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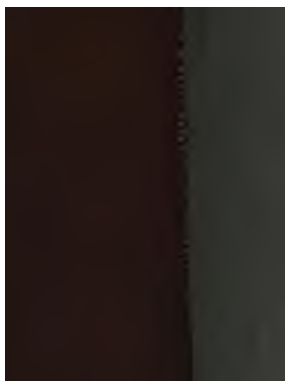
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1878.





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THE
HEROINE,
OR
ADVENTURES
OF
CHERUBINA,

BY
EATON STANNARD BARRETT, ESQ.

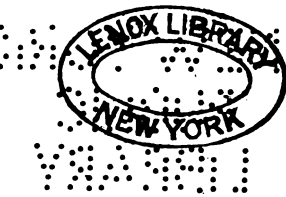
“ L'Histoire d'une femme est toujours un Roman.”

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1815.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE CANNING,
&c. &c. &c.

Sir,

It was the happiness of STERNE to have dedicated his volumes to a PITT. It is my ambition to inscribe this work to you. My wishes would be complete; could I resemble the writer as you do the statesman.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most sincere,
and most humble servant,

E. S. BARRETT.



2000
2000
2000

THE HEROINE TO THE READER.

Moon, May 1, 1813.

ATTEND, gentle and intelligent reader; for I am not the fictitious personage whose memoirs you will peruse in "The Heroine;" but I am a corporeal being, and an inhabitant of the Moon.

Know, that the moment a mortal manuscript is written in a legible hand, and the word End or Finis annexed, whatever characters happen to be sketched therein (whether imaginary, biographical, or historical), acquire the quality of creating a soul or spirit, which takes immediate flight, and ascends through the regions of air, till it arrives at the MOON; where it is then embodied, and becomes a living creature: the precise counterpart, in mind and person, of its literary prototype.

Know farther, that all the towns, villages, rivers, hills, and vallies of the moon, owe also their origin to the descriptions, which writers give of the landscapes upon earth; and that all our lunar manufactures, such as fleets and coins, stays for men, and boots for ladies, receive form and substance, from terrestrial books on war and commerce, pamphlets on bulion, and fashionable magazines.

Works consisting of abstract argument, ethics, metaphysics, polemics, &c. which, by their very nature, cannot become tangible essences, send their ideas, in whispers, up to the moon; where the tribe of talking birds receive, and repeat them for the Lunarians. So that it is not unusual to hear a mitred parrot screaming a political sermon, or a fashionable jay twittering a compiled bravura. These birds, then, are our philosophers; and so great is

their value, that they sell for as much as your patriots.

However, the moment a book becomes obsolete on earth, the personages, countries, manners, and things recorded in it, lose, by the law of sympathy, their existence in the moon.

This, most grave reader, is but a short and imperfect sketch of the way we Moonites are born and die. I shall now give you some account of what has happened to me, since my coming hither.

It is something more than three lunar hours; or, in other words, about three terrestrial days ago, that, by means of a certain book, called *The Heroine*, which some human gentleman (whom I take this opportunity of thanking) had the kindness to compose, I became a living inhabitant of the Moon. Like the Miltonic Eve, almost the first thing I did, was to peep

into the water and admire my face;— a very pretty one, I assure you, dear reader. I then perceived advancing, a lank and grimly figure in armour, who introduced himself as Don Quixote; and we soon found each other kindred souls.

We walked, together, through a beautiful tract of country, called Terra Fertilitatis; for your Selenographers, Langrenus, Florentius, Grimaldus, Ricciolus; and Hevelius, have given proper names to the various portions of our hemisphere.

As I proceeded, I met the Radcliffian, Rochian, and other heroines; but they tossed their heads, and told me pertly, that I was a slaver on the sisterhood; while some went so far as to say, that I had a design upon their lives. They likewise shunned the Edgeworthian heroines, whom they thought too comic, moral, and natural.

I met the Lady of the Lake, and shook hands with her; but her hand felt rather hard from the frequent use of the oar; and I spoke to the Widow Dido, but she had her old trick of turning on her heel, without answering a civil question.

I found the Homeric Achilles broiling his own beefsteaks, as usual; the Homeric Princesses drawing water, and washing linen; the Virgilian Trojans eating their tables; and the Livian Hannibal melting mountains, with the patent vinegar of an advertisement.

The little boy in the *Æneid*, had introduced the amusement of whipping tops; and Musidora had turned bathing-woman at a halfpenny a dip.

A Cæsar, an Alexander, and an Alfred, were talking politics, and quaffing the Horatian Falernian, in the Garter Inn of Shakespeare. A Cati-line was holding forth on Reform, and

a Hanno was advising the recall of a victorious army.

As I walked along, a mob of statesmen, just created by your newspapers, popped up their heads, nodded, and died. In this manner, about twenty come to us, almost every day; and though some are of the same name, and drawn from the same original, they are often as unlike each other as so many clouds. The Buonapartes, thus sent, are, in general, hideous fellows. However, your Parliamentary Reports sometimes surprize us with most respectable characters of that name...

On my way, I could observe numbers of patients dying, according as the books which had created them, were sinking into oblivion. The Foxian James was paraded about in a sedan chair, and considered just gone; and a set of politicians, entitled All the Talents, who had once made a terrible

noise among us, lay sprawling in their last agonies. But the most extensive mortality ever known here, was caused by the burning of the Alexandrian Library. This forms quite an æra in the Lunar Annals; and is called, The great Conflagration.

I had attempted to pluck an apple from a tree, which grew near the road; but instead of a substance, grasped a vacuum; and while Don Quixote was instructing me how this phænomenon arose from the Berkeleian system of immaterialism, and how this apple was only a globular idea, I heard a squeaking voice just beside me cry:

“ I must remark, Madam, that the writer who sent you amongst us, had far too much to say, and too little to do.”

I looked round, but saw nobody.

“ 'Tis Junius,” observed Don Quixote. “ As he was invisible on

“who has judgment enough
wit, should, therefore, have ju
enough to prevent him from
t.”

“Sir,” said Don Quixote, “
his works of wit, he can attain
arity, he will ensure a future att
o his works of judgment. So b
it thee, caitiff!” and closing his
he ran atilt at pure space.

“Nay,” cried Junius, “let u
uaræ, though we differ. Min
posed by mind, fashions false
ons, and degenerates from its or
itude. The stagnant pool res
to putridity. It is the conflict
ters which keep them —”

took us. “ How goes it, heroine? How goes it?—By the man in the moon, the moment I heard of your arrival here, I gave three exulting flourishes of my hand, thus ¹ ² ³; then applying my middle finger to my thumb, and compressing both with the flexory muscles, I shot them asunder transversely; so that the finger coming plump upon the aponeurosis—

* * * *

In short,—for I don’t much like how I am getting on with the description—I snapped my fingers.

“ Now, Madam, I will bet the whole of Kristmanus’s, Capuanus’s, Schihardus’s, Phocylides’s, and Hanzelius’s estates,—which are the best on our hemisphere,—to as much landed property as could be spooned into your shoe—that you will get miserably mauled by their reverences, the Reviewers. My life for it, they will say

that your character is a mere daub drawn in distemper—the hair too golden—an eyelash too much;—then, that the book itself has too little of the rational and argumentative;—that the fellow merely wrote it to make the world laugh,—and, by the bye, to make the world laugh is the gravest occupation an author can chuse. Writing so as to split the sides of people, who will not live for a thousand years after, is no trifle. In fine, Madam, they will say, that the work has every fault, which must convict it Aristotellically and Edinburgo' reviewically, in the eyes of ninety-nine barbati; but which will leave it not the ninety-ninth part of a gry the worse, in the eyes of fifteen millions of honest Britons; besides several very respectable ladies and gentlemen yet unborn, and nations yet undiscovered, who will read translations of it in lan-

guages yet unspoken. Bless me, what hacking these Critics will have at you! Small sword and broad sword—staff and stiletto—flankonnade and cannonade—hurry-scurry—right wing and left wing—”

But Tristram paused in consternation; for his animated description of a fight had roused the military spirits of Don Quixote and Captain Shandy, who were already at hard knocks; the one with his spear, and the other with his crutch. I therefore took this occasion of escaping.

And now day begins to decline; and your globe, which never sets to us, will shortly shed her pale earthshine over the landscape. O how serene are these regions! Here are no hurricanes, or clouds, or vapours. Here heroines cannot sigh; for here there is no air to sigh withal. Here in our great pits, poetically called vallies, we

retire from all moonly cares ; or range through the meads of Cysatus or Grumberget, and repose under the coolness of the Conical Penumbra.

I trust you will feel, dear reader, that you now owe more to my discoveries, than to those of Endymion, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileus, and Newton. I pray you, therefore, reward my services with a long and happy life ; though, much I fear I shall not obtain it. For, I am told, that two little shining specks, called England and Ireland (which our glasses enable us to see on your globe), are the places upon whose health and prosperity mine must depend. If they fall, I must fall with them ; and I fancy they have already seen the best of their days. A parrot informs me, that they are at open war with a prodigious blotch just beside them ; and that their most approved patriots daily indite

pamphlets to shew how they cannot hold out ten years longer. These patriots write the triumphs of their country, in the most commiserating language; and portray her distresses with exultation. Of course, therefore, they conceive that her glories would undo her, and that nothing can save her but her calamities. So since she is the most flourishing nation in the world, I may fairly infer that she is on her last legs.

Before I conclude, I must inform you how I shall get this letter conveyed to your world. Laplace, and other philosophers, have already proved, that a stone projected by a volcano, from the moon, and with the velocity of a mile and a half per second, would pass beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and enter into the confines of the earth's.

Now, hundreds attest upon oath,

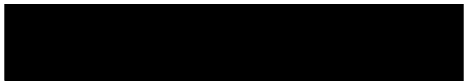
that they have observed luminous meteors moving through the sky; and falling on the earth, in stony or semi-metallic masses. Ergo (say the philosophers), they came all the way from the moon; and the philosophers may well say so; for it is shrewdly suspected, that they themselves are moon-struck, by blows from these very stones.

One of these very stones, therefore, shall convey this letter post to you. I have written it upon asbestos, in liquid gold (as both these substances are the least consumable by fire); and I will nail it against the top of a volcanic mountain, which is expected to explode immediately.

Alas, alas, short-sighted Earthites! how little ye foresee the havoc that will happen hereafter, from the pelting of these pitiless stones. For, about the time of the millennium, the doc-

trine of projectiles will be so prodigiously improved, that while universal peace reigns upon earth, the planets will go to war with each other. Then shall we Lunarians, like true satellites, turn on our benefactors; and instead of merely trying our small shot (as we do now), we will fire off whole mountains at you; while you, from your superior attraction, will find it difficult to reach us with a single pebble. The consequence must be, our losing so much weight, that we shall approach, by degrees, nearer and nearer you; 'till at last, both globes will come slap together, flatten each other, like sublunary pancakes, and rush headlong into primeval chaos.

Such will be the consummation of all things. Adieu.



THE HEROINE.

LETTER I.

AH! my good Governess, guardian of my youth, must I behold you no more? Descending to breakfast, must I no more see your melancholy features shrouded by your umbrageous cap; a novel in the one hand, a cup in the other, and tears springing from your eyes, at the tale too tender, or at the tea too hot? Must I no longer wander with you, through painted meadows, and by purling rivulets? Motherless, am I bereft of my more than mother, at the sensitive age of fifteen? What though papa caught the Butler kissing you in the pantry?

What though he turned you by the venerable shoulder, out of his house? I am well persuaded that the kiss was maternal, not amorous, and that the interesting Butler, Simon Snaggs, is your son.

Perhaps you married in early life, and without the knowledge of your parents. A gipsy stole the rosy pledge of your love; and, at length, you have recognized him by some improbable concurrence of events. Happy, happy mother!

Happy too, perhaps, in being cast upon the world, unprotected and defamed; while I am doomed to endure the security of a home, and the dullness of an unimpeached reputation. For me, there is no hope whatever of being reduced to despair. Alas, I must waste my health, bloom, and youth, in a series of uninterrupted prosperity.

It is not, my friend, that I wish for

ultimate unhappiness, but that I am anxious to suffer present sorrow, with the hope of securing future felicity; an improvement, you will own, on the system of other girls, who, to enjoy the passing moment, run the risk of being wretched ever after. Have not all persons their favourite pursuits, and do not all brave fatigue, vexation, and calumny, for the purpose of accomplishing them? One woman aspires to be a beauty, another a title, a third a belle esprit; and in effecting these objects, health is sacrificed, reputation tainted, and peace of mind destroyed. Now my ambition is to be a Heroine, and how can I hope for success, unless I, too, suffer privations and inconveniences? Besides, have I not far greater merit, in getting a husband by sentiment, adventure, and melancholy, than by dressing, gadding, dancing, and singing? For heroines are just as much

on the alert to get husbands, as other young ladies; and in truth, I would never voluntarily undergo misfortunes, were I not certain that matrimony would be the last of them. But even misery itself has its consolations and advantages. It makes one, at least, look interesting, and affords an opportunity for ornamental murmurs. Besides, it is the mark of a refined mind. Only fools, children, and savages, are happy.

With these sentiments, no wonder I feel discontented at my present mode of life. Such an insipid routine, always, always, always the same. Rising with no better prospect than to make breakfast for papa. Then 'tis, "Good morrow, Cherry," or "is the paper come, Cherry?" or "more cream, Cherry," or "what shall we have for dinner, Cherry?" At dinner, nobody but a farmer or the parson; and no

thing talked but politics and turnips. After tea I am made sing some fal la la of a ditty, and am sent to bed, with a " Good night, pretty miss," or " sweet dear." The clowns!

Now instead of this, just conceive me a child of misery, in a castle, a convent, or a cottage; becoming acquainted with the hero by his saving my life—I beautifully confused,— " Good Heaven, what an angel!" cries he—then sudden love on both sides—in two days my hand kissed. Embarrassments—my character suspected—a quarrel—a reconciliation—fresh embarrassments.—O Bidy, what an irreparable loss to the public, that a victim of thrilling sensibility, like me, should be thus idling her precious time over the common occupations of life!—prepared as I am, too, by a course of novels (and you can bear witness that I have read little else), to embody and

ensoul those enchanting reveries, which I indulge, and which really constitute almost the whole happiness of my life.

That I am not deficient in the qualities requisite for a heroine, is indisputable. I know nothing of the world, or of human nature; and every one says I am handsome. My form is tall and aërial, my face Grecian, my tresses flaxen, my eyes blue and sleepy. Then, not only peaches, roses, and Aurora, but snow, lilies, and alabaster, may, with perfect propriety, be applied to a description of my skin. I confess I differ from other heroines in one point. They, you may remark, are always unconscious of their charms; whereas, I am, I fear, convinced of mine, beyond all hope of retraction.

There is but one serious flaw in my title to Heroine—the mediocrity of my lineage. My father is descended from nothing better than a decent and

respectable family. He began life with a thousand pounds, purchased a farm, and by his honest and disgusting industry, has realized fifty thousand. Were even my legitimacy suspected, it would be some comfort; since, in that case, I might hope to start forth, at one time or other, the daughter of some plaintive nobleman, who lives retired, and occasionally slaps his forehead.

