poor woman, all in amazement, cried, A pretty Tom he is forsooth, to be friend to such a sweet young gentleman as you are. But the truth is, that our Tom is apprentice to a barber at next door. Well, says Harry, when Gaffer Truck comes home, tell him that his old acquaintance, Harry Clinton, called to see him.

Tom had just finished an operation on a neighbour as our hero entered. How are you, Tom? says he, carelessly. Tom gaped, and stared, and gaped; but answered not a word. Will you give me a cast of your office, Tom? Ay, that I will, Master, as soon as you get a beard. Why, Tom, you are grown a huge hulking fellow since I saw you last; will you
step

step to yonder green, and wrestle one fall with me? No, no, Master, I should hurt you; methinks I could throw a dozen of such fair-weather gentlemen as you are, Master.

Harry instantly seized Tom, by the breast with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other, when Tom, feeling the hardness and hurt of his gripe, immediately exerted his powers, and grappled with his adversary; but Harry, giving him a slight foot, laid him on the broad of his back in the middle of his own floor; but kept him with both hands from being hurt against the ground.

I believe, said Tom, rising, you must certainly be the devil, and come, as they say, to sling poor sinners in the shape of an angel of light. Ah, Tom! Tom! cried Harry, this is not the first struggle that you and I have had. Do you remember the bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy? have you forgot your old friend, your little Harry Clinton?

Blessed mercy! exclaimed Tom, can you be my young Lord, my heart's dear young master? I am indeed, answered Harry, your old acquaintance, my dear Tom, your loving friend Harry Clinton. And so saying, he took Tom about the neck and kissed him very cordially.

Tom,

16 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Tom, says Harry, I want you to take a walk with me. Tom instantly assented, and out they went.

As they walked along, Harry began to grow sad. Tom, said he, do you know where my dear brother Dicky was buried? Yes, Sir, said Tom, a great way off, in yonder church-yard below the town's end. Do you know where the sexton lives, Tom? In a little white house, Sir, just joining the yard.

As soon as they arrived, Tom called out the sexton, and Harry, putting a guinea into his hand, ordered him directly to unlock the family-vault.

The man looked astonished, but obeyed in silence; and Harry, as he entered, desired the sexton and Tom to wait at a distance, and promised to be with them by and by.

He put to the door after him, just leaving light enough to distinguish the recent deposits of the dead.

O, said he, as he advanced, thou true house of mourning, thou silent end of all men, how sad art thou to sense! how sad to me above all, who bearest in thy dark bosom such precious and beloved relics!

Then, casting himself on the coffins of my Lady and Lord Richard, as they lay side by side, and clasping his arms about them

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 17

them as far as he could reach, O! he cried, my mother, my brother, my dearest brother, my dearest mother, you are gone, you are gone from me, and you never knew the love that your son and brother had for you. Ah! how did I flatter myself, what happiness did I not propose, in attending, serving, and pleasing you! in doing thousands of tender, kindly, and endearing offices about you! But you are snatched from me, my mother! you are snatched from me, my brother! all my prospects are defeated and cut away for ever. You will no more return to me, but I shall go to you; and O! that I were laid with you this minute in this still and peaceful mansion, where hopes and fears cease, and all are humbled together!

Mean while, Mr. Meekly had gone abroad on his morning's walk. He met nurse on her way to the mansion-house, and accosting her in a kind of triumph, My good nurse, says he, we have blessed tidings for you, your Harry, your hero, is come to the country. I know it, Sir, I know it, answered nurse, it is but a little while ago that my babe left my bosom.

Mr. Meekly then proceeded in order to join his young friend, inquiring of all he met which way Lord Henry went,
till

18 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

till at last he was directed to the church-yard. There he found Tom and the sexton, who, on further question, silently pointed to the door of the family-vault, that hung on the jar.

Mr. Meekly felt himself affected, and withdrew to a greater distance; but still keeping his tearful eye on the sad mansion that now held the living with the dead.

At length Harry came forth, drying his cheeks with his handkerchief. He assumed a constrained air of cheerfulness, and joining Tom and the sexton, observed that a great croud was gathering in the town.

Who are those, Tom? says he; I suppose, answered Tom, your Honour's tenants and old acquaintance, who are getting together to welcome you to the country. If that is the case, Tom, we must go and salute them; and you shall introduce me, and tell me who is who.

Mr. Meekly, perceiving that Harry was on his return, kept onward, aloof from him, but with an eye on his motions.

By this time, the croud had sorted themselves, the principals of the families into one group, the young men into another, and the fair maidens into another,
and,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 19

and, as Harry approached, they all set up a joint shout of triumph.

Please your Honour, says Tom, this is my father, and this is Gaffer Gubbins, and this Goodman Demster, and this Farmer Felster, and so on.

Harry, with the lowliness of a washer of feet, would have kissed and embraced them all in turns; but, pressing about him, they seized a hand on either side, and eagerly kissed them, as also the skirts of his cloaths all around.

God bless your sweet face! God bless your sweet face! cried Goodman Demster; who so sees it on a morning, cannot fail, I think, of prospering the live-long day.

When he came, in succession, to the companions of his infancy, as he kissed and shook hands with each in turn, some reminded him of having beat them at boxing, others at wrestling, and all of his having played with them at prison-bars, leap-frog, shoot the gate, and so forth.

Mean while, the girls panted, gazed at him, and longed to get him to themselves. Sir, says Tom, here is your old acquaintance, my sister Molly; there is not a lad in the town whom she is not able to toss, except your Honour. Molly looked full of health as Hæbe, and rosy as
May,

20 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

May, and Harry caught her about the neck, and kissed her very cordially. Do you remember me, Molly? O! answered Molly, I shall never forget since your Honour's Lordship and I used to wrestle every day behind our house. Ay, Molly, cried Harry, there was no harm in it then; but a fall, at this day, might be dangerous to one of us; above all things take care of that, my good Molly. And, if you know e'er a pretty lad to whom you have a liking, I will give you fifty guineas, for old acquaintance sake, towards making up your portion.

The rest of the girls now pressed for their share of Harry, and it was with difficulty that he divided himself with any satisfactory equality among them, as they all kissed him so close, and seemed so loath to part.

At length Harry's watch reminded him that it was time to attend his father; and, as he parted, they shouted after him, Long life, and health, and honours to our townsman, our own boy, our own dear sweet child!

In the mean time, Mr. Meekly had returned home, with his heart full of tidings to the Earl. When Harry arrived, breakfast was on table, and he perceived that his father had been in tears. But

no notice was taken of the affair at the charnel-house on either part.

When breakfast was over, Harry called in John. Mr. John, says he, can you tell me how many families there are in this village of yours? Twenty-five families exactly, my Lord. Then Harry turned to his father, and said, If your Lordship will be pleased to lend me five hundred guineas for the present, I will pay you very honestly the hour that my uncle comes to the country. Why, sirrah, cried the Earl, pleasantly, what right has your uncle to pay your debts, especially to such a great amount as you speak of? O, my Lord, answered Harry, I have already squandered away above fifty thousand pounds of his money, and this is but a trifle, which, I am sure, I may very safely add to the rest.

Here the Earl looked truly astonished. Fifty thousand pounds! he exclaimed, impossible, Harry! Why, you had neither such ponds or lakes, as mine, in London; wherein you might make ducks and drakes of them. How in the world could you contrive it? where did you dispose of them?

In hospitals and in prisons, my father, answered Harry; in streets and highways, among the wretched and the indigent;

12 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

igent; supplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame; and cheerfulness to the sorrowful and broken of heart; for such were my uncle's orders.

Let me go, let me go from this place, my Lord, cried Meekly! this boy will absolutely kill me if I stay any longer. He overpowers, he suffocates me with the weight of his sentiments.

Well, Harry, said the Earl, go to my desk, here is the key of the drawer on the left hand, and I make you a present of the key and the contents; perhaps you may find there nearly as much as will answer your present exigencies.

Harry went, and opening the drawer, was astonished to see it quite full of gold. However he took no more than just the sum proposed; and, returning to his father, said, What shall I do, my Lord, with that vast heap of money? Why, you extravagant rogue, replied the Earl, there is not as much in it as will pay the debt you have contracted with one man. O! cried Harry, I am quite easy upon that score. I will never affront my uncle by the offer of a penny. And do not you think, said the Earl, that we have got poor among us in the country, as well as you have in the city, Harry? I believe you may have got some, my Lord, but then
then

then I am much more difficult than you may think in the objects on whom I would chuse to confer charity. I look upon the money amassed by the wealthy, to have been already extracted from the earnings of the poor, the poor farmer, the poor craftsman, the hard-handed peasant, and the day-labourer, whose seven children perhaps subsist on the sweat of his brow. Wherefore, the objects on whom we bestow these gatherings ought at least to be something poorer, and more worthy of compassion than those from whom the money was exacted. So saying, he stepped out.

Amazing boy! cried Mr. Meekly, how new, and yet how just was that observation! I am, cried the Earl, as it were, in a kind of delicious dream, and can scarce yet believe myself so blessed as to be the father of such a child.

In the mean time, Harry had called John aside. Mr. John, says he, here are five hundred guineas, be pleased to step and distribute them by twenty guineas to each of the families in the village. I would save you the trouble, and give them myself, but that, for the present, my heart turns with disgust from their thanks and their honours. Tell them that this is a token in memory of my
dear

24 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

dear brother, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them further, that I will have no carousals, no rejoicings, on account of my arrival; and that it would please me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late losses to their remembrance, and set them all in tears and lamentations.

My Lord now proposed a saunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked; and they entered on a gravel-walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals that fell successively, in cascades, the one into the other. Beyond the canals, a vast lawn fled the eye, thinly interspersed with trees of different hues and natures. The lawn again was closed by an extensive lake; and, on the further side of the lake, the prospect was broken by several hills and glens, that varied their forms as they opened to the view. Beyond the glens there arose again to the eye, a huge forest of time-immemorial oaks; and, beyond all, there ascended a range of romantic mountains, whose fronts were whitened here and there with impending rocks, but whose tops scaled the heavens, and confounded

confounded their forms and colours with the clouds.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a gate that directly thwarted their passage; my Lord thrust his hand through the rails, for the key, which the keeper had left in the lock on the inside, but could not reach it. We are all at a full stop now, said he, unless Harry could make shift to climb over the gate; but no, do not, my dear, your foot might happen to slip between the rails and hurt you. I will obey your Lordship, answered Harry, I will not venture a foot upon one of them. So saying, he caught at the topmost bar with his left hand, and throwing himself slightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The Earl and Mr. Meekly stood mute, in utter astonishment. At length the Earl cried, Child, you must surely be of more than mortal mould, or else you have a familiar spirit that conveys you through the air. I have indeed a familiar spirit, my Lord, answered Harry, a spirit much humbled by the sense of its own defects.

On their return, John called his master aside, and told him of his due distribu-

26 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

tion of Harry's bounty to the villagers. But, my Lord, said he, when I went down, I found them all very busily employed, in preparing bonfires and illuminations in honour of my young Lord. This, however, I was obliged to countermand, by his special order; and it has greatly mortified all your poor people. Well, well, said the Earl, it cannot be helped for the present; we must not dare to offend our Harry at any rate; and so these matters of rejoicing may rest in reserve till the arrival of my brother.

Soon afterwards our hero's fosterers came, decked out in their best attire; and Harry ordered a side-table to be covered for him and them; but my Lord insisted on their dining all together.

Harry placed himself very lovingly between them, at table, that he might help them, and prevail upon their bashfulness to eat.

When dinner was nearly over, nurse inquired after the little beggar-boy, whose absence, she imagined, had caused the elopement of her darling. He is come to great fortune, answered Harry, he has found his father and mother, and is heir to a large estate. Harry then told the manner in which Ned had

been discovered, and they were all highly pleased and affected by the relation.

But, mammy, says Harry, what is become of my sister Nelly, on whose milk I was suckled? and what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myself? — They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleased to give me others in their room. — Well, mammy, I find we must all die, and some time or other that will be a great grief to one of us, whichever shall happen to outlive the other. I am satisfied to die once, said nurse, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel; I cannot suffer the thought, she cried, and burst forth into tears; I could not bear, I could not bear to die a thousand deaths in the death of my Harry!

But, mammy, said Harry, in order to divert her passion, you have not yet inquired after the man with the beard. O, the old rogue, exclaimed nurse, I cannot think of him with patience. Ay but, mammy, you must know that that same old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own, and only dear brother to my own dear father here. If that is the case, said nurse, I do not wonder he should so

12 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

digent; supplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame; and cheerfulness to the sorrowful and broken of heart; for such were my uncle's orders.

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24 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

dear brother, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them further, that I will have no caroufals, no rejoicings, on account of my arrival; and that it would please me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late losses to their remembrance, and set them all in tears and lamentations.

My Lord now proposed a saunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked; and they entered on a gravel-walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals that fell successively, in cascades, the one into the other. Beyond the canals, a vast lawn fled the eye, thinly interspersed with trees of different hues and natures. The lawn again was closed by an extensive lake; and, on the further side of the lake, the prospect was broken by several hills and glens, that varied their forms as they opened to the view. Beyond the glens there arose again to the eye, a huge forest of time-immemorial oaks; and, beyond all, there ascended a range of romantic mountains, whose fronts were whitened here and there with impending rocks, but whose tops scaled the heavens, and
confounded

confounded their forms and colours with the clouds.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a gate that directly thwarted their passage; my Lord thrust his hand through the rails, for the key, which the keeper had left in the lock on the inside, but could not reach it. We are all at a full stop now, said he, unless Harry could make shift to climb over the gate; but no, do not, my dear, your foot might happen to slip between the rails and hurt you. I will obey your Lordship, answered Harry, I will not venture a foot upon one of them. So saying, he caught at the topmost bar with his left hand, and throwing himself slightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The Earl and Mr. Meekly stood mute, in utter astonishment. At length the Earl cried, Child, you must surely be of more than mortal mould, or else you have a familiar spirit that conveys you through the air. I have indeed a familiar spirit, my Lord, answered Harry, a spirit much humbled by the sense of its own defects.

On their return, John called his master aside, and told him of his due distribu-

26 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

tion of Harry's bounty to the villag
But, my Lord, said he, when I went down
I found them all very busily employed,
preparing bonfires and illuminations
honour of my young Lord. This, however
I was obliged to countermand, by
special order; and it has greatly mo-
fied all your poor people. Well, w
said the Earl, it cannot be helped for
present; we must not dare to offend
Harry at any rate; and so these matt
of rejoicing may rest in reserve till
arrival of my brother.

Soon afterwards our hero's foster
came, decked out in their best attire
and Harry ordered a side-table to
covered for him and them; but my Lord
insisted on their dining all together.

Harry placed himself very loving
between them, at table, that he might
help them, and prevail upon their bar-
fulness to eat.

When dinner was nearly over, nun
inquired after the little beggar-boy
whose absence, she imagined, had caused
the elopement of her darling. He
come to great fortune, answered Harry
he has found his father and mother
and is heir to a large estate. Harry
then told the manner in which Ned had

been discovered, and they were all highly pleased and affected by the relation.

But, mammy, says Harry, what is become of my sister Nelly, on whose milk I was suckled? and what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myself? — They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleased to give me others in their room. — Well, mammy, I find we must all die, and some time or other that will be a great grief to one of us, whichever shall happen to outlive the other. I am satisfied to die once, said nurse, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel; I cannot suffer the thought, she cried, and burst forth into tears; I could not bear, I could not bear to die a thousand deaths in the death of my Harry!

But, mammy, said Harry, in order to divert her passion, you have not yet inquired after the man with the beard. O, the old rogue, exclaimed nurse, I cannot think of him with patience. Ay but, mammy, you must know that that same old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own, and only dear brother to my own dear father here. If that is the case, said nurse, I do not wonder he should so

28 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

greatly yearn after you; and indeed I would rather wonder if all the world did not yearn and long after you, my love.

And now, mammy, to shew you how much you are obliged to this same darling uncle, he has ordered me to make you a present of five hundred pounds, in payment, as he says, of the grief he has cost you. And take no heed for your children, mammy, I will take that care upon myself; for this same dear uncle has made me a gift of the lands, and house, and plate, and furniture that he has in this town, and so you see I am well able to provide for you all.

Here my Lord cast an eye of tender jealousy upon Harry. I perceive, my son, said he, that your uncle is your only trust, the only dependence that you chuse to have upon earth. Harry, with a glance of his eye, instantly caught the meaning of the eye of his father, and throwing himself at his feet, O, pardon, my Lord! he cried, pray pardon the overflowings of a grateful and simple heart! My uncle is my property; but I am yours, my father, to be disposed of in life, and in death, at your pleasure. I do trust, I do depend upon you, my father, and you have already over-
I powered

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 29

powered me with the weight of your affections.

My Lord's eyes then glistened, and railing his son, and taking him fondly to his bosom, I believe I have been wrong, my love, said he; and hereafter I shall always think so, rather than think any thing amiss in my Harry. But tell me, my dear, and tell me sincerely; you speak of your uncle as one of the richest and greatest men upon earth; as a prince, as an emperor, enabled to give away fortunes and provinces at pleasure.

And he is, my Lord, cried Harry, he is greater than any prince or emperor upon earth. For his wealth, which exceeds that of a subject, is truly his own, and devoted solely to his happiness, in making other people happy.

And yet this is the man, exclaimed the Earl, (turning an eye of penitence on Mr. Meekly), this is the man, as I told you, my friend, on whom I looked down with such provoking contempt; whom I treated with such unpardonable insolence and ignominy.

My Lord then inquired concerning the personal adventures of our hero in London; the account of which would have been more entertaining, had not

30 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Harry suppressed, throughout his narrative, whatever he apprehended might tend to his own honour.

As soon as the fosterers had taken their leave, my Lord proposed a walk to his guests in the gardens; and, after a few turns, they sat down in a rural arbour, that was interwoven all about with jessamine and honeysuckle.

Mr. Meekly, said the Earl, I have often longed to hear the particulars of your life, and how you came to live by faith and not by sight, and to hold your conversation in heaven, as you do at this day.

I can soon obey your Lordship, answered Meekly, for my story is very short and very simple, and no way adorned with uncommon incidents.

My mother died a few hours after I was born. My father did not survive her two years; and I fell to the care of my only kinsman, an uncle by my father's side.

My uncle was an old bachelor, and though he was of a cold temper, and had no tenderness for any one, he yet spared no cost in my education. He sent me to Eaton school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I remained till I took my degrees. I then went to London, bought
a sword

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 31

a sword and laced coat, and commenced fine gentleman.

Though my head had been duly stored, by my tutors, in the rudiments of our religion, my heart had not yet felt any of its precepts; and I conceived that to go regularly to church, receive the sacrament, confess myself a miserable sinner, and avoid gross vices, was the sum of Christianity. I therefore entered, without scruple, into all the fashionable pleasures and vanities of the age; and I held, that to pardon an affront, would have been one of the deadly sins in a Gentleman-Christian.

One day, at James's coffeehouse, Colonel Standard and another gentleman engaged at backgammon for five hundred guineas; and, as the stake was so considerable, and both parties celebrated for their skill in the game, we all crowded about them to see the issue.

I happened to be next behind the Colonel's chair, and others pressed behind me, eagerly bending and looking over my shoulders. At length he began to fret, as the game was drawing to a close, and going against him. Pray, Gentlemen, he would cry, do not bear upon me so; for heaven's sake keep off, you will make me lose the game. Hereupon, I did my

32 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

utmost to bear back from him ; but the company pressed me forward in spite of all I could do, till the Colonel, giving an unhappily-decisive cast, turned about in a fury, and spit directly in my face.

Indignation gave me sudden and unusual strength, and casting all off who had borne upon me, I instantly drew my sword, and ran the Colonel through the body. The company cried out that all was fair, and opening a window for me, they urged me to escape. Accordingly I got off, rode past to Dover, and there embarked for France.

The Colonel, God be praised, did not die of his wound. He lay under the hands of the doctors for about seven months, then recovered, and went to join his regiment in Flanders.

Of this my uncle sent me advice, telling me at the same time that I might return with safety. Yes, thought I, with safety to my life, but with death to my honour. I have taken revenge indeed, but not satisfaction. The Colonel must be compelled to make me personal reparation for the affront which he dared to put upon me. His recovery has again dashed the spit into my face; and I will pursue him through the world, till it is wiped

wiped from the observation and remembrance of all men.

With this deadly determination I went post from Paris to Flanders, and traced the Colonel from place to place, till I found him in a village on the road to Amsterdā.

I believe, Sir, said I, bluntly, you may not remember me, for our acquaintance was sudden and of very short duration. I am the man in whose face you spit publicly at James's coffeehouse. Then, Sir, said he, I am scarce yet recovered of the cause which you gave me to bear you always in mind. But pray, what may your commands be with me for the present? I am come to demand a remedy at your hands, for the wound which you gave my honour; and which otherwise must remain for ever incurable. Ah! he cried, no man ever exacted so severe a satisfaction as you have already taken; what then may be the nature of the further reparation that you are pleased to require? Either to ask my pardon, or fight me within this hour.

That is very hard upon me, indeed, replied the Colonel; the honour of my commission will not allow me to beg pardon of any man, at least in order to avoid combat; so, Sir, if you insist upon

34 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

it, I must obey your summons, though very reluctantly, I confess. Then, Sir, said I, meet me in half an hour with your pistols and sword, behind yonder little hill.

The Colonel was punctual to the appointment. We both grasped a pistol at a distance of twenty paces, and advancing, each, step by step, cried, Fire! fire! fire! seeming determined to make sure of his adversary; till coming within arm's length, I fired directly in his face, but the ball passed through his hat, and only grazed the skin of his left temple.

The Colonel then took his pistol into his left hand, and reaching out his right to me, with a smile of great complacency, I think, Sir, said he, I may now ask your pardon with honour. And to convince you that I did not come to engage you in malice, be pleased to examine my arms, you will not find so much as a grain of powder in the one or the other.

Ah! Colonel, I then exclaimed, I acknowledge you my conqueror, both in honour and humanity. Had I been so unhappy as to kill you, and find your arms unloaded, I should certainly have done you justice, by shooting myself through the head. But why did I pursue you from kingdom to kingdom?
why

why was I unappeas'd by all the blood that I shed? was it from any malignity of heart toward you? By no means; but while I lamented the misery I had already occasioned you, I was impell'd to finish your destruction by a barbarian world, or rather, by the bloody prescribers of custom, whose censure I dreaded worse than death, or even futurity. Courage, Colonel, incites soldiers to fight for their country; but it is cowardice alone that drives duellists together.

For three affectionate days, I remained with my late enemy, but now warm friend. He then was oblig'd to return to quarters; and we parted with a regret much exceeding the hostility with which we had met.

On the departure of the Colonel, I went to Amsterdam, from whence I drew upon my uncle to the amount of seven hundred pounds. For I resolv'd, before my return, to take a tour through the Seven Provinces, though I had gone for a very different purpose.

During nine months I resid'd, or journeyed from place to place, among that people. Holland is, unquestionably, the wealthiest, the busiest, and most populous state upon earth. Not a hand is unemployed, not a foot of ground unoccupied;

and, for a long time, I ascribed their extraordinary prosperity to an industry and ingenuity peculiar to them alone. But, on further observation, I discovered the true source, as well of their industry as their opulence; and am persuaded, that any nation, bordering on the ocean, might derive the like prosperity from the same springs.

Not, my Lord, that I think opulence a real benefit to a people; for *man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions*. But I look upon industry, the natural parent of opulence, to be as well a blessing as a duty to man, from the time that he was appointed to *earn his bread in the sweat of his brow*. Many mental virtues also, as well as temporal benefits, follow in the train of industry; it makes men healthful, brave, honest, social, and pacific. He who labours hard to acquire a property, will struggle hard to preserve it, and exercise will make him active, robust, and able for the purpose. As the man of industry hath in himself a living fund of competence for his own occasions, he will be the less tempted to plunder or prey upon others; and the poignant sense and apprehension of being deprived of a property, so justly acquired, will give him the nicer and stronger sense.

sense of such an injury to others. Industry further incites to commerce and good neighbourhood, in order to dispose of mutual redundancies for the supply of mutual wants. And, lastly, it delighteth in peace, that its time and its labours may not be interrupted, nor the fruits thereof endangered by rapine and invasion; and all this may be said of nations, as well as of men.

Your observations, said the Earl, are perfectly just; the works of industry are, unquestionably, the works of peace, and tend to open the avenues wherein the virtues may walk. But how to incite men or nations to industry, that is the question. The finer arts, we see, may be encouraged and promoted by national bounties, as now in France; but there is no inciting the bulk of the people to industry, in like manner; that would be, as though the public should grant a bounty to itself. Nations certainly differ from nations as man differs from man; some are by nature industrious and ingenious, such as China and Holand, it is their propensity, their talent; while others, like Ireland, are naturally lazy and listless, and therefore remain in well-merited indigence.

You

38 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

You have greatly mistaken this point, indeed, my Lord. China and Holland are industrious and ingenious, because, whether it were through good hap or good policy, they hit upon the only method whereby industry and ingenuity could be duly promoted. Whereas Great Britain and Ireland are totally ignorant of the said method to this day, though both of them highly capable of having it put in execution.

You surprize me, Mr. Meekly, said the Earl, a method to make men ingenious! a method to make them industrious! how can that be?

Experience has proved it to be even so, my Lord; for where a method may be found for encouraging and promoting ingenuity and industry, that method will, infallibly, make people become both ingenious and industrious. No man will work, my Lord, without some hire, or wages, or return for his labour; neither will any, who are in want, refuse to work, when assured of a due reward for so doing.

When the good householder walked out to the market-place, and found labourers loitering there, when it was now toward evening, he asked them, *Why stand ye here all the day idle?* And, when they answered,

Because

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 39

Because no man hath hired or given us employment, he took this for a sufficient apology; he had compassion upon them, and he supplied them with the divinest of all kinds of charity, the means of earning their own bread.

Now, throughout China and Holland, no person is in want, because all are hired, all employed, the young and the old, the lame and the blind; and all find a ready sale, without anxiety or loss of time, without travel or delay, for the products of their industry. Throughout Great Britain, on the contrary, nineteen in twenty are in real want; and in Ireland, as I am told, forty-nine in fifty are nearly in a state of beggary, merely for want of being employed, for want of encouragement to labour.

Permit me, then, to explain to your Lordship, how some men and some nations come to be encouraged to industry, and others to be discouraged, or, in a manner, prohibited from it.

Different men are endowed with different talents and powers, insufficient in many respects, though superfluous in others, to their own occasions. Different countries are also endowed with different productions, superfluous in many respects to the natives, though necessary

40 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

or desirable for the well-being of foreigners.

Now, these alternate qualities, of deficiency and abundance, at once invite and impel all men, and all countries, to claim and to impart that reciprocal assistance which is denominated commerce. Each gives what he can spare, each receives what he wants; the exchange is to the mutual advantage of all parties. And could a method be found out for encouraging manufacturers to persevere in their industry, and improve in their arts, by a ready conveyance and sale of all their redundancies, neither want nor superfluity could find place upon earth.

All this is quite clear and self-evident, Mr. Meekly; but how to procure this ready sale, is the question.

Your Lordship must allow, that the way to procure it would be to bring barterers and commuturs, buyers and sellers, all who mutually want, and mutually abound, together. For this is the end and purpose of every market upon earth.

Now, in Great Britain and Ireland, and in all continents or inland countries, the several deserts, mountains, marshes, and other obstacles, with the difficulty, danger, and toil of travel, and the great expence of land-carriage, have utterly precluded.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 41

precluded all commerce and communication to any considerable extent: inso-much that it would be easier and cheaper to convey a commodity, of any burden, to either of the Indies, than from many parts of Great Britain or Ireland to others by land.

While God appears to separate the several nations of the earth from each other, by the intervention of seas, lakes, and rivers, he hath actually and intimately united them thereby.

Water serves to the art and navigation of man, as air serves to the wings of the feathered species. It is the easy and speedy medium, the ready conduit and conveyance, whereby all redundancies are carried, and all wants supplied. It makes man, as it were, a denizen of every country on the globe. It shortens every distance, and ties the remotest regions together. It carries and communicates the knowledge, the virtues, manufactures, and arts of each climate, to all. It gives new springs and motives to industry, action, and invention. It gives a general importance to the meanest manufacturer. It gives to each man an interest in whatever is done upon earth, the productions of every region, and the tribute of every nation.

Now,

42 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Now, China and Holland are the only countries upon earth, who have considerably availed themselves of this capital benefit of water-carriage, or water-commerce; and therefore they are, incomparably, the most populous and most prosperous of all countries in the world.

China, as your Lordship knows, extends from under the tropic of Cancer to about thirteen hundred miles north, and thereby contains within itself all the variety of climate, and degrees of heat and cold, that are requisite for the sundry productions upon earth. Inspired by some forecast, or sagacity, not imparted to the rest of mankind, they cut and quartered this vast continent, by as many navigable canals as answer to the ducts and veins in the human body, for the dispensation of life and nourishment. These canals serve as links or cords to the grand community of the Chinese; they bind region to region, house to house, and man to man, and hold the whole as one system or family together. This great kingdom is thereby become as one city, and the canals as so many streets, through which plenty is diffused by commerce to every part. If any art or useful invention commences or receives improvement in any place, it is immediately conveyed to every place

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 43

place for imitation and promotion. No portion of this wide continent lies waste or uncultivated, because the canals are as so many markets brought to every man's door, and, by the perpetual demand of whatever is saleable, incite the natives to exert themselves in providing all the redundancies they possibly can, that they may derive wealth to themselves by supplying the respective wants of others. Thus, throughout the expanded dominion of China, nothing is wasted, nothing lost, nothing superfluous, nothing wanting. All are employed, active, industrious, ingenious, and thriving. Their canals are intimately to them, what seas are diffusively to the rest of the globe. They are thereby become, as a world within themselves, sufficient to their own happiness and occasions. They never change their manners or policy. They never enterprize war against others. And China is affirmed, at this day, to contain one hundred and twenty millions of prospering inhabitants.

The Dutch also, about a hundred and forty years ago, followed the example of the Chinese. Their country is now become as one great and extended metropolis to the universe; and through their canals, as through paved and spacious

44 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

ous highways, the world resorts with all its wealth. So encouraged and so incited, neither the lame, nor the blind, nor the maimed, sit unemployed. Every child is taught its trade from the moment it can apply its little hands to a regular motion, and they bring to the parents vast sums, in lieu of an infinite variety of toys and trifles that are dispersed among the idle of the other children of men. For barterers and commuters, buyers and sellers, manufacturers and merchants, like Pyramus and Thisbe, want nothing but the removal of envious obstacles, to meet and to multiply a similar progeny.

From what has been premised, my Lord, it is most evident, That industry is the parent of the wealth of this world: That no man's industry is sufficient to his own occasions: That the mutual assistance denominated commerce is, therefore, necessary to the well-being of all people: That the reciprocal advantage of this commerce consists in supplying mutual wants with mutual redundancies: That this commerce, however, cannot be carried on without a medium for the conveyance of such supplies: That such a medium, by land, even when it is practicable, is tedious, toilsome, expensive, extremely discouraging, and cannot be pushed to any considerable

considerable extent or effect : That God, however, hath opened, for the purpose, an easy, speedy, and universal medium of seas, lakes, and rivers, part of which he hath left unnavigable, that man might finish, by art, what nature had prepared, and contribute, in some degree, to his own advantages : That accordingly China and Holland (and France of late) have pursued the path so divinely appointed, and that power, wealth, and prosperity have flowed in upon them, in proportion as they have opened the medium of water-carriage for their reception : And that causes which have produced their concomitant effects, without variation, from the earliest ages to the present period, must be presumed to produce the like effects, through all countries and ages, to the end of time.

I protest, Mr. Meekly, exclaimed the Earl, you have pushed this matter to mathematical demonstration. What a happy, what a glorious prospect now opens to my view ! How easily, how speedily, how profitably might this method be put in execution, throughout the earth ! There is no deficiency of rivers, or collateral streams, for the purpose. The sinking into the earth, would give vent to new springs, and extract plenty of water in all places for an inland navigation ;

46 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

tion ; and half the number of hands, that perish through war and want, might be peaceably and plentifully employed in accomplishing this weal of mankind. Famine and depredation would then cease. Nation would no longer rise up against nation, nor man against man. The earth, by culture, would soon become capable of sustaining tenfold the number of its present inhabitants. We should no more be tempted to push each other from existence. We should find ourselves mutually interested in preserving and multiplying the lives of all from whose labours we were to derive such advantages. All would be plenty, all peace, and benevolence, throughout the globe. The number of inhabitants, instead of being a burden, would then become the riches of every climate. All hands would be set to work, when thus assured of a purchaser for every happy effect of labour. The buzz of wheels, reels, and looms ; the sound of hammers, files, and forges ; with the shouts of vintage, and the songs of harvest, would be heard in all lands. I am quite astonished, that a work, so full of benefit and blessing to the universe of man, is not already commenced, advanced, and completed.

How

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 47

How comes this to pass, Mr. Meekly? Have you yet mentioned this matter to to any of our great ones?

I have, my Lord, to several. They confessed themselves convinced of the utility of the scheme; and could each of them be assured of ingrossing to himself the most considerable part of the profits that would thereby accrue to the public, the work would instantly be begun, and would shortly be perfected. For such is the nature of unregenerate man, that he grudges to others any portion of those goods which he so eagerly craves and grapples after for himself. He would hedge in the air, and make a property of the light. In proportion as he sees his neighbours in comparative want, he exults in the accumulation of imaginary wealth. But should he deem them, in a measure, more prosperous than himself, he sighs at his inmost soul, and grows wretched and repining.