Another subject perplexes me. It is my name; and what a name—Cherry! It reminds one so much of plumpness and ruddy health. Cherry—better be called Pine-apple at once. There is a green and yellow melancholy in pine-apple, that is infinitely preferable. I wonder whether Cherry could possibly be an abbreviation of CHERUBINA. 'Tis only changing y into ubina, and the name becomes quite classic. Celestina, Angelina,

Seraphina, are all of the same family. But Cherubina sounds so empyrean, so something or other beyond mortality; and besides I have just a face for it. Yes, Cherubina I am resolved on being called, now and evermore.

But you must wish to learn what has happened here since your departure. I was in my boudoir, reading the *Delicate Distress*, when I heard a sudden bustle below, and "Out of the house, this moment," vociferated by my father. The next minute he was in my room with a face like fire.

"There!" cried he, "I knew what your famous romances would do for us at last."

"Fie!" said I, playfully spreading my fingers over his face. "Don't frown so, but tell me what these famous romances have done?"

"Only a kissing match between the Governess and the Butler," answered

he. "I caught them at the sport in the pantry."

I was petrified. "Dear Sir," said I, "you must mistake."

"No such thing," cried he. "The kiss was too much of a smacker for that.—Egad, it rang through the pantry, like the smash of twenty plates. But she shall never darken my doors again, never. I have just packed the pair of wrinkled sweethearts off together; and what is better, I have ordered all the novels in the house, to be burnt, by way of purification. They talk so much of flames, that I suppose they will like to feel them." He spoke, and ran raging out of the room.

Adieu, then, ye dear romances, adieu for ever. No more shall I sympathize with your heroines, while they faint, and blush, and weep, through four half-bound octavos. Adieu, ye

Edwins, Edgars, and Edmunds; ye Selinas, Evelinas, Malvinas: ye inas all adieu! The flames will consume you all. The melody of Emily, the prattle of Annette, and the hoarseness of Ugo, will all be confounded in one indiscriminate crackle. The Casa and Castello will blaze with equal fury; nor can the virtue of Pamela save you; nor Wolmar charmed to see his wife swooning; nor Werter shelling peas and reading Homer; nor Charlotte cutting bread and butter for the children.

Write to me, my friend, and advise me in this emergency! Alas! I am torn with grief at the destruction of my romances, and the discharge of my loved governess, who was not even permitted to take and receive a hysterical farewell. Adieu.

CHERUBINA.

LETTER II.

A thousand thanks, my dear Governess, for your inestimable letter; and though I must ever regret our separation as the greatest misfortune of my life, yet I cannot but consider it suspicious in this respect, that it has irritated you to inform me of your suspicions respecting my birth.

And so you really think I am not the daughter of my reputed father, but a child of mystery? Enchanting! And so the hypocrite calls me Cherry Bounce, and all sorts of nicknames behind my back, and often wishes me out of his house? The traitor! Yes, I will comply with his desire, and with your excellent advice, by quitting the iniquitous mansion for ever.

Your letter on the subject reached

me just before breakfast. Heavens! how my noble blood throbbed in my veins! What a new prospect of things opened upon my soul! I might be an heiress. I might be a title. I might be—— I would not wait to think; I would not wait to bind my hair. I flew down stairs, rushed into the parlour, and in a moment, was at the feet of my persecutor. My hands were folded on my bosom, and my agitated eyes raised to his face.

“Heyday, Cherry,” said he, laughing, “this is a new flourish. There, child, now fancy yourself stabbed, and come to breakfast.”

“Hear me,” cried I.

“Why, said he, “you keep your countenance as stiff and steady as the face on our rapper.”

“A countenance,” cried I, “is worth keeping, when the features are a proof of the descent.”

“Come, come,” said he, “your cup is full all this time.”

“And so is my heart,” cried I, pressing it expressively.

“What the mischief can be the meaning of this muttering?” said he.

“Hear me, Wilkinson,” cried the fair sufferer, rising with dignified tranquillity. “Candor is the most amiable and the most difficult of virtues; and there is more magnanimity in confessing an error, than in never committing one.”

“Confound your written sentences,” cried he, “can’t you come to the point?”

“Then, Sir,” said I, “learn, that I have discovered a mystery in my birth, and that you—you, Wilkinson, are not—my Father!”

I pronounced these words with a measured emphasis, and one of my ineffable looks. Wilkinson coloured like

scarlet, and stared steadily in my face.

“Would you scandalize the mother that bore you?” cried he, fiercely.

“No, Wilkinson,” answered I, “but you would by calling yourself the father of her daughter.”

“And if *I* am not,” said he, “what must you be?”

“An illustrious heiress,” cried I, “snatched from her parents in her infancy;—snatched by thee, vile agent of the diabolical conspiracy!”

He looked aghast.

“Tell me then,” continued I, “miserable man, tell me where my dear, my distracted father lingers out the remnant of his wretched days? My mother too—or say, am I indeed an orphan?”

Still he remained mute, and gazed on me with a searching intensity. I raised my voice:

"Expiate thine offences, restore an outcast to her birthright, make atonement, or tremble at retribution!"

I thought the farmer would sink into the ground.

"Nay," continued I, lowering my voice, "think not I thirst for vengeance. I myself will intercede to stay the sword of Justice. Poor wretch! I want not thy blood."

The culprit was now at the climax of his agony; he writhed through every limb and feature, and by this time, had torn the newspaper into scraps.

"What!" cried I, "can nothing move thee to confess thy crimes? Then listen. Ere Aurora with rosy fingers, shall unbar the eastern gate——"

"My child, my child, my dear darling daughter!" exclaimed this accomplished crocodile, bursting into

tears, and snatching me to his bosom, "what has happened you? What phantom, what horrid disorder is distracting my treasure?"

"Unhand me, guileful adulteror," cried I, "and try thy powers of tragedy elsewhere, for—*I know thee!*" I spoke, and extricated myself from his embrace.

"Dreadful, dreadful!" muttered he. "Her sweet senses are lost. My love, my life, do not speak thus to your poor old father."

"Father!" exclaimed I, accomplishing with accuracy, that hysterical laugh, which (gratefully let me own) I owe to your instruction; "Father? Oh, no Sir, no thank you. 'Tis true you have blue eyes like myself, but have you my pouting lip and dimple? You have the flaxen hair, but can you execute the rosy smile? Besides, is

it possible, that I, who was born a Heroine, and who must, therefore, have sprung from an idle and illustrious family, should really be the daughter of a fat funny farmer? Oh, no Sir; no thank you.'"

The fat funny farmer covered his face with his hands, and rushed out of the room, nor left a doubt of his guilt behind.

You see I relate the several conversations, in a dramatic manner, and word for word, as well as I can recollect them, since heroines do the same. Indeed, I cannot too much admire the fortitude of these charming creatures, who, even while they are in momentary expectation of losing their lives or their honors, sit down with the utmost unconcern, and indite the most accurate and collected letters possible. They have even presence of mind enough to copy the vulgar dialect, uncouth

phraseology, and bad grammar, of villains, who, perhaps, are in the next room, and who would not matter annihilating them with a poignard, while they are mending a pen.

Adieu.

LETTER III.

SOON after my last letter, I was summoned to dinner. What heroine in distress but starves? so I sent a message that I was unwell, and then solaced myself with a volume of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, which had escaped the conflagration. Afterwards I flung myself on my bed, in hopes I should have dreams portentous of my future fate; for heroines are remarkably subject to a certain prophetic sort of night-mare. You remember the story which Ludovico read, of a spectre that beckons a Baron from his castle, and leading him into a forest, points but its own corpse, and bids him bury it. Well, owing, I suppose, to my having just read this episode,

and to my having fasted so long, I had the following dream :

Methought a delicious odour of viands attracted me into the kitchen, where I found an iron pot upon the fire. As I looked at it, the lid began to rise, and I beheld a half-boiled turkey hop forth. It beckoned me with its claw. I followed. It led me into the yard, and pointed out its own head and feathers, which were lying there.

What a vulgar, what a disgusting vision, when I ought to have dreamt of nothing but coffins and ladies in black !

At tea (which I could not resist taking, I was so hungry), Wilkinson affected the most tender solicitude for my health ; and as I now watched his words, I could discover in almost all that he said, something to confirm my surmise of his not being my father.

After tea, a letter was handed him, which he read, and then gave me. It ran thus :

London.

In accepting your invitation, my respected friend, I confer a far greater favour on myself, than, as you kindly tell me, I shall on you. After an absence of seven years, spent in the seclusion of a college, and the fatigues of a military life, how delightful to revisit the scene of my childhood, and those who render its memory so dear ! I left you while you were my guardian ; I return with your assurances that I shall find you a friend. Let me but find you what I left you, and you shall take what title you please.

Yet, much as I flatter myself that you retain all your former feelings towards me, I must expect a serious alteration in those of my friend Cherry.

Will she again make me her playmate? Again climb my shoulders, and gallop me round the lawn? Shall we renew all our little quarrels, then kiss and be friends? Shall we even recognize each others' features, through their change from childhood to maturity? There is, at least, one feature of our early days; that, I trust, has undergone no alteration—our mutual affection and friendship.

My servant, whom I send forward, takes this letter. At ten to-night I shall see you myself.

Ever affectionately your's,

ROBERT STUART.

To Gregory Wilkinson, Esq.

“There,” cries the farmer, “if I have deprived you of an old woman, I have got you a young man. Large estates, you know;—handsome, fashionable;—come, pluck up a heart, my girl; ay, egad, and steal one too.”

I rose, gave him one of my ineffable looks, and retired to my chamber.

“So,” said I, flinging myself on the bed, “this is something like misery. Here is another precious project against my peace. I am to be forced into marriage, am I? And with whom! A man whose legitimacy is unimpeached, and whose friends would certainly consent. His name Robert too:—master Bobby, as the servants used to call him. A fellow that mewed like a cat, when he was whipt. O my Bob! what a pretty monosyllable for a girl like me to pronounce. Now, indeed, my wretchedness is complete. An orphan, or at least an outcast; robbed of my birthright, immured in a farmhouse—threatened with a husband of decent birth—parentage and education—my governess gone, my novels burnt, what is left to me but flight? Yes, I will roam through the wide world in

search of my parents; I will ransack all the sliding pannels and tapestries of Italy; I will explore Il Castello Di Udolpho, and enter the convent of Ursulines, or Carmelites, or Santa della Pieta, or the Abbey of La Trappe. Here I meet with little better than smiling faces and honest hearts. No precious scoundrels are here, no horrors, or atrocities, worth recording. But abroad I shall encounter banditti, monks, daggers, racks—O ye celebrated terrors, when shall I taste of you?"

I then rose, and stole into Wilkinson's study, with the hope of finding, before my flight, some record or relic that might aid me in unravelling the mystery of my birth. As heroines are privileged to ransack private drawers, and read whatever they find there, I opened his scrutoire, without ceremony. But what were my sensations,

when I discovered in a corner of it, an antique scrap of tattered parchment, scrawled all over with this frightful fragment.

This Indenture

For and in consideration of
Doth grant, bargain, release
Possession, and to his heirs and assigns
Lands of Sylva Lodge, in the

Trees, stones, quarries, &c.

Reasonable amends and satisfaction

This demise

Molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson

The natural life of

Cherry Wilkinson only daughter of

De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas

Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.

O Bidly, does not your blood run cold at this excruciating manuscript? for you must already have decyphered its terrific import. The part lost may be gathered from the part left. In short, it is a written covenant between this Gregory Wilkinson, and the miscreant,

who would possess my estate after my death, stipulating to give Wilkipson "Sylvan Lodge," together with "trees, stones, quarries, &c." as "reasonable amends and satisfaction," for being the instrument of my "Demise;" and declaring that there shall be "no molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson," for taking away "the natural life of Cherry Wilkinson"—"only daughter of—" somebody "De Willoughby, eldest son of Thomas"— Then follows, "Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle." So that it is evident I am a De Willoughby, and related to Lady Gwyn! What perfectly confirms me in the latter supposition, is an old portrait which I found there at the same time, representing a young and beautiful female superbly dressed; and underneath it, the name of, "NELL GWYN."

Distraction! what shall I do? Whi-

ther turn? As for sleeping another night under the same roof with a wretch, who has bound himself to assassinate me, it would be little short of madness. Besides, Stuart arrives here to-night; so, if I remain any longer, I must endure his odious addresses. My plan of escape, therefore, is already arranged, and this very evening I mean to begin my pilgrimage.

The picture and parchment I will keep in my bosom during my journey; and I will also carry a small bandbox, containing my satin petticoat, satin shoes, a pair of silk stockings, my spangled muslin, and all my jewels. For some benevolent duchess may possibly receive me into her family, and her son persecute me; so I might just as well look decent, you know.

On mature deliberation, I have resolved to take but five guineas with me, since more would only make me

too comfortable, and tempt me, in some critical moment, to extricate myself from distress.

I shall leave the following billet on my toilet.

To Gregory Wilkinson, Farmer.

Sir,

When this letter meets your eye, the writer will be far, far distant. She will be wandering the convex earth in pursuit of those parents, from whose dear embraces you have torn her. She will be flying from a Stuart, to whose detestable embraces you have destined her.

Your motive for this hopeful match I can guess. As you obtained one property by undertaking my death, you are probably promised another on effecting my marriage. Learn that the latter fate has more terrors for me than the former. But I shall escape both.

Alas! Sir, I once doated upon you as the best of fathers. Think then of my consternation at finding you the worst of persecutors. Yet I pity more than hate you; and the first moment of your repentance, shall be the last of my animosity.

The much injured,
CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY.

As London is the most approved refuge for distrest Heroines, and the most likely place for obtaining information about my birth, I mean to bend my steps thither.

O peaceful shades, why must I leave you? In your retreats I should still find pleasure and repose.

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

THE hail rattled and the wind whistled, as I tied on my bonnet for my journey. With the bandbox under my arm, I descended the stairs, opened the door, and ran down the shrubbery.

I then hastened into the London road, and pressed onward, with a hurried step; while a violent tempest beat full against my face. Under these circumstances, my mind often misgave me, and even represented my undertaking as rather imprudent. However, I recollected, that numberless other heroines had quitted their homes upon motives far less urgent than mine; and in short I found, that I must not suffer myself to be led away by those maxims which actuate ordinary misses, but that I must follow those rules alone, which direct the Heroine. 'Tis true,

the Heroine often acts, to all appearance, indiscreetly; but then, 'tis just as true, that her most unpromising enterprises always terminate best; and therefore, that what appears rashness, is only the refinement of discretion. For undoubtedly, certain events in the life of every heroine, are predestined; as their regular and unremitting recurrence fully proves. Of these events, the most prominent and indispensable, are; 1st. Her meeting with a hero. 2d. Her loving him, and his loving her. 3d. His rescuing her from peril, at a moment when she fancies him far away. 4th. Her finding every individual with whom she converses, implicated in her plot, and a friend, or a foe, or a near relation. 5th. If of mysterious origin, her being first reduced to extremities; then her discovering her family, and lastly, her attaining riches, rank, and marriage. Since, therefore, an

established series of incidents are fated to befall all heroines, and since I am a heroine, it follows that I need not so much consider whether my conduct be prudent or indiscreet, as whether it be graceful, and fit for immortality. The grand criterion is, 'how will it read?'

Occupied with these observations, the result of natural good sense, and an intimate knowledge of romances, I walked four long and toilsome miles.

At length, finding myself fatigued, I resolved to rest awhile, in the lone and uninhabited house, which, you may recollect, stands on the grey common, about a hundred paces from the road. Besides, I was bound to explore it, as a ruined pile.

I approached. The wind moaned through the broken windows, and the rank grass rustled in the court. I entered. All was dark within; the boards creaked as I trod, the shutters flapped,

and an ominous owl was hooting in the chimney. I groped my way along the hall, thence into a parlour—up stairs and down—not a horror to be found. No dead hand met my left hand; no huge eye-ball glared at me through a crevice. How disheartening!

The cold was now creeping through my veins; my teeth chattered, and my whole frame shook. I had seated myself upon the stairs, and was weeping piteously, wishing myself at home, and deploring the necessity which had compelled me to this frightful undertaking, when on a sudden, I heard the sound of approaching steps. I sprang upon my feet, with renovated spirits. Presently several persons entered the hall, and a vulgar accent cried:—

“Jem, run down to the cellar and strike a light.”

“What can you want with me, now

that you have robbed me?" said the voice of a gentleman.

"Why, young man," answered a ruffian, "we want you to write home for a hundred pounds, or some such trifle, which we will have the honour of spending. You must manufacture some confounded good lie about where you are, and why you require the money; and one of us will carry the letter."

"I assure you," said the youth, "I shall forge no such falsehood."

"As you please, master," replied the ruffian, "but, the money or your life we must have, and that soon."

"Will you trust my solemn promise of sending you a hundred pounds?" said the other. "My name is Stuart: I am on my way to Mr. Wilkinson, of Sylvan Lodge, so you may depend upon my sending you, by his assist-

ance, the sum that you require, and I will pledge myself not to betray you."

"No, curse me if I trust," cried the robber.

"Then curse me if I write," said Stuart.

"Look you, Squire," cried the robber: "we cannot stand parlying now; we have other matters on hands. But we will lock you safe in the cellar, with pen, ink, and paper, and a lantern; and if you have not a fine bouncing lie of a letter, ready written when we come back, you are a dead man—that is all."

"I am almost a dead man already," said Stuart, "for the wound you gave me is bleeding torrents."

They now carried him down to the cellar, where they remained a few minutes; then returned, and locked the door outside.

"Leave the key in it," says one,

"For we do not know which of us may come back first." They then went away.

Now was the fate of my bitter enemy, the wily, the wicked Stuart, at my disposal. I could either liberate him, or let him perish. It struck me, that to miss such a promising interview, would be stupid in the extreme; and I felt a sort of glow at the idea of saying, live! Besides, he could not possibly recognize me, since I was but eight years old when we saw each other last. So I descended the steps, unlocked the door, and bursting into the cellar, stood in an unparalleled attitude before him. He was sitting on the ground, and fastening a handkerchief about his wounded leg, but at my entrance, he sprang upon his feet.

"Away, save thyself!" cried I, "She who restores thee to freedom, lies from captivity herself. Look on

these features—Thou wouldst have wrong them with despair. Look on this form—Thou wouldst have pressed it in depravity. Hence, unhappy sinner, and learn, that innocence is ever victorious and ever merciful.”

“ I am all amazement ! ” exclaimed he. “ Who are you ? Whence come you ? Why speak so angrily, yet act so kindly ? ”

I smiled disdain, and turned to depart.

“ One moment more, ” cried he. “ Here is some mistake, for I never even saw you before. ”

“ Often, often, ” exclaimed I, and was again going.

“ So you will leave me, my sweet preserver, ” said he, smiling. “ Now you have all this time prevented me from binding my wound, and you owe me compensation for loss of blood. ”

I paused.

He took the lantern to search the cellar for his watch and money. However, we saw nothing there except a couple of portmanteaus, some rusty pistols, and a small barrel, half full of gunpowder. We then left the house; but had hardly proceeded twenty yards, when he began to totter.

"I can go no farther," said he, sinking down. "I have lost so much blood, that my strength is entirely exhausted."

"Pray, dear Sir," said I, "exert yourself, and lean on me."

"Impossible," answered he; "but fly and save your own life."

"I will run for assistance," said I, and flew towards the road, where I had just heard the sound of an approaching carriage. But on a sudden, it stopped, voices began disputing, and soon after a pistol was fired. I paused in great

terror, for I judged that these were the robbers again. What should I do? When a heroine is reduced to extremities, she always does one of two things—either faints on the spot, or exhibits energies almost superhuman.

Faint I could not, so nothing remained for me, but energies almost superhuman. I therefore pondered a moment or two, and soon hit upon a grand expedient, which would far surpass that of Elinor, in the Recess, when she escaped by getting into a coffin, and personating a corpse. I flew back to the ruin, carried the barrel of gunpowder from the cellar into the hall, threw most of it on the floor, and with the remainder, strewed a train, as I walked towards Stuart.

When I was within a few paces of him, I heard quick steps; and a hoarse voice vociferating, "Who goes yonder with the light?" for I had brought the lantern.

"Fly!" cried Stuart, "or you are lost."

I snatched the candle from the lantern, applied it to the train, and the next moment, dropped down at the shock of the tremendous explosion that took place. A noise of falling timbers resounded through the ruin, and the robbers were heard scampering off in every direction.

"There!" whispered I, after a pause; "there is an original horror for you; and all of my own contrivance. The villains have fled, the neighbours will flock to the spot, and you will obtain assistance."

By this time we heard the people of the carriage running towards us.

"Stuart!" cried I, in an awful voice.

"My name, indeed!" said he. "This is completely inexplicable."

"Stuart," cried I, "hear my parting words. *Never again!*" (quoting his own

letter), "*will I make you my play-mate; never again climb your shoulders, and gallop you round the lawn.* Ten o'clock is past. Go not to Sylvan Lodge to-night. She departed two hours ago. Look to your steps."

I spoke this portentous warning, and fled across the common. Miss Wilkinson! Miss Wilkinson! sounded on the blast; but the wretch had discovered me too late. I ran about half a-mile, and then looking behind me, beheld the ruin in a blaze. Renovated by the sight of this admirable horror, I walked another hour, without once stopping; till (conceive my surprise and dismay.) I found myself utterly unable to stir a step farther. This was the more provoking, because heroines often perform journies on foot, that would founder fifty horses.

However, I crossed into a field, and contrived to make a nest of hay, where

I remained till morning. Then, stiff and cold, I slowly proceeded on my journey; and in a short time, met a little girl with a pail of milk. She consented to let me change my wet dress at her cottage, whither she presently conducted me.

It was a family of frights. Flat noses and thick lips without mercy. No Annettes and Lubins, or Amorets and Phyllidas, or Florimels and Florellas; no rosy little fatlings, or Cherubim and Seraphim amongst them. However, I slipped on (for *slipping on* is the heroic mode of dressing) my spangled muslin, silk stockings, and satin shoes, and joined their uglinesses at breakfast, resolving to bear patiently with their features.

They tell me that a London coach will shortly pass this way, so I shall take a seat in it.

On the whole, I feel much pleased

at what has happened me hitherto; particularly, my romantic interview with Stuart, whom I pronounce the veriest villain unstabbed. I will, however, do him the justice to say, that he has a reputable Roman nose; and though he neither kissed my hand, nor knelt, yet he had the decency to talk of "wounds," and my "charming tresses." Perhaps, if he had saved my life, instead of my having saved his; and if his name had consisted of three syllables ending in i or o; and, finally, if he were not an unprincipled profligate, the man might have made a tolerable hero.

Adieu..

LETTER V.

“ I SHALL find in the coach,” said I, approaching it, “ some emaciated Adelaide, or sister Olivia. We will interchange congenial looks—she will sigh, so will I—and we shall commence a vigorous friendship on the spot.”

Yes, I did sigh; but it was at the huge and hideous Adelaide who presented herself, as I got into the coach. In describing her, our wittiest novelists would say, that her nose lay modestly retired between her cheeks; that her eyes, which pointed inwards, seemed looking for it, and that her teeth were

“ Like angels’ visits; short, and far between.”

She first eyed me with a supercilious sneer, and then addressed a diminutive old gentleman opposite, in whose face

Time had ploughed furrows, and Luxury sown pimples.

“ And so, Sir, as I was telling you, when my poor man died, I so bemoaned myself, that between swoons and hysterics, I got nervous all over, and was obliged to go through a regiment.”

I stared in astonishment. “ What!” thought I, “ a woman of her magnitude and vulgarity, faint, and have nerves? Impossible!”

“ Howsomdever,” continued she, “ my Bible and my Moll are great consolations to me. Moll is the dearest little thing in the world; as straight as a popular; then such dimples; and her eyes are the very squintessence of perfection. She has all her catechism by heart, and moreover, her mind is uncontaminated with romances and novels, and such abominations.”

“ Pray, Ma’am,” said I, civilly, “ may I presume to ask how ro-

manages and novels contaminate the mind?"

"Why, Mem," answered she tartly, and after another survey, "by teaching little misses to go gadding, Mem, and to be fond of the men, Mem, and of spangled muslin, Mem."

"Ma'am," said I, reddening, "I wear spangled muslin because I have no other dress: and you should be ashamed of yourself for saying that I am fond of the men."

"The cap fits you, then," cried she.
"Were it a fool's cap," said I, "perhaps I might return the compliment."

I thought it expedient on my first outset in life, to practise apt repartee, and emulate the infatuating sauciness, and elegant vituperation of Amanda, the Beggar Girl, and other heroines; who, when irritated, disdain to speak below an epigram.

"Pray, Sir," said she, addressing our fellow traveller, "what is your opinion of novels? An't they all love and nonsense, and the most unpossible lies possible?"

"They are fictions, certainly," said he.

"Surely, Sir," exclaimed I, "you do not mean to call them fictions?"

"Why, no," replied he, "not absolute fictions."

"But," cried the big lady, "you don't pretend to call them true?"

"Why no," said he, "not absolutely true."

"Then," cried I, "you are on both sides of the question at once."

He trod upon my foot.

"Ay, that you are," said the big lady.

He trod upon her foot.

"I am too much of a courtier," said he, "to differ from the ladies," and he trod upon both our feet.

“A courtier!” cried I: “I should rather have imagined you a musician.”

“Pray why?” said he.

“Because,” answered I, “you are playing the pedal harp on this lady’s foot and mine.”

“I wished to produce harmony,” said he, bowing.

“If you wish it with me,” said I, “you must confess, that novels are more true than histories, because historians often contradict each other, but novelists never do.”

“Yet do not novelists contradict themselves?” said he.

“Certainly,” replied I, “and there lies the surest proof of their veracity. For as human actions are always contradicting themselves, so those books which faithfully relate them must do the same.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed he. “And yet what proof have we that such per-

sonages as Shedoni, Vivaldi, Camilla, or Cecilia, ever existed?"

"And what proof have we," cried I, "that such personages as Alfred the Great, Henry the Fifth, Elfrida, or Mary Queen of Scots, ever existed? Why, Sir, at this rate you might just as well question the truth of Guy Faux's attempt to blow up the Parliament-House, or of my having blown up a house last night."

"You blow up a house!" exclaimed the big lady.

"Madam," said I, modestly, "I scorn ostentation, but on my word and honour, 'tis fact."

"Of course you did it accidentally," said the gentleman.

"You wrong me, Sir," replied I; "I did it by design."

"You will swing for it, however," cried the big lady.

"Swing for it!" said I; "a heroine

swing? Excellent! I presume, Madam, you are unacquainted with the common law of romance."

"Just," said she, "as you seem to be with the common law of England."

"I despise the common law of England," cried I.

"Then I fancy," said she, "it would not be much amiss if you were hanged."

"And I fancy," retorted I, nodding at her big figure, "it would not be much amiss if you were quartered."

Meantime the gentleman coincided with every syllable I said, praised my parts and knowledge, and discovered evident symptoms of a discriminating mind, and an amiable heart. That I am right in my good opinion of him is most certain; since he himself assured me, 'Ma'am,' said he, 'nobody could impose upon you, you are so penetrating.' In short, I have set him

down as the benevolent character of my Memoirs, who is destined to save me several times from destruction.

Indeed, he has already saved me once ; for, when our journey was almost over, he told me, that my having set fire to the ruin might prove a most fatal affair ; and whispered that the big lady would probably inform against me. On my pleading the prescriptive immunities of heroines, he swore, that he once knew a golden-haired, azure-eyed heroine, called Angelica Angela Angelina, who was hanged at the Old Bailey, for stealing a broken lute out of a haunted chamber ; and while my blood was running cold at the recital, he pressed me so cordially to take refuge in his house, that I threw myself on the protection of the best of men.

I now write from his mansion in Grosvenor Square, where we have just arrived. His name is Betterton ; he

has no family, but possesses a splendid independence. Multitudes of liveried menials watch his nod; and he does me the honour to call me cousin. My chamber too is charming. The curtains hang quite in a new style, but I do not like the pattern of the drapery.

Adieu.

LETTER VI.

AT supper, Betterton appeared much interested in my destiny, and I took good care to inspire him with a proper sense of my unprotected state. I told him that I had not a friend in the wide world, related my lamentable tale, and as a proof of my veracity, produced the parchment and the picture.

He said, that he considered my high birth improbable; and then began advising me to descend from my romantic flights, as he called them, and to seek happiness instead of misery.

“ In this town,” continued he, after a long preamble, “ your charms would prove despotic, if unchained by legal constraints. But ever distant from you be that cold and languid tie which erroneous policy invented. For you

be the mystic union, whose tie of bondage is passion, the wish the licence, and impulse the law."

"Pretty expressions enough," said I, "only I cannot comprehend them."

"Charming girl!" cried he, while he conjured up a fiend of a smile, and drew a brilliant from his finger, "accept this ring, and the signature of the hand that has worn it, securing to you five hundred a-year, while you remain under my protection."

"Ha, monster!" exclaimed I, "and is this thy vile design?"

So saying, I flung the ruffian from me, then rushed down stairs, opened the door, and quick as lightning darted along the streets.

At last, panting for breath, I paused underneath a portico. It was now midnight. Not a wheel, not a hoof fatigued the pavement, or disturbed the slumbering mud of the metropolis. But

soon steps and voices broke the silence, and a youth encircling a maiden's waist with his arm, and modulating the most mellifluous phraseology, passed by me. Another couple succeeded, and another, and another. The town seemed swarming with heroes and heroines. "Fortunate pairs!" ejaculated I, "at length ye enjoy the reward of your incomparable constancy and virtue. Here, after a long separation, meeting by chance, and in extreme distress, ye pour forth your unpolluted souls. O blissful termination of unexampled miseries!"

I now perceived, upon the steps of a house, a fair and slender form. She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side, within her hand.

"She seems a congenial outcast," said I; "therefore, should she but have a Madona face, and a name end-

ing in a, we will live; we will die together."