I protest, cried the Earl, were I young, I would, to-morrow morning, at my own cost, set about this great work of national, or rather of universal beneficence. But, my Harry, here, has youth enough, with an abundance of benevolence also for the purpose; and I recommend it to him as the greatest of charities, a charity to Great Britain,

48 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Britain, a charity to mankind. What would you think, my Lord, said Harry, of my expending your whole drawer of gold upon this business? Great as it is, it would be but a small matter toward the value of purchasing peace upon earth; and the sons of peace upon earth, will be likeliest to be the sons of love in heaven. So that we cannot lay out our money to better advantage, in any purchase, than for the benefit of the brothers of our own frailty.

Alas, my love, rejoined Mr. Meekly, though you were master of half the wealth of the people of England, and were willing to employ it all for their emolument in this way, the people themselves would oppose you in every step you should take. Some would be too proud to accept a benefit from you. Others would tell you that no man should dare to violate their property with either spade or pick-axe; and others would indict you even for treading on their grounds. Nothing less than the act of the whole legislature, to whom the people have committed their confluent powers, can avail for an undertaking of such national import.

Then, my dear Mr. Meekly, be pleased to let me have in writing what you have already set forth on this head; and if
I live

I live to come to the lower house of parliament, I will bend all my powers to this capital charity. And, if no other oratory will avail for the purpose, I will bribe the members with a hundred thousand pounds, and corrupt them, if possible, into one act of patriotism *. But, Mr. Meekly, I interrupt you. Pray proceed in your narrative.

On my return to Amsterdam, from my tour through the Seven Provinces, I grew affected one evening in a manner I had never before experienced. I did not feel myself any way sick or in pain, and yet I wished to exchange my sensations for any other species of malady. I was wholly

* It is observable, that, within ten years subsequent to the period of the above promise, the INLAND NAVIGATION of England commenced. Since which time the river Isis has been made navigable from Oxford to Cricklade in Wiltshire, and to Abingdon in Berkshire. The river Avon in Warwickshire from Stratford to the Severn. The Avon from Bath to Bristol. The Medway from Maidstone in Kent to Tunbridge. The Lug in Herefordshire to the Wey. The Lea from Ware to the Thames. The river Kennet in Berkshire to the Thames at Reading, containing twenty locks in seventeen miles. The river Aire in Yorkshire, containing sixteen locks, whose tolls are now valued at ten thousand pounds yearly. Beside the Stroud, the Nen, and the Wey, with many others now in hand.

50 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

pervaded by a gloomy despondence. I looked abroad for comfort; but it was no where to be found, every object gave disgust to my discontented imagination. I secretly inquired of my soul, if riches, honours, dignities, if the empire of the world would restore her to joy? But she turned from them, and said, All these things are strangers and aliens to my peace. Alas! said I, tell me then where your peace may be found? I know not, she replied, but I feel that I am wretched.

For three days I continued under this oppression of spirit. And on the third night an increasing horror of deep and heavy darkness fell upon me. All hope died within me, and misery seemed to open a gulf of ever-deepening destruction in my soul. I lay all the night bathed in drops of unutterable anguish. I wished and struggled to arise and change my situation, but I felt that my mind was its own plague and its own hell, from whence there was no removal, no possible escape.

I now concluded, that some how I must have sinned beyond the measure of all sinners, since my damnation was deeper than that of any other. I therefore turned toward God, and wished to repent; but, as I did not feel conviction for the
I
sins

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 31

sins of which I accused myself, no place for repentance was found in my soul.

Tremendous Author! I cried, I find that thou canst sink and slay at pleasure, but canst thou not also raise up and make alive? If all things have their existence in thee, O God! is it not near and easy unto thee to impart to us some sensation of thine own existence also; some sensation of thine own peace, the sense that it is thou alone who canst be our sustainer? Save me, Jesus, save me, from the hell of mine own nature! Save me, thou Son of David, O save me from myself!

While I thus prayed in an agony, my whole frame was suddenly overpowered and sunk, as I suppose, into a state of insensibility, till the following day was far advanced: at length I perceived that I still existed.

I dreamed, that I found myself in a deep and noisome dungeon, without a single ray that might even suffice to shew me the horrors of my situation. I attempted to rise and grope about, but I perceived that I was tied and fastened down to earth by a number and variety of bands or fetters.

At length a sudden light appeared, and diffused itself throughout the darkness of my mansion. When, looking up,

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I observed,

52 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

I observed, that the keeper of my prison had entered, the doors being yet locked. His head, as I thought, was bound about with a tiara, from whence the glory arose that shone around me. In the coronet, instead of gems, were inserted a number of thorns, whose points streamed with incessant and insufferable brightness. And on the golden circlet was engraved, in all languages, **JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.**

Immediately my shackles loosened and fell away of themselves, and I wished to cast my whole existence under the feet of my Lord; but was so overcome with ecstasy, that I could not rise. When looking upon me with a smile of ineffable graciousness, he approached and took me by the hand; and, at the contact, I sprung up a great height in my bed, and awoke to sensations of undescribable blessedness.

You are come then, my Lord, my salvation, you are come, my Master! I cried; and I will cling inseparable to you: never, O, never more will I suffer you to depart. Ah! I have felt, severely felt, what it is to be without you. For in your absence, though but for a moment, lies the essence of hell and misery; but, in your presence, my Beloved, in
your

your presence is peace unspeakable, and joy for evermore!

From that day, my nature became, as it were, wholly inverted. All the honours and worldly respects, for which I formerly risked my life, were now my aversion, and I turned from carnal indulgence and sensuality with loathing.

Nothing could now affront, nothing could now offend me. As I totally despised myself, so I wished, after the precepts of my divine Master, to be despised and rejected of men. This made all others, the very meanest of human creatures, respectable unto me. Even in reprobrates, methought, I discerned some uneras'd traces of the image and superscription of my God, and I bowed down before it.

If any attempted to injure or defraud me of my property, I yielded it without variance, and thereby I found myself cordially enriched.

I grew weary of my own will and of my own liberty, and I earnestly prayed my Lord, that he would rid me of them, and be instead thereof a controlling principle within me, ever influencing and directing me according to his own pleasure. Turn me, Jesus, Master! O turn me, I cried, from all the evil propensi-

54 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

ties of my own evil nature, though thou shouldst turn me, as thou didst Sennacherib, with thy ruling rein on my neck, thy bridle in my mouth, and thy hook in my nose! Take my heart and affections captive, and into thine own divine guidance! compel me into all the ways and all the works of thy commandments; till thy yoke shall become easy, and thy burden light and delightful; till I shall move as down a descent, where-ever thy goodness would guide me; till I shall feelingly find and know, that "all thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace!"

This, my Lord, may look somewhat like boasting; but it boasteth of nought, excepting Christ crucified, or rather arisen in me, whereby all worldly matters are crucified unto me.

Within about a fortnight after my conversion, I received a letter from a friend in London, informing me, that my old uncle had secretly married a young creature, who was lately delivered of a son; that he now openly acknowledged her for his wife; and that this, as he feared, did not bode me any good.

At another time, these tidings would have greatly alarmed me; but I was now equally resigned and indifferent to all events.

In

In a few days after, as I was stepping out of my lodgings, I was arrested in the name, and at the suit of my uncle, for seven hundred pounds, the precise sum for which I had drawn upon him about nine months before. All the consequences of this caption immediately occurred to me. I perceived, that my uncle intended to deprive me of my patrimony in favour of his new family; and, as I had no means for opposing his machinations, save what lay in his own hands, I concluded, that a jail was to be my portion for life; wherefore I lifted up my heart, and said within myself, "To prisons and to death give me cheerfully to follow thee, O thou who in death art the life and resurrection."

My spirit had no sooner uttered this short ejaculation, than I felt such a weight of peace descending upon me, that my heart leaped within me at the prospect of suffering, and I would have not exchanged my prison for a throne.

While I quietly walked with the officers toward the place of my durance, they came to a great tavern, where they entered, and proposed to regale themselves at my expence.

Mean time a Dutch merchant, of great eminence, happened to be with his lady

in the principal room, and hearing a bustle in the house, he inquired the cause, and sent for the chief bailiff.

Soon after I was conducted into their presence. They both rose as I entered; and the gentleman approaching, took me familiarly by the hand, and said, in Dutch, Mr. Meekly, I hear you are in distress, and that is sufficient to recommend you to my services; but your appearance exacts something more from my inclinations. Pray let me know wherein, and how far it may be requisite for you to command me.

I muttered somewhat, as I suppose, inarticulately, toward an answer. For I protest, my Lord, I was so struck, so awed, so confounded by his presence, that I was lost for the time to the consideration of my own affairs. Mean while he placed me at table just opposite to the heavenly vision of his bride, and then went and resumed his seat beside her; while I, gazing in silence and utmost wonder, recollected those lines of Milton, where, speaking of Adam and Eve, he calls them

“ the loveliest pair

“ That ever since in love’s embraces met;

“ Adam, the goodliest man of men since born

“ His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.”

The.

The gentleman perceived my astonishment, and, graciously smiling, again asked me what sum was requisite to extricate me from my present difficulty. Ah! Sir, said I, it is a sum that far exceeds all human bounty; and, indeed, I would not accept the obligation from any man, unless I were assured of being shortly in a capacity to reimburse him, of which I see no likelihood, I think, no possibility.

Here I told him, in few words, how my father had left me an infant at the disposal of my uncle, who had now put me under an arrest for seven hundred pounds, which some time since he had freely remitted to me as in my own right.

I see, said the gentleman, your uncle is a villain, and means, by casting you into prison in a strange and distant place, to deprive you of the power of bringing him to account. But he must be detected; it is a justice which you owe to the public, as well as yourself. And, as the amount of the pretended debt is not sufficient for that purpose, here is an order on the bank in town for double the sum. For this you must give me your note of hand. Be pleased to reimburse me when it is your convenience. If that should never happen, be under no concern; for I hold myself already repaid with usury in the
C 5. opportunity.

58 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

opportunity of serving an injured and a worthy man.

O Sir, I cried, I cannot, indeed I cannot, I will not accept it on any account. I am patient, nay, I am pleased with the lot that is appointed me. Shall I, in an instant, break the yoke, and cast the burden which my gracious Master but this instant has laid upon me? No, Sir, I submit myself to it with thankfulness; I take his cross to my bosom, and press it with all my heart.

O Meekly, said he, you are a very disdeeming Christian, if you think yourself entitled either to assume or retain your proper crosses at will. There is too much of self-righteousness in such a zeal, Meekly. Humility would rather bid the will of our Master to be done; and he offers you enfranchisement by my hand. Do, my dear Sir, cried the angel beside him, do, let me petition, let me persuade you to accept this little instance of our good-will to so good a creature. Though my lord here has not been able to prevail, a lady has superior claims, and I must not be refused.

Quite sunk, quite overwhelmed, I dropped involuntarily on my knees before them. Blessed pair, I exclaimed, blessed and beauteous beyond expression; if angels

gels are like you, what happiness must be in heaven! I could no more, my words were choked by my rising emotions.

My benefactor then rose, and, coming tenderly toward me, he took me warmly in his arms. Mr. Meekly, says he, do not oppress me, I pray you, by this excess of acknowledgment; I am but a worthless instrument in the hands of your Beloved; for from him, and him alone, is every good gift, and even the will of the giver. O, Mr. Meekly, added the lady, her eyes glittering through water, we thank you, we cordially thank you, Mr. Meekly; you have occasioned us much pleasure this day, I assure you; and the means of our happiness should be delightful in our eyes. My patron then rung a bell, and ordered his principal attendant into his presence; when, putting the order into his hand, Here, says he, take this, with the bailiff, directly to the bank; there pay him his demand of seven hundred pounds and fees; and bring me a hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder in bills on London. Then, calling for pen and ink, he drew the following short note, "I owe you fourteen hundred pounds." To which I signed Charles Meekly.

On the return of the messenger, I was put in possession of the cash and bills, and a dinner of little elegancies was served up.

After a short repast, the decanters and glasses being placed, and the attendants dismissed, my two patrons gave a loose to social joys, and invited me to be a partaker in their festivity. Never was I, nor ever shall I again, be witness to such flights of fancy, such a spontaneous fluency of heart-springing glee: With what pleasure did Erudition cast off its formal garb! how delightfully did Wisdom assume the semblance, and at times the very phrase of childhood! they laughed, they rallied me, themselves, and the world. Their merriment was as the breaking forth and exuberance of overflowing innocence and virtue. Conceive to yourself, my Lord, a large room surrounded with benches, whereon are seated the principal philosophers, literati, lawyers, statesmen, chief captains, and chief conquerors in all ages; then think you behold two sportively-observant children in the midst, looking and laughing at the insignificance of the several sages; taking off and holding up the solemnity and self-importance of each profession in caricature; and setting the whole world, with all its wisdom, its toils, and boasted acquirements, its solitudes, applications, and achievements, at naught.

The:

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 6D

The gentleman, indeed, pretended, and only pretended, to defend the sophists, the valiant, and the renowned of his sex; but he evidently exulted in his own defeat; while the lady, with a drollery amazingly voluble, ran through the schools of philosophy, the systems of human policy, and histories of heroism, unpluming the crested, bringing the lofty low, and depreciating and reducing all magnitude to miniature. And all this she did with an archness of such pleasant meaning, with such looks, eyes, and attitudes of bewitching transition, as would have infused fascination into old age and ugliness; what must it have done, when accompanied by a beauty that scarce ever was equalled, that could not be exceeded? Did the Sarah of the patriarch Abraham resemble her! I wonder not that nations should have been enamoured of her at the age of fourscore.

At length the enraptured husband, no longer able to contain, bent toward her with looks full of soul-darting delight, and, restraining his arms that would have crushed her to his bosom, O, my Louisa! he cried, you are too much, too pearly, too precious a treasure for me! But, giving him a sweetly-petulant pat on the
check.

62 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

cheek, Away, you rogue, she said, I will have none of your mockeries!

What can expression add further to this divinely-pre-eminent of human creatures? Whatever was her present glance, aspect, or posture, you would have wished to fix her in it, that you might gaze and admire for ever. But, when she varied the enchantment of her action and attitude, you forgot the former attractions; and she became, as it were, a newness of ever-rising delight.

Alas! how transient, how momentary was the bliss I then enjoyed! A chariot and six pied horses drove up to the door, attended by a retinue of ten or twelve men, all armed, gallantly mounted, and in rich apparel.

My dear Meekly, mournfully, said my benefactor, I am sorry that we are destined to different departments. I lodge to-night at a villa belonging to one of my correspondents, and to-morrow we set out to visit some of the German courts. Fare, fare you well, Meekly, for a short season at least.

I would have cast myself at his feet. It was an emotion, a propensity which I could not resist; but he prevented me, by kissing and casting his arms affectionately about me. The lady then turned to me,
and,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 63

and, with a smile of heart-captivating graciousness, God be with you, God be with you, my good Mr. Meekly, she cried, perhaps we may meet ere long in your own England. I answered not; but, bending on one knee, I caught her hand, pressed it fervently to my lips, and permitted her to depart.

Alas, they did depart. I saw them for the last time. They mounted their carriage, and, being seated, they bent forward, and, bowing to me with a fixed regard, off they drove, and tore away with them, as I thought, the best part of my soul.

I followed them with straining eyes: when out of sight, methought I held them still in view; and I blessed and kissed, in imagination, the very ground over which they went. At length I awoke from my delirium, and with slow and heavy steps turned back into the house,

I had not yet, through shame, so much as inquired the name of my benefactor. I therefore called to my host, in order to inform myself of all that I could learn concerning him; as also to make out a bill, for it had not been called for; and I pleased myself with the thought of discharging a reckoning that my friends had forgotten. When I questioned my host on this head, he put his hands to his
sides,

64 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

sides and broke into a violent fit of laughter; No, no, Master, said he, there is nothing for any one to pay in this house, I assure you; Mynheer never troubles himself about those matters, his major-domo pays all; ay, and for every guest too that happens to be in the same inn with his master,

Why, pray, said I, is he a lord? A lord? quotha; not so little as that comes to neither; no, Sir, he is a prince, the very prince of our merchants, and our merchants are princes above all lords. And pray how do they style or call him? He has many names and titles: when our traders speak of him, they call him Mynheer Van Glunthong, but others style him my Lord of merchants, and others my Lord *the brother-man*, and my Lord *the friend of the poor*.

The remainder of my story is very short, and still more insignificant. I soon set out for England, in order to file a bill against my uncle, and compel him to discover what patrimony my father had left me. But God was pleased, in the mean space, to cut off all debate; his wife and child had died of an epidemic distemper, and he did not survive them above a fortnight. He left me a penitential letter, with a small will inclosed, whereby:

whereby I became entitled to three hundred a-year in right of my father, and an additional four hundred in right of my uncle, with a sum of near three thousand pounds in ready money.

If I know my own heart, the only cause of rejoicing that I felt on that occasion, was, that it put it in my power to discharge my pecuniary obligations to my late generous preserver. I immediately wrote and transmitted bills to Holland for the purpose, but the bills were returned, and I could hear no tidings concerning the residence of my patron. I then put out his fourteen hundred pounds to the best securities that I could procure. It is now close upon five and thirty years since I saw him; and in that time the principal, with the interest upon interest, yearly turned into capital, has amounted to nearly five thousand pounds, one penny of which I never touch, but hold the whole as sacred.

Mean time it has cost me hundreds upon hundreds in correspondencies, advertisements, and even in special messengers to several parts of Europe, to discover where this greatest, this most eminent of men could have concealed himself; but, alas, my search proved as fruitless as that of the miser in hunting after the pearl of mighty price.

During

66 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

During those five and thirty years the image of the persons of those my two gracious patrons never left my memory, was ever at my heart. Ah, I would say to myself, they are dead, they are dead, or rapt, perhaps, like Elijah alive into heaven; flesh and blood, refined as theirs, might easily pass from its little impurities, through the fire of the love of God, to the place of its bliss. And again it was my daily and ardent petition, that, if their mortal was not yet swallowed up of immortality, I might once set my eyes upon them before I died.

Here Mr. Meekly ended. — I thank you, my dear friend, said the Earl, for your history; it has entertained me most pleasingly, and I have also been highly edified by some passages in it. But, with respect to the glimpse that you had of your two wonderful friends, I think it must have been a vision, or merely a matter of imagination; for I never saw in nature, nor read in fiction, of any thing comparable to the excellencies that you have described in that exalted pair. If it was a vision, my Lord, it must have been one of blessed angels indeed; but I hope you will allow that the benefits which they conferred were no way visionary. O, Mr. Meekly, said Harry with a sigh,

sigh, the picture that you have drawn of that dear lady has almost given me a distaste to all the rest of her sex. Ah, might I meet hereafter some daughter, some descendent, some distant likeness of her, how happy should I think myself! May heaven succeed your ominous wish, my dearest child! cried Meekly. It is just, perhaps prophetic that it should be so. For never did I see so perfect resemblance between any two creatures, as between the consort of that bewitching woman and yourself; it struck me, the other night, the moment you entered the room; and I thought that I beheld my very benefactor newly arisen, like a young Phoenix, from the ashes of old age.

Near a fortnight more elapsed, without any news or notice from Mr. Clinton, or from the messenger who was sent dispatch for him. Harry daily advanced in the favour and familiarity of his father, and Mr. Meekly continued with them in a most pleasing society.

On a fine morning, as they were walking together toward the village, This is the first time, my Harry, said the Earl with a sigh, that I have ventured to turn my face this way since the death of my wife, and the interment of your dear brother. O, my Lord, cried Harry, I would

68 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

would gladly exchange my lot in life with the meanest of yonder cottagers, who earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands, provided I might thereby restore them both to your bosom. Not so, not so, my son, fervently replied the Earl, I would not lose my Harry, though I were thereby to resuscitate all that are dead in England. I have no cause, no manner of right to complain. I am still happy, wonderfully happy, too happy in the possession of such a child.

Just then a great shouting and uproar was heard in the village. The huge mastiff, belonging to Pelt the tanner, had run mad, and came foaming up the road, pursued by a croud of the townsmen, armed with staves, spits, and pitchforks. The dog rushed on at such a rate that there was no possibility for our company to escape him; and Harry, observing that he made directly toward his father, threw himself full in his way. Instantly the envenomed monster sprung up, and cast himself open mouthed upon our hero; but Harry, with a wonderful presence of mind, having wrapped his left arm in the skirt of his coat, dashed it into the frothing jaws of the terrible animal, when, giving a trip, at the same time, to his hinder legs, he threw him flat on the
the

the ground, and, springing up into the air, he descended upon him with all the force of his heels, and dashed his bowels to pieces; whereupon the creature uttered a faint howl, sprawled a while, and expired.

The Earl and Mr. Meekly stood yet a while pale, astonished, and unassured; and my Lord looking about in a panic, cried, Where is the dog, what's become of the mad dog? In the mean time the villagers come on in full pursuit, crying out, The mad dog, the mad dog, take care of the mad dog. But, when they all arrived, and beheld their huge enemy looking formidable even in death, never was amazement equal to theirs. They stared at the Earl, Meekly, and Harry, in turns; and seeing no weapon in any of their hands, God, cried Goodman Demster, God has been wonderfully gracious in your deliverance, my Lord; for nothing less than a thunderbolt could so suddenly have stricken this monster dead. I protest, said the Earl, I was so much alarmed that I know not how it happened. I remember nothing further than that my dear child here thrust himself between his father and danger. But I beheld, said Meekly, when, with one stroke of his arm, he dashed the creature to the ground, and then instantly

stantly crushed him to death with his feet. Not I, Mr. Meekly, modestly replied Harry; God gave me strength for the season in defence of my father. But are you not bit, are you not hurt, my child? cried the Earl, coming up tremblingly to his son. Not touched, indeed, my Lord. "Glory for that in the highest," exultingly cried the Earl.

I knew, exclaimed Tom Truck, with a shout and look of triumph, I knew it could be no other but my brave and noble young master who did the feat. On my life, cried Farmer Felfter, he is able, with his naked arm, like another young David, to save his lambs from the jaws of the lion, and the paws of the bear.

Though these praises served only to put our hero to confusion, they went trickling, like balm of Gilead, to the heart of his father. Pelt, said the Earl, let it be your task to flay and tan me the hide of your own dog. I will have his skin stuffed with incense, and his nails of solid gold; and he shall hang up in my hall, from generation to generation, to commemorate the piety and prowess of my son; mean while, my good friends, I invite you all, with your families, kinsfolk, and neighbours, to come and feast with me this day. Sorrow hath endured her night; but joy cometh, with

with my child, and ariseth on us as a new morning.

In the afternoon all the towns-folk and neighbours, with their wives and children, convened to the great house, having their cattle and themselves heavy laden with faggots for a magnificent illumination. The whole court was spread with tables, and the tables with victuals and liquors.

The Earl, in the joy for his own escape, and the recent prowess of his young hero, went forth with a chearful countenance, and graciously welcomed all his guests; whereat they wished health and long life to his Lordship and their young Lord, and, giving a joint huzza, sat down to their banquet. From whence, after a night far spent in carousal, their great fire being out, and their spirits exhausted, they peacefully helped each other to their respective homes; regretting however, that they had not been honoured with the presence of their young master among them. For Harry had besought his father to dispense with him, yet a while, from partaking in any party or scene of festivity, especially when appointed in his own honour; and Mr. Meekly highly approved and applauded his motion.

On:

On the eve of the following day Mr. Meekly rode abroad on a charitable visit to a dying man in the neighbourhood, and my Lord was fondly toying and patting the cheek of his darling as they stood at the hall-door, when Harry spied a mourning coach turning up the lower end of the great avenue, and instantly cried out, There is my uncle! and off he shot like lightning. The coach drove but slowly, Harry was up with it in a twinkling, and vaulting in at the window, was in the instant in the bosom of his best friend and patron.

In the mean time the Earl had retired into the house in great agitation. He feared and was jealous of the manner in which his brother would meet him, and this gave him equal doubt and hesitation respecting the manner in which he ought to receive his brother. Mr. Clinton, on the other hand, was not wholly without some similar emotions; so that when Harry introduced his uncle into the parlour, no two noble personages could salute each other with a more distant respect.

The Earl, however, on casting a glance upon the face of his brother, felt a tide of returning affection, and, lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, It is he, it is he! my Harry, my Harry Clinton! my
 dear,

dear, my long-lost, my long-sought brother! then hastened forward, in a gush of passion, and caught him in his eager arms. When Mr. Clinton, alternately folding the Earl to his bosom, cried, I am content, O my God! give me now to depart in peace, since at last I find and feel that I have indeed a brother.

Our hero, observing the violence of their emotion, interposed with a gentle care, and supporting them to seats, placed them tenderly by each other.

For a while they both sat silent with a handkerchief at their eyes, till the Earl turned, and plaintively said, You do not forgive me, Harry Clinton; you never will, you never can forgive me, my brother! Whereupon Mr. Clinton caught up the Earl's hand to his lips, and pressing it with a fervent respect, cried, My brother and my Lord, my brother and my Lord!

O then, said the Earl, you do forgive me, I find; but never can I, never will I forgive myself. My faults toward you, my noblest brother, for these many long years, have been ever before me; my neglects, my pride and insolence, my contemptuous treatment of one so highly my superior; of my Harry, the only boast and glory of our house!

Mean while our hero stood aloof with his head averted, weeping and sobbing with evident agitation: till Mr. Clinton cried, No more, my brother, no more, I beseech you! It is already too much; I cannot bear my present excess of grateful affection for you; it struggles to rush forth, but utterance is not given. Beside, we shall break the heart of our dear child there; his nature is too tender to support such a scene as this.

Harry then smilingly turned his face toward his parents, all shining through tears, as the sun in a shower. And advancing, and kneeling before them, as they sat, he took the hands of each alternately, and pressed them in silence to his lips.

In about an hour after, while their affections were still at the highest, but their spirits somewhat composed, Mr. Meekly returned. The Earl immediately rose, and, advancing, took him by the hand with a cordial familiarity. Mr. Meekly, says he, I shall now have the pleasure of introducing you to that inestimable brother of whom you have heard me speak so often. Brother, this is Mr. Meekly, my best and worthiest friend.

Mr. Clinton rose and advanced; and Meekly approached with an abased reverence, not venturing to look up, but saluted

saluted him as he would have saluted an angel of light.

Meekly, Meekly, cried Mr. Clinton, I have surely heard that name before. Pray, Mr. Meekly, were you ever abroad? have you travelled, Sir? were you ever in Holland, Mr. Meekly?

Here Meekly started, as awaked by the sound of a voice, whose recollected tunings went thrilling to his heart; and lifting up his eyes, and beholding the traces of features, once so lovely, and ever deeply engraved on his memory, he started, and staggering back some steps, he sunk down on a chair behind him, almost in a fainting-fit.

The Earl, greatly alarmed, went up, and taking him by the hand, What is the matter, my friend? says he; are you taken suddenly ill, are you not well, my Meekly?

O, my Lord,——he pantingly cried,—— there he is, —— as sure as I live, —— my patron, —— my benefactor, —— the wondrous man that I told you of, —— there he stands, in his own precious person before us!

Mr. Clinton then approached, and taking a seat beside him, leaned toward him with a melting complacence. Mr. Meekly, said he, I expected ere this to

78 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

have embraced you in heaven ; but I rejoice to meet you even on earth ; for I have ever retained a very affectionate impression of you ; and I more especially rejoice to meet you in the present society.

But then,——but then you come alone,——you come alone, my Lord and Master ! —— Alas, you wipe your eye ! —— O then, it must be so ! —— And here he broke into a passionate gush of tears.

My Lord and our hero hereupon recollecting the engaging circumstances of a character, on whose description they had been so lately enamoured, could not refuse their tribute to the memory of that admirable lady, to whose person they now found themselves endearingly attached by affinity.

At length Mr. Clinton, distressed to the last degree for the distress in which he saw the forlorn Meekly, sweetly turned from his own affliction to the consoling of that friend whom he found so deeply afflicted for him.

Mr. Meekly, says he, let us not weep for the living, but rather for the dead ; for those who are yet in the vale of mortality. Shall we mourn the condition of angels ; shall we lament that a weight of glory is fallen on those whom we loved ?

No, let us rather rejoice in the prospect of being speedily partakers.

When supper was over, Harry laid hold of the first interval of converse, to inquire after his friends in town, more especially Mr. Clement and his Arabella, and their little Dicky. They are come, said Mr. Clinton, to sudden and great affluence. Old Clement is thoroughly reconciled to his son, and is dotingly fond of Arabella and her child. I am glad of it with all my heart, cried Harry, clapping his hands; but, pray, how did this matter come about, Sir? By an event, my dear, in which the arm of Providence was signally visible. But before I say how it came to pass, you ought to give our company a short history of this worthy family; they will then become interested in their success.

Harry willingly and gracefully performed the task enjoined him; and then his uncle proceeded:

The second day after you left me, a man of genteel appearance, but pale and bleeding, was carried, stretched on a door, by some of our charitable townsmen, and brought to my house. I was then abroad with Clement on a visit to your old friend Vindex; but the stranger was instantly admitted, and while some of the servants

rode off for a surgeon, others tenderly undressed and put him into a warmed bed.

Soon after I had returned, and was informed of what had passed, the surgeon arrived; and, putting five guineas in his hand, I desired him to attend his patient, and bring me word of his estate. In half an hour he came forth, and, shaking his head, said, Our patient, Sir, will not do. He is wounded in the groin with a pistol-bullet. The ball has got within the abdomen, my instruments will not reach it, and if it has entered the viscera, he will die of convulsions in less than three hours. I have accordingly told the gentleman what I thought of him, and advised him immediately to settle his worldly affairs. He told me his name is Saint Belial, and he requested me, as soon as I reached London, to send Mr. Clement to him, who lives over-against the blue posts in the Strand.

The name of Clement made me curious to know who the party was; and, entering his chamber, I took a chair, and sat down softly by the side of his bed. But the moment that I cast my eye on his visage, I shrunk inward at the shock: for all the malignity and horrors of hell were jointly legible on his countenance.

Humanity,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 79

Humanity, however, compelled me to address him. I am sorry to hear, Sir, said I, that you are not for this world, but I trust that your hope looks forward to a better home. I have no hope, said he, save such as my faith has been, that since I must die, I shall die wholly.

I protest I was so stunned and disconcerted by the words and looks of the man, that I found no answer, and he proceeded.

As I have no further concern with this world, I have sent for an old gentleman with whom I had some connections, and resolve to do an act of justice before I die, the only one that ever I did during my life time. For your charity, and that of your people, has half frightened me into a notion, that there may be something of that which is called goodness upon earth; and then how fearful, how tremendous must my situation be! Wherefore, as old Clement may not arrive in season, I will, with your permission, inform you of such things as concern him. For as I have nothing to hope through all eternity, neither have I any thing to fear on this side of it.

My father's name was Belcher Saint Belial. He was an under-retainer to the law, and raked up a little fortune by
D 4 crooked

80 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

crooked practices ; so that he grew ambitious of preferring me his only child to the bar, and in that view sent me to school, and from school to Oxford. But I ought to have begun my history earlier.

If there are devils, I surely had one before I saw the light, and was filled with the evil spirit from my mother's womb ; insomuch that my nurse died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the envenomed bites I gave her nipple with my toothless gums while she suckled me.

While an infant, I took a heart-felt pleasure in dismembering flies, and impaling worms alive upon pins ; and, when at school, I was the promoter of all parties for worrying and torturing cats and dogs to death. But my principal amusement lay in catching and flaying frogs, in seeing them spring about in the rage of their pains, and so leaving them to perish in unutterable anguish.

As I grew in stature, I grew also in the strength of my malignity. Evil became my good. My enjoyments lay in the loss, damage, and detriment of others. I conceived a kind of envious hate against those who had done me a benefit. I requited open friendship with hidden malevolence ; and I cannot remember, that ever I felt a sense of any thing that goes
by

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 81

by the name of gratitude, humanity, or virtue.

I usually carried about me a walking stick or cane, in the hollow part of which an iron spike was contained, which I could cause to spring forth with a shake of my arm, and again return to its case at pleasure. With this, as I strolled the fields, which I often did for the purpose, I stabbed the cattle of the neighbours in the belly or fundament, and chuckled to see them leap, and kick, and plunge about in their agonies. In short, I drew to myself a kind of comfort from a comparison with the miseries that I inflicted on other creatures; and had the elements been at my control, nothing but pest and hurricane, distemper and lingering death, should have arisen and prevailed throughout the state of nature.

At college I got acquainted with one Clement, a gentle-tempered but weak lad, of whom I made a property. And I prevailed upon him to turn away several of his servants, under colour of their having stolen the cash, books, and other effects, of which I had secretly plundered him.

At length I had private intelligence, that my father had been pilloried for forgery and other double-handed dealings; that

he had died of the bruises which he received on the execution of his sentence; and that his effects had been seized by a variety of claimants. Whereupon, without taking any notice of my father or family, I made my shortest way to London, with all that I could borrow or lay a light hand upon among my acquaintance.

The first thing I did on my arrival, was to wait upon old Clement, the father of my friend, with a forged draught upon him for a hundred pounds; on the sight of which, he so fretted, and exclaimed, and walked about in such perturbation, that I greatly feared I had overshot my mark. At length, however, he laid me down the money; but, catching up a book, swore that it was the last penny his son should receive from him for six months to come.

He then began to question me touching the character of the young gentleman, and, under colour of praising him for articles to which I perceived the old man had an aversion, I exasperated him to such a degree, that he again swore he would hold no further correspondence with him, until he should be fully assured of his reformation.

Having

Having thus effectually cut off all commerce between my friend and his father, I cast aside my fears of being suddenly brought to account for my late acquisition. I was even so daring as to take lodgings the very next door, where I got in league with a young woman of a most seducing face and person, but whose profligacy of manners was artful'y covered by the most artless appearance of shame-faced innocence that ever graced the feigned character of any actress on any stage.

She did not attempt, however, to impose upon me, for kindred minds like ours instantly saw into each other; and we soon concerted a plan for her marrying Goodman Clement, and dividing the spoils of the old miser between us.

This we easily brought about, and never was man so happy in being so imposed upon, while I shared with him in the possession of his purse and his bride.

In the mean time, as I had promised to procure him intelligence concerning his son, I produced several forged letters from pretended correspondents in Cambridge, containing such accounts of the gallantries and other extravagancies of young Clement, as wholly alienated his father's affections from him, and he sent him a

final note, whereby he discarded him from his fortune for ever.

About two years thus passed in the full enjoyment of all that could glut flesh and blood ; though, in order to ingratiate myself with the old man, I appeared to him the most frugal and abstemious of mankind. But one night, while Mrs. Clement and I sat together, indulging ourselves in the hope that the good man had been knocked on the head, or had fallen dead of an apoplexy, he was brought to us in a chair, pale and wounded, and told us, that he should have been certainly murdered, had he not, by the most wonderful providence, met with his son, who bravely knocked down the robber, and happily delivered him ; and that he had given him what cash he had about him, with a note for five hundred pounds on the bank.

All in a panic, and thunderstruck as I was by this news, I yet pretended to congratulate him on the return of his son to duty, but advised him to bed directly for the recovery of his health and spirits.

The remainder of the night I walked about, agonizing, and racking my brain for some expedient to divert the instant ruin that impended ; when a sudden thought started, or was rather infused into
me,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 85

me, and at dawn of day I went to an agent, who had done several jobs for me of no very laudable tendency.

When I had given him his lesson, and put twenty guineas into his hand, he hastily went and desired to see Mr. Clement on business of great consequence; when, falling on his knees, he confessed with appearing penitence, that he was the person who had wounded him the foregoing night; that he did not intend to hurt him so much, but that young Mr. Clement had hired him for the purpose, and lay in wait hard by, in order that he might appear to come in to his rescue.

This tale was so feasible, that the old man swallowed it as a greedy fish swallows the bait that at the same time conveys the barb into his bowels. He thereupon had me called to him in a hurry; told me what he had discovered; and gave me order to stop payment of the five hundred pounds, with a hasty note to be left at the bank for his son.

On the way I recollected an advertisement in the public papers, that offered a large reward for the caption of one Arabella Clement, who had been guilty of the murder of the late Lord Stivers; and it instantly occurred to me, that she was probably the wife of my quondam friend
and

§6 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

and patron. Wherefore as soon as I had dispatched my business at the bank, I ran and collected a number of constables, and waited with them aloof till I saw the object, whom I dreaded and detested above plague and poison, enter, and return discontented at the disappointment I had prepared for him. We then dogged him at a distance till we saw him safe lodged; and following softly up stairs, we demanded a woman, who stood before us, for our prisoner.

Young Clement then, all enraged, exerted himself with wonderful action and intrepidity. With one stroke of a poker he tore off my right ear, and cleft my shoulder to the bone; then drove us all down stairs, though several shot were fired at him.

What happened to him afterwards, I knew only from report; for I lay ill of my wounds for several months together, and, on my recovery, could learn no tidings concerning him.

In the mean space my continual fears of his appearance made my life extremely miserable. My paramour and I had often thoughts and consultations touching the expediency of making away with the old gentleman; but it occurred to us, that young Clement might still be alive, and,
on

on the death of his father, might bring us to a severe account for his substance.

At length, about six weeks ago, as I returned from transacting an affair at St. Alban's, I met, and instantly recognized my old enemy, walking with a young gentleman, about a mile from this town. Immediately I stopped, and, pulling my hat over my eyes, Pray, Gentlemen, said I, am I on the right road to London? for I have travelled far, and fear I may have gone astray. You are on the direct road, said the lad; but if you chuse to stop short, you are heartily welcome to a lodging with us for the night. Why, Gentlemen, said I, do you live in yonder town? We do, said Clement. In that answer I had all the intelligence I desired, and away I spurred.

From that time scarce a day passed wherein I did not take an airing on the same road, still expecting and panting to meet my adversary. I rode armed with one case of pistols before me, and another in my pockets; and I determined, though I should meet Clement in the midst of an hundred men, to shoot him directly through the head, and trust to the speed of my horse for my escape. But, this day, as I returned near the farther end of the town, a white goat, pursued by a dog, rushed suddenly

suddenly through a hedge; whereupon my horse plunged, and one of the pistols that was ready cocked in my waistcoat-pocket, went off, and reduced me to the condition in which you behold me.

His last words were scarce intelligible. He was seized with convulsions, and lay speechless near two hours. At length old Clement arrived; his servants helped him out of his coach; I met him in the hall, and led him into the parlour.

There, being both seated, I succinctly gave him the heads of St. Belial's history. When looking earnestly at me, You appear, Sir, said he, to be much of the gentleman; but if you were an angel, I would credit nothing against the honesty of that good young man; and least of all to the prejudice of the dear young innocent that I have married.

I confess I was somewhat piqued at this sudden rebuff; but, suppressing the tendency that I had to resentment, I wish, said I, you had come time enough to be present at the unhappy man's confession; but it may yet please God to open your eyes to your own wrongs before he expires.

So saying, I conducted him to the room where the wretch lay, to all appearance, insensible. I then recollected an approved elixir

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 89

elixir that I had in my closet; and sending for it, I infused a tea-spoonful, drop by drop, into his mouth.

In a quarter of an hour he came perfectly to his senses, and turning his languid eyes toward the old man, You are come then, said he, to hear my dying words. — I forged the note for which you gave me a hundred pounds. — I forged all the letters that you received to your son's prejudice. — I was the father of the child which the strumpet, with whom you live, brought into the world. — She is not your wife. — She is wife to Caleb Cable, the botswain, who lives by the monument. — He has got hundreds of your money for keeping counsel. — It was, in truth, your son who rescued you from the hands of the robber. — I forged the tale, and bribed the man who deceived you in that matter. — Often, as you lay in bed, Moll Cable has urged me to dispatch you before morning. — Had I murdered your son, as I long since intended, you should not have survived him four and twenty hours.

Here, turning his eager and ghastly visage upon me, O Sir, said he, is there, is there for certain, a judgment to come? Alas! I answered, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, are the four capital things
of

90. THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

of which the universe affords the highest, and deepest assurance. O then, he cried, I am going, down! down! down!

This he spoke with all the visible horrors and desperation conceivable in Judas, when just about fixing the rope to his neck; and lapsing into his last agonies, he soon expired,

All pale and astonished, the old gentleman sat silent and panting; and seeing he was about to faint, I ordered some drops and water, with a bottle of wine, while I supported him from falling.

When he was somewhat restored, and had recovered his speech, he laid hold on my hand, and said, I beg your pardon, Sir; I would do it, if I were able, upon my knees. But who could have thought this? — I wish that I had indeed been murdered. — I would that I had died, before I was thus undeceived in the only objects of my love. — Alas, Sir, I have now no relation, no kindred, no friend except yourself upon earth. All others are equally plunderers and murderers in my eyes. — These words were interrupted by a flood of tears.

Having consoled him in the kindest manner I could, word was brought that dinner was served, and I led him partly by constraint to the table; but whispered
private

private orders, that Arabella and her Dicky should not appear, for Clement said to dine with his friend Vindex.

After he had dined, and drank three glasses of wine, which was all I could force upon him, I remonstrated the expediency of his immediate return to secure his effects, lest all should be spirited away upon any intimation of the present accident. Ah, Sir, said he, I shall scarce, I fear, be able to bear the sight of a place in which I so long thought myself so very happy; but if you will be so gracious as to accompany me, I will venture. I will, said I, on condition that you engage to return and sleep here this night.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at his house in my coach, attended by his two servants and four of mine, well armed. As we entered the parlour, his supposed wife rose in an alarm that she evidently endeavoured to suppress. What is the matter, lovee? said she, advancing; for what did Saint Belial send to you? It became him much better to have attended on you, methinks. I fear my lovee is sadly tired; but, pray, what did he want with you? To tell me, answered old Clement, that he was a dying man, that I was a dupe and a cuckold, and that you were a strumpet.

O sic,

92 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

O fie, lovee, said she, those are very naughty names; but you cannot be in earnest.

Step, said he, and inquire of Caleb Cable, the boatwain; tell him at the same time, that I cannot afford to maintain his wife any longer, and that he has seen the very last of his hush-money. Ah, Polly, Polly, he continued, meltingly, all this I could almost away with; but murder is a frightful thing; who could think that my Polly would murder her old man?

O then, she cried, I see that the villain has betrayed me. I see that I am undone. My youth and beauty cast away, my arts and time spent in vain! Why, you dotting, drivelling wretch, your fortune was little enough to compensate the pains I took in disguising my aversion to you. But you shall not live to triumph in my disappointment.

So saying, she sprung forward, and, grasping his neck in both her hands, he instantly grew black in the face, his eyes rolled, his jaws expanded, and he must have expired on the spot, but I stepped hastily to her, and seizing both her wrists, I gave them a sudden wrench; whereupon she loosed her hold, shouting out that her arms were broke; and throwing herself,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 93

herself, groaning, into a chair, she called for instant perdition on me, the crazy dotard, herself, and all the world.

In the mean time, the old gentleman had sunk panting to the floor; but, raising him gently, I placed him on a large sofa, where he began to respire with freedom.

I then sent for a constable; and giving our heroine into his hands, I desired him to provide her with a decent room and suitable accommodations, and not to admit any company, except her servant, till further orders. Ay, away with her, away with her, at any rate! exclaimed the old man; she has the looks of a very gorgon, and every hair of her head is turned into a frightful serpent.

As soon as she was gone, I called her principal maid; and, putting a few pieces into her hand, I desired her to follow her mistress, and to serve her with care and tenderness; and further to intimate to her, that when she gave any proofs of repentance and reformation, she should yet be humanely and generously provided for.

Having thus far settled matters, I gave commission to James and Andrew, with a male domestic in whom the old man confided, to remain and take care of the
house

94 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

house and effects; and, taking the keys of the cabinets with us, we set off on our return to Hampstead.

On the way Mr. Clement grew deeply dejected, and, sighing, said, O Sir, how strong, how very strongly is the desire of society impressed on the human heart! when, even in the absence of robbers and murderers, I feel a want and disconsolation that I cannot express. I have now no relation, no friend but yourself, no kindred or connection with any other upon earth. To you, indeed, I owe my life, and all else that I am worth; and, if you will not chase me from you, if you will allow me to remain with you, you shall be all the world to me, the heir and sole possessor of all that I possess.

But have you not a son? I cannot think I have, said he; it is now above eight years since I set eyes on my dear Hammel, the precious pearl whom, in my dotage, I madly cast away. But, were he still living, after what is past, I could never more have the courage to look him in the face. A cruel and a false pelican have I proved to my little one; instead of fostering him with my vitals, I have withheld and torn from him even the common means of life.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 95

Do you know none of your name, said I, who may claim your substance under colour of being of your blood? Not any, Sir; my father was a foreigner, and I never heard of any other of the name in this nation.

There is one of your name, said I, who lives in our town. But then he is in flowing circumstances, quite above the desire of increasing his fortune by base or low means. He is my most intimate friend, a very accomplished gentleman, and has one of the finest women to wife, and two of the loveliest children that I have seen. If you please, I will invite and introduce them to you, to-night, or to-morrow.

On our arrival, I left old Clement a while in the parlour, while I stepped to give private directions respecting the conduct of your tutor, Harry, and the interview which I proposed between him and his father.

Sir, said I as I returned, I have taken the liberty to invite your namesakes to sup with you. They are a very amiable family, and I hope that their company and acquaintance will prove a matter of consolation, perhaps a blessing to you. Ah, he cried, my claims are of a very different nature; I have no right to blessings or consolations of any kind.

Some

Some time before supper a rapping was heard, and Arabella entered, leading in a little daughter of about four years old, and followed by her son Dicky, all elegantly dressed.

Madam, said I, this is a namesake of yours, my worthy friend Mr. Clement; pray let me have the pleasure of introducing you to each other.

When they were both seated, the old gentleman took out his perspective, and, peering at her for some time, Ah, he cried, what lovely faces there are in the world! but all have not proved lovely throughout like you, Madam.

He then called Dicky to him, and taking him by both hands, and bringing him forward between his knees, What is your name, my dear? says he. Richard Clement, Sir, so please you. I would it were Bartholomew, replied the old gentleman; but names signify nothing; you are a sweet little fellow, and perhaps may be something the better for my death. I would not wish your death, Sir, said Dicky, for all that I could get by you. O, how very heavenly, exclaimed the old man, how heavenly is the simplicity and disinterestedness of infants!

He next requested Arabella to spare her little daughter to him, for a minute; and she

she accordingly took and led her to him : when fondly careſſing her, and ſeating her on his knee, Could you find in your heart, ſays he, to love ſuch an ugly old thing as I am? Yes, *me* could, ſays ſhe, and *me* has got ſome comfits for you in my pocket. Whereupon ſhe produced a little paper, and, unfolding it, preſented him with ſome candied feeds and almonds. O my God! cried the old man, what a heaven ſhould I yet enjoy upon earth, could I but purchaſe the ſociety of theſe dear infants! ——— I heard him with a moiſtening eye, and rejoiced in the ripening fruits of my little project.

Pray, Madam, ſays I, what is become of our good friend your huſband ; are we not to have the happineſs of his company to-night? Sir, ſays ſhe, he was engaged on indiſpenſable buſineſs at the time, but will certainly attend you before ſupper.

She had ſcarce ſpoke, when a ſecond rapping was heard, and in came our Hammel, not in gay but coſtly apparel, as I had appointed.

On introducing the ſon to his venerable father, they reſpectfully ſaluted each other as utter ſtrangers ; for our preſent Hammel was more different from the meagre and threadbare Hammel that his

98 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

father had last seen, than Pharaoh's fat kine could be from his lean ones.

During supper and after, I purposely threw out occasional topics, and gave several opens wherein I knew that Hammel could shine; and he accordingly made use of them with great spirit and advantage.

His father gazed at him with a respectful admiration, and at length exclaimed, You are an ornament, an honour, Sir, to your name, to your lineage, and the country wherein you were born. But pray of what family? Alas, Sir, you add stings to the recollection of my faults this day. I once had a son, a son who, in an humble degree, might now have resembled yourself; but my unkindness must long since have broken his gentle heart. My child saved me from murderers, and I in return was the murderer of my child. O, Hammel, my Hammel, my son, my son Hammel, would to God I had died before I had wronged thee! Would God I had died for thee, O Hammel, my son, my son!

His last words were broken, and nearly suppressed by a gush of tears, when the tender-hearted Hammel turned an eye upon me, and cried, O, Sir, we have gone too far! — Then hastily advancing, he

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 99

threw himself at the knees of his father. I am here, Sir, he cried, your Hammel, your own Hammel, in all duty and affection, submissive and prostrate before you.

You my Hammel! are you my Hammel? asked the old man. Ah, had you but his famished face and his tattered garment, I would take you to my arms, to my heart, into my vitals.

O, my father, cried Hammel, look not so strange and wild upon me! I am indeed your child, once the darling of your heart, whom you fostered so tenderly, and nurtured at school and college; the true son of your true wife; look upon me, my father. You often told me that I was her picture; do you not see the very features of my dear mother in my face?

Yes, yes, I think I do.——— But then I have been mightily imposed upon of late. I would you were leaner and worse clad, my child: however, if you come in the name of my son, I also will kneel down, and crave his pardon and your pardon.

Here the old gentleman sunk down upon his knees; and poor Hammel, starting up at the same instant, cried aloud,

100 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Alas, Sir, he is beside himself, and I too shall go distracted.

I then was grieved at heart for the stratagem I had made use of, to connect this worthy family the more endearingly together; and, coming soothingly to him, and raising him in my arms, I replaced him in his seat, and said, Believe me, trust to me, my dear Mr. Clement; this is your true child, your only child, your true Hammel. He has lived with me many years. I can prove him to be yours by a thousand witnesses, by those who can witness what he has suffered on account of being your son.

Well, well, well, said he whisperingly, it does not signify much, for I have another one coming; my Polly is now in the ninth week of her reckoning. — Ay, but that Saint Belial, who knows but the child may be an imp of his begetting? — A cursed couple they are, I am sure; she a succubus, and he the devil himself incarnate. — I hope they did not hear me; — shut the door! — O, there they are! — Save me, save me! — they come upon me! — My throat, they gripe my throat! — My breath, my breath! — Oh —

Here he swooned. But, on taking a little blood, he came to himself. So I

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 101

ordered all to be kept quiet about him ; and getting him to bed, he swallowed a soporific draught, slept soundly till morning, and awoke in his perfect senses.

I then went to bid him good morrow, and took a chair by his bedside. — That was a mighty agreeable family, said he, who supped with you last night, Sir. The very worthiest, I replied, that I know upon earth. — You called them Clement, I think. — That is their name, Sir. — Pray did they go home? — No, they are here still. At times we make but one family and one household.

While I spoke, I was surpris'd to see Clement enter, dressed in the same shabby cloaths in which we first found him, Harry; and the old gentleman, turning his head to the door, started up in his bed, and cried, If I am a living man, that is surely my Hammel, my very son Hammel.

On hearing this, poor Clement leaped hastily forward, and, falling by the bed, seized one of his father's hands, repeatedly kissed it, and wept upon it. You are restored to me then, he cried, my father, my father! God be praised, God be praised! You are restored to me entire, I trust, with all that paternal and melting fondness which was once the blessing and the

treasure that I prized above the world. No, Hammy, said the old man, I will not deceive you, I cannot love you as I once loved you, because you can never forgive me. If you could forgive me, Hammy, I would love you with a double love, a love passing the love of fathers.

O, my father, exclaimed Hammel, this one happy moment of reconciliation amply outweighs all sufferings. Permit me then, my dearest father, to introduce those to you who have an equal right to your blessing.

So saying, off he went, and brought in Arabella, with her attending children; and all the four kneeled down by the side of the old man.

O, my God! he cried out, you are too bountiful, too gracious, you oppress, you crush me to nothing with this exceeding weight of your benefits! I was a withered and a blasted branch, and you have cauced me, like Aaron's rod, to bud and blossom anew, and to bear these blessed fruits, I trust, to your glory.

When breakfast was laid, and the old gentleman dressed, I sent up for him; and when we were seated, Clement entered with his family, all elegantly dressed, as on the preceding night. Hammel, said I, how came you by that disguise which you put

put on this morning? You looked so unlike yourself, you almost frightened me.— Do you not remember that dress, Sir?— How should I remember what I never saw before? — O, you did see them before, Sir? those were the weeds I wore when you saved me and mine from famishing; and I have ever since preserved, and shall ever preserve them, as the precious memorial of my obligations to you. What, exclaimed the old gentleman, my life; and your life? Has he saved your life also, my son? Yes, Sir, cried the grateful creature, all who are alive here, live only by — Here, while I put one hand to the mouth of my friend, his venerable father seized hold of the other, and bending one knee, he pressed it to his lips, in a silence that surpassed all possible utterance.

But pray, Mr. Clement, said I, to turn aside the subject, what do you propose to do with Mrs. Cable? You know, that, in case of penitence, I promised to have her taken care of. To be sure, Sir, said he, I will make good all your engagements; and I will further do whatever she desires, on condition of her residing in a different country, or rather in a different kingdom; for I would not for the world that she should come within the reach of me, by

fifty leagues at least, unless you were always to be with me for a safeguard.

I laughed, and immediately Mrs. Cable's maid entered all in a heat, with a frightened and imploring countenance. So, my good girl, said I, how is your mistress to-day? Ah, Sir! she cried, I have but a very sad account to give you of my commission. My mistress is dead, and I doubt that I myself have been ignorantly her murderer.

Soon after she was shewn to her apartment, Hetty, says she, I find myself growing very sick, pray step and bring me the little bottle of cordial, that you will find standing in such a corner of my closet. I did as I was ordered; and, returning in all haste, I presented her with the bottle. When, looking mournfully at it, and giving a heavy sigh, Ay, she cried, this is the right cordial, this will do the business; then, calling for a wine-glass, she filled and drank it off.

In a little while after, she complained of being drowsy; whereupon I undressed and helped her to bed, and, lighting a candle, I sat down to watch beside her. For a time she appeared to sleep quite sound and easy, but again began to moan and toss the cloaths. In a while after, however, she seemed quite composed. But,
toward

toward the dead of night, not hearing her breathe, I held up the candle, and saw that her fine face was livid and ghastly, and her skin all discoloured.

I then thought, that I myself should have dropped dead on the spot. I gave a great shriek, and, I believe, continued shrieking till the keeper and a servant-maid came in. So, Sir, if your Honour is pleased to think that the blame of this matter belongs to me, I am come to deliver myself up to justice.

No, my girl, said I, you are not at all suspected. I do not perceive any interest that you could possibly have in this melancholy event. No, Sir, said old Clement, I can answer for her innocence; she is but a late comer, she was particularly tender of me, and, I dare say, knew nothing of the ill designs of her mistress. And so, Hetty, I will recommend you to a better mistress, Hetty, an angel of a mistress, even to my own dearest daughter, who sits blushing before you there.

That night, after the inquest of the coroners, Mrs. Cable was secretly buried in the fields; and my servants interred her confederate on the high road; for I did not chuse to have the sacred ceremony of our church profaned over a reprobate,

106 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

who rejected the hope of a blessed resurrection.

The day before I set forward, our kind-hearted Clement earnestly petitioned to accompany me, and urged his impatience to embrace you, my Harry; but this I peremptorily refused, as I was sensible that his own affairs demanded his presence. So I came away alone, yet attended by the tears and good wishes of the happiest family that is, I think, within his Majesty's dominions.

My dearest brother, said the Earl, the latter part of your story is exceedingly pleasing, and yet scarce makes amends for the horrors that preceded. My flesh, as well as my spirit, still shudder at the character of that accursed Belial. I did not think that such a malevolence and malignity of disposition could be generated in the bottom of hell itself.

And yet, my Lord, I am persuaded, said Mr. Clinton, that could it please God, at this instant, to withdraw from me the influence of his holy and happy Spirit, I should become altogether as evil as Belial himself.

I cannot think so, my brother, replied the Earl, you would still continue a rational and free creature. There is certainly a distinction in the nature of things; there

there is the beautiful and deformed, the amiable and detestable; your judgment would approve the one, and reject the other; and your freedom of agency would act conformably to your election.

Ah, my Lord, cried Mr. Clinton, what things, what beauty, what amiableness, what freedom is this that you speak of? Have you found out another universe, or another Deity beside him in whom our life subsists? Are there any things in nature, save the things of our God? Or what beauty or amiableness can they possibly exhibit, save what they derive from him; save some quality or impregnation, some manifestation or impression of his own beauty or amiableness?

To make this matter clear, let us go somewhat deeper, quite back, if you please, my Lord, to the very birth of things.

Throughout nature, we find that God can impart to his creatures a being, an identity, a fire of life, an intelligence or sagacity, a consciousness, a force or action, a will, and a freedom, distinct from himself, and distinct from each other; and this is the utmost extent of created nature, whether respecting the powers that are in hell or in heaven, whether respecting the highest seraphim that are in bliss or in perdition.

Now, all these powers of high prerogatives, although distinct from God, are infinitely far from being independent of him; for he will not, he *cannot* depart from his supremacy, nor that universality of essence; by and in him alone all essences subsist. He can, indeed, impart the fore-mentioned powers to any limited degree that he pleases; but then, in their highest degree of fire, life, or sagacity, force, action, or freedom, you will perceive, on the slightest reflection, that there is nothing of the *beautiful* or *amiable* that you spoke of; but that they are equally applicable, and may be equally exercised to evil or good purposes, according to the nature or disposition of the agent.

Your pardon for one minute, my noble brother; I have already specified the many great and wonderful powers that God can impart to his creatures, distinctly, though not independently, from himself. But there is one power, one quality which God cannot create; which, with all his omnipotence, he cannot possibly impart, in any kind of distinction or separability from himself; and this quality is called **GOODNESS**.

And now, my dear Lord, in order to convince you of this most capital and most important of all truths, a truth upon
which

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 109

which time, eternity, and the universe all turn, as on their axis, it may be necessary to inquire what GOODNESS is.

It will be answered, that GOODNESS is various and infinite in its kinds and degrees. It is so indeed, for it is, at once, ONE and MANY. It springs forth from our God, as the living fountain in paradise, that thence divided it into rivers and numberless streams, to water and replenish the whole earth. All those streams, however, were but so many parts or portions of the one variously-blest fountain, and that fountain is LOVE; it is the LOVE of others, my Lord.

There is no species of allowed or conceivable virtue, that is not reducible under the standard of this their great leader, and all-generating parent, called LOVE. GOOD-WILL is the eternal blest of all to whom it is beneficial, and also generates its own blessing in the very act of its love.

Here lies the great and impassable gulf between God and his productions, between the creature and the Creator. The will of God is an eternal FIRE OF LOVE toward his creatures, and goes forth in blessings upon them as wide and universal as his own existence. But the will of the creature is confined and limited like its essence.

PRO THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

essence. While it is distinct, or uninformed of the will of God, it cannot possibly act beyond or out of itself; it cannot possibly feel for any thing except itself, it cannot wish any welfare except its own welfare, and this it endeavours to compass by the exertion of all its powers. Indeed, we may as well suppose that a crude rock, at the extremity of either pole, while compassed by perpetual darkness, and compacted by perpetual frost, should yet kindle itself, and beam forth in light and warmth upon all around, as that any created will should, of its own powers, go forth in affection or kindness upon others.

From this distinct, selfish, and craving will of the creature springs every possible evil, whether natural or moral. From the preference of its own identity to that of others, ariseth pride. From the eagerness of its grasping at all advantages to itself, ariseth the envy of any imaginary advantage to another. Pride, covetousness, and envy beget hatred, wrath, and contention, with every species and degree of malevolence and malignity; and the disappointment of these passions produces rancour and misery; and, all together, they constitute the whole nature and kingdom of hell itself in the soul.

But,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. III

But, when God is pleased to inform the will of the creature with any measure of his own benign and benevolent will, he steals it sweetly forth in affection to others. He speaks peace to the storm of rending passions, and a new and delightful dawning arises on the spirit. And thus, on the grand and final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the WILE OF GOOD TO ALL, our Jesus will take in hand the resigned chordage of our hearts, he will tune them, as so many instruments, to the song of his own sentiments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, and the goodness of our God become the wisdom, might, and goodness of all his intelligent creatures. The happiness of each shall multiply and overflow in the wishes and participation of the happiness of all. The universe shall begin to sound with the song of congratulation, and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah, of praise transcending praise, and glory transcending glory, to God and the Lamb.

Hasten, hasten that blessed period, great God, we beseech thee! exclaimed the Earl. But, tell me, my heavenly brother, for it is surely in heaven that you hold your conversation, and from whence

112 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

whence you derive all your knowledge and lights; tell me then, is there no distinction, no preference, in matter of goodness, between creature and creature, between man and man? For this seems to be the consequence of what you have set forth very nearly, I acknowledge, to mathematical demonstration.

Your question, my dear Lord, is very deep, said Mr. Clinton, and still leads to greater depths than I would chuse to disclose before our Harry yet a while. I will however attempt, in few and simple words, to give you some satisfaction on this most interesting article.

There are two great and capital errors, under which the world of man hath laboured, and still continues to labour ever since the creation. The first is, that of ascribing and imputing to ourselves every emotion and inclination toward virtue or goodness, that we feel within us: the second is, that, as free agents, we are enabled to elect and reject, merely by the act of our own will, independent of any impulse or bias whatever.

I have already shewn your Lordship, that every created will, independent of the will of its God, can be no other than an eager craving after its own happiness, and cannot possibly be affected in behalf
of.

of another creature, who is wholly distinct from it, and wholly an alien to it. Wherefore, every created will, in such a separate and adverse state, is altogether as an Ishmael, whose hand is against every one, and every one's hand against him.

On the other hand, I have shewn you, that God, the sole fountain of all being and blessedness, can, in his nature and disposition, be nothing but LOVE; and that, even in loving himself, he must love his own productions, the realizing of his own ideas, and the work of his own power. What, indeed, should hinder our God from being wholly a God of LOVE? Was there any thing before him, was there any thing coæval with him to control or oppose him? Had he any thing to envy, had he any thing to excite his anger, except his own conceptions? and these he was at liberty to bring, or not to bring into existence or perceptibility, even at his own pleasure. What then should affect him with the slightest tincture of malignity? Could he add to his own happiness by rousing the hateful passions within his own blessed bosom? We may more rationally suppose that the sun in his zenith should have his light impaired by a momentary mist, than that the Deity should be affected,

114 THE FOOL OF QUALITY,

ed, with any touch of malevolence, by any creature, or by all the creatures that his omnipotence can produce.

Purblind reason, here, will say, even the goodness of God himself, in the human heart, will say, If our God is all LOVE, if he is a will to all rectitude and happiness in his creatures, why did he suffer any evil to begin in creation? Could evil have arisen contrary to the will of Omnipotence, if Omnipotence had willed that it should not arise?

Ah, my friends, no evil ever did or ever can approach the will of God; neither can he will or affect any species of evil in nature, but he can allow a temporary evil in the creature, as a travail toward its birth into the more eminent degree of that goodness and happiness which God affects. God cannot affect or take delight in the sufferings of the most abandoned reprobate that ever blasphemed his name; but he can will that the sinner should be reclaimed, to happiness, even by suffering, when there are no other means in nature whereby he may be reclaimed.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapse or evil, have been made duly sensible of the darkness and dependence of their created nature, and
of

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 115

of the distance and distinction between themselves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful consequences of falling off from him, without seeing any example, or experiencing any consequence of such a fall; could they have otherwise felt and found that every act of created will, and every attempt at created power, was a forsaking of that eternal wisdom and strength in which they stood; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowliness, that resignation, that gratitude of burning affection which the ~~vain~~ will of the mortified sinner feels, when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could those endearing relations have subsisted in creation, which have since newly arisen between God and ~~his lapsed~~ creatures, wholly subsequent thereto; those relations, I say, of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of conversion that extracts good out of evil, of a love that no apostasy can quench, that no offences can conquer; if these eternal benefits could have been introduced, without their ground or foundation in the admission of evil, no lapse or falling off would ever have been.

To

116 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

To make this matter still clearer, if possible: — In the dark and the boundless mirror, called nature, God beheld and contemplated, from all eternity, the loveliness of his own light, and the beauty of his own ideas, even those ideas to which he had determined to impart perceptibility, or a consciousness and feeling of existence *in him*. He also contemplated therein the infinity of possibilities, all causes with their consequences in the remotest relation, all events that ever should or ever could come to pass.

He saw, that, without an intelligent desire, no creature could be excellent, or formed in his likeness. But he saw also, that, unless such intelligence should be ruled by his wisdom, and such a desire wholly conformable to his will, the creature could not be wise, the creature could not be happy.

In the possibility of the creature's desire of independence God saw the possibility of moral and natural evil: but he saw, that such partial and temporary evil might be converted to the production of an infinity of good; and he saw, that, without the admission of such evil, the good that bore relation thereto could not arise.

He knew, that, till the lapse or falling off of some of his creatures, his own infinite

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 117

finite attributes could not duly be manifested, could not be duly adorned in the glory of their contrast: that no creature, till then, could be duly sensible of its own fallibility, could be duly sensible that sufficiency and perfection were solely in God, and that all things depended on him as well for every quality of blessedness as of *being*.

He foresaw all the misery that should attend upon error; but he saw also how amiable, how beneficial was the sense of such error; how it might serve to sap the self-confidence of the creature, and engage him to cast his trust where his strength alone lay. And he the more willingly permitted the sufferings of all his fallen offspring, as the future blissful period was already present to him, when the miseries of the short parenthesis, called time, should be for ever shut up between the two eternities; and when all his beloved and rectified creatures should enter upon the fulness of the enjoyment of their God.

From the blackness of guilt, and the cloud of pains, calamities, diseases, and deaths, God saw remorse, contrition, humility, patience, and resignation, beaming forth into new wonders of light and eternal life. He saw new relations, new connections,

118 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

connections, new endearments arise, between created good and created evil, between transgression and redemption, repentance and pardon; and he joyed without beginning, in calling his loved offspring from error to rectitude, from lowliness to exaltation, from death into life, from time to eternity, and from transitory afflictions into ever-enduring and ever-increasing blessedness.

God foresaw, in future worlds of new and wonderful construction, the frailty and lapse of his favourite family of man. He saw him sunk into the inclemency of outward elements, and into the inward darkness and wrath of his distinct and limited nature; externally besieged and tempted by lying offers of enjoyment, and internally rent by disappointed desires and malignant passions. But he had provided a redemption of such stupendous potency, as would not suffer the perverse creature to tear itself out of the arms of his affection. He had provided a seed of the SON OF HIS LOVE, that should take root in man's world of inward and outward evil, that should grow as a fragrant flower through corruption and abomination, into the freedom, the light, and the purity of heaven; that should reprove his unrighteousness, that should convict him of wickedness,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 119

wickedness, that should convince him of weakness, and soften him into sorrow for his own transgressions; that should melt him into a sense of the calamity of others; that should diffuse, as a dawning light, through his dark and angry nature, subduing his pride, assuaging his passions; calling him forth from self into the expansion of benevolence, into all the charities and amities, the feelings and offices of the human heart *thus made divine*; and lastly, maturing in him a different nature and a new creature; that God may be in all men the ONE WILL TO THE ONE GOODNESS, thereby uniting all men as one man in their God. For deep, indeed, are all his counsels; and all the mazes of his providence will finally unwind themselves in the rectitude and fulness of the wisdom of his love.