I then approached, and discovered a countenance so pale, so pensive, so Roman, that I could almost have knelt and worshipped it.

"Fair unfortunate," said I, taking her hand and pressing it; "interesting unknown, say by what name am I to address so gentle a sister in misery."

"Eh? What?" cried she, with a voice somewhat coarser than I was prepared to expect.

"May I presume on my sudden predilection," said I, "and inquire your name?"

"Maria," replied she, rising from her seat: "and now I must be gone."

"And where are you going, Maria?" said I.

"To the Devil!" said she.

I started. "Alas! my love," whispered I, "sorrow hath bewildered thee.

I am myself a miserable orphan; but happy, thrice happy, could I clasp a sympathetic bosom, in this frightful wilderness of houses and faces, where, alas! I know not a human being."

"Then you are a stranger here?" said she quickly.

"I am here but a few hours," answered I.

"Have you money?" she demanded.

"Only four guineas and a half," replied I, taking out my purse. "Perhaps you are in distress—perhaps—forgive this officiousness—not for worlds would I wound your delicacy, but if you want assistance——"

"I have only this old sixpence upon earth," interrupted she, "and there 'tis for you, Miss."

So saying, she put sixpence into my purse, which I had opened while I was speaking.

"Generous angel!" cried I.

... sweet innocent," and
I, "we are partners in grief."

"And as grief is dry," cried
"we will go moisten it."

"And where shall we moisten
Maria?" said I.

"In a gin-shop," cried she.
"will do us good."

"O my Maria!" said I, "I
never!"

"Why then give me back my
pence," cried she, snatching a
purse; but I held it fast, and sprang
from her, ran away.

"Stop thief, stop thief!" vociferated
she.

In an instant, I heard a sort

"She has robbed me of my purse," exclaimed the wily wanton. "'Tis a green one, and has four guineas and a half in it, besides a curious old sixpence."

The watchman took it from me, and examined it.

"'Tis my purse," cried I, "and I can swear to it."

"You lie!" said the little wretch; "you know well you snatched it from my hand, when I was going to give you sixpence, out of pure charity."

Horror and astonishment struck me dumb; and when I told my tale, the watchman declared that both of us must remain in custody, till next morning; and then be carried before the magistrate. Accordingly, he escorted us to the watchhouse, a room filled with smoke and culprits; where we stayed all night, amidst a concert of swearing, snoring, laughing, and crying.

In the morning we were carried before a magistrate; and with step sn-perb, and neck erect, I entered the room.

“Pert enough,” said the magistrate; and turning from me, continued his examination of two men who stood near him.

It appeared that one of them (whose name was Jerry Sullivan) had assaulted the other, on the following occasion. A joint sum of money had lately been deposited in Sullivan’s hands, by this other, and a third man, his partner; which sum Sullivan had consented to keep for them, and had bound himself to return, whenever both should go together, and demand it of him. Some time afterwards, one of them called on him, and told him, that the other, being ill, and therefore unable to come for the money, had empowered him (the partner) to get it. Sullivan be-

lieving him, gave the money, and when he next met the other, mentioned the circumstance. The other denied having authorized the act, and demanded his own share of the deposit from Sullivan; who refused it. Words ensued, and Sullivan, having knocked him down, was brought before the magistrate, to be committed for an assault.

"Have you any defence?" said the magistrate.

"None that I know of," answered Sullivan, "only my arm is subject to a kind of a sort of a jerking spasm, ever since I was bewitched by Molly Cranahan the Fairy-Woman; so I do suppose it was a jerking spasm that knocked the man down."

"And is this your defence?" said the magistrate.

"It is so," replied Sullivan, "and I hope your worship likes it, as well as I like your worship."

“So well,” said the magistrate, “that I now mean to do you a signal service.”

“Why then,” cried Sullivan, “the heavens smile on you for a kind-hearted gentleman.”

“And that service,” continued the magistrate, “is to commit you immediately.”

“Why then,” cried Sullivan, “the Devil inconvenience you for a big blackguard.”

“By your insolence, you must be an Irishman,” said the magistrate.

“I was an Irishman forty years ago,” replied the other; “and I don’t suppose I am any thing else now. Though I have left my country, I scorn to change my birth-place.”

“Commit him,” said the magistrate.

Just then a devise struck me, which I thought might extricate the poor fel-

low; so, having received permission, I went across, and whispered it to him.

He half crushed me with a hug, and then addressed his accuser: "Now, Sir, if I can prove, that I have not broken our agreement about the money, will you promise not to prosecute me for this assault?"

"With all my heart," answered the man; "because, if you have not broken our agreement, you must give me the money, which is all I want."

"And will your worship," said Sullivan, "approve of this compromise, and stand umpire between us?"

"I have not the least objection," answered the magistrate; "for I would rather be the means of your fulfilling an agreement, than of your suffering a punishment."

"Well then," said Jerry, "was not our agreement, that I should return the money to yourself and your partner,

whenever both of you came together, and asked me for it?"

"Certainly," said the man.

"And did both of you ever come together, and ask me for it?"

"Never," said the man.

"Then I have not broken our agreement," cried Sullivan.

"But you cannot keep it," said the man; "because you have already given the money away."

"No matter," cried Sullivan, "provided I have it whenever both of you demand it. But I believe, the whenever will be never at all at all, for the fellow who ran off with it, won't much like to shew his face again. So now will your worshipful honour decide?"

The magistrate, after complimenting me upon my ingenious suggestion, confessed, he said, with much unwillingness, that Sullivan had made out his case clearly. The poor accuser was

therefore obliged to abide by his covenant, and Sullivan was dismissed, snapping his fingers, and offering to treat the whole world with a tankard.

My cause came after, and the treacherous Maria thus stated her evidence.

But what think you, Biddy, of my keeping you in suspense, till my next letter? The practice of keeping in suspense, so common among novelists, is always interesting, and often necessary. You remember the Romance of the Highlands, where a lady terminates, not her letter, but her life, much the same way, and with great effect; for when dying, she was about to disclose the circumstances of a horrid murder, which, had she done, not a single incident that afterwards happened, would then have happened. But fortunately, just as she was on

...description of the
hills, rising sun, all nature
and a few streaks of purple
east.

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

“ I was walking innocently home,” said Maria, “ with my poor eyes fixed upon the ground, for fear of the fellows, when what should I see, but this girl, talking on some steps, with a pickpocket, I fancy, ’cause he looked pretty decent. So I ran past them, for I was so ashamed you can’t think; and this girl runs after me, and says, says she, ‘ The fellor wouldn’t give me a little shilling,’ says she, ‘ so by Jingo, you must,’ says she.”

“ By Jingo! I say by Jingo?” cried I. “ St. Catherine guard me! Indeed, your Excellenza, my only oath is Santa Maria.”

“ She swore at me like a bilking trooper,” continued the little imp,

“ so I pulled out my purse in a fright, and she snatched it from me, and ran away, and I after her, calling stop thief; and this is the whole truth 'pon my honour and word, and as I hope to be married.”

The watchman declared that he had caught me running away, that he had found the purse upon my person, and that Maria had described it, and the money contained in it, accurately.

“ And will your worship,” said Maria, “ bid the girl describe the sixpence that is in it?”

The magistrate turned towards me.

“ Really,” said I, “ as I never even saw it, I cannot possibly pretend to describe it.”

“ Then I can,” cried she. “ 'Tis bent in two places, and stamped on one of its sides, with a D. and an H.”

The sixpence was examined, and answered her description of it.

"The case is clear enough," said the magistrate, "so now, Miss, try whether you can advocate your own cause as well as you did Sullivan's."

Sullivan, who still remained in the room, came behind me, and whispered, "Troth, Miss, I have no brains, but I have a bit of an oath, if that is of any use to you. I would sell my soul, out of gratitude, at any time."

"Alas! your Excellenza," said I, addressing the magistrate, "frail is the tenure of that character which has Innocence for its friend, and Infamy for its foe. Life is a chequered scene of light and shade, life is ——"

"Talking of life is not the way to save it," said the magistrate. "Less sentiment and more point, if you please."

I was silent, but looked anxiously towards the door.

“Are you meditating an escape?” asked he.

“No,” said I, “but just wait a little, and you shall see what an interesting turn affairs will take.”

“Come,” cried he, “proceed at once, or say you will not.”

“Ah, now,” said I, “can’t you stop one moment, and not spoil every thing by your impatience. I am only watching for the tall, elegant young stranger, with an oval face, who is to enter just at this crisis, and snatch me from perdition.”

“Did he promise he would?” said the magistrate.

“Promise?” cried I. “Why I have never seen the man in all my life. But whoever rescues me now, you know, is destined to marry me hereafter. That is the rule.”

“You are an impudent minx,” said

the magistrate, "and shall pay dear for your jocularities. Have you parents?"

"I cannot tell."

"Friends?"

"None."

"Where do you live?"

"No where."

"At least 'tis plain where you will die. What is your name?"

"Cherubina."

"Cherubina what?"

"I know not."

"Not know? I protest this is the most hardened profligate I have ever met. Commit her instantly."

I now saw that something must be done; so summoning my most assuasive airs, I related the whole adventure, just as it had occurred.

Not a syllable obtained belief. The fatal sixpence carried all before it. I recollected the fate of Angelica Angela Angelina, and shuddered. What

should I do? One desperate experiment remained.

"There were four guineas and half a guinea in the purse," said I, addressing the girl.

"Truly, so there were," replied she. "Bless me, how obliging you are to tell me my own news!"

"Now," said I, "answer me without hesitation, whether it is the half guinea or one of the guineas, that is notched in three places, like the teeth of a saw?"

She paused a little, and looked confused.

"Nay," said I, "no thinking."

"I have a long story to tell about those same notches," said she at length. "I wanted a silk handkerchief yesterday, so I went into a shop, and an impudent ugly young fellow was behind the counter. Well, he began ogling me so, I was quite ashamed; and says

he to me, there is the change of your note, says he, a guinea and a half, says he, and you are vastly handsome, says he. And there are three notches in one of the coins, says he; guess which, says he, but it will pass all the same, says he, and you are prodigious pretty, says he. Well, I was so ashamed, that though I looked at the money, and saw the three notches, I have quite forgotten which they were in—guinea or half guinea; for my sight spread so, with shame at his compliments, that the half guinea looked as big as the guinea; and I frowned so, you can't think. And I am sure, I never remembered to examine the money since; and this is the whole truth, I pledge my credit and honour, and by the immaculate *Venus*, as the gentlemen say."

The accusing witness who insulted the magistrate's bench with the oath,

leered as she gave it in; and the recording clerk, as he wrote it down, drew a line under the words, and pointed them out for ever.

“Then you saw the three notches?” said I.

“As plain as I see you now,” replied she, “and a guilty poor object you look.”

“And yet,” said I, “if his Worship will try, he will find, that there is not a single notch in any one of the coins!”

“’Tis the case indeed,” said the magistrate, after accurately examining them.

Then turning to me, “Your conduct, young woman, is unaccountable: but as your accuser has certainly belied herself, she has probably belied you. The money, by her own account, cannot be her’s, but as it was found with you, it may be your’s. I therefore feel

fully justified in restoring it to you; and in acquitting you of the imputed crime."

I received the purse, gave Maria back her sixpence, and hurried out of the room.

Jerry Sullivan followed me.

"Why then," cried he, shaking me heartily by the hand, as we walked along, "only tell me how I can serve you, and 'tis I that will; though, to be sure, you must be the greatest little reprobate (bless your heart!) in the three kingdoms."

"Alas!" said I, "you mistake my character. I am no reprobate, but a heroine—the proudest title that can adorn a woman."

"I never heard of the title before," said Jerry, "and I warrant 'tis no better than it should be."

"You shall judge," said I. "A heroine is a young lady, rather taller

than usual, and often an orphan; . at all events, with the finest eyes in the world. She blushes to the tips of her fingers, and when mere misses would laugh, she faints. Besides, she has tears, sighs, and half sighs, always ready; can live a month on a mouthful, and is addicted to the pale consumption."

"Why then, much good may it do her," cried Jerry; "but in my mind, a phthisical girl is no great treasure; and as to the fashion of living a month on a mouthful, let me have a potatoe and a hop, or a herring, and I would not give a farthing for all the starvation you could offer me. So when I finish my bit of herring, wife says, winking, 'a fish loves water,' says she, and immediately she fetches me a dram."

"These are the delights of vulgar life," said L. "But to be thin, innocent, and lyrical; to bind and unbind

her hair; in a word, to be the most miserable creature that ever augmented a brook with tears, these, my friend, are the glories of a heroine."

"Famous glories, by dad!" cried Jerry; "but, as I am a poor man, and not over particular, I can contrive to make shift with health and happiness, and to rub through life without binding my hair.—Bind it? by the powers, 'tis seldom I even comb it."

In my hurry from Betterton's house, I had left my bonnet behind. I therefore determined to purchase another; so going into a shop, I asked for an interesting and melancholy turn of bonnet.

The woman looked at me with some surprise, but produced several; and I selected one, which resembled a wood nymph's. I then put it on my head, wished the woman good morning, and was walking away.

"You have forgotten to pay me, Miss," said she.

"True," replied I, "but I will call another time. Adieu."

"You shall pay me, however," cried she, ringing a bell, and a man entered instantly from an inner room.

"Here is a hussey," exclaimed she, "who refuses to pay me for a bonnet."

"My sweet friend," said I, "a distressed heroine, which, I assure you I am, runs in debt every where. Besides, as I like your face, I intend implicating you in my plot. Who knows but you may turn out to be my mother's nurse's daughter? Happen what may, however, I give you my word I will reward you at the *denouement*, along with the other characters; and meantime, to secure your acquaintance, I must insist on owing you money."

"By dad," said Jerry, "that is the

first of all ways to lose an acquaintance."

"The bonnet or the money!" cried the man, stepping between me and the door.

Jerry jumped forward, and arrested his arm.

"Hands off, bully," cried the shopman.

"No, in troth," said Jerry; "and the more you bid me, the more I won't let you go."

"Do you want to rob me?" cried the shopman.

"If her ladyship has set her heart on a robbery," said Jerry, "I am not the man that will baulk her fancy. Sure, did'nt she save me from a gaol? And sure, would'nt I help her to a bonnet? A bonnet? 'Pon my conscience, she shall have half a dozen. 'Tis I that would not mind being hanged for her!"

So saying, he snatched at a parcel of bonnets, and was instantly knocked down by the shopman. He rose, and both began a furious conflict. I was attempting to rush from the shop, when the woman barbarously grasped my spangled muslin, tore it in the struggle; and pulling off the bonnet, pushed me into the street, just as Jerry had stunned his adversary with a blow. Taking this opportunity of escape, therefore, we hurried through several streets as fast as we could foot it.

At length I was so much exhausted, that we stopped; and strange figures we looked. Jerry's face was smeared with blood, nothing was on my head: my long locks were hanging loose about me, and my poor spangled muslin was all in rags.

"Here," said Jerry to an old woman who sold apples at a corner, "take

care of this young body, while I fetch her a coach." And off he ran.