That a creature, unexperienced or newly brought into being, should stand in the state in which he felt his delight; or even that he should fall therefrom, by attempting at something through an *own* will, and the presumption of an *own* power, does not appear to have any thing very wonderful in it; but that a creature, already fallen into the misery and depravity of a second and base nature, should rise again superior to its original
goodness

120 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

goodness and glory, this is the work produced in time that will be matter of chief amazement throughout the second eternity.

That man, I say, fallen into a body of bestial flesh and members, fallen into the properties of a wrathful nature; fallen into circling elements of hostility, dis-temperature, and dissolution to his frame; that man, I repeat it, thus degraded and weakened, thus oppressed and assaulted from within and from without, should yet advance and proceed through his course of appointed warfare, denying his own appetites, pulling down his own pride, combating sufferings with patience, subduing injuries with love, delighting to labour under the hinder part of that cross which Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear; conquering, rising, triumphing over desires, disappointments, tribulations, languor, sickness, failing existence, and death; and all this, without any constraint or violation of that principle of liberty which his ETERNALLY-FREE PROGENITOR imparted unto him; this indeed is a wonder to cherubim and seraphim, and, from eternity to eternity, the GREATEST WORK of God.

Here, brother, said the Earl, you expressly acknowledge that man is a free agent.

I acknowledge,

I acknowledge, answered Mr. Clinton, that man has a principle or seed of liberty within him, a power of turning, or, at least, of leaving his will, to the impulse of good on the one hand, or of evil on the other, he could not otherwise be accountable; and this brings me directly to your Lordship's question respecting the distinction in point of merit between man and man.

KNOW THYSELF, was the wisest of all the laws in the ancient schools; for the most useful of all studies to man is that of man.

MAN has been represented, by the boastings of Pagan philosophy, as equal in many respects, and in some articles superior, to what they conceived of the Godhead.

They define him a rational and lordly intelligence, sole dictator to his own actions, controller of his own passions, and of powers, virtues, and faculties wholly free and independent. But what says nature on this head?

Man goes out of this world, even as he comes into it, quite passive and without his own consent. From the womb to the time of his maturing in reason, and even till some degree of power is awakened in him toward governing his appe-

tites and resisting his inclinations, he is as merely a sensual and servile machine as any inferior animal in the creation. His pulses beat, his blood circulates, and all the offices of respiration, secretion, and perspiration are performed alike awake as asleep, without any more attention or care on his part than if he had no interest or concern therein.

In the mean time, he is begirt by outward objects, and outward elements, which hold an intimate correspondence and perpetual communication with his flesh, with all his organs, and his animal life; exciting in him a variety of appetites and desires, which he can no more resist than a twig can swim against a torrent; inasmuch, that were this the whole of the man, with respect to his appetites, he would of necessity be a brute, and with respect to his passions, he would of necessity be a devil.

Thus far, my Lord, you see that man is wholly acted upon, and does nothing but as he is incited or impelled thereto; and were there no other agent within him to act upon him on the opposite part, had he no present friend to combat with and control the evil propensities of his nature, he would be as totally a slave to his carnal and diabolical lusts,

as

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 123

as the rower in a galley is to the bench whereon he is chained.

But, blessed be our all-creating, all-redeeming, and all-loving friend, who is ever present in us and to us, and does not leave our impotence destitute of his help; who, in the centre of our old and reprobated Adam, hath implanted a divine seed of a new nature and a new creature; even the renewed image of himself in our souls. It is this infant resemblance of himself in our essence, which God always cherishes, which he always elects, which he pursues, which he calls upon by the word of the Son of his love, which he informs with the breath of his Holy Spirit, whispering into it the still voice of his own beatifying affections.

Now, though these two seeds or principles are so intimately united in us, that very few observe any distinction between them, yet no two things can be more opposite than they are to each other, both in their natures and propensities. And, accordingly, the great apostle Paul hath specified and marked out their separate offices and departments with the most exact precision. Reach me yonder Bible, Harry, — here it is. ———

“ That which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what

114 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

“ I hate, that do I. If then I do that
“ which I would not, I consent unto the
“ law that it is good. Now then it is
“ no more I that do it, but sin that dwel-
“ leth in me. For I know that in me, that,
“ is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good
“ thing; for to will is present with me,
“ but how to perform that which is good,
“ I find not. For the good that I would,
“ I do not; but the evil which I would
“ not, that I do. Now, if I do that I
“ would not, it is no more I that do it,
“ but sin that dwelleth in me. I find
“ then a law, that when I would do good,
“ evil is present with me. For I delight
“ in the law of God, after the inward
“ man. But I see another law in my
“ members, warring against the law of
“ my mind, and bringing me into cap-
“ tivity to the law of sin, which is in
“ my members. O wretched man that
“ I am, who shall deliver me from the
“ body of this death!”

Here, my friends, you see the apostle distinguishes, most precisely, between the opposite natures and tendencies of the two several seeds of the first and the second Adam, between the outward and inward, the vitiated and regenerate, the old and the new man: The old warring against the new, and endeavouring to bring him into

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 125

into captivity to sin and death; inso-
much, that our own evil Cain would
willingly slay outright the good Abel
that is in us.

Now, between these adverse offsprings
of the earthly and heavenly Adams, our
will, or principle of freedom, or power
of election, is placed.

On the one part, we are besieged and
assailed by a world of tempting and sedu-
cing objects, that hold intimate inter-
course with our flesh and carnal sensibili-
ties, and impel their influences on our
spirit through every organ; while the
rulers in darkness enter through the said
sensual avenues, excite their diabolical
passions within us, and begin to open a
kingdom of their own in our soul.

On the contrary part, our heavenly
Father is graciously pleased to act upon
us, through the kindred seed of that di-
vine nature which he had implanted in our
essence. He attracts us strongly though
not forcibly, and he sheds into us a
species of mental feelings and affections,
to which flesh and blood is wholly an
alien.

Here then, when the will turns away
from divine influence, and delivers itself
up to the impulses and operations of the
evil agents, the whole man becomes a

126 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

prisoner in the regions of darkness and shadows of death; and nothing but intense sufferings can awake him to a sense of the error, insufficiency, and folly of his pursuits, and of the loss and horror of the state in which he lies.

But, when the will turns and yields itself to the gracious drawings and influence of God's blessed Spirit, God opens himself unto it, and attracts it still more powerfully, till he gradually delivers it from the slavery of *sense*, of *sin*, and of *self*, into the perfect freedom of a willing service to goodness.

Above all, when the will is assaulted by violent, pressing, and permanent temptations; if yet, with the assistance of supporting grace, it strives and struggles to maintain the fight, and to tear itself away from the custody of evil, though tortured in the strife, and pierced, even to the dividing of the bone from the marrow; then is the scripture fulfilled that says, *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force*; then is our *Jesus* in the *highest height* of his throne and dominion; then does he deem all his sufferings overpaid; and he will himself be the champion in the will of such a champion, and he will fight the good fight, and run the good course,

course, and hold fast the good faith both in him and for him, and he will impute the whole of his conquests to the willing instrument of his operations, and will crown him with the crown of his own glory, and will stretch out his existence to the reception and expansion of his whole heaven within him.

Here then, my Honoured brother, you have your question fully answered touching the difference, in point of merit, between man and man ; since no creature can have any merit, save so far as he opens his will to the impressions of the goodness of God upon his spirit.

What ! you will say, Is this the utmost merit that the best of men can boast, that of barely yielding his will to the drawings and influence of the Spirit of goodness ? — — It is, indeed, my Lord, the very whole of the merit that any creature can have, as his own merit ; the very utmost that he can do toward co-operating with his God, and conducing, in any degree, to his own salvation and happiness.

O, that all men ! that all men had this merit, my friends ! that all would open the gates of their everlasting souls, and humbly and earnestly petition the King of glory to come in. This would lead to ever-during and ever-increasing merit ; for

our God would then impute his own merits unto us, not by an outward but inward imputation, even the feeling, sense, and participation of his nature, his powers, and qualities within us. We should become good in his goodness, wise in his wisdom, and strong in his omnipotence. By resigning and surrendering to him, our dark, empty, hungry, and uncomfortable creature; we should gain, in lieu thereof, the plenitude of the rich and illuminating Creator. The fulness of all delight would become our portion and inheritance, and the proprietor of the universe would be our property and possession.

Here Mr. Clinton paused, and his auditors continued in a kind of respectful musing, as attentive to what he might further offer. At length the Earl exclaimed, Never, never more, my brother, will I debate or question with you, further than asking your advice or opinion, to which I shall instantly and implicitly submit, as I would to that of the highest seraph in heaven. Our dear Meekly, here, and I have had some former converse on a few of these deep subjects, and I received much satisfaction and instruction from him, but he was not quite so explicit and convincing as you have been.

Ah,

Ah, my Lord, cried Meekly, were I as intimate with the fountain of all knowledge, as your precious brother is, you would not then have perplexed me in the conversation we last held on those heads.

On the following day at breakfast, Mr. Meekly took out his pocket-book, and produced bank-bills to the amount of something upward of five thousand pounds. He then presented them to Mr. Clinton, and said, Here, Sir, is a little matter toward repayment of the loan I had from you in Holland. I bless, I bless my God, that he has enabled me thus far to approve myself an honest man; but, above all, I bless him for giving me once more a sight of the gracious countenance of my patron. But for you, I had miserably perished in a dungeon; to you, Sir, I owe my liberty, to you I owe my life, to you I owe the recovery of the inheritance of my fathers. With respect to such obligations I am indeed a beggared insolvent; but my heart is pleased with the thought, that the connection between us, of creditor on your part and of debtor on mine, should remain on record to all eternity.

Here the worthy Meekly became oppressed under sensations of grateful recollection, and, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he sobbed out his passion.

In the mean time Mr. Clinton held the bills in his hand, and carelessly casting his eye over them, perceived the amount. As soon as he saw that his friend's emotion had partly subsided, You have, Mr. Meekly, says he, you have been quite a gospel-steward, and have returned me my own with most unlooked for usury, and I heartily pray God, in recompense of your integrity, to give you the principality of many cities in the coming kingdom of his Son. But what shall I do with this money, my dear Meekly? My wealth already overflows, it is my only trouble, my only incumbrance. It claims my attention, indeed, as it is a trust for which I know I am strictly accountable. But I heartily wish that Providence would reclaim the whole to himself, and leave me as one of his mendicants, who daily wait on the hand that supplieth all who seek his kingdom with necessary things. For my Harry has enough, and more than enough now, in the abundance of his noble father. You must therefore keep these bills to yourself, my worthy friend; retain, or give, or dispose of them, even as it shall please you; whether as your property or as my property, it matters not six pence; but take them back, you must take them back indeed, my Meekly.

And

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 131

And so saying, he shoved them over from him on the table.

Ah, my most honoured Sir, exclaimed the repining Meekly, sure you would not serve me so! My soul is but just eased of a load that lay heavy on it for many, many years. Be not then so severe as to replace the burden upon me. It would break my very heart, should you persist in refusing this little instance of acknowledgment from one of your warmest lovers.

Here Harry found himself affected and distressed for the parties, and, in order to relieve them, took the decision of the matter upon himself.

Gentlemen, says he, I will, with your good pleasure, put a very quick end to this dispute, and I offer myself to you as your joint trustee, to be your almoner and disposer of these hills.

As I was lately on my rambles through some villages near London, the jingle of a number of infant voices struck my ear, and turning and looking in at the window of a long cottage, I perceived about thirty little girls, neatly dressed in a kind of uniform, and all very busily and variously employed in hackling, carding, knitting, or spinning, or in sewing at their samplers, or learning their letters, and so forth.

The adjoining house contained about an equal number of boys, most of whom were occupied in learning the rudiments of the several handy-craft-trades, while the rest were busied in cultivating a back field, intended as a garden for these two young families.

I was so pleased with what I saw, that I gave the masters and mistresses some small matter; and I resolved, within myself, if ever I should be able, to gather together a little family of my own for the like purposes.

Now, Gentlemen, here comes Mr. Meekly's money quite in season for saving just so much of my own. But hang it, since I am grown suddenly rich, I think I will be generous for once in my life, and add as much more out of my proper flock. I shall also make so free as to draw on my uncle there for the like sum; and these added together will make a pretty beginning of my little project. As to my poor father here, he has nothing to spare, for he has already lavished all his wealth on his naughty boy.

My Lord and the company laughed heartily at Harry's pleasantry. ———
But hearkee, honest friend, added the Earl, you must not think to expose me, by leaving me out of your scheme;
cannot

cannot you lead me as much, Harry, as will answer my quota? Yes, my Lord, said Harry, upon proper securities I think I may venture. You are a rogue, and a darling, and my treasure, and my honour, and my ornament, cried the Earl, turning and bending fondly toward him, while Harry's eyes began to swim with pleasure, and casting himself into his father's bosom, he there hid the tears of his swelling delight, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly sitting silently wrapt in the enjoyment of the tender scene.

But it soon became too oppressive for Harry's sensibility. He arose from his father's bosom, retired into the garden to give vent to his passions, and recover his breath and spirits in the open air.

After some minutes spent in this speechless rapture, I believe, Sir, said Meekly to Mr. Clinton, that there is not such a boy as your nephew, no, not in the whole universe; every look and accent, every motion, fibre, and member, so wonderfully answering to the meekness and modesty, the honour, the gallantry, and intrepidity of his spirit. He shrinks from praise, he is ashamed before it; and yet his words sink as
balm

134 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

balm on the heart, and his actions compel people to affront him with rejected honours where-ever he goes. While I look on his lovely and lowly countenance, and inwardly embrace him as I would a part or portion of my God, I secretly say to myself, You are a proof, my Harry, that the lower the roots of humility strike into the depths beneath, the more the exalted branches ascend the heights of heaven. I attend, I study him, as well for my instruction as delight, and look upon and revere him, as the most perfect copy that ever yet was taken of the omnipotent Babe in the manger.

The other day, he preserved his noble father and me from being rent in pieces by a mad and foaming monster of a mastiff. But his calmness of courage, with his quickness of action, his prowess and power on that occasion, exceeded all that I ever met with in fable. Pray, my Lord, have you not yet told your brother of that wonderful incident? No indeed, said the Earl, my Harry continued with us, till within this minute, and I was cautious of offending him by mentioning the matter before him. For he can scarce bear to be thanked for the charity he gives, and much less to be praised for any virtue or accomplishment.

O, my.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 135

O, my brother, my brother, what do I owe you? A debt immense indeed, never, never, to be paid, for this precious, this inestimable treasure of a boy.

As the Earl and his beloved guests were enjoying themselves in this blissful manner, John entered, with tidings that an embassy of a score of lasses waited at the hall-door, and were pushing before them the prettiest maiden he ever beheld, to be their spokeswoman.

Immediately my Lord ordered that they should be introduced, and quickly after a clatter was heard without, crying, "Indeed, indeed now, Miss Aggy, you must and shall speak for us."

The door was then thrown open, and a young creature entered, blushing and panting, and followed by the group of girls, who put her forward before them.

The Earl, in pain for her sweet confusion, spoke kindly to encourage her, while Harry arose and helped them round with a glass of wine. By the time that this was done, the foremost who had not yet dared to look one of them in the face, but kept her eyes bent on the ground, as though she had been ashamed of their brightness, became a little more assured.

If — if — my Lord, said she, tremblingly and whisperingly, if your Honoured — your very Honourable brother is here, — we come to invite him and his company to a dance. — And we will attend you with pleasure, my little angel, cried the Earl. But, pray who are you, and where do you live? — So please you, my Lord, my father's name is Abel Jeffamin, and he is lately become tenant to part of your Lordship's estate. — Then I will make him a present of at least a year's rent for his fair daughter's sake. Here, John, give five guineas apiece to those pretty lasses to buy each of them a riband. And, do you hear, bring me twenty guineas for this their ambassadefs. — Not for the world, my Lord, indeed I will not accept a farthing. My father, though poor, is very jealous of his honour; and should I take any thing from any man living, he would never suffer me to darken the light that shines in at his door.

Aggy then made an elegant courtesy to the ground; and retreated, attended by her own graces, and by the revering and affectionate regards of the company.

Who can this creature be, cried out the Earl, so lovely, so uncommon, such a sweet distinction about her! Ah! exclaimed.

ed Mr. Clinton, what a pity it would be that such innocence should be seduced, and such purity corrupted! And yet that is most likely to be the case, said Mr. Meekly, since beauty is the bawd that procures its own undoing, and loveliness the very magnet that attracts men to its destruction. Harry half suppressed a sigh, but said nothing.

The horses were now immediately ordered to be put to, and our company drove into the town, accompanied by the acclamations of hundreds upon hundreds who lined the way.

As soon as they came to the market-place, the coach set them down near a spacious flooring that was raised, in open air, about a foot from the ground, and surrounded with benches raised one above the other, so as to be capable of containing the great number present.

When they were shewn to the seats prepared for them, they were served with a variety of wines and cakes; for our open-hearted townsmen had spared no cost for the entertainment of their noble guests and their neighbours; the band of music (the choicest that could be got) began to play, and the jubilee was opened in full triumph.

My

128 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

My Lord then wished, in secret, that Harry and Miss Jessamin would lead the ball; but, observing that his son looked something dejected, he imputed it to fatigue, and suppressed his desire. In the mean time the lads and lasses entered upon the stage, and several footed it away featly, and with all due applause.

As Harry had not yet opened his lips to the amiable Aggy, nor even presented his hand to lead her out, she declined every other hand that was offered to her. At length, as the day began to lose of its lustre, Mr. Clinton whispered to Harry, and requested the favour that he would dance.

The desire of father or uncle was instantly, to Harry, the same as the command of the Grand Seignior to his slave. He arose, and walking up to Miss Aggy, took her hand with a most respectful bow, and led her out to dance a minuet, in which they both acquitted themselves with such grace as to bring tears of delight into most of the eyes that beheld them.

That night, after supper, while Harry joined with the company in a kind of constrained cheerfulness, they began to compliment him on his dancing, when
Harry

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 139

Harry replied, in evident discontent, No more, no more, my friends! indeed, I never so thoroughly despised and detested myself as I do at this instant. And so saying, he rose hastily and withdrew.

Mr. Meekly soon followed him into his chamber, and sitting down in silence, while Harry was slowly undressing, My dear young friend, says he, I grieve to see you indisposed. Indeed, Sir, said Harry, I am not quite as I wish, and yet I dare not complain. Ah, my dear boy, cried Meekly, I know your disorder perfectly well. I marked the rise and the progress, I saw the whole as it passed. Had Aggy Jeffamin been indifferent to you, you would have danced and conversed as familiarly with her as with any other girl. But you dreaded your own feelings, and you dreaded still more, that those feelings should be betrayed to the observation of others. I know Aggy Jeffamin and her father, she is indeed very lovely and very deserving; but yet she is no mate for you, my Harry.

Ah, Sir, cried Harry, since you have already seen so far into my soul, I think I had better open my whole bosom to you. You will look down upon me, to be sure, you will hold me in the utmost contempt,
but

140 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

but no matter for that, so you promise not to love me the less.

I own to you, Mr. Meekly, that I love Aggy Jeffamin, my heart also tells me that I shall always love her. What then must be the consequence of my unhappy affection? Neither my father nor uncle will ever approve of our union, and I would rather pine to death than offend the one or the other.

Should I happen to meet the sweet girl apart, I fear, nay I feel, that I could not be able to resist the temptation; and, should she happen to yield, what a ruin must ensue! If she loved me, it would break the poor thing's heart to be forsaken, and the breaking of hers would break my heart also. And yet I could never think of continuing in a criminal commerce.

Ah, my dear Mr. Meekly, pity the weakness of your friend, and pity the ignorance that he is in of his own spirit. My heart exulted this very day in its own humility, while it felt itself insensible to the acclamations of the vulgar, and while I reflected that a few years would soon cripple the performer of such trifling exploits, or possibly render me in old age, the ridiculous boaster of the feats of my childhood. But, when the sweet
breath

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 141

breath of Aggy gave its pleasing applause, vanity and self-esteem sunk, with her approbation, deep into my bosom, and I have not yet been able to dispossess them.

O, help me then, Mr. Meekly, help me to struggle against myself; better it is to suffer all that the cruel conflict may cost me, than to suffer the stings of that never-ending remorse, which would tear my soul for having injured the object of my affection.

Meekly was in tears, and could not answer for some time. — Yes, — says he at length, I will assist you in this combat, a combat more glorious than ever was fought by all the Cæsars and Alexanders that ever drew sword. And I will pray to the Captain of our salvation in your behalf; that he may fight the good fight both in you and for you, and finally crown you with the wreath of eternal glory. But then you must be ruled, you must conform to the prescriptions of your severe but wholesome physician; in short, my dear child, you must not see her any more. — What, never, Mr. Meekly, never see her any more? That is hard, indeed. — It is a necessary hardship; could you answer to yourself the consequences

quences of such an indulgence? — I could not, I could not, I confess it, my friend. — I will prevail upon her father to send her far from you; and I will look out for some agreeable and kind-hearted man who may make her a worthy husband, and be sensible of her merits. —

O, you bear too hard upon me, too hard, indeed, cried Harry. What, give her to another? And yet that is an ungenerous regret; for why should I grudge that happiness to another which I cannot enjoy? Well then be it so, since it must be so, Mr. Meekly. Take her, bear her, tear her away from my sight; a fortune equal to her merit is above my power to give; but take for her a sufficiency to supply the comforts, the conveniencies, the decency of life, and more I am confident she despises.

Here Harry sat down and wept, and was accompanied by his friend. But the conflict was now over; and though his heart was deeply grieved, it was much more at ease.

The next morning, at breakfast, Harry appeared to be quite composed. When the Earl, taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, turned, with a fond and conciliating air, to Mr. Clinton, and said:
My

My dearest brother, when you shall be at leisure to cast your eye over this parcel, you will find that I have not been altogether, at least not all along, the unnatural kinsman you had cause to apprehend. These are copies of the letters which I sent in search of you, through several parts of Europe, and in which I petitioned you to pardon my past offences, and to return and possess yourself of your rights in the half of my fortune and the whole of my heart.

Precious pledges, cried Mr. Clinton, are all things to me that bring me any instance of the affection of so dear a brother; and so saying he put the papers into his bosom.

But tell me, my ever amiable Harry Clinton, continued the Earl, where in the world could you hide yourself from my inquiries these twenty years past? I have got some scattered sketches of your history from Mr. Meekly and my son-in-law, and have been burning to learn the whole, but dreaded to ask you that honour, lest the recollection of some past pains should give you distress. I refuse the pain to do you a pleasure, my brother.

(Her

144 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

(Here the Honourable Mr. Clinton began his story, as formerly recited, and that night sent his auditors weeping to bed.

On the following morning, when he came to that part of his narrative where Lady Maitland broke away, he proceeded as followeth.)

Having travelled through several parts of France and Italy, I took Germany in my tour. I staid some time at Spa, where I drank the waters, and within the year arrived, in perfect health, at Rotterdam.

On a visit to Mr. De Wit, at his villa near the city, he told me, over our bottle, that he had, at that time, in his house and in his guardianship, one of the most extraordinary women in the universe. Though she is now, says he, advancing towards the decline of life, she is by far the most finished female I ever beheld, while all she says, and all she does, give a grace to her person that is quite undescribable. She has a youth too, her son, with her, who is nearly as great a rarity as herself; and, were it not that his complexion is fallow, and that he is somewhat short of a leg, and blind of one eye, he would positively be the most lovely of all the human species.

You

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 145

You put me in mind, said I, laughing, of the *Barratarian* wench, who was commended to Governor *Sancho* as the most accomplished beauty within a league, with this exception only, that one eye was blind, and that the other ran with brimstone and vermilion. But pray who are these wonders?

That, said he, I either cannot or must not declare. They are evidently people of the first fashion, and must have some uncommon reasons for their present conduct, as they live quite retired, and admit of no company.

I protest, said I, you have raised my curiosity in earnest. Is there no managing so as to procure me a short *tete a tete* with them? I wish there was, says he, for I long to know how far your sentiments agree with mine in this matter. Yesterday the Lady told me, that she intended to go and reside some time in England, and that I would oblige her by getting a person duly qualified to initiate her and her son in the language of the country. And now, if such a fine gentleman as you could condescend to undress himself, you might come to-

VOL. V.

G

morrow,

146 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

morrow, as a person who wanted hire, and I might introduce you to an interview by the way of treating, provided you are upon honour not to reveal any thing concerning them or their place of abode.

The next morning I waited on Mr. De Wit under the appearance of a reduced gentleman, a character that excites a mixture of contempt and compassion.

The Lady received and spoke to me with that dignified complacence which awes while it engages, and, while it attracts, forbids an irreverent familiarity. She was, indeed, every thing that my friend had boasted of her; for though her person was all majesty, her manner was all grace. Will you answer for the discretion of this young man, Mr. De Wit? I will, Madam, says he. I bowed to them both.

On turning, I perceived that her son eyed me with much attention, and I, on my part, surveyed him with the utmost astonishment. He laboured indeed, apparently, under all the disadvantages that my friend described; but enchantment lurked on his accents, and in the dimpling of his lips; and, when he smiled, heaven itself was infused through

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 147

the fine roundings of his olive-coloured countenance.

In short, I felt such a sudden attachment to these extraordinary personages, that I resolved to keep on the deception, at least for a few days; and accordingly engaged with them at a stated salary.

I entered on my province. My young pupil, especially, began to improve apace; and, as I was particularly cautious of observing the distant respect that suited my station, I grew into great favour both with mother and son.

How long, Mr. De Wit would say, do you propose to carry on this farce? Till I can prevail upon them, I answered, to accompany me to England. For I feel my affections so tied to them, that I cannot think of parting.

On a day as I sat with my pupil in his apartment, he happened to let his book fall, and, as I stooped to take it up, the picture of *my Matilda*, highly done in enamel, and set with brilliants to a great value, suddenly loosed from its riband, and dropped through the bosom of my shirt upon the floor.

I stood concerned and greatly abashed by this accident; but my pupil, still more alarmed, started up, and catching at it, gazed upon it intently. Ha, my

THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

friend, said he, I doubt you are an impostor! The proprietor of this jewel would never set himself out to hire without some sinister design. Who, Sir, and what are you?

I own, said I, my sweet fellow, that I am not what I seem; I am of noble descent, and of riches sufficient to purchase a principality. — And what then could induce you to impose upon us as you have done? — Curiosity at first, and then the strong inclination which I took both to you and your mother at our first interview: nor did I propose to reveal myself till we should reach my native country, where all sorts of honours and affluence should attend you. — Tell me then, said he, whose picture is this? a very lovely one indeed; is this the face, Sir, of your mistress or your wife? (looking very inquisitively at me.) Ah, said I, she was once mistress of the hearts of thousands. She was once also my wife: but the dear saint is now eternally blessed with a more suitable bridegroom.

Will you indulge me, Sir, said he, with the story of your loves? It may atone in a great measure for your late deception, which, however well meant, was very alarming.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 149

Here I related to him the short pathetic history that I told you of my Matilda, with which he was so affected and in such violent agitation, that I was quite affrighted for him, and stopped several times, but he insisted on my proceeding.

Ah, said he, when I concluded, should I ever be comforted in the manner that you and your Matty were. how blessed I should think myself! I have, says I, a little cousin in England, perhaps the loveliest child in the world; and if you will marry her, when you both come to proper years, I will settle ten millions of French money upon you. Mean time I beseech you to say nothing to your mamma of what has passed. I will not, said he, unless I see a discretionary necessity for it.

That night I went to the city to settle the affairs of my household. On my return next morning I met Mr. De Wit at the gate of his court. Ah, my friend, said he, our amiable guests are departed. Gone, I cried, gone! which way, where to, I pray you? That also is a secret, said he, which I am not permitted to tell you. Late in the evening there arrived a retinue of about twenty servants, strongly armed and mounted, with a flying chaise

and six horses, and a packet of letters. The Lady did not go to bed, but ordered all things to be in readiness for their departure against the rising of the moon. When they were near setting out, and going to bid me adieu, Have you no commands, Madam, said I, for the good young man your tutor? Not a penny, says she, I cannot afford wages equivalent to servants of quality. How, Madam, said I, is my friend then detected? But it was a very innocent and friendly fraud, I assure you; I should not have imposed him upon your Ladyship, did I not know you to be safer in his honourable hands than in those of any other.

I then gave them an account of your family, your vast fortune; nor was I quite silent as to your merits, my dear friend; and I added, that I was sensible you would be deeply afflicted at the departure of persons to whom you were so strongly attached. There is no help for it, replied my Lady; we have reasons of the utmost import for not disclosing ourselves to him. Tell him, however, that we esteem him highly, — affect him tenderly, — shall think of him, — shall pray for him, — and — and — lastly — that you saw me drop a grateful tear to his remembrance.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 151

As I could extort no further intelligence from my friend Mr. De Wit, I parted in a half-kind of chagrin, and prepared to pursue my fugitives, though I knew not what road to take, nor where to turn me for the purpose. At all adventures, however, I set out on the way to France, as they appeared to be of that country, as well by the elegance of their manners as by the fluency in the language.

I was attended by eleven of as brave and faithful fellows as ever thrust themselves between their master and danger.

On the fifth or sixth day, as we got on the borders of French Flanders, in an open and desolate way, with a forest far on the left, a man rode toward us on the spur, and approaching, cried out, Help, Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, help to rescue my dear ladies, who are plundered and carried away by the banditti. They have killed or mortally wounded twenty of my companions, and I alone am left to cry out for relief. — I bid him lead, and we followed.

In a few minutes we came where we saw a great number of the dead and dying, covering the sand and thin herbage. But our leader cried out, Stop not here, my noble friends! Yonder they are, yonder they are! they have but just taken

152 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

away all our horses, luggage, and coach, and are now at the plunder. I am weak through loss of blood, but will help you the best I may.

Here he spurred again toward the enemy, but his horse would not answer his courage. I then looked about to observe if any advantage could be taken; for I perceived that the ruffians were still very numerous, about thirty who had survived the late combat; but seeing that the country was quite open, and that we had nothing but resolution and our God to help us, I commended myself to him in so good a cause, and, putting my horse to speed, I rode full at the foe, confident of being gallantly supported.

When the banditti perceived us, they instantly quitted the plunder, and gathering into a group, they prepared their carbines, and discharged them full at us as we drew near.

As I happened to be foremost, I received the greatest damage. One of their balls gave me this mark in my neck, another passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, and another through my hat, and left this scar in my head.

But when we came in upon them, as the Romans say, *cominus ense*, hand to hand, had they doubled their numbers, they

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 153

they would have been as nothing to us. My faithful Irishman levelled half a score of them with his own hand, and in a few minutes we had no opponent in the field. I then rode up to the coach, and perceived two ladies in it, pale as death, and sunk senseless to the bottom.

Immediately I ordered my surgeon to take a little blood from them, and, on their recovery, to follow me, with all my people, and all the horses, baggage, &c. to the nearest inn. Then feeling my wounds begin to smart, I took my surgeon with me, and galloped away.

In about a league we came to a large house of entertainment, and finding myself sick and qualmish, through the great effusion of blood, I had my wounds directly dressed, and, taking a draught of whey, got into a warm bed.

After a night of uneasy slumbers, the curtain of the bed was gently drawn aside, and awaking, I heard a voice say, in soft music, Ah, my dear mamma, it is he, it is he himself!

On lifting my feeble eyes, I perceived a vision at my side of a female appearance, but more wonderful and more lovely than any thing I had ever conceived of the inhabitants in bliss. Her eyes swam

in glory, and her whole form seemed a condensing or substantiation of harmony and light.

While I gazed in silent astonishment, I heard another voice say, Do not you know us, my son, my dear Mr. Clinton, do not you remember your pupils, do not you remember your blind, lame, and tawny Lewis? He is now turned into that passable girl there, whose honour and whose life you yesterday preserved at the great peril of your own.

Here, seizing her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and cried, Am I then so blessed, my Honoured Madam, as to have done some service to the two dearest objects of my heart's fixed affections? Soft, says she, none of these transports! your surgeon tells us that repose is necessary for you. Mean time we will go and make the best provision for you that the place can afford. And after that I will send a dispatch to my Lord, and let him know how far, how very deeply he, and we, and all his house are indebted to you.

For that day and the following week, as my fever grew something high, I saw no more of the daughter, and the mother staid no longer than to administer something to me, or barely to inquire how I was. At length I began to recover,

when

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 155

when the former vision descended upon my ravished senses, the vision of that Louisa, the sight of whom never failed to bring delight to the hearts of all beholders.

They sat down by my side, and my Lady, taking my hand, and looking tenderly at me, What would you think, said she smiling, of my Louy for a wife? Ah, Madam, I exclaimed, she would be too much of bliss, too precious, too glorious, too overpowering for the heart and senses of any mortal. Do not tell me so, cries my Lady, in my eyes, you are full as amiable for a husband as she can be for a wife. Beside, you have earned her, my son, she is your own dear purchase, by a service of infinite value, and at the price of your precious blood. She has told me the story of your first love, and the recollection of it never fails to bring tears from my eyes. But I must hereafter hear the whole from your own mouth, with all your other adventures; the smallest incident will be very interesting to me, I assure you. O; you are to a hair the very man I wish my Louisa, the brave, the tender, gentle, and generous heart; just the thing I would have wished for myself, when I was at the age of my Louy.

But, my dearest, my Honoured Madam, loved and honoured next to heaven, you have not yet told me how your Louisa is inclined. Whereupon the bewitching creature, archly smiling, and blushing, reached forth a polished hand of living alabaster. Here, she cried, I present you with this trifle, in token that I do not hate you — very much.

My Clinton, said my Lady, I have sent off my favourite servant Gerard, with my dispatches to my Lord. He is the only one that remains of all my retinue. Your surgeon has dressed his wound, and pronounces it so slight as not to incommode him in his journey. I chose him more particularly for the carrier of my purposes, as he was the witness of your valour, as he can testify to my Lord with what intrepidity you rushed foremost into the thick of the assassins, and with what unexampled bravery you defeated, in a short time, a body of three or four times your number. These things, I trust, will have their due weight; for though my Lord is of a lofty and inflexible nature, he is yet alive to the feelings of honour and justice, so that our affairs have a hopeful and auspicious aspect. But you are a little flushed, my child; we will not encroach further upon you till to-morrow.

During

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 157

During the three following weeks, though confined to my room, I was able to enjoy their company ; and the happiness of my heart accelerated my recovery. What bliss did I experience during that ecstatic interval ! the mother and daughter angels, scarce ever left my side. One morning, when I just woke from a terrifying dream, they both entered with peace, and comfort, and healing in their countenances.

What is the matter, my Clinton ? said my Lady ; your face does not seem composed to that fortitude and complacence which is seated in your heart. Ah, Madam, I cried, I have been all night tormented with the most alarming and horrible visions I ever had in my life. Three times I dreamed successively that my Louisa and I were walking hand in hand through the fields of Elysium, or on the banks of Meander, or in the gardens of Alcinous, gazing and drinking in large draughts of love from each other : when at one time a huge and tremendous dragon, and again a sudden earthquake, and again an impetuous hurricane came, and caught, and severed us far asunder.

But my visions, my honest friend, said the heavenly smiling Louisa, have been of a very different nature. I dreamed, that
while

while we were standing on the brink of a frightful precipice together, your Matilda descended, all celestial, and a thousand times more lovely than she appears in the lovely portrait that you carry about you. At first I feared that she came to reclaim you to herself; but instead of that she smiled upon me, and began to caress me, and taking my right hand, she put it into yours. Then ascending in her brightness, she hovered a while on high, and casting down upon me a look of fixed love, she gave me a beck with her hand, as it were to follow, and was immediately lost in glory.

O, my dear children, cried the Marchioness, for such she was, might I but once see ye united, how I should lift my head! or rather how satisfied I should be to lay it down in peace, having nothing further to care for on this side of eternity!

That night I slept sounder than usual, and did not awake till the day was something advanced. On opening the curtain, I saw James seated in a moody posture by the side of my bed, How are the Ladies, James? said I. Gone, Sir. Gone, gone! I cried out. Yes, Sir, gone indeed, but with very heavy hearts, and both of them drowned in tears. Here has been
a large

a large body of soldiers sent for them, so that there was no resisting. Poor Gerard went on his knees to his Lady, to beg permission to throw himself at your honoured feet, as he said, and to bid you adieu, but she would not allow him. Mean time, she charged me with this watch and ring, and this letter for your Honour.

I caught at the letter, and, tearing it open, read over and over, a thousand times, what will for ever be engraven in my memory and on my heart.

“ We leave you, we leave you, most beloved of men, and we are miserable in so doing; but alas! we are not our own mistresses. My Lord, for this time, has proved unjust and ungrateful; and refuses your Louisa, as well to my prayers, as to your infinite merits. He has affianced her, as it seems, to a prince of the blood, and his ambition has blinded him to all other considerations. Be not yet in despair, we shall exert our very utmost to get this injurious sentence reversed; and if your Louisa inherits my blood or spirit, not all the engines of torture in France will ever compel her to give her hand to another. In the mean time, follow us not, come not near us, we beseech you. Should you be discovered,

160 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

vered, you will inevitably be assassinated, and we also should perish in your loss, my son. We are distracted by our fears for you, and it is this fear that has prevented us from disclosing ourselves fully to you. Keep up your correspondence, however, with our friend De Wit, and through him you shall learn the first favourable turn that happens in our affairs. I leave you my ring in token of your being the wedded of our heart, and Louisa leaves you her watch, to remind you of time past, and to look upon, when at leisure, and think of

YOUR ELOISA DE ———

YOUR LOUISA DE ———

Yes, I cried, ye precious relics, ye delicious memorandums, to my lips, to my heart! Be ye the companions of my solitude, the consolers of my affliction! sooner shall this arm be torn off, and time itself pass away, than one or the other shall be divided from my custody.

Ah, how useless are admonitions to the impatience of a lover! fervent love can know no fears. I was no sooner able to fit my horse than I set off directly for Paris, with this precaution only, that my people would call me by my mother's maiden name of Goodall.

As

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 161

As we knew not the names or titles of those after whom we were in search, our eyes became our only inquisitors, and we daily ranged the town, poring into every carriage of distinction for the sight of the mother or daughter; and even prying among the lackeys and liveries for the face of our friend Gerard.

On a day, as my faithful Irishman and I rode abroad, reconnoitring the suburbs, we heard a noise and a shout of distress that issued from a distant farm-house; and, as we hastened up, the tumult grew louder, and the cry of Help! and murder! was several times repeated.

We instantly knocked at the door, but were refused admittance; when my man, alighting, ran against it, and, breaking through bars and all with his foot, threw the door off its hinges,

On entering, we saw a man stretched on the broad of his back on the floor, with four others about him, who were going to use him very barbarously. Stay your hands, I cried, I will shoot the first man through the head who shall dare to proceed in this business.

Why, Sir, said a young fellow, rising, this man wanted to be gracious with my pretty young wife; I caught him in the very attempt; and so I think it but fair
and

162 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

and honest to spoil him at such sport for time to come. Ay but, said I, you might murder him, and I cannot suffer that. Come, my friend, no harm appears to be done as yet ; and if he pays a handsome penance for the wickedness of his intention, I would advise you to pass matters over for the present. Say, how much do you demand? Five hundred louis d'ors, said the fellow ; if he pays that, he shall be quit for this turn.

Five hundred louis d'ors ! I exclaimed ; why, all the cloaths on his back are not worth the hundredth part of the sum. True, master, said the peasant, winking, but his pockets may happen to be richer than his cloaths. Well, said I, if he secures you in half the sum, I think you may be satisfied. Why, master, since you have said it, I will not go back. Whereupon the astonished prisoner was permitted to rise.

What do you say, you sad man you, are you willing to pay this fellow the sum I agreed for, in compensation of the injury you attempted to do him? I am, Sir, said he, with many thanks for your mediation. Then, hastily putting his hand to his pocket, he took out bankers notes to the amount, and we departed the house together.

As

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 163

As I was just going to mount, he came up and accosted me with elegance and dignity, Sir, said he, you have made me your debtor beyond expression, beyond the power of princes to pay. Be pleased however to accept the little I have about me; here are five thousand louis in this little note-book. Not a penny, Sir, indeed, I am by no means in want. You must not refuse, said he, some token of my acknowledgment; here is a stone valued at double the sum I offered you. Then, taking from a pocket the diamond button of his hat, he presented it to me. You must excuse me, Sir, said I, I can accept of no consideration for doing an action of humanity, and I rejoice to have preserved a person of your distinction and generosity. I then turned my horse, and though he called after me, I rode away, being neither desirous of knowing or being known.

My researches hitherto being altogether fruitless, I imagined I might, with better likelihood, meet my beloved in the public walks, public theatres, or rooms of distinguished resort.

One night, as I sat alone in a box at the opera, intently gazing around for some similitude of my Louisa, there entered one of the loveliest young fellows

164 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

lows I ever beheld. He carelessly threw himself beside me, looked around, withdrew his eyes, and then looked at me with such a long and piercing inquisition as alarmed me, and gave me cause to think I was discovered.

Though the French seldom hesitate, he seemed at once backward and desirous of accosting me. At length he entered upon converse touching the drama and the music, and spoke with judgment and elegance superior to the matter; while I answered him with due complacence, but in a manner that partook of that regardlessness for trifles which then sat at my heart.

Between the acts, he turned and cast his eye suddenly on me. Sir, says he, do you believe that there is such a thing as sympathy? Occasionally, Sir, I think it may have its effect, though I cannot credit all the wonders that are reported of it. I am sorry for that, said he, as I ardently wish that your feelings were the same as mine at this instant. I never saw you before, Sir, I have no knowledge of you, and yet I declare, that, were I to chuse an advocate in love, a second in combat, or a friend in extremity, you, you are the very man upon whom I would pitch.

I answered

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 165

I answered not, but seized his hand, and pressed it to my bosom. I conceive, Sir, continued he, notwithstanding your fluency in the language, that you are not a native. My name is D'Aubigny. I live at such a place, and, if you will do me the pleasure of a single visit, all the honours, respect, and services that our house can confer shall be yours without reserve. Sir, said I, I am of England, my name is Goodall; and as soon as a certain affair allows me to admit of any acquaintance in Paris, you shall be the first elected of my arms and my heart.

In a few nights after, as my Irishman and I were turning a corner of the Rue de St. Jaques, we saw three men, with their backs to the wall, attacked by nearly three times their number. We did not hesitate a moment what part to take. At the first pass I ran one of the assassins through the body; my servant levelled two more with his oaken staff, and the rest took to flight.

Gentlemen, said one of the three, I thank you for this brave and seasonable assistance. — Roche, run for a surgeon, I am wounded, I doubt, dangerously. — Pierre, lend me your arm. — Come, Gentlemen, we have but a little way to my house.

Though

166 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Though the night was too dark for examining features, I thought that the voice was not quite unknown to me. Within a few minutes we arrived at a palace that retired inward, from the houses that were ranged on either hand. On pulling a bell, the great door opened upon a sumptuous hall, which led to a parlour, enlightened by a silver sconce that hung from the vaulting.

As we entered, the master turned short upon me, and looking full in my face, started, and lifting his hands in surprise, Great Ruler of events! he cried, the very man I wished my brother and companion through life, and this is the very man you have sent to my rescue!

Just then the surgeon arrived, and I heard him hastily asking where the Marquis was. On entering, he said, I am sorry for your misfortune, my Lord; but matters may be better than we apprehend. And immediately he took out his case of instruments. One of the ruffians, said the Marquis, before I was aware, came behind and ran me through the back.

The surgeon then ripped open his Lordship's waistcoat, and changed colour on seeing his shirt drenched in blood; but, getting him quickly un'ressed, and having probed his wound, he struck his hands together,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 167

together, and cried, Courage, my friends ! it is only a flesh-wound, the weapon has passed clear of the ribs and vitals.

As soon as the Marquis's wound was dressed, and we had got him to bed, I fancy, Sir, said I to the surgeon, I may have some small occasion for your assistance, I feel a little smart in my sword-arm.

On stripping, he found that a chance thrust had entered about half an inch into the muscle above my elbow. But he quickly applied the proper dressing, and I was preparing to take my leave, when the Marquis cried out, You must not think of parting, my dear friend ; you are the master of the master here, and lord of this house, and of all that is in it.

The surgeon then ordered his Lordship to compose himself at soon as possible ; and, having wished him a good night, I sent my man to my lodgings to let my people know that I was well and in friendly hands. I was then conducted by the domestics to a superb apartment, where a cold collation lay upon a side-board, and a door stood open into a bed-chamber, prepared for my reception.

I had no stomach to eat. I drank a glass or two of wine and water there, and
I rose

168 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

I rose and fauntered through the room, musing on my Louisa, and nearly despairing of being ever able to find her.

Some time after I sat down, to undress and go to bed, when a number of the officers of justice silently entered my chamber, seized my sword that I had put off, and coming whisperingly to me, commanded me to accompany them, without making any noise.

I saw that it was madness to resist ; and, as I went with them, I observed that two of the family-liveries had joined themselves to the officers. It then instantly occurred, that I was in the house of my rival ; that the Marquis was the very person to whom my Louisa had been destined ; that I was somehow discovered ; and that they were conducting me to the Bastile, of which I had heard so many affrighting stories.

Ah, traitor, said I to myself, is it thus you serve the man who but now saved your life at the expence of his own blood ? Let no one hereafter trust to the bleating of the lamb or the cooing of the turtle ; the roaring of the lion, or the pounces of the vulture, may thus deceitfully lurk under the one and the other.

And

After passing some streets, they took me to the Lieutenant of the Police. Having knocked respectfully at the gate, and waited some time, at length we were admitted, and they took me to a kind of lobby, where we staid while one of the posse went to inform the magistrate of my attendance. At length he returned, and, accosting me in a tone of surly and discouraging authority, Friend, says he, his Worship is not at leisure to-night; to-morrow, perhaps, he may hear what you have to plead in your own defence. So saying, he and his fellows thrust me into a waste room, and bidding me, with a sneer, to warm or cool my heels at pleasure, locked and chained the door upon me.

Fool, fool that I^o was, said I, to quit the side of my brave and faithful companions! How quickly should we have discomfited this magistrate and all his host! but I must be a knight errant, forsooth, and draw my sword in the defence of every scoundrel who goes the street.

I then went and felt the windows, to try if I could force a passage for making my escape; but finding that all were grated with strong and impassable bars of

iron, O, I cried, that this marquis, this ungrateful D'Aubigny, were now in his fullest strength, and opposed to me, point to point, that I might reclaim from him, in an instant, the life I have given!

I then traversed the room with an irregular pace, now rashly resolving on furious events; and again more sedately deliberating on what I had to do. Till, having ruminated thus for the remainder of the night, I at last became more at ease, and resigned myself to the dispensations of all-disposing Providence, though, I confess, with a gloomy and reluctant kind of content.

When the day somewhat advanced, I heard my door unlocking, and concluded that they came to summon me to my trial. But, instead of the officers of justice, I saw near twenty men in the Marquis's livery, who silently bowed down before me, and respectfully shewed me, with their hand, the way out of my prison. I followed them also in silence, and getting into the street, I wished to know if I was really free, and turned from them down the way that led to my lodgings: whereupon they cast themselves before me, and, in a supplicating posture, besought me to go with them.

Ending

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 171

Finding then that I was still their prisoner, I gave a longing look-out for my faithful and brave attendants; but, as they did not appear, I suffered myself to be conducted to the Marquis's palace, and followed my obsequious commanders into the proud apartment, to which they had led me the preceding night; and where, bowing to the ground, they all left me and retired.

As I had been much fatigued in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed, leaving events to their issues, and fell into a kind of starting and intermitting slumber; when I heard a voice at my side, cry out, O my dearest mamma, it is he, indeed it is he, it is he himself!

On this I awoke, and roused myself; and lifting my languid eyes, and fixing them on the object that stood before me, And are you then, I cried, are you also, Louisa, in the confederacy against me?— Say nothing; you are not the Louisa I once knew.— I will arise, I will go forth; not all your gates, and bars, and bolts shall hold me; I will tear my body and my soul also, if possible, from you for ever!— Go to your betrothed, to your beloved! and leave me to perish; it is a matter of no import.— I am yet pleased that I saved your chosen; as

it may one day serve to reproach you with the merits of the man whom he has so unworthily treated!

I could no more. A long silence on all sides ensued save the language that was uttered by heavings and sobbings; when the Marchioness, coming and casting herself on her knees by my bed, You have reason, Sir, she exclaimed, you have reason to reproach and to detest every branch of our ungrateful family for ever! you saved myself, you saved my daughter, and yet the father and the husband proved averse to your deservings, and turned your benefits into prison. You have now saved our son, the only one who can convey our name to posterity; and yet, from the beginning, you have received nothing in return, save wounds, pains, and sickness, losses, damages, and disappointments; and, at this very day, the most ignominious usage, where you merited endless thanks and everlasting renown. Blame my Louisa then, and me, but blame not my son, Sir, for these unworthy events; he is quite innocent of them; he is shocked and distracted by them; he respects and loves you more than ever Jonathan loved the son of Jesse. But he will not, he dare not see you, till we have, in some measure, made his peace. How,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 173

How, Madam! I cried, — but no more of that posture, it pains me past bearing. — Is it a fact? — can it be possible, that the Marquis D'Aubigny should be your son? Is he not of the blood royal? the very rival whom your letter rendered so formidable to me? And was it not by his order that I was disgracefully confined in a dungeon all night?

No, no, said my Lady, he would have suffered the rack first. He is in despair, quite inconsolable on that account. Let us go, my dearest Clinton, let us go and carry comfort to him of whom you are the beloved.

Ah, no, my mamma, cried out Louisa, let us put no constraint on Mr. Clinton, I pray you! there has been enough of confinement, we leave him now to his liberty; let him go, even where, and to whom he likes best; once, indeed, we could have tied this all-conquering champion with the spinning of a silkworm; but now he tells us, that neither gates, bars, nor bolts shall hold him to us.

Here, I threw myself precipitately at her feet. Pardon, pardon, my Louisa, I cried, O pardon the misdeeming transports of your lover, and pardon the faults that love alone could commit.

My enemies are foreign to me, they and their injuries affect me not ; but you are regent within, my Louisa ! you sit throned in my heart, and the presumption of an offence from you makes strange uproar in my soul. Well, says she, reaching her hand, and smiling through tears, since it is so, poor soul, here is the golden sceptre for you, I think I must take you to mercy.

I caught her hand, impressing my very spirit on the wax ; and my Lady, casting her arms about us, and kissing us both, in turns, requested that we should go and carry some consolation to her dear repining Lewis.

As we entered his chamber, the Marchioness cried out, Here he comes, my son, we have brought your beloved to you, yet not your Mr. Goodall, as you thought, but one who is, at once, both your good angel and our good angel, even our own Mr. Clinton, the betrothed of our souls.

I took my seat on the side of the Marquis's bed, and looking fondly upon him, would have inquired of his health, but my speech for the time was overpowered by my affections. Then, taking my hand in his, The power of this hand, says he, I have found to be great, but
has

has your heart the power to pardon the insults and outrage you have received in the house of him who is deeply your debtor? My Lord, said I, I have already drank largely of Lethe on that head; nothing but my diffidence of your regard can offend me.

You know not, said my Lady, you know not yet, my dear Mr. Clinton, how this provoking business came about. I will explain it in a few words.

On our return to Paris, and on our remonstrating to my late Lord of the ineffimable services you had rendered to his family, he inquired your character among the English; and, notwithstanding the report of the nobility of your birth, and your yet nobler qualities, hearing also that you had acquired part of your fortune in trade, he conceived an utter contempt and aversion to you.

Some time after, as he took notice that Louisa and I wanted our watch and our ring, I dreaded his displeasure, and gave him room to think that the robbers had taken them from us in Flanders; and this report became current among our domestics.

In the mean time my Lord became importunate with our Louisa, about her marriage with the Prince of C——, who

who was then with the army, while her prayers and tears were the only shields she used in her defence. When couriers brought word that the Prince was on his return, my Lord sent for Louisa, and gave her instant and absolute orders to prepare for her nuptials; but she, full as positively and peremptorily, replied, that her soul was already wedded, that she would never prostitute her body where her heart was an alien, and that tortures should not change her resolution. Her father, thereupon, rose to such ungovernable fury, that, with one blow of his hand, he struck her senseless to his feet; but, when he saw my lamb, my darling, all pale and lying as dead before him, the tide of nature returned, and the conflict of his passions became so violent, that an imposthume broke in his stomach, and he was suffocated, and expired on the spot.

Soon after, the Prince arrived. He had never seen my daughter, but his ambition to possess a beauty of whom the *Grand Monarch* himself was said to have been enamoured, had caused him to demand her in marriage. For that purpose he also did us the honour of a visit. Louisa refused to appear; and I told his Highness, with the best grace I could, that she happened to be pre-engaged. In a few days
after,

after, he met my son in the Thuilleries, and accosted him to the same intent ; but my son had been previously prejudiced in your favour, my Clinton, and answered the Prince with so cold or so haughty an air, that further words ensued; they both drew, and his Highness was slightly wounded; but, as company interposed, the affair was hushed up, and shortly after the Prince was killed in a nightly broil upon the Pontneuf. We then wrote to our friend De Wit, to acquaint you of these matters, and to hasten you hither; but you arrived, my child, you arrived before there could be any expectation of an answer.

Two days ago, as I observed that my lamb's spirits were something dejected, I prevailed upon her to take an airing to our country-villa. On our return this morning, we were struck half dead with the news, that our Lewis was wounded and dangerously ill in his bed. We flew into his room, and were still more alarmed to find him in a fury that is not to be imagined, while Jacome, his old steward, was on his knees, all pale and quaking at a distance before him. Villain, he cried, what have you done with my friend, what have you done with my champion, the preserver of my life? — Please your Lordship, said he, trembling, I took him

178 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

for a highwayman, I saw my Lady's ring and my young mistress's watch in his custody, I will swear to the property before the parliament of Paris, and so I lodged him in prison ——— till ——— till ———

Go, wretch! cried my son; recall your information; take all your fellows with you, and instantly bring me back my friend, or your ears shall be the forfeit; but conduct him to his own chamber; I cannot yet bear to see him; I cannot bear the reproach that his eye must cast upon me.

All afflicted, and yet more astonished, my Louisa and I sat down by the side of my son, casting looks of surprise and inquiring doubt on each other. At length I said, What is this that I hear of our ring and of our watch? Alas, he is no highwayman who took them from us; they were our own free gift, a mite in return for a million of services. But do you know any thing of the possessor? I know, answered Lewis, that he is the loveliest of mankind, the preserver of my life, and that his name is Goodall. Ah! screamed out Louisa, there we are lost again; this Goodall must certainly have murdered our precious Clinton, and possessed himself of our gifts; he would never

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 179

ver have parted with them while he had life. O my sister, said my son, when you see my friend Goodall, you will think nothing of your Harry Clinton. Why were you so hasty, so precipitate in your choice? a robber, a murderer? no. Had I a thousand lives, I would pawn them all for the probity that heaven has made apparent in the face of my preserver.

It is with shame and great reluctance, my dearest brother, that, at times, I recite passages tending so much to my own praise; and yet, did I omit them, I should do great injustice to the kind and amiable partiality of those who were so fondly my lovers and my beloved.

But, Madam, said I to the Marchioness, did you not hint something of his Majesty's being enamoured of my Louisa? Ah, such a rival would be a terrible business indeed, especially in a country of unlimited power.

There is no fear of that now, said my Lady. The King has changed his fancy, from young mistresses and old counsellors, to young counsellors and old mistresses. But what I mentioned was once very serious and alarming.

My Louisa was scarce turned of fourteen, when the Duchesse de Choiseul requested her company at Marly, where

the court then was. The king fixed his eye on her, and inquired who she was; but took no further notice at that time. Missing her, however, at the next, and again the following drawing-room, he asked the Marquis what became of his fair daughter; said he had a place in his eye for her, and desired, in an accent of authority, that he would send her to court.

The Marquis instantly took the alarm. He was ever jealous of his honour, and singularly nice in matters of female reputation. He gave his Majesty a sort of equivocal consent; and, hurrying home, ordered me directly to prepare for carrying my daughter out of the French dominions. The night was employed in hastening and packing. We disguised our Louisa in the manner as you saw her metamorphosed at Rotterdam, and set off for Holland before day. The rest you know, my Clinton, as you were the principal mover in all our concerns. — But tell me, my Lewis, can you conjecture on what account those assassins set upon you? — I declare, Madam, said the Marquis, I cannot; perhaps they mistook me for another; or, now I recollect, it might be owing to some familiar chat which I had, the other night, with a pretty

pretty opera-girl, who is said to be in the keeping of a very great man. But, Madam, you forgot to tell my brother how my father was banished, on account of Louisa, to his paternal seat in Languedoc, on the borders of the Mediterranean. Very true, said the Marchioness, and was not recalled till Madam Maintenon was taken into supreme favour.

But I wonder what is become of our faithful Gerard ; I thought that he would have been the first to come and to throw himself at the feet of his hero. Indeed, my Harry, he would have tired any, who loved you less, with his praises and perpetual talking of you and your exploits. - O, here he comes. — Step in, Gerard. Is there any one in this company that you remember, beside the family ?

Gerard then advanced with a half-frantic aspect, and kneeling, and grappling at my hand, seemed desirous of devouring it. God be praised, he cried, God be praised, my noble, my glorious master, that I see you once again, and above all that I have the blessing of seeing you in a place, where a throne of beaten gold should be raised to your honour. O, had I been here, all sorts of respects and worships, instead of indignities, should have been paid to your deservings. But I have

182 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

have provided for the hangdog Jacome, I have tied him neck and heels, and tumbled him into the dark vault.

Ay, said I, but, my good friend Gerard, I have not yet got my share of satisfaction upon him, pray shew me where he is. I then followed Gerard to the place where the deplorable wretch was cast; and cutting all his cords, I led him back to the company, and warmly joined his petition for pardon and restoration.

As soon as Jacome and Gerard were withdrawn, Ah, my brother, cried the Marquis, what new name shall we find for a man of your new character? Moreover, what shall we do with you, what shall we do for you? You have quite overpowered us, we sink, we drown under the sense of our obligations. We have nothing worth your acceptance, save this simple wench, and what is she in comparison of what we owe you? Ah, I cried, she is that without whom all things are nothing; she is the living treasure, the Rachel of Rachels; seventy times seven years were too short a service for her! I would not exchange this little pearly joint of this very little finger for all the gems that grow in the mines of India. And so saying, I pressed the precious finger with my lips; while Louisa turned
upon

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 183

upon me an eye of such ineffable satisfaction and melting acknowledgment, as sunk upon my soul and wrapt it in i'lyfium.

Ay but, my Harry, said the Marquis, you ought not to prize your Louy as much as me; she did not fall in love with you at first sight as I did. How do you know that, honest friend? cried Louisa. Is there a necessity that our tongues as well as our blushes should be telltales? Are maidens to trumpet forth their thoughts like you broad-fronted men, *whose ornament is your boldfacedness?*

Thus happy, above all styled happy upon earth, we joyed and lived in each other, continuing a commerce of delightful sensibilities and mutual love.

But alas, our bliss was soon to be broken in upon. In a few days, one of the royal pages came and intimated to the Marchioness, that his Majesty required her immediate presence at court. She necessarily obeyed such a summons, while we remained in a kind of fearful and fluctuating suspense till her return.

As she entered, the consternation in her countenance instantly struck an alarm to all our hearts. O my children, my dear, my dear children, we must part, she cried, and that too speedily. Our hour of bliss is past, our sunshine is over, and the clouds

184 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

clouds gather thick upon us, heavy laden with wretchedness. Alas, my heart misgave me ever since that inauspicious encounter the other morning. As we came from our villa, a great funeral met us, (a bad omen as I have heard), our carriage stopped to let them pass, and the carriage of the duke of Ne——rs drove up beside us. As we remained within a few paces of each other, he gazed at Louisa with such an unmannered intenseness, as caused her to colour and turn aside. However, he accosted us not, nor inquired concerning us; it seems our arms and livery were too sure an indication of our name and quality. In short, on my approaching the presence, the King affected to smile very graciously upon me, and said, I have provided, Madam, a noble and princely husband for your daughter; it is the duke of Ne——rs. Ah, I cried, bending my knee in a supplicating posture, my daughter is already engaged, by bands of the most endearing and indissoluble obligations, to a man who has preserved the lives and honours of all our family, to a man who, I trust, by his eminent courage and qualities, will become the brightest jewel in your Majesty's crown. Madam, said he severely, you must withdraw your election, I find
I have

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 185

I have ordered matters superior to your merits, but my will is the law here, and shall be obeyed. I rose dejectedly, courted, and withdrew without reply.

Ah, I exclaimed, on what summit does this rival hold his abode? I will instantly go and scale it, and at once put an end to his life and his pretensions! My Lady then, throwing her arms about my neck, and pressing her lips to my cheek, What romance, says she, is this, my Harry? Would you at once fight the Duke, and the King, and the whole army of France? No, my child; prudence reduces us to more salutary, however deplorable measures. We must part, my Harry, we must part this very night, and my Louisa must depart with you. My chaplain shall, this minute, unite you by ties that death alone can funder. Alas, my precious babes, I little expected that your nuptials should be celebrated by tears and wailings! But better these than no nuptials. When you are once joined, I shall care little for myself: and, if we meet no more here, we may yet meet hereafter, as happily as the barbarians who tear us afunder.

The chaplain was then summoned; and, having performed his office, no congratulations nor salutations ensued, save a kiss and a sigh of mine on the hand of my angel.

186 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

angel. The Marquis then called me ; and, drawing me down to him, and pressing me ardently to his bosom, cried, O my Harry, O my Harry ! burst into tears, and dismissed me.

Mean while all was in bustle and hurry throughout the palace. No festival was prepared, no bridal-bed laid. Horses, arms, and carriages, were all the cry ; and the Marchioness, with a bleeding heart, but amazing resolution, issued her orders with a presence of mind that seemed serene in the midst of tempest.

I then sent for my brave fellows, with orders to double their arms, and to double their ammunition. They came accordingly. It was now within three hours of day. All was dispatched, all in readiness, the carriages were at the gate. Silence sat on every tongue, and a tear on every cheek. I threw myself at my mother's feet, I clasped, I clung to them ; she wept aloud over me, but neither of us uttered a word. When, rending myself away, I took my sobbing Louisa under my arm, seated her gently in her chariot, placed myself to support her, and away we drove.

When we got clear of the town, and were speeding on the way, my Louisa started and cried out, O, how fast, how
very

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 187.

very fast they take me from you, my mamma ! Whither, whither do they carry me, perhaps never to return, never to meet again ! I answered not, but kissed her head, and drew her gently to me, and she seemed to be more at ease. But, after a while, I felt her agitation at my bosom, and she exclaimed, From my birth to this hour of wo, my blessed mamma, never was I from those dear arms of yours ; shall I ever, shall I ever again behold those eyes that used to look with such fondness upon me ?

Here I could no longer contain, but taking her hands between mine, and weeping upon them, I said, Will you then, my angel, are you resolved upon breaking the heart of your Harry ? O no, says she, no, not for worlds upon worlds would I break that dear and feeling heart, the heart of my heart, the heart of which I became enamoured. She then leaned her head fondly over, and, in a while, fell fast asleep ; while my arms gently encircled and my soul brooded over her, as the wings of a turtle over her new-begotten.

When she awoke and found herself so endearingly situated ; she gave me a look that overvalued the ransom of a monarch ; she kissed my hands in turns, she kissed the

the skirts of my garments. O, she cried, I will endeavour, I will do my best to be more composed. I know I ought not to repine. I am too rich, too happy. I ought to wish for nothing more, I ought to wish for no one more; since my Harry is so near me, since I have him to myself. — But — but — And here her lovely lips began again to work; and the drops that trembled in her living brilliants, could hardly be restrained from breaking prison. — Soon after, the grief of her heart overweighed her spirits, and she fell again asleep into my arms, that opened of themselves to receive her.

On setting up for the night, I rejoiced to find that my Louisa was something more alive; and that her repose on the way had greatly deducted from the fatigue that I apprehended.

When we had eaten a bit of supper, she looked to me and from me, with down-cast lids; and, with changing looks and a faltering accent, began to say, Will you, will you permit me, my love, to be regent for a little time, and in a very trifling matter? Allow me only to be governess for a few days, and I promise that you shall be my supreme lord and sweet master all the rest of my life.

I swear,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 189

I swear, said I in a transport, by that precious head, that you are already sovereign of all my thoughts and actions; and that, during my existence, you shall dispose of all that I have and all that I am at pleasure.

O then, said she, my Harry, we must lie apart for some nights. I would not have our chaste and blessed bridal-bed stained by tears and dirges. Nay, no hesitation, you have sworn that I am ruler, and I will be obeyed.

I then cast myself at her knees, and hiding my face in her lap, Cruel, cruel Louisa, I cried, I find you are not yet mine. What shall I do to earn you? But I will be patient, if possible; I would not for the world put the colour of constraint on the love of my beloved. And so I kissed her gown, in token of due homage.

Arising, I called her maids, and desired that they would order their mistress's chamber to be prepared, as also a bed for themselves in the same apartment. I then secretly ordered that a pallet should be spread for myself before her outer door, and laying myself down, with my arms at my side, I guarded, like the dragon of old, the precious fruit of my Hesperia.

At

170 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

At length we reached Calais, and immediately sent to the beach to engage a ship for wafting us to the land of freedom and rights, but the wind was contrary.

Mean while the day advanced toward evening, and my Louisa and I sat together in the arbour of a little pleasure-garden that lay behind the house, when James came hastening to us, and cried, Hide yourself, Madam, for heaven's sake hide yourself! here is the Duke de Ne——rs with a large party of the King's guards.

Poor Louisa started up and attempted to fly, but she trembled and grew faint, and sunk down again on her seat.

James, said I, stay and take care of your mistress. Then, turning with hasty steps to the house, I recommended my spirit in a short ejaculation, and entered, determined that the Duke should accompany me in death. His Highness was in the parlour. I advanced fiercely toward him. So, Sir, says he, you have cost us a warm chace. — Heavens! what do I see? — and, so crying out, he threw himself back into an arm-chair, all panting, and his aspect working with distraction and disappointment. — — Cursed chance! he again exclaimed, are you the man, Clinton? — Ah, I must not hurt you, I ought

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 191

ought not to injure you, but what is then to be done? — Where have you put my Louisa? — But no matter, let her not appear, let me not see her, I could not answer the consequence — I would be just if I could, Clinton. — O love, O honour, how you do distract me! — You refused my treasures and jewels, Clinton, but then you have rent from me a gem more estimable than my dukedom. — Help saints, help angels, help me to wrestle with myself! — Honour, Virtue, Gratitude, O, compel me to be just! — Tear, tear me away, while there is strength to depart! — Adieu, Clinton, you are recompensed; should we happen to meet again, I may assail you without reproach. And so saying, he rose suddenly, and rushed out of the house.

I then hastened to seek my love, but had scarce entered the garden when I saw James on his knees before her, endeavouring to oppose her way to the house. But she cried, Away, villain, let me pass, they are murdering my lord, they are murdering my husband, I will go and perish with him: then breaking away from him, she shot along like a lapwing, till, seeing me advancing, she sprung upon my bosom, crying, O my Harry! O my Harry!

192 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Harry! are you safe, are you safe? and fainted away in my arms.