The woman eyed me with a suspicious look, so I resolved to gain her good opinion. It struck me that I might extract pathos from an apple, and taking one out of her stall, "An apple, my charming old friend," said I, "is the symbol of discord. Eve lost-Paradise by tasting it, Paris exasperated Juno by throwing it."——A burst of laughter made me turn round, and I perceived a crowd already at my elbow.

"Who tore her gown?" said one.

"Ask her spangles," said another.

"Or her hair," cried a third.

"'Tis long enough to hang her," cried a fourth.

"The king's hemp will do that job for her," added a fifth.

A pull at my muslin assailed me on the one side, and when I turned about,

my hair was thrown over my face on the other.

"I was just beginning to cry, when a butcher's boy advanced: "Will your ladyship let me hand you into that there shop?" said he.

I bowed assent, and he led me, nothing loath. Peals of laughter followed us.

"Now," said I, standing at the door, "I will reward your gallantry with half a guinea."

As I drew forth my money, I saw his face reddening, his cheeks swelling, and his mouth pursing up.

"What sensibility!" said I, "but positively you must not refuse this trifle."

He took it, and then, just think, the brute laughed in my face!

"I will give this guinea," cried I, quite enraged, "to the first who chastises that ungrateful!"

Hardly had I spoken, when he was laid prostrate. He fell against the stall, upset it, and instantly the street was strewn with apples, nuts, and cakes. He rose. The battle raged. Some fought for him, some against him. The furious stall-woman pelted both parties with her own apples; while the only discreet person there, was a ragged little girl, who stood laughing at a distance, and eating one of the cakes.

In the midst of the fray, Jerry returned with a coach. I sprang into it, and he after me.

"The guinea, the guinea!" cried twenty voices at once. At once twenty apples came rattling against the glasses.

"Pay me for my apples!" cried the woman.

"Pay me for my windows!" cried the coachman.

“Drive like a devil,” cried Jerry,
“and I will pay you like an emperor!”

“Much the same sort of persons,
now-a-days,” said the coachman, and
away we flew. The guinea, the gui-
nea! died along the sky. I thought
I should drop with laughter.

I am extremely distracted, I assure
you.

I write from the house of my friend
Sullivan.

Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

JERRY SULLIVAN is a petty woollen-draper in St. Giles's, and occupies the lower floor of a small house. At first his wife and daughter eyed me hostilely; but when he told them how I had saved him from ruin, they grew very civil, and gave me a tolerable breakfast. Soon afterwards I threw myself upon a bed, and slept several hours.

I woke with pains in all my limbs; but anxious to forward the adventures of my life, I rose, and called mother and daughter on a consultation about my dress. As my spangled muslin was in utter ruins, they furnished me with the best of their wardrobe. For this I bargained to give them three guineas; and I then began equipping myself.

While thus employed, I heard the voices of husband and wife in the next room, rising gradually to the matrimonial key. At last the wife exclaims,

“A Heroine? I will take my copular oath, there is no such title in all England. She’s a fragrant impostume; and she shall pay the three guineas, before she stirs a step; though you, forsooth, would give her our best clothes for nothing. So that’s that, and mine’s my own, and how do you like my manners, Ignoramus?”

“How dare you call me Ignoramus?” cried Jerry. “Blackguard if you like, but no ignoramus, I believe. I know what I could call you, though.”

“Well?” cried she, “well? saving a drunkard and a scold, what else can you call me?”

“I won’t speak another word to you,” said Jerry. “I would not speak to you, if you were lying dead in the kennel.”

"Then," cried she, "you're an ugly unnatural beast, so you are; and your Miss is no better than a bad one, so she is; and I warrant you understand one another well, so you do!"

This last insinuation was perfectly sufficient for me. What! remain in a house where suspicion attached to my character? What! act so diametrically, so outrageously contrary from the principles of aspersed heroines, who are sure, on such occasions, to pin up a bundle, and set off? I spurned the puny notion, and resolved that I would decamp instantly. So having hastened my toilette, I threw three guineas on the table, and then looked for a pen and ink, to write a sonnet. I could find nothing, however, but a bit of chalk, and with this substitute, I scratched the following lines upon the wall.

GRATITUDE.

A SONNET.

Addressed to Jerry Sullivan.

As some deputed angel downward steers,
His golden wings, with rosy odours dew'd ;
From firmamental wilds and radiant spheres,
To starless tracts of blank infinitude—

Here the chalk failed me, and just at the critical moment ; for my simile had also failed me, nor could I have ever gotten beyond infinitude. I got beyond the ball-door, however, and without fear of being overheard : to such an altitude of tone had ribaldry arisen between husband and wife, who were now contesting a most delicate point—which of them had beaten the other last.

“ I know,” cried Jerry, “ I gave you the last blow.”

"Then take the first now," cried his wife, as I shut the door.

Anticipating that I should probably have occasion for Jerry's services again, I marked the number of his house, and then hastened along the street. It was swarming and humming like a hive of bees, and I felt as if I could never escape alive out of it. Here a carriage almost ran over me; there a sweep brushed against me. "Beauty!" cried a man like a monkey, and chucked my chin, while a fellow with a trunk shoved me aside.

The shops soon attracted my attention, and I stopped to admire some of them. You cannot conceive any thing more charming: Turkish turbans, Indian shawls, pearls, diamonds, fans, feathers, laces:—Alas! I had but one guinea remaining!

At length I reached an immense edifice, which appeared to be the castle

of some Marquis or Baron. Ponderous columns supported it, and statues stood in the niches. The portal lay open. I glided into the hall. As I looked anxiously around, I beheld a cavalier descending a flight of steps. He paused, muttered some words, laid his hand upon his heart, shook his head, and advanced again.

It is a curious coincidence, that I was wondering, the moment before I saw him, at my not having yet seen the youth destined for me; and that the moment I saw this unknown, I felt interested in his fate.

As he came nearer, I perceived, that surely never lighted on this orb, which he hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. His form was tall, his face oval, and his nose aquiline. Once more he paused, frowned, and waving his arm, exclaimed, with an elegant energy of enunciation:

"If again this apparition come!" I rushed forward, and sank at his feet. "Pity and protect a destitute orphan!" cried I. "Here, in this hospitable castle, I may hope for repose and protection. Oh, Signor, conduct me to your illustrious mother, the Baroness, and let me pour into her ear my simple and pathetic tale."

"O ho, simple and pathetic!" cried he. "Come, my dear, let me hear it."

I seated myself on the steps, and told my whole story. During the recital, the noble youth betrayed extreme sensibility. Sometimes he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion; and sometimes stifled a hysterical laugh of agony.

I ceased, he heaved a profound sigh, and enquired, whether I was quite certain, that I had ten thousand pounds in my power;—I replied, that as Wil-

kinson's daughter, I positively had ; but that the property must devolve to some one else, as soon as I should prove myself a nobleman's daughter."

He then asked still more accurately about it : and having satisfied himself :

" Beshrew my heart !" exclaimed he ; " but I will avenge your injuries ; and ere long you shall be proclaimed and acknowledged the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby. Meantime, as prudence demands that you should lie concealed from the search of your enemies, hear the project which I propose. I lodge in Drury-lane, an obscure street ; one apartment of the house is unoccupied, you can hire it, and remain there, a beautiful recluse, till fortune and my indefatigable efforts shall rescue from oppression the most enchanting of her sex."

He spoke, and seizing my hand, carried it to his lips.

“What!” cried I, “do you not live in this castle, and are you not its heir?”

“This is no castle,” said he, “but Covent Garden Theatre.”

“And you?” asked I with anxiety.

“Am an actor.”

“And your name?”

“Is Abraham Grundy.”

“Then, Mr. Abraham Grundy, allow me to have the satisfaction of wishing you a very good evening.”

“Stay!” cried he, detaining me, “and you shall know all. My extraction is illustrious, and my real name Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. But, like you, I am enveloped in a cloud of mysteries. Hereafter I will acquaint you with the most secret particulars of my life; but at present you must trust to my truth. Truth is the tie which binds society together, and those who have honour themselves,

will ever confide in the—in the—the—”

“Amiable Montmorenci!” exclaimed I, presenting my hand, “that sentiment, though but half uttered, unfolds your whole heart. Yes, my friend, from this moment, I throw myself on your protection.”

Again his Lordship carried my hand to his lips.

“Now,” said he, “you must pass in those lodgings, as my near relation, or they will not admit you.”

At first, I hesitated to deviate from veracity; but soon consented, on recollecting, that though propriety makes heroines begin with praising truth, necessity makes them end with being the greatest story-tellers in the world.

During our walk to the lodgings, Montmorenci instructed me, how I should play my part. On our arrival, he introduced me to the landlady, who

was about fifty, and who looked as if the goddess of fasting had bespoken her for a handmaid.

With an elegant effrontery, and an easy flow of falsehood, he told her, that I was his cousin, and an orphan; and that I had come to town, in hopes of procuring, by his interest, an appointment at the Theatre.

The landlady said she would move heaven and earth, and her own bed, for so good a gentleman; and then consented to give me her favourite sleeping-room on the lower floor. I have also the use of a parlour adjoining it, and of a dark closet inside the parlour, whither I may fly for refuge, when pursued by my persecutors.

Thus, my friend, my history begins to take a more interesting shape, and a more elegant order of misfortune opens upon me. Trust me, there is a taste in the miseries, as well as in the arts.

The loss of eyes or limbs, the sufferings of the pillory, or tears shed over a drawn tooth, are vulgar and degrading griefs. Who would not prefer the holy Inquisition to Bridewell? And is there any comparison between dying of love, and dying of a surfeit of cockles?

Ah, my Biddy, must I, must I tell? Yes, my friend, sensations hitherto unknown, heave my bosom, vary the carnation in my cheeks, and afford me a foretaste of the more refined feelings. Too sure, I am deeply, madly enamoured; and Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci is the first of men.

Adieu.

LETTER IX.

THE landlady, his Lordship, and another lodger, always dine in common; and his lordship persuaded me to join the party. Just as I had finished my last letter, dinner was announced; so I tripped up stairs, and glided into the room. You must know I have practised tripping, gliding, flitting, and tottering, with great success. Of these, tottering ranks first, because it is the approved movement of heroic distress.

“ I wonder where our mad poet can be?” said the hostess; and as she spoke, an uncouth figure entered, muttering in emphatic accents:—

“ The hounds around bound on the sounding ground.”

He started at seeing me, and when

introduced by his Lordship, as Mr. Higginson, a fellow-lodger, and a celebrated poet, he made an unfathomable bow, rubbed his hands, and reddened to the roots of his hair.

This personage is tall, gaunt, and muscular; with a cadaverous countenance, and sooty hair hanging in strait strings. He seems to be one of those men who know how the Greeks and Romans lived; how they spoke, dressed, ate; and what were their coins and houses; but who neglect acquainting themselves with the manners and customs of their own times. Montmorenci tells me that his brain is affected by excessive study; but that his manners are harmless.

At dinner, his Lordship looked all, said all, did all, which love could inspire in a form unrivalled, and a face unexcelled. I perceived too, that the landlady regarded him, though

vainly, with eyes of languishing allure-
ment.

As to Higginson, he did not utter a sentence during dinner, except asking for a bit of *lambkin*; but he preserved a perpetuity of gravity, and watched me the whole time, with a stupid and reverential fixedness. When I spoke, he stopped short, in whatever attitude my first word found him; whether with a glass at his mouth, or a fork half lifted to it.

After dinner, I proposed that each of us should relate our histories;—an useful custom, established by heroines, who seldom fail of finding their account in it, and of discovering either a grandmother or a murder. Thus too, the confession of a monk, the prattle of an old woman, or the half-eaten words of a parchment, are the certain fore-runners of virtue vindicated, vice pu-

nished, rights restored, and matrimony made easy.

The landlady was asked to begin.

“ I can tell nothing of myself,” said she, “ but that my mother left me this house, and desired me to get a good husband, Mr. Grundy; and I am not as old as I look; for I have my griefs, like other folks, and every tear adds a year; and ’pon my veracity, Mr. Grundy, I was but thirty-two last month. And my bitterest enemies never impeached my character, that is what they did’nt, nor could’nt; they dare’nt to my face. I am a perfect snowdrop for purity, Who dares go and say that a lord left me an annuity? Who, I ask? The wretches! But I got a prize in the lottery. So this is all I can tell of myself; and, Mr. Grundy, your health, and a good wife to you, Sir.”

After this eloquent biography, Higginson read a sketch of his life, which, it seems, the booksellers would not publish; but which I copy for your perusal.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES HIGGINSON,

BY HIMSELF.

“OF the lives of poets, collected from posthumous record, and oral tradition, as little is known with certainty, much must be left to conjecture. He, therefore, who lays his own memoirs before the public, may surely merit the reasonable applause of all, whose minds are emancipated from the petulance of envy, the fastidiousness of hypercriticism, and the exacerbation of party.

“I was born in the year 1771, at 24, Swallow Street; and the curious

reader, who would examine the mansion, has every thing to hope from the alert urbanity of its present landlord, and the civil obsequiousness of his notable lady. He who gives civility, gives what costs him little, while remuneration may be multiplied in an indefinite ratio.

“ My parents were reputable tobacconists, and kept me behind the counter, to negotiate the titillating dust, and the tranquillizing quid. Of genius, the first spark which I elicited, was my reading a ballad in the shop, while the woman who had sold it to me, was stealing a canister of snuff. This specimen of mental abstraction shewed that I would never make a good tradesman; but it also evinced, that I would make an excellent scholar. A tutor was accordingly appointed for me; and during a triennial course of study, I had passed from the insipi-

dity of the incipient *hic, hæc, hoc*, to the music of a Virgil, and to the thunder of a Demosthenes.

“ Debarred by my secluded life from copying the polished converse of high society, I have at least endeavoured to avoid the vulgar phraseology of low; and to discuss the very weather with polysyllabical ratiocination.

“ For illustrations of my juvenile character, recollection affords me but small materiality. That I have always disliked the ceremony of diurnal ablution, and a hasty succession of linen, is a truth, which he who has a sensitive texture of skin will readily credit; which he who will not credit, may, if he pleases, deny; and may, if he can, controvert. Life, among its quiet blessings, can boast of few things more comfortable than indifference towards dress.

“ To honey with my bread, and to

apple-sauce with my goose, I have ever felt a romantic attachment, resulting from the classical allusions which they inspire. That man need be little envied, whose honey would not remind him of the Hyblean honey, and whose apple-sauce would not suggest to him the golden apple.

“ But notwithstanding my cupidity for such dainties, I have that happy adaptation of taste, which can banquet, with delight, upon hesternal offals; can nibble ignominious radishes, or masticate superannuated mutton.

“ My first series of teeth I cut at the customary time, and the second succeeded them with sufficient punctuality. This fact I had from my mamma.

“ My first poetical attempt was an epitaph on the expiration of my tutor.

EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of John Tomkins, who
Departed this life, aged fifty-two;
After a long and painful illness, that
He bore with Christian fortitude, tho' fat.
He died lamented deeply by this poem,
And all who had the happiness to know him."

" The first Latin verse which I ever
composed was this:

" Fert roseos rores oriens Aurora per oras.

" And my tutor assured me that it
was the most roaring line in the
world.

" These compositions my father did
not long survive; and mamma, to the
management of the business feeling
quite unequal, relinquished it altoget-
her, and retired with the respectable
accumulation of a thousand pounds.

" I still pursued my studies, and

from time to time, published poetical works, which the world might have read, had it pleased, and might have been pleased with, had it read.

“On a pretty little maid of mamma’s, I made my next poetical effort, which I present to the reader.

TO DOROTHY PULVERTAFT.

If Black-sea, White-sea, Red-sea ran
 One tide of ink to Ispahan;
 If all the geese in Lincoln fens,
 Produc’d spontaneous, well-made pens;
 If Holland old, or Holland new,
 One wond’rous sheet of paper grew;
 Could I, by stenographic power,
 Write twenty libraries an hour;
 And should I sing but half the grace
 Of half a freckle on thy face;
 Each syllable I wrote, should reach
 From Inverness to Bognor’s beach;
 Each hairstroke be a river Rhine,
 Each verse an equinoctial line.

“Of the girl, an immediate dismis-

sion ensued; but for what reason, let the researches of future biographers decide.

“ At length, having resolved on writing a volume of Eclogues, I undertook an excursion into the country to learn pastoral manners. An amputated loaf, and a contracted Theocritus, constituted my companions.

“ In vain I questioned the youths and maidens about their Damos and Delias, their Dryads and Hamadryads, their Amabœan contentions and amorous incantations. When I talked of Pan, they asked me if it was a pan of milk; when I requested a pastoral pipe, they handed me a pipe of tobacco; when I spoke of satyrs with horns, they bade me go to the husbands; and when I spoke of fawns with cloven heel, they bade me go to the Devil. I met wrinkled shepherdesses, and humpy milkmaids: I recumbed

on a bank of cowslips and primroses, and my features were transpierced by wasps, and ants, and nettles. I fell asleep under sunshine, and awoke under a torrent of rain. Dripping and disconsolate, I returned home, quaffed some whey; and since that misadventurous preambulation have never ruralized again. To him who risks a recurrence of disaster, the praise of boldness may possibly be accorded, but the praise of prudence must certainly be denied.

“ A satirical Bucolic, however, was the fruit of this expedition. It is entitled *Antiquated Amours*, and is designed to shew, that passions which are amiable at one time of life, appear ridiculous in another. The reader shall have it.

ANTIQUATED AMOURS.

AN ECGLOGUE.

'Tis eve. The sun his ardent axle cools
In ocean. Dripping geese shake off the pools.
An elm mens' shadows measure by the sun;
The shattered leaves are rustling as they run;
While two antiques, a bachelor and maid,
Sit amorous under an old oaken shade.
He (for blue vapours damp the scanty grass)
Strews fodder underneath the hoary lass;
Then thus,—O matchless piece of season'd clay,
'Tis Autumn, all things shrivel and decay.
Yet as in withered Autumn, charms we see,
Say, faded maiden, may we not in thee?
What tho' thy cheek have furrows? ne'er de-
plore;
For wrinkles are the dimples of threescore:
Come then, age urges, hours have winged feet,
Ah! press the wedding ere the winding sheet.
To clasp that waist enwrapt in silken fold,
Of woof purpureal flowered with radiant gold;
Then, after stately kisses, to repair
That architectural edifice of hair,
These, these are blessings.—O my grey delight,
O venerable nymph, O painted blight,

Give me to taste of these. By Heaven above,
 My members tremble less with years than love;
 Tho while my husky whispers creak uncouth,
 My words flow unobstructed by a tooth.
 Come then, age urges, hours have winged feet,
 Ah! press the wedding ere the winding sheet.

Come, thou wilt ne'er provoke crimconic law,
 Nor lie, maternal, on the pale-eyed straw.

Come, and in formal frolic intertwine,
 The braided silver of thy hair with mine.
 Then sing some bibulous and leering glee,
 And quaff the grape upon my pranksome knee.
 The wine loquacious let no brook dilute;
 'Tis drinking water makes the fishes mute.

Come then, age urges, hours have winged feet;
 Ah! press the wedding, ere the winding sheet.

Thin as the spectre of a famished eel,
 He spoke, and coughing shook from head to
 heel.

Sharpening the blunted glances of her eyes,
 The virgin a decripid ogle plies;
 Then stretches unused simpers, which shew
 ; plain

Her passion, and some teeth that still remain.

Innocent pair! But now the rain begins,
 So both knot kerchiefs underneath their chins,

And homeward haste. Such loves our Poet
wrote,
In the patch'd poverty of half a coat;
Then diadem'd with quills his brow sublime,
Magnanimously mad in mighty rhyme.

“ Whether the public will admire my works, as much as my mamma does, is an investigation of which I decline the responsibility. If they cannot boast wit and judgment, the praise of truth and modesty, they may, at least, appropriate. To be unassuming in an age of impudence, and veracious in an age of mendacity, is to combat with a sword of glass against a sword of steel; the transparency of the one may appear more beautiful than the opacity of the other; yet let it be recollected, that the transparency is accompanied with brittleness, and the opacity with consolidation.”

This evidence of a perverted intel-

lect being read, my turn came next, and I repeated the fictitious tale, which Montmorenci had taught me. He confirmed it; and when asked to relate his own life, gave us, with great taste, such a natural narrative of a man lying upon his wits, that any one who knew not his noble origin, must certainly have believed it.

Soon afterwards he repaired to the Theatre, and as I was now left alone with Higginson, I determined on discovering his real character; for his countenance belies his memoirs, and bespeaks the villain. Should he prove one, he may conduce to the horror and romance of my story.

“Your life, Mr. Higginson,” said F, “has not near so much of the terrible in it, as I had expected from your appearance; for really, you have the happiness of a most fatal face—pale and grim to a degree.”

“ Madam,” returned he, with evident agitation, “ my mamma says of my face, that though not regularly handsome, 'tis extremely interesting.”

“ Why now,” cried I, “ Instead of the Hesperian curls, and slender eyebrows of a lover, have you not the bushy overshadowing eyebrows, and lank, raven hair of an assassin? Nay, start not, but answer me candidly—for upon my honour you may find your account in it;—can you handle a dagger?”

“ Dear, dear, dear!” muttered he, and made a precipitate retreat from the room.

As sure as fate, the man is an assassin.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

THIS morning, soon after breakfast, I heard a gentle knocking at my door, and, to my great astonishment, a figure, cased in shining armour, entered. Oh, ye conscious blushes, it was my Montmorenci ! A plume of white feathers nodded on his helmet, and neither spear nor shield were wanting.

“ I come,” he cried, bending upon one knee ; “ I come in the ancient armour of my family, to perform my promise of recounting my melancholy memoirs.”

“ My lord,” said I, “ rise and be seated. Cherubina knows how to appreciate the honour that Montmorenci confers.

He bowed ; and having laid aside his spear, shield, and helmet, he placed

himself on the sofa, took my hand, and began his interesting story.

“All was dark. The hurricane howled, the wet rain fell, and the thunder rolled in an awful and Ossianly manner.

“On a beetling rock, lashed by the Gulph of Salerno, stood Il Castello di Grimothico.

“My lads, are your carbines charged, and your sabres sharpened?” cried Stiletto.

“If they an’t, we might load our carbines with this hail, and sharpen our sabres against this northwind,” cried Poignardi.

“The wind is east-south-east,” cried Daggeroni.

“At that moment the bell of Grimothico tolled one. The sound vibrated through the long corridors, the spiral staircases, the suites of tapestried apartments, and the ears of the personage

who has the honour to address you. Much alarmed, I started from my couch ; but conceive my horror, when I beheld my chamber filled with banditti ! They were sent by Napoleon (that awful oddity) to dispatch me, because of the glorious struggle which I had made against him in Italy.

“ Snatching my faulchion, I flew into the armoury for my coat of mail. The bravos rushed after me ; but I fought and dressed, and dressed and fought, till I had perfectly completed my unpleasing toilette.

“ Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.”

“ To describe the contest that followed, were beyond the pen of an Anacreon. The bullets flew round me, like hail,

“ And whistled as they went for want of
thought.”

“ At length my sword broke, so I set sail for England. As I first touched foot on its chalky beach, ‘ Hail, happy land,’ cried I, ‘ hail, thrice hail !’

“ There is no hail here, Sir,’ said a child running by ; ‘ but come with me, and I will shew you a wedding.’

“ And who are to be married ?’ asked I, lifting the fat innocent in my arms.

“ The Marquis de Furioso, and the Lady Sympathina, daughter to Baron Hildebrand,’ lisped little Billy. ‘ Love is a primary principle, inculcated on the human heart.’ And so saying, he playfully belaboured me with an infinitude of small thumps.

“ Happy childhood !—Ah, if when vitiated by the vile world, man, miserable man, could recall—recall—But to continue :

“ As I walked towards the chapel, my heart dilated at beholding the picturesque scenery. On the left were

plantations of tufted turnips, on the right the venerable grandeur of a dilapidated dog-kennel; and every where the eye caught monstrous mountains, and minute daisies; while groups of children and chickens added hilarity to the landscape. Rural beauties dispose the soul for the reception of virtue, and virtue alone is true nobility.

“ At length I reached the chapel, and found the ceremony about to begin. But I must describe the Lady Sympathina. Perhaps her face was not perfect, but it was more—it was interesting, it was oval. Her eyes were of the real, original, old blue, and her eyelashes of the best silk. The roses of York and Lancaster united in her cheek, and a nose of the Grecian order surmounted the whole. Ten signs of the Zodiac, worked with spangles, sparkled over her white drapery; but Virgo, at her own desire, and Capri-

corn, at the instance of the bridegroom, were omitted in the representation. Sweet delicacy!

“ And now the ceremony had commenced, and was passing off with great spirit, till (Oh, fatal, fatal moment!) the bride happened to glance at me. I stood leaning on my sword. Seducing sweetness dwelled in my smile. She shrieked, turned pale: ‘ Comment vous portez vous,’ cried she, as she rushed into my astonished arms, with distracted tresses, and a look that would have shocked the Humane Society.

“ This, this is he,’ she cried, ‘ who hath nightly haunted my dreams. This, this is my destined husband. Marquis De Furioso, never will I wed thee!’”

“ Flattered by her preference, I deposited a kiss on her cheek, and a blush was the rosy result. I therefore repeated the application. The domestica tore her from me. ‘ To arms!’ cried

the Mareschal: little Billy began screaming prodigiously for an urchin of his age, and the Marquis De Furioso bowing gracefully to the bride, stabbed himself to the heart.

“ The bride was carried off insensible ; and from continual weeping, fell ill of an inverted eyelash.

“ Meantime I was hurried into the spectral chamber, where I strained my left leg in the composition of an extatic ode.

“ One night I had thrown myself on the bed, to draw upon the contemplation of future misfortune, for a supply of that melancholy, which my immediate exigencies demanded; when behold ! a winged eye-ball began flying about my face.

“ Say little foolish fluttering thing.”

“ Much disconcerted, I walked to the glass, and was sleeking my slender

brow with my finger, when lo! an impertinent apparition peeped over my shoulder, and made faces at me. I felt offended, and determined on asserting my dignity.

“Is it not enough,” said I, with an elevated voice, ‘that I am harassed by beings of this life, but those of the life to come must interfere? *En vérité*, I would advise a certain inhabitant of a certain world (not the best, I fancy), to think less of my affairs, and more of his own.’

“The ghost looked confused, and adopted invisibility.

“At that moment, a sudden thought struck me:

“Let me escape!” said I.

“Gods, what a thought was there!”

“I then contrived this ingenious mode of accomplishing my object. My

chamber had a window: I opened it, and got out at it.

“ During eighteen months afterwards, I wandered about the country, an itinerant beggar; as Napoleon had confiscated all my patrimony.

“ One day, the cattle lay panting under the broad umbrage; the sun had burst into an immoderate fit of splendour, and the struggling brook chided the matted grass for obstructing it. I sat beside a hedge, and began eating wild strawberries; when lo! a form, flexile as the flame that ascends from a censer, and undulates with the sighs of a dying vestal, flitted by inaudible, nor crushed the daisies underneath. What a divinity! she was fresh as the Anadyomene of Apelles, and beautiful as the Gnidus of Praxitiles, or the Helen of Zeuxis. Her eyes, which were sky blue—”

“ Sir,” interrupted I, “ you need not mind her eyes: I dare say they were blue enough. But pray now, who was this immortal doll of your’s?”

“ Who!” cried he. “ Why who but—shall I speak it? Who but—the LADY CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY!”

“ I?”

“ You!”

“ Ah, Montmorenci!”

“ Ah, Cherubina! I followed you with cautious steps,” continued he, “ till I traced you into your—you had a garden, had you not?”

“ Yes.”

“ Into your garden. I thought ten thousand flowers would have leapt from their beds to offer you a nosegay.

“ You disappeared, I was quite *au desespoir*, and next morning resumed my station at a corner of the garden.”

“ At which corner?” asked I.

“Why really,” said he, “I cannot explain; for the place was then novel to me, and the ground was covered with snow.”

“With snow?” cried I. “Why I thought you were eating wild strawberries only the day before.”

“I? Sure you mistake.”

“I declare most solemnly you told me so.”

“Oons, Madam, I said no such thing.”

“Sir, I must remark that your manners—”

“Now, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, I did say so, sure enough, and I did eat wild strawberries too; but they were *preserved* wild strawberries. I had got a crock of them from a nun, who was opening oysters, in a meadow, for a hysterical butcher; and her knife having snapt asunder, I lent her my sword; so, out of gratitude, she made

me a present of the preserves. By the bye, they were mouldy.

“ One morning, as I sat at the side of the road, asking alms, some provincial players passed. I accosted them, and offered my services. In short, they took me with them; I performed, was applauded; and soon my fame reached London, where I am at present acting understrappers wonderfully well, considering my genealogy.

“ You may now wish to learn what has become of the personages mentioned in this narrative. The Baron Hildebrand still paces his chamber, and his eyebrows have got a portentous trick of meeting together. The Lady Sympathina remains immured amidst the horrors of the northern turret. Little Billy died with the Bible before him, so the Coroner's Inquest brought in a verdict of Lunacy. Stiletto is dead, Poignardi is no more, Daggeroni

has departed this life, and the rest of the bandits are in another, and I trust a better world.

“ I shall conclude my tale with a moral. To suffer is an attribute of mortality.”

“ But wherefore,” cried he, “ wherefore talk of the past? Oh! let me tell you of the present and of the future. Oh! let me tell you, how dearly, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!”

“ Love me!” cried I, giving such a start as the nature of the case required. “ My lord, this is so—really now, so—”

I remained silent, and in all the elegant embarrassment of modesty, cast my blue eyes to the ground. I never looked so lovely.

“ But I go!” cried he, springing on his feet. “ I fly from you for ever! No more shall Cherubina be perse-

cuted with my hopeless love. Yet, Cherubina! Cherubina! I will teach the songsters of the grove to articulate; and the hills and the vallies to echo Cherubina! Cherubina! Now by the Gods, I will turn hermit on Mount Caucasus, and I call all the stars of respectability to witness the vow. Then, Lady Cherubina," and he stopped short before me; "then, when maddened and emaciated, I shall pillow my haggard head on a hard rock, and lured by the hurricane, shall sink into the sleep of the grave."—

"Dear Montmorenci!" said I, quite overcome, "live for my sake—as you value my—friendship,—live."