The rest of my story, my Lord, is no way material or entertaining. The serene of heart-felt happiness has little of adventure in it, and is only interesting to the possessors.

Having settled my affairs in London, and carrying my Eden along with me, I passed into Holland to settle and be quit of matters there also. For the world that I wished was in my holding, and all things else appeared either nugatory or encumbering.

It was there that I met our Meekly, and taking a pleasant tour through the skirts of Germany, we entered France, and leaving Paris on the right hand, we reached the Marquis's country-seat, situate near twenty leagues beyond the metropolis.

What a meeting, what an interview! My Louisa sunk in tears, for half an hour, on the bosom of her mother. And the Marquis would put me from him and pull me to him again, all panting with transport and insatiate of his caresses! It was too much joy, it was pleasure to paining. The domestics would no longer be restrained from their share of the felicity; they rushed in, and, as though we had

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 193

had been new descended divinities, they dropped on their knees, they fell prostrate and clung about us, kissed our feet, our hands, our garments, and broke forth into cries, as though it had been the house of mourning and lamentation.

On retiring, they got my Louisa's Gerard to themselves; he now became a man of mighty importance among them. They crouded about him, and in a joint voice, but a distraction of questions, inquired after our travels, our adventures, our good and evil occurrences, and all that concerned us.

The Marchioness then coming, and casting her honoured arms around me, and weeping upon me, cried aloud, O Harry, my son, my son, I delivered my daughter to you, even as Edna committed her Sarah, of special trust, to Tobias, and I see that you have entreated her very kindly, my son, my son!

As my Louisa now began to be apparently pregnant, I earnestly pressed my precious mother and brother to accompany us to England, the place where law was regent; where there was no apprehension of inquisitions or bastiles; and where the peasant was guarded, with a bulwark of adamant, against every encroachment of arbitrary power. They assented

with joy; and the Marquis, going to his *escritoire*, brought forth bills to the amount of ten millions of livres, the produce of some concerns which he had disposed of for the purpose. Here, my brother, says he, if I am not able to be grateful, if I am not able to be generous, I will at least be just; here is the patrimony to which my lovely sister is entitled. But I said to the Marquis, My lovely Louisa can admit of no accession of value. Keep your goods to yourself. Remember how Esau said to Jacob, I have enough, enough, my brother; these things can add nothing to the abundance of my blessings. But then, he cried, you must accept them, as a token of our loves; and so he constrained and impelled them upon me.

Soon after, we passed to London, where we continued some months, and where my Louisa was delivered of my little Eloisa, who was said to be the beautiful likeness of her father.

We then retired to my seat near Stratford on the fatal Avon, the chief of the landed possessions that Mr. Golding had bequeathed me; where we remained something upward of five years, happy, I think, above all that ever were happy upon

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 195

upon earth. For my Louisa was perpetual festivity to our sight and to our hearts; her eyes beamed with living and sentimental glory, her attitudes were grace, her movements were harmony, and her smiles were fascination. Still varying, yet exhibiting the same delight, like the northern aurora, she shone in all directions. And she sported as though she had gone to heaven, from time to time, and borrowed all her plays from the kingdom of little children.

But she needed not to go to heaven, since heaven was ever in her and round about her, and that she could no more move from it than she could move from herself. She had been, from her earliest years, the beloved disciple of the celebrated Madam Guyon; and the world, with all its concerns, its riches and respects, had fallen off from her, as the cloak fell away from the burning chariot of Elijah. She looked at nothing but her Lord in all things, she loved nothing but him in any thing. She was the sweetest playfellow that ever lived for the Babe of the manger of Bethlehem; and he was, in her heart, a pleasure passing sense, as well as a peace that passed understanding.

196 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Our friends now prevailed upon us to accompany them, in our turn, to France; together with our prattling Eloisa, who was become the darling and inseparable companion of her grandmother and her uncle. We again took London in our way. I there renewed, for a while, my old acquaintance with my fellows in trade, and they persuaded me to join them in a petition to his Majesty for the restoration of some of the lapsed rights of their corporation, as your Lordship may remember.

From Calais we turned, and, by long but pleasant journeys, at length arrived at the Marquis's paternal seat in Languedoc, that opened a delightful prospect on the Mediterranean. And here we continued upwards of five years more, even as Adam continued in paradise, compassed in, by bliss, from the rest of the world.

During this happy period, I often pressed my dear Marquis to marry, but he would take me to his arms, and say, O, my Harry, shew me but the most distant resemblance of our Louisa, and I will marry and be blessed without delay.

In the mean while, my angel made me the joyful father of a little son, who was also said to be the happier resemblance

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 197

of his unhappy father. Then, though I had long disregarded the world and all its concerns, as I saw a family increasing upon me, and also considering the poor as my appointed and special creditors, I resolved once more to return and settle my long-suspended accounts.

As for the Marchioness, she protested that she could not think of parting with her little Eloisa, and that she should not be able to survive her absence ten days. So my Louisa and I, and my little Richard, who was named after you, my Lord, set out by sea, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived in England; comforted however with the promise that our friends would join us as soon as possible in Britain.

Within the ten subsequent months we received the joyful tidings that our brother was married to the third daughter of the duke of Alençon, that they were all in the highest triumph, and would speedily be with us on the banks of the Avon.

Soon after, as my Louisa and I rode along the river, pleasing ourselves with the prospect of a speedy union with persons so dear to us, and talking and laughing away at the cares of the covetous and ambition of the high-minded,

a fowler inadvertently fired a shot behind us; and my horse, bounding aloft, plunged with me into the current, from whence however I was taken, and unwillingly reserved to years of inexpressible misery, of a misery that admitted not of a drop of consolation.

Mean while my love had fallen, with a shriek, from her horse, and lay senseless on the ground. Some of my people flew back, and bringing a carriage, conveyed us gently home, where my Louisa was undressed, and put into a bed, from whence she never rose. Her fright had given such a shock to her blood and spirits, as threw her into a violent fever.

On the second day, while I sat with the physicians by her side, James put in his head, and beckoned me forth. Ah, my dearest master, says he, I pray God to give you the strength and patience of Job; you have great need of them, for your calamities, like his, come all in a heap upon you. Here is a messenger dispatched from France with very heavy tidings, that my sweet young lady, your darling Eloisa, was cast away, in a sloop, upon a party of pleasure, and that the good old Marchioness did not outlive her five days. Then lifting my eyes to heaven, Strip, strip me, my God, I cried,
to

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 199

to the skin, to the bone, leave but my Louisa, and I will bless thy dispensations!

On the next day, my little Dicky was taken ill of a severe cold, that he caught through want of due attention during the sickness of his mother. As he was of a florid complexion, his disorder fell suddenly into an inflammation on his lungs, and in a few days he went to join his little brother and sisters in their eternity. Did I not feel these losses? Yes, yes, my friends; they wrung, they rent my vitals. Yet I still lifted my heart in an eager prayer, and repeatedly cried, Take, take all, even the last mite, leave, leave me but my Louisa, and I will bless thee, O my Creator!

Alas, what could this avail! Can an insect arrest the motion whereby the round universe continues its course? On the fifth day I perceived that the eyes of my Louisa, the lamps of my life, began to lose their lustre. The breath that was the balm of all my cares and concerns, grew difficult and short. The roses of my summer died away on her cheek. All agonizing, I felt and participated her changes, and she expired, while I dropt and lay senseless beside her.

I knew not what our people did with her or me afterward. For three weeks I lay in a kind of dosing but uneasy stupor; neither do I recollect, during that period, when or whether I received any kind of sustenance.

At length I awoke to the poignancy and bitterness of my situation. I did not awake to life, but rather to the blackest gloom of the regions of death. And yet it was from this depth and enfolding of death alone, that my soul could find, or would accept an alleviation of its anguish.

O earth, I cried, where is thy centre; how deeply am I sunk beneath it! How are the worms exalted over me! How much higher are the noxious reptiles that crawl upon earth! I will not accuse thee, thou great Disposer, I have had my day, the sweetest that ever was allotted to man; but O, thy past blessings serve only to enhance my present miseries, and to render me the most accursed of all thy creatures.

I then rose, and threw myself along the floor! my faithful servants immediately gathered to me, and finding that I would not be removed, they cast themselves around me.

All light was shut out, save the glimmering of a taper, and for seven nights and seven days we dwelt in silence, except the
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the solemn interruptions of smothered sobs and wailings.

At length my spirit reproved me. What property, said I to myself, have these people in my sufferings, or why should I burden those who love me with my afflictions? I then constrained myself, and went and took out a drawer. Here, my friends, I said, here is something that may help hereafter to dry up your tears. Divide this among ye; neither these counters nor your services are now of further use. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my worthy and beloved friends! God will give you a more gracious master, but—but—such another mistress ye never—never will find! I then took each of them to my arms, and embraced them, and the house was instantly filled with heart-tearing lamentations.

I now expected and wished to be left wholly alone, but James and two domestics remained against my will. I then endeavoured to seem easy, I even struggled to appear chearful, that I might communicate the less of grief to the voluntary sharers in my misery. O world, world, I said to myself, thou once pleasant world; we now bid a long, an eternal adieu to each other! from thee I am cut asunder, thou art annihilated to me, and

202 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

we mutually reject every kind of future commerce.

Ah, how much deeper was my death than that of those in the tomb, *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.* While I was dead to every relish of light and of life, I was wholly alive to all the gloom and horror of the grave. The rays of the sun became an offence to my soul, the verdure of the fields, the whole bloom of nature were blasted and blasting to my sight and I wished to sink yet deeper, and to own a lower bottom to myself of darkness and distress.

I no longer regarded what the world thought of me, or what it did to me, and I left my hair and my nails, even those of Nebuchadnezzar, to grow like eagle's feathers and bird's claws.

My faithful James, in the mean time took a house for me in this village, in order to remove me from scenes that could only serve to perpetuate or aggravate my misery, by reminding me of the blessings that I had once enjoyed.

He was now become my controller. I was patient and passive to any thing, to every thing, and so he conducted me better, I neither knew nor cared how.

In all this time, though I panted after a state of insensibility, even as a traveller in the burning desert thirsts after a cool and slaking stream, I never attempted to lay a violent hand on the work of my Creator. I did not even wish an alleviation of misery, since my God had appointed that I should be so very miserable.

At length, my spirit rose from its blackness to a kind of calm twilight. I called for a Bible, and, since this world was incapable of affording me a drop of consolation, I wished to know if the next had any in store.

As I read the letter, the whole, and the facts contained therein, appeared as so many seals and veils that removed from before my eyes, and discovered depths under depths, and heavens above heavens to my amazed apprehension. I had no vision, no revelation of these matters; but the conviction was impressed as strongly on my soul, as though an angel or God himself had revealed them to me.

How this came to pass, I know not. Homer gives to his heroes a sight into futurity at the time that their spirits are breaking away from the shackles of flesh and blood. And it is not unlikely that the eye of the soul, when wholly turned

from all carnal and earthly objects, can penetrate with the greater scope and perspicuity into concerns that are merely celestial and divine.

I have now told you the whole of my dreary history, my friends, till I met with our Harry, and the rest our Harry can tell.

But Harry was in no manner of vein, at present, for entertaining or receiving entertainment from any one. His eyes were swelled with weeping, his spirits totally depressed, and getting up, as with the burden of fourscore years on his shoulders, he retired slowly and silently to his apartment.

Here Mr. Meekly took the opportunity of our hero's absence, to apprise the company of what had passed respecting the fair Aggy Jessamin. And why, my dear Meekly, said the Earl, why would you baulk my boy? I would rather than fifty thousand broad pieces get any offspring of my Harry into my arms, however little it might be, legitimate or illegitimate. He is a glorious fellow, he cannot be debased by marrying a kitchen-wench, although his alliance would ennoble a princess. What is your opinion, brother? Indeed, said Mr. Clinton, if the girl is virtuous, as her countenance promises, I have no objection.

Mr.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 205

Mr. Meekly instantly went with these indulgent tidings to Harry ; but he shook his head, and said, No, no, my friend, I will not abuse their goodness. Beside, since I heard the story of my uncle's Louisa, my passion is not quite so violent. I have formed a perfect idea of the bride I would wish ; and, if I get not some one answering the image in my heart, I will go unmarried to my tomb. Yet, as I still ardently love the sweet girl, I would not for the world risk the temptation of a meeting with her ; and I am willing to pay roundly for her removal. Be pleased then, my dear friend, to settle this matter with her father ; the stipulated sum shall be ready on demand, to any amount that you please, if it may serve to promote her happiness.

On the next day Mr. Meekly introduced to Harry a tall and comely young man in a peasant's dress, but of an air and deportment much superior to his appearance. My Lord, said Meekly, as he entered, you must quit all further thoughts of the lovely Miss Jeffamin. I have here brought a prior claimant, to whom, I am confident, the probity, the generosity of your heart will give place.

Harry rose to receive him, when the stranger, looking earnestly and amazedly
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at him, cried out, Ah no, we must all give place here, I find. Does she know him, has Aggy seen him? I will then go and bury myself where my heart may break in despair of ever reclaiming her affections.

No fear, Sir, said Harry, reaching his hand, give me but to know that you have entitled yourself to her regard, and my own heart shall break in a thousand pieces, rather than oppose or disturb the peace of two gentle lovers.

I will give you our story, my Lord, in a very few words. Mr. Jessamin and my father Jessop served an apprenticeship to the same merchant, and, when that was expired, they joined in trade to the Levant. But, as my father was of the more adventurous temper, they soon after broke partnership. My father traded to Turkey and the isles of the Archipelago, and Mr. Jessamin confined himself to the Italian coast.

In one of his voyages to Genoa, he there married, and begot the charming Aggy, and, returning to London after a number of years, he fitted out a ship of considerable force, in order to convoy his wife and daughter, with all his treasures, to England.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 207

On their way home they were taken by a French privateer. Their ship and rich cargo were sent to Toulon. And Mrs. and Miss Jeffamin, with some other prisoners, were taken on board the enemy's vessel, that proceeded on her cruise for further captures.

I happened, at the time, to be on my return homeward, in a stout ship that had the appearance of a merchantman, but was actually better fitted for war than trade.

The same privateer came up with us, and bearing on us, with confidence, commanded us to strike; but we answered them with an unexpected broadside, and, coming to close quarters, we nearly cleared their deck by the discharge of our small arms. Soon after, we grappled and boarded; when, hastening down to the cabin, I there, for the first time, beheld my Aggy, in a fainting-fit, with her lovely head reclined on the lap of her mother.

As I kneeled to give assistance toward her recovery, she first opened the morning of her eyes upon me; then turning them to her mother, cried, Ah, Madam, what new misfortune has been added to our misery? I hope we have not fallen into the hands of the infidels. No, Miss,
I said,

I said, you are free, you are free, and you are freed by hands that offer themselves of their own accord to your shackles.

When we came to port, I divided the freight of our prize among the brave fellows who had seconded me so gallantly. And, having sold the vessel for three and twenty hundred pounds, I compelled Mrs. Jeffamin to accept of it, as some small compensation for the losses that her family had sustained.

As soon as I had paid my duty to my father, and the warmth of his first caresses was over, Sir, said I, I have melancholy news to tell you. I fear your old friend and partner, Mr. Jeffamin, is undone, as to trade; great part of his fortune has been seized by the French, and that may prove a heavy loss to myself also. He has but one daughter, and might I have prevailed upon her to accept of my hand, I should become entitled to all her father's possessions. But, Sir, I cried, casting myself passionately at his feet, if the happiness of your son is of any weight with you, you will still assent to our union, and thereby make me the most blessed of all human beings!

Everard,

Everard, said my father, sedately, you know I love you, and I am willing to divide that love between your fancy and your fortune. If Jeffamin lays down twenty thousand pounds, in hand, toward portioning your sisters, I will consent to your union. And that is what I would not do with any other wench under double the sum.

As I knew my father's disposition to be obstinate as it was affectionate, I rose and retreated without reply. I instantly went to Mr. Jeffamin's. I found my charmer alone. I threw myself at her knees. I solicited, I urged her to an immediate marriage. When, blushing like the morning, when it arises as ashamed of the brightness that it brings, Sir, said she, we owe you all things, I never can refuse you any thing that virtue will allow me to grant. Ah, how cold is that! I cried; I will not accept you as a debt, my Aggy, if your heart is not a free-will offering, then let mine burst in sunder, they can have no commerce together. Indeed, says she, giving her hand, I never had an inclination for any other, and I have in the world but one objection to you. What is that, what is that? — It is, she cried, with filling eyes, that I fear to hurt you
by

by a match so very much disproportioned to your merits.

Her parents entered, and found me still at her feet. I arose in much confusion, and, taking a seat, I candidly told them what had passed between my father and me; and urged the same petition to them that I had to their daughter; when Mr. Jessamin recollecting himself, gave me an answer deserving of everlasting memorial.

Mr. Jessop, says he, had I a province to bestow along with my child, you should have it as freely as I would give of my water-cistern to a thirsty traveller. But here it happens, that the inestimable obligations which you have heaped upon my family, raise insuperable obstacles to the gratification of your present desires.

In the first place, as a man of probity, if I wish one day to merit the happiness of your alliance, I cannot consent to be a party in any clandestine matter. Again, shall a heart full and burning with gratitude, be a partaker in bringing either damage or disgrace on the only one whom I account my benefactor and patron? Lastly, shall a father, who estimates the honour of his child as a pearl above the world's purchase, shall he subject her tender, perhaps, her melting gratitude, to the temptation of yielding further than
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THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 211

she ought; or even to the temptation of binding her virtuous affections beyond the power of a retreat? This would be too severe a tribute even for all that you have done for us. Do not exact it, my son. My heart bleeds under the necessity of rejecting your suit. You cannot be pained as I am by this refusal. But it is inevitable. You and my daughter must meet no more till these clouds are overpassed, and that a new light of happier influence begins to dawn upon us.

I answered not. I wept where I sat for half an hour, I was not unaccompanied, and I then withdrew.

But, my Lord, I begin to grow tedious in spite of my intentions. I returned to my father, and requested him, in order, as I said, to get rid of my present passion, that he would dispatch me abroad upon another voyage.

I had given him a very lucrative account of my last, and that made him the less inquisitive respecting the prize we had taken.

He assented with joy, as he feared that my love might yet contend, and prevail in the combat against duty. And he took upon himself the care of equipping out my ship in a more gallant plight than ever.

The

The day before I went on board, stepped to Mr. Jeffamin's. My Ag did not appear, and I found her parer employed in preparing for a disconsol retreat to the country. I told them came to take my leave, and asked if th would send any venture by me. The ve worthy man then went to his desk, a taking out the produce of the sale of t privateer, Here, my Everard, says he have nothing to adventure with you fa your own free gift. The remainder the wreck of my fortune is enough supply us with very frugal accommo tions, in our desired exclusion from t world and its ways. And here is a li note of the place of our retreat, if ev my child, if ever——if ever we sh happen to meet on this side of eterni O, I cried, kissing the bills, if I do bring you a good account of these v tures, never, indeed, shall we meet, parting shall be no more.

We then set about taking leave, a having several times rushed alternately to the arms of each other, we again down and wept till no tears were le when, rending myself away from the and nearly blind to the way that I we I departed.

With

thin a year and a half I returned, on a storm, put in at Plymouth. But notwithstanding the intrepidity and great courage of my companions; though I made death and success as matters very indifferent, and on one of which was determined; yet our high hopes and enterprisings had failed us on several occasions, and I am come back with little more than ten thousand pounds for my share, over the produce of the voyage which my father may exact from

Therefore, with post-horses, and a good heart, I have crossed the country disguise, impatient, yet fearful, to know how the heart of the nobly-inexorable Jessamin may be affected towards me this morning, as I skulked about the house, this gentleman met me, and questioned me, brought me directly before your Lordship,

The Harry covered his eyes with his hands and musing for a time, at length he said, my friends, it may be difficult to say this matter about with propriety. I would not willingly affront Mr. Jessop by a gift of the sum that is destined to his happiness. Neither, indeed, would it be duly delicate in Mr. Jessop to give to his father-in-law, a penny beyond what

314 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

what his venture had acquired. You therefore, my dear Mr. Meekly, shall be the conduit of the expedient that I propose on the occasion. I question if the war was proclaimed when Jeffamin's ship was made prize; but be that matter as it may, I trust I have interest sufficient to procure a restoration the first treaty of peace. Do you therefore, my friend, get me an order from Jeffamin for 10,000 l. on the first of his effects in France, (with legal interest however), and then take this key and deliver to our friends the very utmost of the sum required by the father of the worthy man who is now before me.

Meekly then sprung up, advanced in years as he was, and, catching and clinging about Harry, O my hero, my Scipio, he cried, you are the very champion whom heaven delighteth to empower to subdue itself by violence! Go on, till the wreath of triumph shall be bound to your head in all its prepared glories.

Mean while young Jessop lay prostrate, in the oppression and agony of gratitude, at the feet of his younger patron. But Harry gently and affectionately disengaging himself from them, withdrew to his closet,

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 215

closet, saying to his own heart, Now, Aggy, adieu, adieu, Aggy, for ever!

For three succeeding Sundays, our hero heard the bans of marriage published between Everard Jessop and Agnes Jessamin, all which he bore with the firmness of a Stoic, or rather the resignation of a Christian, who keeps a look forward to a more pearly hope.

Perhaps, some may be curious to know how Aggy stood affected in regard to our young Lord. Let it suffice to be told, that she made the worthiest of wives to the worthy Everard, notwithstanding that he had the imprudence to tell her of Harry's regard for her, as also of the obligations by which he had bound them. Aggy therefore could not justly refuse Harry a share in her friendship; and there is something extremely tender in the friendship of a generous female.

One evening, after coffee, as the Earl stood fondly fooling with his Harry, as one child with another, he turned to Mr. Clinton, and said, How came it to pass, my brother, that Jesus suffered near four thousand years to elapse, before he became incarnate for the salvation of the world, although it was by him alone that the world could be saved?

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216 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

We may as well demand of God, said Mr. Clinton, why he suffered near four days of creation to elapse, before he compacted yon glorious body of far-beaming light. For this matter was barely a type, and the sun himself but a shadow of the CHRIST that was to come. But did the world want light, before light became incorporated in its illustrious circumstances? No, my Lord. JESUS, who was from eternity the illumination of the dark immensity of nature; Jesus who alone is the living light of spirit, soul, and sentiment, the perpetual fountain of the streams of beauty and truth; he said, LET THERE BE LIGHT! and instantly, through the darkness of a ruined world, the *internity* of his ever-living light kindled up an *externity* of corporeal irradiation, that has its effluence from him, and cannot beam but by him.

Now, as a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, in the sight of God; you see that the fourth day of creation, wherein the light of the outward world was compacted into the glorious body of the sun, precisely answers to the four thousandth year wherein Jesus, the light of eternity, was to become embodied and incarnate in Christ, the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

But,

But, as the world wanted not light, before the sun opened his first morning in the east, neither did it want the means of salvation before the blessed doctrine of the MESSIAH was promulged upon earth!

All sorts of sectaries, all persons of selfish and little minds, would make a monopoly of the SAVIOUR, they would shut him up into a conventicle, and say to their God, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.* But he is not to be confined. The spirit of our Jesus bloweth wide and where he listeth. And he is at once both the purifier and redeemer, as well of all nations, as of all nature.

Accordingly, we see that the Turks, who are wholly unblest by true religion or liberty; who live the slaves of slaves; without a settled form of civil government; temporally subjected to the will of a tyrant; and spiritually to the worship of a sensual impostor; yet want not the feeling of our JESUS in their heart.

Even the wild *Indians*, who never heard the name of Jesus, who know no law, but that of nature; these want not their attachments, their friendships, their family-feelings, nor the sweet compunctions and emotions of the human heart, by Jesus, forming to DIVINE.

218 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

The truth is, that people live incomparably more by impulse and inclination than by reason and precept. Reason and precept are not always within our reach to have their due influence, they require frequent inculcation and frequent recollection; but impulse and inclination are more than at hand, they are within reach, and, from the citadel, rule the outward of man at pleasure.

When the Apostle, speaking of CHRIST affirms, that *there is no other NAME under heaven whereby a man may be saved*; and again, when he affirms, that those who *have not received the law, are a law unto themselves*, he intends one and the same thing. He intends that CHRIST, from the fall of man, is a PRINCIPLE OF REDEMPTION in the bosoms of all living. That he is not an *outward*, but an *inward Redeemer*, working out our salvation *the change of our depraved nature*: That and from him, alone, arise all the sentiments and sensibilities that warm the heart with love, that expand it with labour, that wring it with compunction, that heave it with the story of distant distress: And that he alone can be qualified to be judge at the last day, who, from the first day to the last, was internally co-operat

co-operator and witness of all that ever passed within the bosoms of all men.

Hence it is that, although the Christian countries have received the *two tables* of the laws of Christ, his *external* as well as *internal revelation*, (each witnessing to the other, that the God of our *gospel* is the God of our *nature*), the nations however, who are strangers to his name, yet acknowledge his influence; they do not indeed *bear*, but they *feel* the precepts of that LIGHT *which lighteth every man who cometh into the world*.

My dearest brother, said the Earl, my conceptions are quite clear with respect to the omnipresence of Christ's divinity. But, as his body is circumscribed by external features and lineaments, I can form no notion of its being in several places at once. How then will it be, I pray you, at, and after the last day? Will he be present to, and approachable only by a select number of his saints; or will he go certain journeys and circuits through the heavens, blessing all, in rotation, with his beatific presence?

Is not the body of yonder sun circumscribed, my Lord? Most certainly. — It is now, said Mr. Clinton, at a distance of many millions of leagues from you, and yet you see it as evidently, and feel

220 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

its influence as powerfully, as if it were within your reach. Nay, it is more than within your reach, it is within your existence. It supplies comfort and life to your animal body and life; and you could not survive an hour without its influence and operations.

Now, this is no other than the apt type and prefiguring promise of what Christ will be to his new-begotten in the resurrection, when *corruption shall be swallowed up of glory, and mortal of immortality*. The same blessed body which, for the redemption of commiserated sinners, went through the shameful and bloody process of agonising scourges, thorns, spittings, and buffetings; which hung six hours on the cross; which descended into the grave, and thence opened the way through death into life, and through time into eternity; even this body shall then shine forth in ineffable beauty and beatitude, in essentially-communicative grace and glory; through the height and through the depth, through the length and through the breadth, beaming wide beyond the universe, from infinity to infinity.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will they become co-embodied in this divine body they will be the repletion of it, they will operate all things by it. To bring the
Creator

reator nearer to his creatures, the invisible Godhead will then become visible, the infinite circumscribed, the unapproachable accessible, and the incomprehensible comprehended, within the humanity of our Christ.

Then will his cross be exalted, for an sign to the circling, bending, and worshipping universe. His wreath of thorns will kindle all nature with the dartings and effluence of its coruscations. And the reed of mockery will become the sceptre of unlimited domination.

From these five wounds shall be poured forth incessant floods of glory and wide-suspending blessedness upon all his redeeming. Adoring worlds, in self-abjection, all strive to sink beneath the abjection that became their salvation. These ever-present ensigns of so dearly purchased benefits, shall inevitably attract the wills of all creatures; they shall cause all hearts and affections to rush and cleave to him, like steel-dust rushes to adamant, and as stakes stick in the nave whereon they are centred. There shall be no lapse thenceforward, no falling away, for ever; but all in his Christ, and Christ in his redeemed, shall be a will and a wisdom, and an action and a mightiness, and a goodness and a graciousness, and a glory

rising on glory, and a blessing rising on blessedness, through an ever-beginning to a never-ending eternity.

O brother, brother, brother! exclaimed the Earl, I am enraptured, I am entranced!—I feel it all, I feel it all, I am already, with all my corruptions, with all my transgressions, desirous of being crushed to nothing under the foot of my Redeemer. But he comforts instead of crushing me. O that I were this night, this very moment, to be dissolved, and to be with my Christ!

That night, the Earl was quite happy and pleasant, and affectionate even beyond his custom. He said and did every thing that could be endearing to his Harry and to his friends. He caressed them at parting for bed. He smilingly shook hands with all the domestics that approached him; and, in the morning, was found dead, without any notice or warning to the servant who attended and lay in the room.

A sudden and grievous alarm was instantly given through the family, and quickly reached the town, and spread through the adjacent country.

Harry fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him, crying, My father, O my father!

And

And they laid his remains in a rich coffin under a sable canopy of velvet, and the house and the court was circled with mourners from all parts, until his body was deposited in his family-tomb; but Mr. Clinton would not permit Harry to attend the funeral of his father.

Our hero was now the master of unbounded wealth, approaching to the prime of youth, glowing with health, action, and vigour, of beauty incomparable, beloved of all who knew him, and the attraction and admiration of every eye where he passed. Yet all these advantages, with his higher accomplishments, became as matters of no value, they sunk and sickened to his sense, while he felt a void in his bosom, after he knew not what, sighing he knew not why; keen and craving in his desires, yet pining and languid in the want of possession.

What is the matter, my love? said Mr. Clinton, my dear brother died in a good old age. Such things should be expected; we know that they must be; and we ought not to grieve as persons who are without hope.

True, Sir, said the young Earl, and yet it is a very melancholy thing for a poor man to reflect how very rich he was a very little while ago. I lately had a dear

brother, a dear mother, and the dearest of fathers, but where are they now? I look round the world, and see nothing but yourself therein. And—— should you too—— he could no more. His uncle also broke into tears, at the thoughts of parting with his darling Harry, though it were to join his Louisa.

My Harry, says he at last, for never will I change that dear name for any title however deserved by you, we have yet two precious treasures upon earth, if we did but know where to find them; it is your cousin; the Countess of Maitland, and the brother of my Louisa, the Marquis D'Aubigny. Let us go in search of them, my son. Next to my Louisa they are the loveliest of all living. They abound in all human and divine affections, and will carefs us with kindred and corresponding hearts.

Soon after, they set out for France, and, by a roundabout tour of short but pleasant journeys, arrived at Paris, where Mr. Clinton ordered his large retinue to his ancient hotel, and, taking only two footmen, he and his Harry went in their post-chaise to the Marquis's palace.

On ringing of the bell, and opening the gate, a single domestic came forth. Mr. Clinton perceived that all was dark in the hall, and this instantly gave an alarm to his ever-ready feelings.

He

He alighted, however, and, entering with his Harry, Where is your master, says he, where is my brother the Marquis? Heaven bless us, cried the fellow, are you my master's brother? I have heard much talk of and about your Lordship, though I never was so happy as to see your face before. Ho! he continued, and rung another bell, come all of you! attend the brother of your Lord, attend the present master and lord of your household!

Immediately the palace was in commotion, the house was lighted up, and all seemed to have acquired wings to aid their motions.

Mr. Clinton looked with eagerness at each of the domestics, endeavouring to recollect the features of some old acquaintance, but all the faces were strange to him. Pray tell me, my friends, says he, where is your master, where and how are he and his lady; are they still in good health; has he had any children by her?

Please your Honour, said an elderly man, my master's first lady died in childbirth, and her infant perished with her. But he is since married to one of the loveliest women in the world. He is gone, a year since, on an embassy into Africa; his lady would not be left behind; we lately heard from them; they

are both in health; and we expect that less than a month will bring them safe to us; indeed, the sum of our prayers is for their happy and speedy return.

What, said Mr. Clinton, are there none of my old friends, not one of our ancient domestics to the fore? — Please your Lordship, Jacome, the white-headed steward, is still left, but, though in good health, he is very little more than half alive. — Pray go and tell him that an old friend of his is here, and would be very glad to see him; but do not do things suddenly, and be very tender and careful in bringing him to me.

Old Jacome was wheeled in, wrinkled, pale, and paralytic, and all enfeebled as he sat reclined in an easy chair; he seemed to recover life and new spirits, as they brought him forward. Bring me to him, bring me to him, he cried; my eyes are wondrous dim; bring me closer, that I may know if it is my very master indeed. Bring me but once to know that it is his sweet pardoning face, and then let me die with all my sins upon me, I care not.

Mr. Clinton then took him very lovingly by the hand, My good friend Jacome, says he, we are both growing old, I find, I rejoice however to see you once more upon earth. O, cried the old man,
a well-

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 127

a well known and a sweet-tuned voice is that voice; it is you then, it is you yourself, my master! Alas, for your losses since last we parted; I have got a salt rheum in my eyes of late, and I never thought of you but it began to come down.

Here Jacome, sobbing aloud, provoked the joint tears of his attending fellow-servants; though they had never been partakers of the foregone calamities, farther than by the ear, whence they were now recollected and carried home to their hearts.

My Lord, says Jacome at last, I am not the only one that remains of your old servants. Your Gerard too, who (blessings on his hands) once tied me neck and heels, Gerard too is forthcoming and near at hand. Your Honour's wonderful bounty made a gentleman of him at once, and he is now in a high way with a wife and three children. A hundred and a hundred times have we washed your remembrance with our tears. And indeed I think your Honour ought not to send for him, lest he should suddenly die, or run distracted at seeing you.

In the mean time, one of the lackeys had officiously gone and informed Gerard of the arrival of his patron. He came

panting, and rushed forward, as it were, to cast himself at the feet of his Lord; but stopping suddenly, and drawing back some steps, he nailed his eyes, as it were, on the face of Mr. Clinton, and spreading his hands, cried:

You live then, my Lord, you still live, my dearest master! you survive all your deaths and sufferings, and the weight of ten mountains has not been able to crush you!—O, the times, the times, my master, never more to return!—Will there be such times in heaven, think you?—Will there be such angels there as we once lived with upon earth?

Here he clapped his hands together, and set up such a shout of bitter lamentation, as was enough to split the heart of every hearer, and, in a manner, to split the graves of the persons whom he deplored.