"Friendship!" echoed he. "Oh! Cherubina, oh! my soul's precious treasure, say not that chilling word. Say hatred, disgust, horror; any thing but friendship."

"What shall I say?" cried I, in-

effably affected, "or what shall I do?"

"What you please," muttered he, looking wild and pressing his forehead. "My brain is on fire. Hark! chains are clanking—save me, my Cherubina, save me! Ha! she frowns at me—she darts at me—she pierces my heart with an arrow of ice!"

He threw himself on the floor, groaned grievously, and tore his hair. I was horror-struck.

"I declare," cried I, "I would say any thing to relieve you;—only tell me what."

"Angel of light!" exclaimed he, bounding from the ground, and beaming on me a smile that might liquefy marble. "Have I then hope? Dare I pronounce the divine words—she loves me?"

"I will not be angry," murmured I, while the chamber swam before me.

He took both my hands in his own, pressed them to his forehead and lips, and leaned his burning cheek upon them. Then encircling my waist with his arm, he drew me to his heart. It was Cherubina's hand that felt on his shoulder, it was Cherubina's tress that played on his cheek, it was Cherubina's sigh that breathed on his lip.

"Moment of a pure and exquisite emotion!" cried he. "Now to die were to die most blest!"

Suddenly he caught me under the chin, and kissed me. I struggled from him, and sprang to the farther end of the room; while my neck and face burst into a glow of indignation.

"Really," said I, panting with passion, "this is so unprovoked, so presuming."

He cast himself at my feet, execrated his folly, and besought my pardon.

"My lord," said I, "never will I

suffer any freedom, which is not sanctioned by the precedent of those pure models, whom I have the honour to imitate. I fancy you will find, that as far as a kiss on the hand, Heroines have no particular objection. But a salute on the lips is considered inaccurate. My lord, upon condition that you never repeat the liberty, here is my hand."

He snatched it with ardor, and strained it to his throbbing bosom.

"And now," cried he, "make my happiness complete, by making this hand mine."

On a sudden, an air of grandeur involved my form. My mind, for the first time, was roused to reveal its full force.

"What!" exclaimed I, "can'st thou suppose the poor orphan Cherubina so destitute of principle and of pride, as to intrude herself unknown, unowned,

unfriended, mysterious in her origin, and degraded in her situation, on the illustrious and Italian house of Montmorenci?

“Here then I most inviolably vow, that I will never wed, till the mystery which hangs over my birth, be developed.”

As soon as I had made this fatal vow, his lordship fell into the most afflicting agonies and attitudes.

“Oh!” cried he, “to be by your side, to see you, touch you, hear you, love you, adore you, and yet lose you for ever. Oh, 'tis too much, much too much!”

“The milliner is here, Miss,” said the maid, tapping at the door.

“Bid her call again,” said I; but as I spoke, in she came, with a charming assortment of bonnets and dresses.

“We will talk over the matter

another time," whispered I to his lordship.

His lordship declared he would drop dead that instant.

The milliner declared she had brought the newest patterns.

"On my honour," said I to his lordship, "you shall finish this scene to-morrow morning, if you wish it."

"You may go and be——Heigho!" said he, suddenly checking himself. What he was about to say, I know not; something mysterious, I think, by the knitting of his brows. However, he snatched his spear, shield, and helmet; made a low bow, laid his hand on his heart; and stalked out of the chamber. Interesting youth!

I then ran in debt for some millinery, drank hartshorn, and chafed my temples.

I think I was right about the kiss. I confess I am not one of those girls

who try to attract men by permitting liberties; and who thus excite passion at the expense of respect. Indeed, had I not fortified myself with the recollection of what other heroines allow, I would actually have felt, and I fear, did feel, even the classical embrace of clasping to the heart too great a freedom. But I am certain I shall never, while I live, attain hardihood enough to ravish a salute from a man's mouth, as the divine Heloise did; who once ran at St. Preux, and astonished him with the most balmy and remarkable kiss upon record. Poor fellow! he was never the same after it.

I must say too, that Montmorenci did not shew much judgment in urging me to matrimony, before I had undergone adventures for four volumes. Because, though the heroic law might allow of my falling in love at first sight, and confessing it at second sight, yet

it would not sanction me to marry myself off, without agony and interruption. Even the ground must be lacerated, before it will produce fruits; and often we cannot pluck the lovely violet, till we have torn our hands with brambles.

I met his lordship again at dinner; which we had almost finished, before the poet made his appearance, and his bow. His bow was as usual, but his appearance was oddly altered. His hair stood in stiff ringlets on his forehead, and he had thinned and pruned his broad eyebrows, till hardly one bristle remained; while a pair of white gloves, small enough for myself, were forced upon his hands. He glanced at us with a conscious eye, and hurried to his seat.

“Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, by Jupiter!” exclaimed Montmorenci. “Why, Higginson, how shameful that the mice-

should have ribbed your eyebrows, while Apollo Belvidere was curling your hair!"

"I will tell my mamma of you!" cried the poet, half rising from his seat.

Now this mamma is an old bed-ridden cripple, in one of the garrets. However, I pacified him so successfully, by praising his Hesperian curls, that he consented not to lodge the complaint. An assassin? Ah, no. The harmless horror would plunge into the ocean to save a drowning fly.

After dinner I requested ten pounds from his Lordship, that I might pay the milliner. Never was regret so finely pictured in a face, as in his, while he swore he had not a penny upon earth. Indeed, so graceful was his lamentation, so interesting his penury, that though the poet stole out of the room, for ten pounds, which he

slipped into my hand, I preferred the refusal to the donation.

Yes, this amiable young nobleman increases in my estimation every moment. Never can you catch him out of a classical position. He would exhaust, at one sitting, all the attitudes of all the statues; and when he talks tenderness, he brings in his heart with great effect. Then, too, his oaths are well conceived, and elegantly expressed. Thunderbolts and the fixed stars are ever at his elbow, nor can any man sink himself to perdition, with so picturesque a frown. And yet sometimes his imprecations——

But my paper is almost filled.

O, I could write of him, talk of him, think of him, hour after hour, minute after minute; even now, while the shadows of night are blackening the blushes of the rose, till dawn shall stain with her ruddy fire, the snows

THE HEROINE.

163

of the naked Appennine; till the darts
of light shall pierce the dusky streams,
and till the sun shall quaff his dewy
beverage, from the cup of the tulip
and the chalice of the lily.

Adieu.

LETTER XI.

“It is my lady, O it is my love!” exclaimed Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, as he flew like a winged Mercury, into my apartment this morning. A rap at the door checked his eloquence, and spoiled a promising posture.

My door was then thrown open, and who should waddle into the room, but fat Wilkinson!

My first feeling (could you believe it?) was of gladness at seeing him; nor had I presence of mind enough, either to repulse his embrace, or utter a piercing shriek. Happily my recollection soon returned, and I flung him from me.

“Cherry,” said he, “dear Cherry, what have I done, that you should use

me thus? Was there ever a wish of your heart left ungratified by me? And now to desert me in my old age! Only come home with me, my child, only come home with me, and I will forgive you all."

"Wilkinson," said I, "this interview must be short, pointed, and decisive. As for calling yourself my father, that is a stale trick, and will not pass; and as for personating (what I perceive you aspire to) the grand leading villain in my Memoirs, your corpulency, pardon me, puts that totally out of the question. Ah! no, Sir, you are not a grand, leading villain. You are only a sleek, good-humoured, pettifogging schemer. For instance, you never had the spirit to murder me, though you stipulated to do so fourteen years ago. Remain, then, my good man, what nature made you; ply your plough; whistle Spinning Jenny; fatten your

pigs and the parson; but never again attempt to get yourself thrust into the pages of a romance."

Disappointment and consternation imprinted his thick features with more angles than I thought practicable. The fact is, he had never imagined that my notions of what villains ought to be, were so refined; and that I have formed my taste in these matters, upon the purest models.

As a last effort of despair, the silly man flung himself on his knees, and grasping both my hands, looked up in my face, with such an imploring expression, while the silent tears rolled down his cheeks, that I confess I was a little moved; and at the moment, fancied him sincere.

"Now, goodness bless thee," said he, "goodness' bless thee, for those sweet tears of thine, my daughter!"

"Tears!" cried I, quite shocked.

“ Yes, darling,” said he, “ and with this kiss of love and reconciliation, we will blot out all the past.”

I shrieked, started from my seat, and rushed into the expanded arms of Montmorenci.

“ And pray, Sir, cried Wilkinson, advancing fiercely, “ who are you ?”

“ A lodger in this house, Sir,” answered his lordship, “ and your best friend, as I trust, you will acknowledge hereafter. I became acquainted with this lady, at the common table, and learned from her, that she had left your house in disgust. Yesterday morning, on entering her apartment, to make my respects, I found an old gentleman there, one Doctor Merrick, whom I instantly recognized as a wretch of the most infamous character.

“ Sir, I was present at a trial, where the American Ambassador prosecuted him for stealing a golden tweezer case ;

but a flaw in the indictment saved his life, as he proved the stolen article a golden tooth-pick case.

“On my presuming to warn your daughter against such a dangerous companion, I found, unfortunate girl! that she had already promised him her hand in marriage.”

Wilkinson groaned: I stared.

“Once apprised of his character,” continued Montmorenci, “the lady was willing enough to drop the connection; but the ruffian had previously procured a written promise of marriage from her, which he now refuses to surrender; and at the moment you came, I was consulting with her on what should be done.”

“Let me see the villain,” cried Wilkinson, “and I will shew you what should be done!”

“I have already appointed an interview with him,” said his Lordship;

“and should I fail in persuading him to resign the fatal paper, you shall then see him yourself.”

“You are a fine fellow!” cried the farmer, shaking his hand, “and have made a friend of me for ever.”

“I will hasten to him now,” said his Lordship; and with a significant glance towards me, went away, while I stood quite astonished, both at his story, and his motive for fabricating it. However, my business was to support the deception.

Wilkinson then told me, that he learned my residence in London from the discharged butler, who had heard it from you. The wretch made the disclosure for forty guineas; and Wilkinson says he wants to marry you, merely for your annuity. Ah! how unlike the disinterested Montmorenci, who would rather marry me, at this moment, as plain, plebeian Cherry

Wilkinson, with my paltry ten thousand pounds, than wait till I am the acknowledged Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, with all my restored estates.

Biddy, Biddy! if you knew as much of the world as I do, a fortune-hunter would not impose upon you.

But to return. In the midst of our conversation, the maid brought me this note.

“ Will my soul’s idol forgive the tale I told Wilkinson, since it was devised to save her from his fangs? This Doctor Merrick, whom I described to your father, as a thief, only keeps a private madhouse. I have just seen him, and informed him, that I am about putting a lunatic gentleman, my honoured uncle, under his care. I told him, that this dear uncle (who, you may well suppose, is Wilkinson) has lucid intervals; that his madness arose from grief at an unfortunate amour of his daughter’s; that he fancies every man whom



THE HEROINE.

he sees, has her written promise of marriage; and that the first demand he makes of every stranger, is to give him the paper containing it.

“ Now, my love, let not a silly kindness, which I fear you still retain for Wilkinson, prevent you from joining in this plot against him. Indeed, to confine him is an act of humanity; because, if he walks at large, he will probably (since he now knows that his designs are discovered), assassinate you. With this conviction on my mind, I must declare, that if you betray my scheme to him, I shall feel myself perfectly justified in prosecuting him for a conspiracy against your life, and having him hanged.

Ever, ever, ever,

Your

MONTMORENCI.

“ P. S. Excuse tender language, as I am in haste.”

THE HEROINE.

This advice my prudence induced me to adopt, and my desire of saving Wilkinson from an ignominious end; for unfortunately, such is my weakness, that I cannot divest myself of all my former feelings towards him. Nay, even when he presented me, during our conversation, with a hundred pounds, to purchase haubles, as he said, and reward me for my promise of discarding the Doctor, I thanked him just as cordially as if I had not known, that he gave the money merely to decoy me home again, and perhaps imprison me for ever.

Soon afterwards, our hero returned, with a fabricated account of an unsuccessful interview. It was therefore determined, that the whole party should repair to the Doctor's, and make another attempt. Accordingly, off we set, in a hired coach; and on our arrival, were shewn into a parlour. After some

minutes, the Doctor, a shrivelled little figure, entered with two servants.

Wilkinson being introduced, the Doctor commenced operations, by trying the state of his brain.

"Any news to-day, Mr. Wilkinson?" said he.

"Very bad news for me, Sir," replied Wilkinson, sullenly.

"I mean public news," said the Doctor.

"A private grievance ought to be considered of public moment," said Wilkinson.

"Well remarked, Sir," cried the Doctor; "a clear-headed observation as possible. I give you credit. Sir, if you continue to talk so rationally, you will not remain long in my house, I promise you."

"I am sorry," replied Wilkinson, "that talking rationally will get me

turned out of your house, because I have come to talk rationally. I believe, Doctor, I talk rationally when I say, that it is the bounden duty of every man to rescue his fellow-creature from misery."

"Few sentiments," answered the Doctor, "could say more in favour both of your head and of your heart."

"I believe too," resumed Wilkinson, "it is the bounden duty of a parent to consult the happiness of his child. Is that talking rationally, eh?"

"Clearly so," said the Doctor. "'Tis a corollary from your first proposition."

"Why then, I have you in a fine quandary!" cried Wilkinson. "For since my child feels unhappy at having given you the paper containing her promise of marriage, it is my bounden duty, by your own admission, to get

this paper out of your hands. Aha, I have you there, I think! An't that talking rationally, eh?"

"So far from it," said the Doctor, "that if you ask for the paper again, I must be under the disagreeable necessity of punishing you most severely. To be candid, Sir, I must handcuff you."

"Odds, bobs, and bobbin, and bon-bobbin, and bonbobbinet," shouted Wilkinson, with a yell of laughter. "Handcuff me? Great, very great! Any thing more, my fine fellow?"

"And as often as you persist in asking for the paper," said the Doctor, "I must—excuse me—I must have you plied with exemplary horsewhippings."

"Why, you ruffian!" cried Wilkinson, as he marched up, shaking his head, and clapping his hands to his sides; "I will ask you for it, ten thou-

sand times over and over. Give me the paper, give me the paper, give me the paper, the paper, the paper, the paper, paper, paper, paper! Confound you, you shall have a quire of it at once!"

"This is indeed a bad case," said the Doctor.

"Case?" exclaimed Wilkinson. "Is it a golden tweezer-case, eh? Or a golden tooth-pick case, eh? or a case where you were near being hanged by the American Ambassador, eh? There are cases for you, my old buck!"

"Madder, and madder, I protest," said the Doctor.

"O the withered wasp, O the uncommon weasel!" cried Wilkinson; "how could the girl ever bring herself to fancy him? A fellow, that is as ugly as if he were bespoke: and twice as disgusting, and not half so interesting, as a monkey in a consumption!"