As soon as Mr. Clinton and his two old friends had parted, for the night: Tell me, my dear Sir, said his Harry, are there different kinds of grief, or is it merely that grief affects us in different manners?

When I wept for my dear father, my mother and brother, my affliction was agonising and altogether bitter, without any species of alleviating sensation to compensate my misery. But it was far otherwise

otherwise with me to-night; when I grieved in the grief of your old and faithful domestics, I felt my heart breaking, but I was pleased that it should break; I felt that it was my happiness so to grieve; and I could wish a return of the sweet sensations.

The reason is this, my love: When you lamented your parents, you lamented yourself in your private and personal losses. Your affliction was just, it was natural, it was laudable; but still it was confined, it participated but little of the emotion that is excited by the affliction of others, and the anguish was the keener by being nearly limited to your own bosom and your own concerns.

But, in the griefs of my old and loving servants, this night, you became wholly expanded; you went beyond, you went out of yourself. You felt; without reflection, how delightful it is to go forth with your God, in his social, generous, noble, and divine sensibilities. And you delightfully felt, my Harry, that such a house of mourning is more joyous to your soul, than all the festivals that flesh and sense can open before you.

And now, my child, I will finally, and once for all, lay open the very horrible and detestable nature of SELF in your soul.

SELF appears to us as the whole of our existence, as the sum total of all in which we are interested or concerned. It is as a NARCISSUS, self-delighted, self-enamoured. It desires, it craves, and claims, as its right, the loves, attachments, and respect of all mankind. But does it acquire them, my Harry? O, never, never. SELF never was beloved, never will be beloved, never was honourable or respectable in the eye of any creature; and the characters of the *Patriot*, the *Hero*, the *Friend*, and the *Lover*, are only so far amiable, so far reverable, as they are supposed to have gone forth from the confines of SELF.

As Mr. Clinton proposed to wait the return of the Marquis, he employed the mean season in endeavours to amuse his darling, and to dispel the cloud of melancholy that continued to hang over him.

For this purpose, he went with him to Versailles, and to the many other elegant environs of Paris, where our hero became oppressed by his involuntary attraction of all eyes upon him.

One night, happening to go to the play, without the company of his guardian, as he came forth with a croud, a carriage was opened for him, which he
took

took to be his own, and in he stepped, and away he was taken.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton waited supper for him, and began to grow uneasy when the clock struck twelve. At last his carriage and servants returned with tidings that they staid for him above an hour at the theatre, after the play was over, and had ever since been in search of him to no purpose.

Though Mr. Clinton was, by nature, of an intrepid spirit, and was still more assured by his reliance on Providence, he yet found himself agitated in a very alarming manner. He therefore retired to his closet, and there, on his knees, fervently commended his Harry to the protection of his God.

At length the clock struck three. Soon after the bell was heard from the hall, and Harry, entering, with a page in a rich livery, flew like lightning up stairs, and cast himself into the bosom of his patron.

My father, my father! he cried, I have been in sad panics for you. I knew the love that you bore to your worthless Harry. But indeed I could not help it. I could not get to you till this instant. I have been a prisoner, Sir, and here is my dear deliverer.

232 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

As soon as they were something composed, Harry proceeded to satisfy the impatience of his uncle.

As I came out of the theatre, ruminating on a passage in one of Racine's tragedies, I found a chariot in the spot where I had left my own, and stepping heedlessly into it, I was soon set down, and hastening through the great hall, flew up stairs to salute you. But think how I was surprised, when I suddenly found the most sumptuous chamber, perhaps, in the universe.

All astonished, I recoiled, and was going to withdraw, when I was met by a lady who followed, and accosted me, Have you any commands, Sir, says she, for any one in this house? — A thousand pardons, Madam, I perceive my error! I really thought I was set down at my own lodgings. — No great offence, Sir, but now that I look at you again, I think you ought to pay the forfeit of your intrusion, by giving me an hour of your company at least. — You must excuse me, Madam, my guardian would be under the most terrifying alarms for me. — A fig for a guardian, she cried, you are now my prisoner, and nothing less than my friend Lewis, with his army at his back, shall be able to take you out of my hands.

So

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 233

So saying, she rung a bell, and immediately a folding-door opened, and shewed us to another apartment, where a supper, composed of all the elegancies of the season, was served up, as by magic.

She then took me by the hand, and, having graciously seated me, placed herself opposite. A number of servants then vanished, on the instant, leaving a dumb waiter of silver behind them,

Sir, said she, we are not to have any further company. You alone were expected, you alone are desired, all others are forbidden. In short, I have seen you often at the public walks and theatres. You did more than strike my fancy, you laid hold on my heart. I inquired every thing about you. I know your rank, title, and fortune. I made use of this night's stratagem to decoy you to me, and, though there are few women in Europe of equal opulence or dignity, I think I cannot much demean myself by an alliance with a sweet fellow whom I so ardently love. But come, our supper cools.

I gazed at her with admiration. She was indeed the most finished beauty I ever beheld. And I was inwardly flattered, and in a manner attached to her by her partiality in my favour.

After

234 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

After supper, and some futile and insignificant chat, she drew her chair nearer to me. What say you, my Lord, says she, fondly, am I to live, or to perish?

Ah, Madam, I cried, love is as a little bird, if you cage it, it will beat itself to pieces against its prison. Not that I regard your late threats of confinement; but, in truth, I am partly become a willing prisoner to you; and time may, possibly, reconcile me to your different customs.

What customs, I pray you? Why, Madam, the ladies, in my country, use no paint, except the rouge of nature's blush and the paleness of chastity. Love also, in England, is a kind of warfare between the sexes, just such a one as once happened between the Parthians and Old Rome; our ladies conquer by flying, and our men are vanquished while they pursue.

Persons, Sir, of a certain rank, said she, are dispensed with from conforming to little matters of decorum. However, if you will endeavour to adopt the manners of my country, I will do my best, on my part, to conform to those of yours.

So saying, she looked languishingly at me, and drew her chair quite close; when, by an involuntary motion, I put mine further back. Do not be alarmed, my Lord, says she, women of my condition

tion know always where to stop. Right, Madam, said I; but possibly you might not be quite so successful in teaching me where to be stopped.

Cold-constituted boy! she cried (indignantly rising and colouring), your bed lies yonder, you may go to it, if you like, and ruminatè till morning on the danger of slighting and insulting a princess. So saying, she swept haughtily out of the room, and locked me in.

During an hour after she had withdrawn, while I walked about, considering what I had to apprehend from the threats of this extraordinary woman, I heard a great bustling in and about the palace; but within another hour all was quiet and still again.

I then conceived thoughts of attempting my escape. But again I held it beneath me to be caught in the manner; and so I resolved to wait till morning, and then to force my passage through her guards in open day.

In the mean time, I imagined that a panel in the wainscot stirred. And, soon after, it was removed, and my young friend, here, entered my chamber on tiptoe. He beckoned me to silence, and, taking me by the hand, he led me through the way by which he came.

We

We then descended a narrow pair of back stairs, and, groping along a dark entry, he cautiously unbolted a door that opened into a garden, and hurrying with me across, he unlocked another door that opened to the street, and out we got rejoicing!

Soon after we met a party of the guards, who were patrolling the streets, and, putting a few pieces into their hands, I requested their safe convoy, and they conducted us home.

My Lords, said *Perree*, (for that was the page's name), it would be extremely dangerous for you to remain another day, or even till morning in Paris. The Princess is the most intimate friend of Madam Maintenon, and through her can do what she pleases with the King. During my residence with her, she grew tired of two handsome lovers, in succession; but they told no tales; and no one can yet tell what became of them.

Mr. Clinton was quite of *Perree's* opinion. He instantly sent for his people. All was hurry, pack, and dispatch, and, toward dawning, they set out on the road to Switzerland; but, changing their course again, for several successive mornings, they arrived at Calais, by a long tour of near five weeks travel.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 237

Mr. Clinton set up at his old inn, and after dinner the host entered to pay his compliments. Have you any news, landlord? Nothing at present, my Lord, all is quiet again. But here has been a fearful bustle about three weeks ago. A party of the King's guards came down, in pursuit of a young Englishman, who ran away with a lady of quality from Paris. For my share, continued he, looking earnestly at Harry, I fear that you pretty English lads will hardly leave us a lovely wench in the nation. Harry looked quite secure, being wholly innocent of any present design on the sex; but poor little Perree turned as pale as the table-cloth.

I remember, continued our talkative host, that just such another affair happened when I was a boy and servant in this house. Here came a young Englishman, just such another sweet fellow as this before me; and he brought with him an angel of a creature, the like of whom my eyes never did, nor ever will open upon till they close in death. After him came one of our great dukes with a party of soldiers, and terrible things were expected; but they made it up in a manner I know not how; and *Milord Anglois* carried off his prize in triumph!

Mr.

238 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Mr. Clinton stooped his head, and dropt a silent tear, but held no further converse with our landlord on the subject.

That evening a gale sprung up, and, going on board, they were safe anchored, before morning, in Dover harbour.

They then mutually embraced; and Harry, catching his beloved deliverer to his bosom, We are now upon English ground, says he, welcome to my arms, my dear Perree, no longer my page or servant, but my friend and my brother! You cannot conceive what pain your officiousness has hitherto cost me, but there must be no more of this; you shall hereafter be served and attended as I am, nay, I myself will gladly serve you to the utmost of my power and the extent of my fortune.

Ah, my Lord, cried the lovely Perree, gently falling at the feet of his master, if you deprive me of the pleasure of serving you, you deprive me of all the pleasure that the world can afford me. If you knew the delight I find in being always about you, in watching your thoughts and motions, in looking into your eyes, and there reading your desires, before they rise to expression, you could not find in your heart to deprive me of such a blessing. Well then, said Harry, raising

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 239

raising him fondly in his arms, our future contest shall be, which of us shall serve the other, with most affection and sedulity.

After dinner, the evening being calm and fine, Harry took his Perree with him along the shore that stretches under the stupendous cliffs of Dover. They had not walked far, when, getting out of the sight of people within the winding of a creek, a man advanced towards them, and taking out a pistol, called to Harry, and ordered him to throw down his purse. Our hero did not regard his purse, but, thinking it an indignity to be robbed by one man, he put his hand to his sword. Hereupon the villain cocked and levelled his pistol, and the faithful Perree, observing that he was going to fire, instantly jumped in between his master and danger, and received the ball into his own lovely bosom.

Harry saw his darling drop, and, flying all enraged at the robber, he ran him thrice through the body, and pinned him to the ground. Then, flying as swiftly back, he threw himself by the side of his dying Perree, and gently raising his languishing head, placed it fondly on his bosom.

You

You are wounded, my friend, dangerously wounded, I fear, says Harry. Yes, my Lord, I am wounded just as I could wish; and I would not exchange my present blessed death for the longest and happiest life that the world could bestow. — But it is time to undeceive, and reveal a secret to you, which nothing but death should ever have extorted from me. — I am not what I seem, my most beloved master! — I am a foolish and fond girl, who, at the first glance, conceived a passion for you. — My name is *Maria de Lausanne*; — I am niece to that bad woman whom you justly rejected. — But what did I propose by this disguise? First your deliverance, my Lord, and that I effected. — But did I further aspire to the honour of your hand? Far from it, far from it. — I felt my own unworthiness, I did not think you could be mated by any thing less than an angel. — But then to see you, to hear you, to serve, to touch, to be near you, to fix my eyes on you unheeded, and, if possible, to win your attention by the little offices of my fondness, this was my happiness, the whole of the heaven that I proposed upon earth. — I have had it, I have enjoyed it; — and I ought to die content, — But, alas, to part from you,

you, there is the pang of pangs. — O, if this day merits any thing, by the offer of my own life for the preservation of my beloved, — then cause my chaste clay to be kindly deposited in the tomb of your ancestors, — that — when time shall come, — my dust may be neighboured — to your precious dust, — and there sleep in peace — beside you, — till we spring together — from corruption — into glory and immortality !

During these short sentences and difficult respirations, Lord Moreland could answer nothing ; — he was suffocated by his grief. — But, putting his speechless lips to the fading lips of his Maria, he drew her latest breath into his own affectionate bosom, while angels caught her spirit into the regions of purity, of love, and of faith unfailing !

His Lordship, then, plucking up strength from oppression and courage from despair, pressed his lips to the pale and unfeeling lips of his true lover, and cried, Yes, my Maria, our dust shall be joined, and I feel that our spirits too shall shortly be wedded ! — Then, raising her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, he bore her to the town, while he poured upon her, all the way, the two fountains of his affection.

When he got to the inn, and came to his uncle ; Here, Sir, said he, I present you with a very precious little burden, a burden that lies much heavier on my heart than it did in my arms. He then related to Mr. Clinton the whole of what had passed ; when, heavily sighing, and shedding a tear, Mr. Clinton cried, Ah, my Harry, I would to heaven that your Maria had lived, she exceeds your Aggy Jeffamin all to nothing.

Lord Moreland ordered a carriage on purpose for himself and his beloved. She was deposited in a coffin hurried up for the occasion ; and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and entreaties of his parent, he proved a rebel for the first time, and would not be divided from his Maria, till they reached London ; where he paid the last testimony of his regard to her remains in the most splendid manner.

As Lord Moreland thought it his duty, so he thought it would be his delight to weep and lament his Maria for ever. But passions seldom are permanent, and time, though it may not wholly efface, daily wears away an insensible portion of the deepest impressions.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton received a letter, by the French mail, in

to one which he had left for his brother-in-law at Paris ; and this letter informed him, under the Marquis's hand, that he had returned from his embassy to the court of Morocco, and that he and his lady would be shortly in England. And at the bottom he found written, in a different character, *Will it be any satisfaction to see them accompanied by your once loved —*
FANNY GOODALL ?

We have found them, my Harry, he cried, we have found them, our long and far sought friends ; the two treasures which our God had graciously laid in store, for the comfort of us poor people, who lost all beside.

Within the following fortnight, as our hero stood with a single attendant in Fleet-street, over-against the Devil tavern, he was accosted by a glittering appearance, who took him by the hand, and said, How are you, *Mr Fenton ?* — Well, Sir, I thank you. Lord *Bottom*, I presume ! — The same, Sir. — And pray how are the worthy Lord and Lady Mansfield, also your lovely sister, the Lady Louisa ? — Passable, Sir. But what makes you in black ? I hope Mr. Fenton is still in the land of the living. — He is, my Lord. But black is a cheap kind of wear, it is a matter of frugality to kill a cousin

once in a twelvemonth. — Well, be that as it may, I insist on your stepping over the way to take one glass with me. — Your Lordship must excuse me, I am going to inquire concerning some friends whom I expect from France. O, I protest, *Master Fenton*, you shall not disappoint me; I insist on renewing our old acquaintance.

Lord Moreland could hardly have found it in his heart to refuse the request of an avowed enemy, much less could he think of rejecting an invitation that was made under a warm appearance of friendship.

When Lord Bottom had seated his old enemy (as he still supposed him to be) in the midst of fourteen or fifteen bloods and bucks, Lord Moreland would gladly have retreated; but rejected the thought, lest they should think that he was intimidated.

Gentlemen, cried Lord Bottom, give me leave to introduce a phenomenon to you, my friend yonder is a CHRISTIAN! A Christian! cried one; a Christian! cried another. Ay, said Lord Bottom, a Christian of the right cast, he literally conforms to the example of his Master. If you smite him on the one cheek, he will turn the other to you; and you cannot delight

delight him more than by kickings, spit-tings, and spurnings.

Pray, Sir, said one of the company, are you actually a Christian? I hope so, Sir, said Harry. And may I spit in your face, Sir, said another, without fear of chastisement? You might perhaps, Sir, said Lord Moreland, had you done it in the sudden impulse of passion, but — I told ye so, Gentlemen; I told ye so, exclaimed Lord Bottom. I have myself put the Christianity of my friend there to the proof. I have made him the butt and the jest of all companies. I have dubbed him with the title of FOOL. I have pasted it on his back in the midst of the levee, and in the presence of his Majesty. And yet he never shewed the least instance of his being offended. For example now, and so saying, he spit directly in his face. While Lord Moreland calmly pulled out his handkerchief to wipe himself, another of the set advanced, and followed Lord Bottom's example.

This was too much for all his Lordship's fortitude to bear. He started from his chair, and returned the outrage with a stroke that felled the caitiff to the ground.

'Sbl—d, cried one of the company, I fear, *Bottom*, you have brought us into

the wrong box. You have certainly mistaken your man.

He has indeed, said Lord Moreland, calmly. He calls me Fenton, but my name is not Fenton, my name is Henry, Earl of Moreland; and you shall every man severely suffer for this outrage on a Peer.

The whole legion was instantly struck with terror and astonishment. They lifted up their hands, or sunk on their knees in petitioning postures. But Lord Moreland said, with a firm and alarming accent, I desire your reformation, Gentlemen, and I will endeavour to complete it; by treating you in such a manner as shall make you afraid to repeat such insults upon humanity and religion hereafter. Saying this, he arose, and, taking each of the intimidated wretches in succession by the nose, he led them out, and kicked them down stairs, through the midst of their own servants, the waiters, &c. crying, A kicking to all the infamous and scoundrel sons of *Belial* who dare to spit at Christianity!

The next morning, as Lord Moreland was walking along Cheapside, he saw a croud gathered about a coach that had had the misfortune to break down; and while some stood gaping insensibly, the

the rest only laughed at the distressed situation of the people in the coach.

But the sight had a very different effect upon him. He burst through the croud with irresistible impetuosity, and forcing his way to the coach, found in it a lady, with two female attendants, and a black boy, who all appeared to be foreigners.

This circumstance interested him still more strongly in their behalf. He soon extricated them from their own carriage, and leaving the mob, who, like a flock of sheep, want a leader to follow, engaged in assisting the servants to set every thing to rights, and remove their luggage, into a hackney-coach; he led the lady and her women, and the black boy, to a neighbouring tavern, to wait till his coach, for which he had sent, should arrive to attend her.

In the mean time, while he was busied in helping the lady to a bit of cake, and a glass of wine, happening to turn his head, he perceived the black youth by stealth kissing the hat, and pressing the gloves to his bosom that he had laid on a table.

Whatever the darkness or deformity of any aspect or person may happen to be,

if the sentimental beauty of soul shall burst upon us through the cloud, the dark becomes light, the deformed quite comely, and we begin to affect what was lately our aversion. Thus it was that Lord Moreland found himself suddenly and inevitably attached by the two recent proofs that this outlandship youth had given of his affection.

Being all seated, his Lordship looked earnestly at the young Moor, and, turning to the Lady, said, I now perceive, Madam, how ridiculous all sorts of prejudices are, and find that time and observation may change our opinions to the reverse of what they were. I once had an aversion to all sorts of blacks, but I avow that there is something so amiable in the face of this youth, and his eyes cast such a lustre over the darkness of his countenance, as is enough, as Shakespear has it, to make us in love with night, and pay no more worship to the gaudy sun.

The Moor, hereat, smiled celestial sweetness, and joy beamed from his eyes, and throughout his dimpling aspect.

But who can you be, my sweet fellow, said the Lady, who are the picture, the image, almost the thing itself that I was so sadly in love with five and thirty years ago? Why, Madam, said our hero, you could

could not have been born at that early day. Ah, you flatterer, says she, I am turned of forty. But pray, Madam, who was he that was so happy as to attract your infant affections? — His name was Harry Clinton. — Why, Madam, Harry Clinton is my name. — Harry Clinton, Harry Clinton! screamed out the Lady, and started up from her chair. — Yes, Madam, I am son to the late Earl of Moreland, and I almost dare to hope that you were once the enchanting Fanny Goodall. — Yes, my lovely kinsman, I am indeed your Fanny Goodall, I am your uncle's Marchioness D'Aubigny; and I am the Duchess of Bouillon.

Harry then sprung forward, and seizing her hand, kept it dwelling on his lips. But, disengaging it, she opened her arms and clasped him to her bosom, and wept over him as a mother would over a long-lost son, while the young Moor ran and danced about the room like a mad thing, clapping hands, and springing like an antelope, almost to the ceiling.

When they were something composed, the Moor caught the lady about the neck, and kissing her, cried, Joy, joy, my dearest Madam, the greatest of all joys! Then turning to our hero, he took each of his hands, in turns, and pressed them to his

lips, while Lord Moreland kissed his forehead, and cried, My brother, my brother!

News was now brought, that the carriages were at the door, whereupon they set out in a hurry for Mr. Clinton's, the Duchefs readily assenting to Lord Moreland's desire to go thither.

When they arrived, the Duchefs hastened in, inquiring for Mr. Clinton; and when she came where he was, she cried out, as she advanced, and as he rose to receive her, Your Fanny, your Fanny Goodall, my cousin; and throwing herself into his arms, dwelt there for a minute. Then recoiling a while, she looked fondly at him, and cried, Your sister also, my brother, your sister D'Aubigny! the happy wife of the brother of your heavenly Louisa! then clasping him to her arms, she broke into tears; and again, quitting him, sat down to quiet her emotions.

Mr. Clinton, having seated himself affectionately beside her, said: These are wondrous things that you tell me, my precious sister; by what miracle have these blessings been brought about?

I am too much agitated at present, says she, let me have a little time to recover myself, and the matter shall be unravelled.

When

When they had sat a few minutes in rapturous amazement, Give me leave, Sir, said the Duchess, to introduce my little black companion to your notice. He is a sweet fellow, I assure you, notwithstanding his complexion. He is child to our royal friend the Emperor of Morocco, who has entrusted him to our guardianship for his education. However he might have come by his sable outside, his father, the great *Abenamin*, is the least tawny of any man I saw in Africa, and his mother is one of the fairest and finest women that ever opened a pair of living diamonds to the light; but, my brother, I shall more particularly recommend him to your regard, by telling you, that he is an exceedingly pious Christian, though as playful as lambs and as chuckling as infancy.

She then turned, and, taking the little *Abenamin* by the hand, led him up and placed him before her brother. When the youth, suddenly dropping on his knees, looked up to Mr. Clinton, with eyes that spoke love and reverential awe, and besought his blessing.

The old gentleman found himself surprisingly affected, and, lifting up his hands, cried, "God be gracious to you, my child, and make your soul as bright as your countenance is sable! and may

“ the Sun of Righteousness shine with power
 “ upon you, and soon disperse or illumine
 “ every shade that is about you.” The
 Prince embraced his legs, kissed his knees,
 and arose.

You may remember, my dearest cousin,
 said the Duchess, in what a hurry I last
 parted from you. Mr. Fairface, with
 whom the bulk of my fortune was depo-
 sited, went off with above a hundred
 thousand pounds of my substance, beside
 four times that value entrusted to him
 by others.

I traced him to Paris, and there he had
 the impudence to give me an interview,
 but, at the same time, had the greater
 impudence to be me defiance.

Immediately I commenced a suit, and
 sent dispatch to London for my papers
 and witnesses.

On the opening of my cause in court,
 I was summoned by the title of Countess
 of Maitland, otherwise Frances Goodall.
 On hearing the name, a gentleman who
 was near me started, and, turning and
 coming up, Pray, Madam, says he, are you
 any way related to the Honourable Harry
 Clinton, who once went by that name in
 this city? I am, Sir, said I, almost the near-
 est relation that he has upon earth.—He

“Madam, my dearest friend and brother-
 Pray

Pray speak to your advocates to postpone your suit for a few days, till I am informed of the nature and merits of your cause.

This was accordingly done. He desired to know where I lodged, and in less than an hour his chariot was at my door.

Except yourself, my cousin, the Marquis had the most lovely and winning aspect and person that ever I beheld. I soon convinced him of the equity of my demand, and of the villany of my trustee, and made him perfect master of the whole affair. But he still continued to visit, and to stay with me a considerable part of every day, under colour of being better informed touching this and the other particular; the remaining time was spent in soliciting for me.

At length a hearing came on; and, after a short trial, honest Fairface was cast in principal and double costs. He was instantly taken into custody, and put under confinement, till he discharged the whole amount of the judgment in my favour.

No sooner was one suit over, wherein I was plaintiff, but another was commenced, wherein I happened to prove but a very weak defendant. The Marquis

quis now became solicitor for himself, but with such a sweet timidity as seemed to doubt, and greatly dread the success of his cause.

I could not refuse part of my time to him who had devoted the whole of his time and assiduity to me. We spent whole days together. But O, what floods of tears did that time cost both him and me, while he pathetically related your history, from the place where you broke off, to the death of your Louisa and your precious infants!

I believe, my cousin, that, as grief is a greater softener, so it is a greater cementer of hearts than any other passion. I gave the Marquis, in my turn, my little story, and dwelt on every tender minuteness of my infant passion for you. — Ah, said he, what a pity that a heart, so susceptible of all divine and humane feelings, should sit as a lonely turtle, upon the house-top, without a suitable mate!

I took him for that mate, my cousin, and in a husband I found the truest and tenderest of lovers. I became pregnant, for the first time of my life, and was delivered of a sweet and promising little fellow, whom we left at nurse in our country-seat, while I attended my Lord on his embassy to Morocco.

But

But here I must stop, my brother! I am under the positive interdiction of an imperial thing called a husband, not to divulge a word further till he sees you face to face. But I trust that he has blessed tidings for you, my brother; he says that he, otherwise, would not have dared to present himself before you, after his loss of your Eloisa.

Mr. Clinton smiled, careless, as at the impossibility of any consoling event upon earth. Again, smiling archly, I protest, my sister, said he, you appear to me to grow younger for your years. I see no manner of alteration, save that you are something plumper, and not quite so slender as when we parted. O, says she, laughing; there may be a reason in nature for that.

I rejoice at heart to hear it, said Mr. Clinton; but, pray, when may we expect my brother?—In about two months; at present he is engaged with the King, who is extremely fond of him, and lately created him a duke, on account of the services which he rendered the state in Africa. We received your dear letter, my dearest brother, at Paris, but wondered who the sweet fellow could be who was said to accompany you.

256 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

In the mean time, our hero and the young Prince were in close combination. Abenamin stepped about and about Lord Moreland, and toyed with him, and twisted the curls of his careless locks around his fingers. Then turning and looking fondly up in his face, Ah, how fair, says he, does this black visage of mine shew in those fine eyes of yours! It is in truth, said his Lordship, so fair in my eyes, that I would not exchange it for fifteen of the fairest female faces in Britain. The Prince then caught his hand, and pressed it to his bosom. But what shall I call you? says he; you are a great lord in this country, and, in my own country, I am greater than a lord. But I hate the formality of titles between friends, and I will call you my Harry, provided you promise to call me your Abenamin. A bargain, says Lord *Moreland*, let us seal it with a kiss! No, no, says the Prince, we never kiss lips in Africa, but I will kiss your head, and your hands, and your feet too with pleasure. But tell me, Harry, what makes you so mighty clever a fellow, will you teach me to be a clever fellow also? Ay, that I will, says Lord *Moreland*, and to beat myself too, provided you promise not to hit me over hard. Abenamin fell a-laughing.

a-laughing, and aimed a little fist as though he meant to overturn him.

As soon as Lord Moreland's grief for his late Maria would allow him to associate, he had been to seek his old friend and tutor Mr. Clement, but he found only a single domestic at home, who told him that the old gentleman had been some time dead, and that the family were lately gone to take possession of a new seat that they had purchased in the country.

However, as his Lordship found himself quite happy in the present society, he sought no further acquaintance or amusement in London. In less than three weeks the retinue of the Prince and the Duchess were well restored, and they all set out for *Ennaville*, there to await the wished arrival of the Duke.

The second day, as they stopped at a village to repair the fractured harness of an over-mettled horse, Lord Moreland took a walk with his Abenamin along the road. In their way they came to a long and waste cottage, where they heard the confused clattering of voices. His Lordship stepped to the door, and, looking in, perceived about forty or fifty boys ranged on benches, while a man of pale aspect sat on a decayed chair, instructing them in their lessons.

Your

Your servant, Sir, says Lord Moreland, what language do you teach? — I can teach Latin and Greek too, so please your Honour, but the people of this country chuse to confine themselves to the language of Old England. — If I am not too free, Sir, pray what is your name? — Longfield, so please your Honour. — Longfield, Longfield! I have surely heard of that name before. Pray, were you ever acquainted with a man called Hammel Clement? — Hammel Clement, Sir? he was my dearest friend, the friend whom I injured, the friend of my heart! — Then, cries his Lordship, this acknowledgment makes you my friend also, Mr. Longfield; and so saying, he took his hand and shook it in the most affectionate manner.

The poor man shrunk back, in half wonder and half terror at what this might mean; but the benevolent Earl soon quieted his apprehensions. Your friend Clement, says he, is come to a great fortune, and, I dare answer for him, would feel sincere joy at your sight, and gladly divide his substance with you; but, if you please, you shall be no incumbrance upon his growing family. You shall instantly come with me, and, as Pharaoh said to Jacob, regard not your stuff, for the good of all my lands lies
before

before you, Mr. Longfield. And I rejoice more in acquiring such a heart as yours, than if I had acquired the possession of a province.

Lord Moreland then called a few of the neighbours in, and giving them some guineas, to be changed and divided among the children, in order to enable them to see a new master, he and Abenamin took the threadbare Longfield, on each side, under the arm, and carried him away.

When they came to the turn that led to the mansion house, the Earl perceived with much pleasure that the two school-houses, which he had put in hand before the death of his father, were now completed. They stood opposite to each other, with the road between them. Their fronts were of hewn stone, and a small cupola rose over each, with bells to summon the children to meals and to lesson.

Here, Longfield, says our hero, is to be your province. You are to superintend these schools, at a salary of one hundred a-year. And I will soon send you, with proper means, throughout the country, to muster me a hundred chosen children of each sex; for I wish to be a father, Longfield, and to gather my family of little ones under my eye and my wing.

It

260 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

It is impossible to describe the happiness of this most worthy set. Festivity glowed on every face, and the late house of mourning became a house of joy.

Above all, Abenamin inspired mirth and good humour throughout the family, and melancholy fled before him where-ever he turned. He was daily inventing new matters of entertainment. He danced African dances for them, with wonderful action and grace; and he sung African songs that imitated and exceeded the wild and inarticulate warblings of the nightingale, so that he became the darling and little idol of the whole household.

Lord Moreland had sent for a tailor, and got Longfield fitted with three or four suits from his father's wardrobe. He then sent him on his commission, in company with Mr. Trusty the agent, whom he ordered to shew him the country, to introduce him to the several families of the peasantry, and to furnish him with whatever sums he should call for.

In the mean time, our hero and Abenamin became inseparable. He made the Prince a present of his little dressed jennet, and often pressed him to ride, but Abenamin always found some excuse. At other times they would run and wrestle,
and

and play a hundred gambols through the walks and the gardens.

One night, as our hero sat with the Prince in his apartment, Have you ever been in love, my Harry? says Abenamin. I confess, said the Earl, that I have had my twitches and tendencies that way.

He then gave him a narrative of the struggles of his heart respecting the fair Aggy Jeffamin. And again he related to him the tragedy of his faithful Maria, which cost the Prince the drenching of a handkerchief in tears.

Ah, exclaimed the Prince, never, never will I forgive your Maria her death! Why was it not my lot, by some severer doom, to prove to you the superiority of my friendship and affection? What, cried the Earl, would you not leave me a single companion upon earth? When my Abenamin quits the world, I shall also bid it adieu!

When tears were wiped away, the Prince took his friend by the hand, and said, I have a sister, my brother, a sister twinned with me in the womb, and as fair as I am black. All Africa is pleased to hail her as the beauty of the universe; but the truth is, that I think but poorly of her. The Duke brought her with him to France, and, should he bring her to England,

land, beware of your heart, my Harry; for though I am prejudiced against her, she is the idol of all others, who bow down to her as before a little divinity. This has made her so excessively vain, that she holds herself of a different species from the rest of mankind, and thinks the homage of the world nothing less than her right. And now, my Harry, though I earnestly wish to be allied to you by a tie nearer if possible than that of friendship, yet I would not wish my own happiness, at the expence of your peace; and so I give you timely warning against this dangerous and haughty girl.

Our company had now, been upward of six weeks at the mansion-house. Lord Moreland, hitherto, had never seen any part of the country, or any part of his own estate, above a mile from the house. Wherefore, leaving his friend Abenamin in bed, he issued early forth one morning, accompanied only by Jack, and his agent's runner, who knew and was known every where.

With their staves in their hands, they crossed and quartered the country at pleasure, without let or obstacle.

At length, they came within prospect of a house sumptuously fronted, and of a happy situation. His Lordship stopped here

here with pleasure, comparing, as he approached, the improvements of art with the advantages of nature, when a servant issued forth, and humbly besought him to walk in. The Earl heard the voice of music. What is your master's name? says he. Fielding, so please your Honour, and we are this day celebrating the nuptials of his son, the young squire.

The master of the family met our hero at the outward door. The Earl recoiled at recognizing the face of the Mr. Fielding, whom he had seen at Hampstead, but, taking no notice, walked with him into the house.

Breakfast soon after was ushered in, and Mrs. Fielding, and Mr. and Mrs. Catharines, and Ned came with his blooming and blushing bride to the table.

The Earl chuckled and rejoiced at heart, but still took no notice; when, after some cursory conversation, Ned looked at him with an eager disturbance, and cried, Bless me, my heart tells me that there is something in that face which is not quite unknown to me. If I could think, after my many and late inquiries, that my patron was alive, bating the difference of years, I should verily believe that you were—
your Harry Fenton, cried our hero, spring-
ing

ing up, your Harry Fenton, my dear Ned!

Lord Moreland then opened his arms to receive his friend, while Ned leaped and caught at him, as the grappling-iron of a corsair would catch at a ship from which great prize was expected.

All the family then, so highly as they had been obliged by our hero and his father, struggled who should be foremost in their acknowledgments and caresses. The truly Reverend *Catharines* fondly taking him to his arms, cried, Christ be gracious to you, my child : and may the God, who has formed you as an angel upon earth, make you also of the highest order of angels in heaven !

After dinner Lord Moreland rose, and took his leave but they all got in a group and opposed his passage, telling him he must be their prisoner for that night. I consent, only on this condition, said his Lordship, that you all promise to dine with me to-morrow. Why, pray, Sir, where do you live? says Mr. Fielding. At Ennaville, with the young Earl of Moreland, says Harry ; but he has a great friendship for me, and the house is as it were my own.

Much company arrived in the evening, and the ball was opened and held till late.

But

But our hero declined dancing, that his friend Ned might stand forth peerless in the eyes of his bride.

Lord Moreland rose by the dawning, and walked in an hour to Ennaville. He flew up stairs to salute the family, but found no one, save Mr. Clinton, from whom he received at once a warm blessing and embrace.

Where is the Duchess, Sir, and my friend Abenamin? Gone, Harry, says his uncle, about breakfast time yesterday; a courier arrived with the joyful tidings that my brother was on the road, and so my sister and our Abenamin hastened to meet him. By this time I suppose they are all on their return; and now take care of yourself, my Harry. The Duke brings with him the sister of our Abenamin, the fair Princess Abenaidè; the Duchess tells me that a lovelier creature never beheld the light; so that you must guard your heart with double bars against the power of this beauty. — She is vain and disdainful, Sir, excessively vain, I am told, so that her pride will prove an antidote against the poison of her charms. However, I will haste to meet and welcome your most noble brother.

He accordingly took horse directly, and had not gone very far, when he met them.

266 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

The Princess rode in the foremost carriage: Lord Moreland bowed twice as he approached, but she scarce deigned a perceptible nod of acknowledgment to his salute. — Our hero felt himself piqued. Proud beauty! thought he, I thank you for your timely prevention of a passion that, perhaps, might have proved unhappy to me. He then passed forward with affected carelessness to salute the Duke.

When he came up, the coach stopped, and Lord Moreland, flying from his saddle, approached the window, while his steed stood trembling but motionless behind him.

My Lord, said the Earl, seizing the Duke's hand, and respectfully kissing it, if you were sensible of the joy that my heart receives from your presence, I think it would make you nearly as happy as myself. My sweet fellow, said the Duke, I have often heard of you at Paris, as also by the letters of my love here; my longing at last is gratified, though my wonder is increased.

But, Madam, says his Lordship, what have you done with my little playfellow, what is become of my Abenamin? O, cried the Duchess, laughing, he is forthcoming, I warrant you; but what has so bewitched

you to him? I think you could not be fonder if he were a mistress. True, Madam, answered the Earl, sighing, I never expect to have a mistress that I shall love half as well; but pray put me out of pain, and let me know where he is. Be pacified, said the smiling Duke, he is not far off; and here is my hand and promise that you shall see him before night.

Our hero then turned, and reaching his left hand to the shoulder of his horse, he rose perpendicular, like a pyramid of fire, and again descended on his seat, as a flake of snow on a rose-bud.

As our hero attended the carriage of the Duke, the Princess and her train had got to the house and alighted, while he opened the coach-door, and handed out the noble pair, who alternately kissed and took him to their arms. Mr. Clinton then came forth, and received them all with transport. But the Earl under some pretence walked away, in order to avoid the disdainful regard of the young Lady.

In the mean time, our company, rejoicing and caressing each other all the way, had got slowly, though very lovingly, to the great parlour. The Duke then, respectfully taking the young Lady by the hand, Permit me, brother, says he, to re-

commend to you my lovely ward, the fair Princess of Morocco. The Lady then gently bent one knee toward the ground, while she received the cordial blessing and salute of the old gentleman.

They then took their seats. When Mr. Clinton, while he looked more earnestly on the Princess, grew suddenly affected, and called out for a glass of water and hartshorn. When he drank it, he found himself in a measure restored, and, lifting his hands, he cried, I protest one would think that nature had copied this young and lovely creature from an image that has lain impressed upon my heart near these forty years.

You are in the right, my brother, exclaimed the Duke, it is even as you surmise. Allow me then, once more, to introduce to you the counterpart of our once adorable Louisa, to introduce to you my niece and your own offspring, my brother, even the daughter of your still-living and ever-precious Eloisa. The Princess then sprung forward, and, dropping precipitately at the feet of her grandfather, she put her face between his knees, and, seizing both hands, she bathed them with her tears, crying, My father, O my father, my dear, my dearest father, how

2

inexpressibly

inexpressibly blessed I think myself, to be the offspring of such a father! Mr. Clinton then raising her, and seating her fondly on his knee, and grasping her to his bosom, I will not ask, he cried, how these miracles came about, it is enough that I feel the attraction which pulls you into my heart. And so saying, their tears flowed, till they mingled on the floor.

Go, my angel, said Mr. Clinton, and take yonder seat, that I may view and delight my soul with your sight, at leisure. My eyes begin, at these years, to see best at a distance.

At length the soft voice of the Earl was heard in the hall, and the Duke whispering his brother, requested him, for a little time, to take no notice of what had passed.

Our hero entered, bowing respectfully and gracefully, but carelessly toward the side where the Princess sat; and he taking his seat beside the Duke, bent fondly to him, and seizing a hand, with both his hands, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, Welcome, welcome, my dearest Lord, to the house and to the hearts of your truest lovers!

Then, giving a glance to the side where the Princess sat, he caught a glimpse of

her attractions, and, sighing, said to himself, O the pity, the pity! But no matter; her pride shall never suffer a single charm to take place; and, so thinking, he turned his eyes aside.

Mean time Abenaide arofe, and, stealing round, came behind the Earl's chair, and covering an eye with each of her hands, she turned his head to her, and made a sound with her lips as though she had kissed him. The Earl opened his eyes in utter astonishment, while, in a twinkling standing before him, she burst out a-laughing, crying, My Harry, what, have you forgot me! do not you remember your old playfellow, your little friend Abenamin?

Lord Moreland's eyes were now opened, in the midst of the hurry and agitation of his soul. At a glimpse he took in the whole oppression of her beauties; and, casting himself, quick as a glance of lightning, at her feet, he seized the hem of her robing, and glued it to his mouth.

At length, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Ah, what are all these wonders to me, or my happiness, unless my Abenamin will also become my Abenaide? That, replied the Princess, is not at my option,
there

there sits my Lord and father at whose disposal I am.

The Earl then arose, and, throwing himself at the feet of his Reverend patron, embraced his legs in silence, while Mr. Clinton cried out, Yes, my Harry, I understand you; nothing shall ever be wanting to the happiness of my darling, that the power of his tender parent and loving uncle can effect. I can have nothing in heaven or earth, that is not the property of my Harry.

Then, turning to Abenaidè, he continued, I aver I am still in a labyrinth. Did you not say, my Abenaidè, that you were also our Abenamin? I did, my Lord, says she, but I did not dare to avow myself. Ah, what a painful struggle did that restriction cost me! while I panted to catch and to cling to your honoured feet; while I used to look and gaze upon you unperceived; while my heart swelled with affection, and my eyes with restrained tears, and while I kissed in secret the book that you read, and the ground that you trod on.

Abenaidè then sat down, and Lord Moreland, lightly throwing himself on the ground beside her, looked beseechingly around, and cried, My Lord, my

dearest Lady, our still precious Fanny Goodall, can you vouch, can ye warrant that I am safe in this matter? Then looking up to the Princess, and gazing fondly on her, No, he cried, you cannot engage it, I feel that I shall perish in the very ecstasy of the expectation of being united to her.

Just then Mr. Meekly came in. He had been long and far away, upon many a blessed tour of doing good through the earth. But as soon as he heard of the arrival of his beloved patron and young Lord, he rode post to embrace them.

Lord Moreland sprung from love to friendship, and catching him in his arms, cried, O, my Meekly, my dearest Meekly, how seasonably you come, to temper, by your advice, the insufferable transports of my soul; behold the regent of my heart, behold the queen of all my wishes!

Meekly then fixed his eyes upon the Princess, and soon after exclaimed; Gracious Father! what do I see? Can Louisa be resuscitated and new raised from the dead? O then, it must be so, she must be her decendent. No one, save my peerless patroness, could produce the likeness of my patroness. But how this
blessed

blessed miracle was brought about, is the question.

That is my question too, my dear Meekly, said Mr. Clinton, if my most noble brother would be so good as to solve it. I will gratify you, Gentlemen, said the Duke, in as few words as possible, Mean while the Princess withdrew.

On my embassy to the court of Morocco, I had several private interviews with the Emperor, before my credentials were opened in public. I had the good fortune to be liked by him, so that he suffered no day to pass without seeing me. His name was Abenamin, he was accounted a great captain, he exceeded all in his dominions, for grace of person, and beauty, and aspect; and that which rendered him still more singular was, that he had given liberty to all the ladies of his seraglio, and, for many years, had kept constant to the reigning Sultana, said to be the most exquisite beauty upon earth.

As we grew more intimate, in the exuberance of his affection for his Empress, he could not refrain from speaking of her to me, and he promised that, before I departed, I should see and converse with her; a grace, he said, never granted to any other man.

At length the day being appointed for my public entry, I rode through the city, attended by a sumptuous train, and, alighting before the palace, advanced to the hall of audience.

As soon as that ceremony was ended, and I was preparing to withdraw, one of the Emperor's principal eunuchs led me into an inner apartment, where, he said, the Emperor desired to see me. I had not waited many minutes when a door opened into another room, where the Emperor was seated, with his Sultana at his right hand, upon a throne of ivory. As soon as I had approached the presence, the Empress gave a great shriek, and fell over in a swoon upon the bosom of her husband.

The royal Abenamin instantly turned pale as death, tore off her veil with trembling hands to give her air, and called me to his assistance, as all the attendants had been ordered to withdraw. But, O heaven, O my friend! think what was my astonishment, when, in the pale face of the Queen, I beheld the loved features of our darling Eloisa!

As soon as she recovered, she opened her eyes upon me, and reaching out her arms, and catching me to her, she cried,
O my

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 275

O my uncle, my dearest uncle, am I so blessed then as to behold you before I expire!

The monarch, in the mean time, looked upon me with a jealous eye, and twice put his hand to the hilt of his dagger, but checked his rising indignation, till he should have the mystery of his Queen's behaviour explained. Her women whom the emperor had called, then raised her up, and bore her to her apartment; while turning to me, with no very friendly aspect, he ordered me to follow him.

When I had attended a considerable time in the antechamber, he came forth with a serene and joyous countenance, and embracing me, cried, O my friend, my dear kinsman, how transported I am to find and acknowledge you for such! the parent of my angel becomes a part of myself.

He then led me by the hand into the chamber of my Eloisa, where we renewed our caresses without restraint. But the monarch, fearing that these emotions would be too much for her, told me that he had something for my private ear till dinner; and took me into an adjoining room.

There, seating, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I will now tell you, my uncle, says he, how I came by this inestimable treasure of your niece.

I had fitted out a royal ship of my own, not as a corsair, but rather for trade in the Mediterranean. On their return from the coast of Egypt, as they passed, after a violent hurricane, within sight of Old Carthage, my people perceived, at a distance, a sloop stranded on a shoal of sand about a league from the shore. Immediately they sent out a boat, and took the distressed company in, consisting of my charmer, two female companions, and several servants in livery, beside the boatmen.

The intendants of my ship behaved themselves with all possible respect toward the young Lady and her attendants, and endeavoured to quiet her terrors, by assuring her that she was free, and that their prince was a person of too much honour and humanity to derive any advantage from the disasters of the unfortunate.

The moment that they brought her before me, pale, trembling, and in tears, while she dropt on her knees, and lifted to me her fine eyes in a petitioning manner, the gates of my soul opened to the sweetly-

sweetly-affecting image, and ever after closed, of their own accord, upon it.

Ah, I cried, heavenly creature, calm, calm your causeless fears! I swear by our prophet and the God of our prophet, that I would rather suffer death, than put the smallest constraint on your person or inclinations. You are free, Madam, you shall ever be free, save so far as I may bind you by my tender offices and affections.

I raised her, and she grew something better assured; when, bending a knee in my turn, I kissed her robe, and cried, Look not upon me as your tyrant, look not on me as your lover; but look upon me as your friend, the tenderest and truest of friends, who shall ever be ready to sacrifice his own happiness to yours.

From that time I studied every amusement, every diversion, that might serve to dissipate the timid shrinkings of her remaining apprehensions, while I conducted myself toward her, with a distant though fond respect, not even presuming to touch her ivory hand.

In the mean time, my soul sickened, and grew cold to all other women. If you were ever in love, my dear D'Aubigny, you know that it is a chaste as well as a tender passion. I languished indeed for her,

278 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

her, I longed and languished to death; but then it was rather for her heart than her person that I languished.

One day, as she heaved a heavy but half-suppressed sigh, Ah my angel, I cried; I can have no joy but yours, and yet you have griefs to which you keep your friend, your Abenamin, a stranger. True, my Lord, says she, tears breaking from her, all your bounties have not been able to silence the calls of kindred or claims of nature within me. Ah, my parents, my dear parents; I feel more for you, than I feel even for myself, in being torn from you.

The weight of her affliction fell like a mountain on my soul, and crushed me to her feet. You would leave me then, Eloisa, you wish to leave me; but your generosity delays to tell me so, for fear of breaking my heart. — Well, be it so, — go from me, — you know I cannot survive you; — but my death is of no consequence, my Eloisa shall be happy.— I will go this instant, I will dispatch my swiftest galley to Languedoc; — I will write word to your parents that you are safe, that you are beloved, and yet pure and untouched, because respected as a deity. — I will invite them to come and take

take possession of my treasures, my dominions, my heart: But — should they reject my suit, I again swear, by Alla, to send you to them, laden with wealth, though I myself should drop dead at the instant of your departure.

The noble soul of my Eloisa became instantly affected. She caught a hand between both of hers, and bathing it with tears, cried, O, now indeed you have bound me by chains infinitely stronger than all the shackles that fasten the slaves to the galleys of Africa.

I kept firm to my engagement, and, in a few weeks, my winged messengers returned. But, O the tidings, the very doleful tidings for my beloved! They brought word, that they found no creature, save a few ancient domestics in the palace, as ravens in the midst of a lonely forest.

From these they learned, that my Eloisa's mother and little brother were dead, that her grandmother was dead, her aunt the Marchioness also dead, and that the Marquis had retired they knew not whither.

She wept incessantly, and I wept with her. — At length she softly said; You have conquered, my Lord, you have conquered; I am subdued by your weight of affection!

affection! O, that you could but conform to one article more, that we might be united as one heart, and one soul, and one sentiment for ever!

It was now, for the first time, that I dared to seize her hand. I pressed it to my lips, and thrust it into my soul. What would you enjoin? I cried; I would do any thing, dare any thing to be united to my Eloisa; in life and in death, body to body, and dust to dust, never, never to be sundered, till her spirit should make the heaven of my spirit hereafter.

Ah, she suddenly exclaimed, that, that is the very thing I so eagerly desire. Let the God of my heart be the God of your heart, let the God of my spirit be the God of your spirit, so shall we be united in him, and jointly partake of his blessedness through eternity.

Ah, I cried, can I forego the divine precepts of our prophet? Your prophet, says she, preaches only to the eye and the ear, and this is all that he does or can pretend to: but CHRIST, my prophet, preaches in the heart, to the affections. From him is every good motion, divine or human: he is the unknown God of your spirit, my Master, my *Abenamin*, and you feel his precious power while you disavow his name.

I was

THE FOOL OF QUALITY. 281

I was puzzled, I was silenced. I bent a knee in reverence, kissed her hand, and withdrew.

I sent for the chief of the Christian-missionaries, throughout the city and country. I consulted each of them in private, but received no satisfaction from them. They all appeared equally zealous for my reformation, but attempted it by different and even by opposite arguments.

Some would have persuaded me to be a Christian, by shewing the absurdity of every religion that was not Christian. Others affirmed, that my eternal salvation depended on my conformity to certain external rules and penances. While the greatest number inveighed against the Christians of every other denomination; and would thrust me wholly from Christ, if I did not consent to receive him within their stunted pale.

I knew not what to do: I was put to a stand, and quite confused by this multiplicity of conflicting opinions. At length, a countryman of my own came to me from the desert. He had been a great sinner, but was converted by the sense of his sins, and he was revered and resorted to by all the friendless and afflicted.

I opened my soul to him, with all its doubts and difficulties. — My Royal Master,

282 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Master, said he, with a gentle and still voice, they have all been leading you astray, quite away from the heaven that stretches forth its arms for the reception of long-toiled mariners, whom storms have, at length, compelled to seek a final port.

The God of your creation can alone be your redemption, the God of your nature can alone be the salvation of the nature that he imparted. But who shall convince you of this? Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the doctors upon earth, till the Christ of your heart shall be pleased to convince you that you are, as indeed you are, however mighty a monarch, a poor, frail, erring, vile, and despicable creature; subjected to innumerable lapses and infirmities, sickness, passions, and crosses, griefs, agonies, and death; when this is effectually done, the whole of the business is done. You will call for and catch at a Saviour, in the sensibility of your want of him. When you come thus laden with your sins to him, he will in no wise cast you out; but he will take you, as Noah took the wearied dove into the ark. He will take you within the veil of his own temple of rest, and all sects, forms, and ceremonies will be as the outward courts, with which you shall have

have no manner of commerce or concern.

My heart felt the weight and the fullness of conviction. I took him to my arms, and requested instant baptism. My Eloisa was called, we locked ourselves in, and I was washed by water and faith into Christ, while my kneeling angel wept a stream of delight beside me.

It is said that possession cloyes. But I experienced, my dear D'Aubigny, that love never cloyes. Every day, with my Eloisa, seemed to triumph, in heart-felt happiness over my first bridal-day. But O, what was the joy, the exultation of my fond heart, when she gave me to be the father of a little daughter of paradise!

One day, while we were toying and fooling with the smiling infant, and throwing her, as she crowed, from the one to the other, Ah, my husband, cries Eloisa, how poor I was lately! no parents, no kindred, nothing but my Abenamin upon the whole earth; and now God has been pleased to make my affliction to laugh, and to give this babe for a further band, a precious link of love between us.

He was just in this part of his narration, when the music sounded to the banquet.

quet. We instantly rose and joined our Eloisa.

When the collation was removed, Madam, said I to the Empress, have you ever heard of a relation of yours, christened by the name of Fanny Goodall, and lately Countess of Maitland? I have, said she, often heard my fond father speak of her with filling eyes. She is in this city, Madam. She is no longer Countess of Maitland. She is now doubly your relation, your aunt as well as your cousin, and goes by the title of the Marchioness D'Aubigny. With the good leave of my Lord here, I will bring her to you directly.

I went to the palace appointed for my residence: I there gave my Fanny a few heads of the story of our Eloisa, and took her hastily to the presence.

The ladies looked at each other, in long and silent admiration. Then, opening their arms, and rushing together, they continued some minutes locked in mutual embraces.

Madam, said the Emperor, smiling, I think I ought to be allowed the same liberties with my aunt, that your husband took with his niece. Whereon, he welcomed and caressed her with an affectionate fervour.

O, exclaimed

O, exclaimed the royal fair, how very poor, and how very rich our God can suddenly make us! But then, Lord of my life, to think of parting, of parting with these dear friends again, perhaps never to see them more, that is what sinks and wrings my heart, in the very midst of exultation!

That, my love, said the Emperor, is the very important article on which I wish to consult with you and our friends here, our dear kindred in Christ. But I must first shew them their young relation, my little enchantress, my priceless pearl, my eye-delighting Abenaidè.

He then stepped forth, and, after a while, led in a gracefully-moving creature, but veiled from the head to the waist. Throw up your veil, my love, says he; here are none but your friends, your very dear relations, your lovely aunt and your uncle, the Marquis and Marchioness D'Aubigny.

She did as she was ordered, and instantly broke upon my sight, like a new glory arisen upon mid-day.

My Fanny seized upon her, as desirous of devouring her, and I, in turn, took her to me, with tearful eyes, as almost persuaded that I embraced the newly-revived person of my dearest sister Louisa;

286 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

so perfect was the resemblance in every grace and feature.

When we had nearly oppressed the celestial-looking maid with our infatiate caresses; she seized our hands, and, kissing them, cried, What a blessed day is this, that enriches Abenaidè with two parents more; another precious father, and another lovely mother, happy, happy Abenaidè!

Her royal father then gave a beck, and she instantly vanished; while her absence seemed to cast a shade throughout the room.

The monarch then, deeply musing and heavily sighing, began, — I am now, my dearest friends, friends beloved above the world and all that it contains, I am now to open to you my inmost heart, and to reveal a purpose whereon I have been ruminating these many months, but could not hit on an expedient for bringing it to pass. How opportune has our Jesus sent you to us on this occasion!

I have but two children living; my Abenaidè, and a son, by a former woman of my seraglio. His name is Abencorrage; he is a youth renowned in the field, but of a proud and impetuous demeanour. He had long conceived an illicit passion for his young and lovely sister. At length
the

the fire broke forth, and he lately attempted her honour.

I would instantly have put him to death, had I any other heir to succeed to my dominions. I therefore contented myself with banishing him my court and my presence, though I am sensible that this has not availed for the extinguishing his horrid flame.

Now, my friends, should I die, or should this violent boy break into rebellion, for he is the favourite of the licentious soldiery, I tremble to think what would become of my bright-eyed dove, within the talons of such a vulture.

This, together with my eager desire of quitting a kingdom of infidels, and of joining with the blessed society and communion of holy saints, has, after some struggles, determined me to abdicate my throne, as soon as I can amass and transmit a fund sufficient for supporting my Eloisa and myself, with becoming dignity, in her native country.

Ah, my Lord, I cried, clasping him passionately in my arms, regard not your treasures, delay not a moment for that! Your Eloisa's relations, both by father and mother, are possessed of princely fortunes, and they will all be freely at the disposal of your Majesty.

Ah,

288 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Ah, my D'Aubigny, said he, I am not yet so duly mortified a Christian as needlessly to elect a state of dependence, or willingly to descend at once from the king to the beggar. I have however been preparing: I have already converted a large part of my effects into bills and jewels, of high value but light portage, to the amount, as I think, of about twenty millions of French money; this I will transmit by you, and as soon as I shall have compassed an equal sum, I will stay no longer in Africa, I will fly to your bosoms, my precious friends.

In the mean time, this violent and lustful boy gives no rest to my apprehensions. It is therefore necessary that I commit my Abenaidè to your trust. It is necessary, I say, that I tear away my choicest limb, the dearest part of my vitals. Support me, Christ, in the trial; but it must be gone through.

This, however, must be done with all possible privacy. I am persuaded, that my young villain has his spies in and about my palace. I shall therefore request my dear aunt, to disguise my little girl in boy's apparel, and to blacken every part of her visible complexion, that she may pass unnoticed, as your page,
through

through the midst of my attendants ; as also, that it may prove, during the travels of my darling, a preservative against the lust of the eye, and any further attempt tending to violation.

At length the time approached and pressed for my departure ; but how to part, was the question. All attendants were ordered to avoid the presence far away. Our metamorphosed Abenaidè stood weeping beside us, while her father and mother pressed us successively to their bosoms. All was passion, a gush of tears, but not a word was uttered on any part.

O, my D'Aubigny, cried the Emperor at length, friend, brother of my heart, can you conceive what I feel at this instant ? I regard not the world, nor the things of the world. Omit such necessary accommodations as are common to us with brutes ; and all belonging to the immortal and divine humanity of man, is magnetism, is fellowship ; the feeling as of steel to adamant, and of adamant to steel. There is the friendship, the endearment, the love surpassing all other enjoyment. If we meet again, my D'Aubigny, I shall anticipate my heaven !

Again he embraced his little angel,
and again he embraced his queen, and

besought her to be comforted. We then took leave, as for the last; and again they called us back, and embraced and took leave again; till, seeing no end, I suddenly broke away, hurrying with us our Abenaidè for fear of observation. I forgot however to tell you, that, the day before our departure, the royal Abenamin had enjoined me to set apart ten millions of livres, for the portion of his child, in case she should be married to any great prince or potentate; requesting me, at the same time, not to put any constraint on the inclinations of his lamb.

I have little further to say, my brother. We arrived safe at Paris, where we received your letter; and, impatient to make you happy, I dispatched my Fanny with her train and your Abenaidè before me; enjoining them, however, not to reveal our secret till my arrival. For as I had charged myself with the loss of your Eloisa, I deemed myself best entitled to make you reparation in person. But I ought not to omit, that, before I left Paris, I received a letter from the Emperor, so that we may speedily look to have the royal pair in England.

Soon after a post-chaise whirled into the court, and Lord Moreland flying
out

out, caught Clement and Arabella into his strict embrace. He then hurried them in, where Mr. Clinton received and caressed, and introduced them to the Duke and Duchefs, as persons of great merit, and his highly-valued friends. He then presented to them his Abenaide, who saluted Clement, and embraced Arabella with an affectionate familiarity.

O, Sir, cried our hero, kissing his uncle's hand, am I to be the last person in the world whom you will honour with a salute from your bewitching daughter? I ask your pardon, my Lord, said Mr. Clinton solemnly. Allow me then, at length, to repair my omission by presenting to your Lordship her little Highness Abenaide.

The Duke, and Duchefs, and Mr. Meekly laughed; but Lord Moreland was not a whit the slower in laying hold of his advantage. He kissed her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, and lastly dwelt upon her lips, as though he would have infused his soul between them. Harry, Harry, cried Mr. Clinton, I will never introduce you to my girl again, unless you promise not to kiss so hard, and bring so much blood into her face.

Just then a footman entered: My Lord, says he, to Harry, here are three carriages

292 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

and several horsemen waiting without the gate; they inquire for one Mr. Fenton, who, they say, lives with the Earl of Moreland, but I assured them there was no such person in the house. O, Sir, said Lord Moreland, these are our old friends, the Fieldings, and out he flew.

As he approached the carriages, the company gave a shout of joy. Why, Sir, said Mr. Fielding, a servant denied you to us, and said that no one of the name of Fenton lived here. O, says his Lordship, heed him not; he is but a new comer.

He then opened the doors of the carriages, and handed and kissed them in turns as they came out, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, the Reverend Mr. Catharines and his Phoebe, and Ned and his blooming bride.

Mr. Clinton received them at the door, with the joy of his heart apparent in his countenance. He then introduced them to his most noble brother and sister, to his friend Meekly; and lastly he presented his Abenaidè to them, on whom they all gazed in mute and reverential astonishment.

Lord Moreland then observing that his uncle had not equally presented his daughter

daughter to Ned, Sir; says he, I apprehend that this is not quite fair; I have already kissed the fair bride of my friend, with all my heart, and it is but honest that he should be favoured with a salute from mine in turn.

Lord Moreland then took Ned by the hand, and presented him to his beloved; while Ned bent the knee, and touching her hand tremblingly, looked awfully in her face, and said, Yes, bride of Eden, lovely extract of every beauty! you alone can reward, you alone can deserve him, you alone are fitted to be the mate of my incomparable Lord and master, my patron and preserver! So saying, he lightly touched his lips to the polished hand. But the praises of her Harry had gone, with a pleasant trickling, to the heart of Abenaidè, and, gently raising Ned, she affectionately saluted him with a glistening eye.

Pray, Sir, said Mr. Fielding, whisperingly, to Mr. Clinton, is the Earl of Moreland in company? — That is he, Sir, pointing to Harry. — O then, cried Fielding, he is titled below his merits, it was for an Emperor that nature intended him.

Dinner was then served.—During the repast the Duke said, Let us not, my brother, keep our Harry in pain: why should we delay the happiness of children so very dear to us? With regard to your child's marriage to some mighty prince, as her father hinted, I think her more ennobled and more illustrious, by her marriage with our hero here, than if she were mated to the greatest potentate on earth.

You must excuse me, my noble brother, said Mr. Clinton, I will have no clandestine doings in this business. My girl shall be married in the face and witnessing of thousands; lest, hereafter, this young rogue should have the effrontery to deny her. What day of the week is this? Thursday, I think, let Monday se'ennight be the day.

Lord Moreland rose, and pressed and kissed the hand of the Duke with rapture, and then kissed the hand of his patron in silent submission.

They kept the Fieldings with them for three days. But the Earl would not part with his Clement, nor Abenaidè with Arabella, till the marriage should be over.

At length the auspicious morning rose; the beautiful pair wanted no ornament or
2
assistance

assistance from art to set them off. Lord Moreland was dressed in a suit of the finest white cloaths, of the manufacture of his native country, lightly embroidered with gold.

The Princess was habited after the Persian fashion, in a vest of silver silk.

Our hero, coming forth, beheld her, as a pillar of fire, just issuing from her antechamber. He stepped back, as she advanced, and fixed his eyes upon her in mute astonishment; then springing forward, he fell prostrate, and kissed the hem of her robing. Again rising on one knee, he lifted his hands toward heaven, and his eyes to her glowing countenance, Oppressive power of beauty! he cried, O, may every day rise, like this, on my soul-enrapturing Abenaide, encircling her with friendship, love, and joy, and the knee of admiring thousands!

Arabella attended her royal friend, and Clement his noble pupil, just as Longfield entered to give an account of his expedition. But he had scarce begun his detail, when, catching the image that had long since made an impression on his heart, he started and turned pale, and breaking off, he cried, Bless me, my Lord, Mrs. Clement, I think! Yes, Longfield, said the Earl, and here too is your old
and

and fast friend Hammel Clement. Clement would not have known Longfield in his present genteel plight, but hearing his name, and recollecting him at a glance, he flew and seized upon him with a strenuous embrace. Arabella then advanced to welcome her old friend; but poor Longfield respectfully bowed and shrunk back.

You shall not escape me so, my dear Mr. Longfield, says she; I cannot forget what I owe you, even my life and reputation; and I bless the Father of mercies, who has put it in our power to pay part of our debt; and so saying, she embraced him with freedom and cordiality. Yes, my dear Longfield, cried Hammel, yours is the half of our fortunes, and more than the half of our hearts. Your heart, Sir, said Longfield, will ever be most valuable; but as to any thing additional, the bounty of my young master has rendered all further fortune quite superfluous to me.

Longfield then beckoned his Lord forth, that he might relate to his eye, rather than to his ear, the success of his commission. They hastened to a long barn, where he shewed Harry two ranges of beautiful children, one of a hundred chosen girls, another of a hundred chosen boys, all dressed

dressed in a clean and elegant uniform, Harry walked between the ranks, his heart exulting in the sense of its own divine humanity. Then embracing his agent, Yes, my Longfield, he cried, these shall be indeed my children ; and I will prove a true and affectionate father to them ; but let us hasten to bestow upon them a tender mother too, I trust.

He flew back as a glimpse of lightning, and seizing and half devouring the hand of his bride, Will you pardon me, my beloved, says he, some matters that happened before our union ? I have collected all the children I ever had before marriage. I scorn any thing that is clandestine. They wait for your inspection ; and I hope that you will not prove a hard stepmother to them. You are a rogue, says she, archly smiling, and giving him a pat on the cheek ; but come along ; and so saying, away they tripped.

The Princess walked, with a silent and musing attention, up and down the ranges. Her heart grew strongly affected, and, taking out her handkerchief, she wiped away the dropping tear. And has my Lord, says she to Longfield, has he indeed taken upon him to be a father to all this pretty host of little ones ? He has, so please your Highness, says Longfield,
and

and has accordingly clothed and provided for them. O, she cried, under the Father which is in heaven, he is the dearest and sweetest father that ever was upon earth! So exclaiming, she flew to her Harry, and, notwithstanding her late coyness, threw her arms about his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, vented her passion in tears.

On their return, they perceived Mr. Clinton, the Duke and Duchefs, all standing at the great folding-door; and, flying up the marble steps, they both bent the knee, and received the joint blessings and successive careffes of their three exulting parents.

High as my impatience justly is, said Lord *Moreland*, to take possession of the happiness before me, I thought it my duty to do the business of my Master first. I have been shewing to *Abenaide* her family; I have been shewing my children their heavenly mother.

The procession then set out for the parish in this order. First, Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly moved away in Mr. Clinton's coach and six, to the church. The family of the Fieldings then followed, in a coach and six and two chariots. Next went Clement and his Arabella, in their post-chaise and four. The Duke
and

and Duchefs then fucceeded, in a fumptuous coach proudly drawn by fix German greys, attended by a long retinue of French liveries, and the Duchefs's women in a coach and four. Laft advanced the Princefs's four faithful Moors, mounted on fiery courfers, and all glittering in Barbaric gems and adornments. And laft of all came our hero and his Abenaidè, in an open phaeton, decorated with the utmoft exertion of art and magnificence; her fix spotted Arabians, reftaining their impatience, beat meafures with their feet, fcarce feeming to advance the pace of a tortoise. Never will any fight fo glorious be exhibited, till the heavenly Jerufalem fhall defcend upon earth.

The croud, however, extended wide and far beyond the cavalcade. They bowed refpectfully and paid obeifance to Mr. Clinton, the Duke, &c. as they paffed; but as foon as they got a glimpe of the carriage of their young Lord, their acclamations became unremitted, and almoft infufferable to the ear, like the fhouts of a Perfian army at the rifing of the fun.

Slow as Lord Moreland moved, the multitude ftrve to retard him, by throwing themfelves in his way, that they might fatiate

300 THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

satiate their eyes with the fulness of beauty. Bended knees and lifted hands, prayers, blessings, and exclamations, were heard, and seen on all sides; and all the way as they went, thousands upon tens of thousands, shouted forth the hymeneal of the celestial pair.

T H E E N D.

7

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE 1

THE PHILosophical

TRADITION

AND THE

SCIENTIFIC

REVOLUTION

OF THE

17TH CENTURY

AND THE

EMERGENCE

OF

MODERN

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AND

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OF

THE

17TH

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