“ Perfectly distracted, I vow to heaven !” muttered the Doctor. “ Here, John, Tom, secure the wretch this moment.”

Wilkinson instantly darted at the Doctor, and knocked him down. The servants collared Wilkinson, and after a furious scuffle, handcuffed him.

“ Dear uncle, calm these transports !” said his Lordship. “ Your dutiful and affectionate nephew beseeches you to compose yourself.”

“ Uncle !— nephew !” cried the farmer. “ What do you mean, fellow ? Who the devil is this villain ?”

“ Are you so far gone as not to know your own nephew ?” said the Doctor, grinning with anger.

“ Never set eyes on the cub, till an hour ago !” cried Wilkinson.

“ Merciful powers !” exclaimed Montmorenci. “ And when I was a baby, he dandled me ; and when I was

a child, he gave me whippings and sugar-plums; and when I came to man's estate, he cherished me in his bosom, and was unto me as a father!"

"Curse me, but the wretch is crazed!" cried Wilkinson.

"No, dear uncle," said Montmorenci, "but you are shockingly crazed; and to be candid with you, this is a madhouse, and this gentleman is the mad-doctor, and with him you must now remain, till you recover from the most afflicting attack of insanity, that ever visited a country gentleman."

"Insanity!" faltered the farmer, turning deadly pale.

"You are the maddest man that ever bellowed in Bedlam," said the Doctor.

"Mad? I mad?" cried Wilkinson. "I vow to my veracity, Doctor, I was always reckoned the quietest, easiest, sweetest—sure every one knows ho-

nest Greg Wilkinson, and his bottle of claret. Don't they, Cherry? Dear child, answer for your father. Am I mad? Am I, Cherry?"

"As butter in May," said Montmorenci.

"You lie like a thief!" vociferated the farmer, struggling and kicking. "You lie, you sneering, hook-nosed reprobate!"

"Why, my dear uncle," said Montmorenci, "don't you recollect the night you began jumping like a grasshopper, and scolding the full-moon in my deer-park?"

"Your deer-park? You blackguard, I warrant you are not worth a cabbage-garden! But now I see through the whole plot. Ay, I am to be kept a prisoner here, while my daughter marries that old mummy before my face. It would kill me, Cherry; I tell you I should die on the spot. Oh, my

unfortunate girl, are you too conspiring against me? Are you, Cherry? Dear Cherry, speak. Only say you are not!"

"Indeed, my friend," said I, "you shall be treated with mildness. Doctor, I beg you will not act harshly towards him. Notwithstanding his faults, the man is goodnatured and well tempered, and to do him justice, has always used me kindly."

"Have I not?" cried he. "Sweet Cherry, beautiful Cherry, blessings on you for that!"

"Come away," whispered Montmorenci hastily.

"Farewell, Doctor," said I. "Adieu, poor Wilkinson."

"For pity's sake, stay five minutes!" cried Wilkinson, struggling with the servants.

"Come, my love!" whispered Montmorenci.

"Only one minute—one short minute!" cried the other.

"Well," said I, stopping, "one minute then."

"Not one moment!" cried his Lordship, and was hurrying me away.

"My child, my child!" shrieked Wilkinson, with a tone of such indescribable agony, as made the blood curdle in my veins.

"Dear Sir," said I, returning; "you know well I am not your child."

"You are," cried he. "By all that is just and good, you are my own, own child."

"By all that is just and good," exclaimed Montmorenci, "you shall come away this instant, or remain here for ever." And he dragged me out of the room.

"Now," said the poor prisoner bursting into tears, as the door was

closing, "now do what you please with me, for my heart is quite broken!"

I too began crying; nor till after many minutes, could Montmorenci reason me out of my folly. Yet, after all, I am not so very, very blameable. Were a wretch going to the gallows, I could not help feeling for him. How much more, then, must I feel for a man, who, villain as he indisputably is, had acted as a parent towards me, during fifteen years of my life.

On our way home, I shewed the hundred pounds to Montmorenci, whose joy at this seasonable acquisition was truly friendly. I then purchased a charming scarf, a shawl, a bonnet, two dresses, and a pair of pearl earrings. His Lordship borrowed a guinea from me, and with it bought a little casket, which he instantly presented to me in the handsomest manner.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

ON my first arrival at these lodgings, I sent the servant to Betterton's house, for the bandbox which I had left behind, the night I fled from him.

As I was sitting alone this morning, who should enter my room, but Betterton himself! I dropped my book, like Amanda.

"Your business, Sir?" said I.

"To make a personal apology," answered he, "for the disrespectful treatment that the loveliest of her sex experienced at my house."

"An apology for one insult," said I, "becomes another insult, by the intrusion which accompanies it."

"The retort is exquisitely elegant," answered he, "but I trust, not true. For, granting that I offer a second in-

sult by my intrusion, still I may lessen the first so much by my apology, that the sum of both may be less than the first, as it originally stood."

"Really," said I, "you have blended politeness and arithmetic so happily together; you have clothed multiplication and subtraction in such polished phraseology—"

"Good!" cried he, "that is real wit."

"You have added so much algebra to so much sentiment—" continued I.

"Better, still better!" interrupted he again.

"In a word, you have apologized so gracefully by the rule of three, that I know not which has assisted you the most—Chesterfield or Cocker."

"Inimitable," exclaimed he. "Really your retorting powers are superior to those of any heroine on record."

In short, my friend, I was so delight-

ed with my repartee, that I could not, for my life, continue vexed with the object of it; and before he went, I said the best things in the world, found him the most agreeable old man in the universe, shook his hand at parting, and gave him permission to visit me again.

On calm consideration, I do not repent having allowed him this liberty. Were he merely a good kind of good-for nothing gentleman, it would only be losing time to cultivate an acquaintance with him. But as the man is a reprobate, I may find account in enlisting him among the other characters; particularly, since I am at present miserably off for villains. Indeed I augur well of his intriguing talent, from this fact (which he has confessed), that he discovered my place of abode, by tracing the maid when she was returning from his house with the bandbox.

But I must inform you of another rencontre.

Last night, the landlady, Higginson, and myself, went to see his lordship perform in the new Spectacle. The first piece was called a melo-drame; a composition of horror and drollery, where scenery, dresses, and decorations were the substitutes for nature, genius, and moral. As to the plot, I could make nothing of it; only that the hero and heroine were in very great trouble about trifles, and quite unconcerned amidst real distress. For instance, when the heroine had arrived at the height of her misery, she sang a song in thunder and lightning. Then the hero, resolving to revenge her wrongs, falls upon one knee, turns up his eyes, and calls on God for assistance. This invocation to the Divinity, might, perhaps, prove the hero's piety,

but I am afraid it shewed the poet's want of any. Certainly, however, it produced a powerful effect on my feelings. I heard the glory of God made subservient to a theatrical clap-trap, and my blood ran cold. So, I fancy, did the blood of six or seven sweet little children behind the scenes, for they were presently sent upon the stage, to warm themselves with a dance. After dancing, came murder, and, the hero gracefully staggered forward with a bullet in his head. He falls; and many well-meaning persons suppose that the curtain will fall too. No such thing: Hector had a funeral, and so must Kemble. Accordingly, the corpse appears, handsomely dished up, on an escutcheoned coffin; while certain virgins of the sun (who, I am told, support that character better than their own), chaunt a holy requiem

round it. When horror was exhausted, the poet tried disgust.

After this piece came another, full of bannered processions, gilded pillars, paper snows, and living horses, that were better actors than the men who rode them. It ended in a grand battle, where twenty soldiers on horseback, and twenty on foot, beat each other indiscriminately, and with the utmost good humour. Armour clashed, sabres struck fire, a castle was burnt to the ground; the horses fell as dead, the audience rose shouting, and clapping the horses; and a man just below me, exclaimed in an ecstasy:—"I made their saddles! I made their saddles!"

As to Montmorency, though his character was the meanest in the piece, he contrived to make it the most prominent. He had an emphasis for every word, an attitude for every emphasis,

and a look for every attitude. The people, indeed, hissed him repeatedly, because they knew not, as I did, that his acting a drunken waiter like a dethroned monarch, proceeded from native nobility, not want of talent.

After the performance, we were pressing through the crowd in the lobby, when I saw Stuart (Bob Stuart!) at a little distance. Now was my time to lay a foundation for future incident. I therefore separated myself from my party, like Evelina at the Opera, and contrived to cross his path.

“Miss Wilkinson!” exclaimed he.

“Hush!” whispered I; “conduct me hence.”

He put my hand under his arm, and hurried me away.

When we had gained the street; “Where is your father?” said he. “Have you not seen him since he came to Town?”

"I have not," answered I: an evasive, yet conscientious declaration, because Wilkinson is not my father.

"How strange!" cried he, "for he left the hotel yesterday to call on you.

"Oh, Miss Wilkinson, why did you quit your home? How are you situated at present? with whom? and what is your object?"

"Alas!" said I, "a horrible mystery hangs over me, which I dare not now develop. It is enough, that in flying from one misfortune, I have plunged into a thousand others, that peace has abandoned my heart, and that I am RUINED."

"Ruined!" exclaimed he, with a look of horror.

"Past redemption," said I, hiding my face in my hands.

"The very first night I came to Town, a gentleman decoyed me into his house, and treated me extremely ill.

“Afterwards I left him, and walked the streets, till I was arrested for a robbery, and put into the watchhouse; and to conclude my short, but eventful tale, a gentleman, a mysterious and amiable youth, met me by mere accident, after my acquittal; and I am, at present, under his protection.”

“The villain!” exclaimed Stuart.

“Villain?” said I. “Ah, wait till you see his large yet gentle eye. And now, here are my lodgings, and if you will sup with me to-night, you shall judge of him yourself.”

Stuart gladly consented. We then entered the house; but none of my party had returned. I therefore conducted him into my room, and apprized the maid that he would stay for supper.

“Can nothing,” said he, as we sat down, “induce you to relinquish the mode of life you have adopted!”

“ Nothing whatever,” answered I.
“ It is by far the most exalted, that a girl, possess of the requisite qualifications, could select.”

“ What!” cried he, “ to form an improper connection with a libertine?”

“ There now!” exclaimed I. “ There is a pretty insinuation. Ay, this is always the way, that we, poor heroines, are aspersed. And so, Sir, you presume to say, I have formed an improper connection?”

“ Did you not tell me you were ruined?” said he.

“ Well,” answered I, “ and so I am ruined. Am I not expelled from my paternal home? Am I not deprived of my property? Am I not under sentence of assassination? Is not old Wilkinson, who calls himself my father, working heaven and earth, to make me marry you? Ay, you, you,—so no pretended stare, if you please.”

“At least, I rejoice to perceive,” said he, “that it is your understanding only which is perverted, and that your moral conduct and principles remain undepraved.”

At this moment, the maid beckoned me from the room. I found Montmorenci outside, who hastily conducted me into the back parlour.

“The landlady tells me,” said he, in much agitation, “that you strayed from your party to-night, picked up a young man, and have brought him home to sup with you.”

“’Tis true, my Lord,” answered I.

“And who is the fellow?” cried he.

“Stuart,” said I. “Master Bobby. I find him rather agreeable. An improper education has perverted his understanding, but has not depraved his principles. He says the same of me. His face improves on acquaintance, and I am sure you will like him.”

“ Like your grandmother!” cried he, discarding attitude, elegance, every thing. “ O the varment, the circumventing villain! Pack him out of the house, pack him out, I say, or by goles, I will lend him such a bother on the side of the head, as shall do his business in no time.”

I was thunderstruck. “ Sir,” said I, “ you have agitated the gentle air with the discordance of inelegant oaths and idioms, uttered in the most ungraceful manner. Sir, your vulgarity is unpardonable: I have often remarked it before; but this is going too far, and we now part for ever.”

“ For ever!” exclaimed he, reverting into attitude, and interlacing his knuckles in a clasp of agony. “ Hear me, Cherubina. By the shades of my immortal ancestors, my vulgarity was assumed!”

“ Assumed, Sir?” said I, “ and pray, for what possible purpose?”

“Alas!” cried he, “I must not, dare not tell. It is a sad story, and enveloped in a mysterious veil. Oh, fatal vow! Oh, cruel Marchesa!” Shocking were his contortions as he spoke.

“No!” cried I. “No vow could ever have produced so dreadful an effect on your language.”

“Well,” said he, after a painful pause, “sooner than incur the odium of falsehood, I must disclose to you the horrid secret.

“The young Count Di Narcissini was my friend. Educated together, we became competitors in our studies and accomplishments; nor could either of us be said to excel the other; till, on our introduction at the Court of Naples, it was remarked by the Queen, that I surpassed the Count in shaking hands. ‘Narcissini,’ said her Majesty, ‘knows well enough when, where, and

how, to present a single finger, or perhaps two; but, for the positive pressure, or the negligent hand half offered with a drooping wrist; or the cordial, honest, dislocating shake, give me Montmorenci. I cannot deny that the former has great taste in this accomplishment; but then the latter has more genius—more execution—more, as it were, of the *magnifique* and *aimable*.’

“ His mother the Marchesa overheard this charming critique, turned as pale as ashes, and left the levee.

“ That night, hardly had I fallen into one of those gentle slumbers which ever attends the virtuous, when a sudden noise aroused me; and on opening my eyes, I beheld the detested Marchesa, with an Italian assassin, standing over me.

“ Montmorenci?’ cried she, ‘ thou art the bane of my repose. Thou hast

surpassed my son in the graces. Now listen. Either pledge thyself, by an irrevocable vow, henceforth to vitiate thy conversation with uncouth phrases, and colloquial barbarisms, or prepare to die!

“Terrible alternative! What could I do? The dagger gleamed before my face. I shuddered, and took the fatal vow of vulgarity.

“The Marchesa then put into my hand the Blackguard’s Dictionary, which I studied night and day with much success; and I have now the misfortune to state, that I can be, so far as language goes, the greatest blackguard in England.”

“Well,” cried I, “of all the extraordinary, unmeaning, execrable vows ever invented—Oh, I have not common patience with it! Let us change the subject. And now, my Lord, I must insist on entertaining Stuart to-

night. Indeed, I will own, that my principal object in having him here, is to see the difference between a mere gentleman, and an actual hero. That you will gain by the comparison, I make no doubt; since assuredly, you will surpass him in majestic grace, amiable sentiment, and antithetical repartee. You have but a few minutes to prepare for the contest, so pray make the most of them."

His Lordship expostulated again, and swore that Stuart would unheroinize me, and supplant him. However, I rallied this devoted lover out of his jealous fears; then returned to Stuart, and remained with him till supper was announced.

At the introduction, both youths eyed each other earnestly; and as soon as we were seated round the table, his Lordship broke the pause.

"Ah," cried he, "how many thou-

sands of our fellowmen are now sick, naked, and hungry; while we have health, raiment, and a festive board. Ah, how can we repay these blessings but by virtue?"

Stuart stared. Already he began to perceive, that his Lordship's was no common mind.

"Ah," resumed his Lordship, "how sweetly the fineness of this weather attuneth each harmonized soul to unison with virtue!"

"It is indeed a most favourable season for the crops," said Stuart.

I tittered.

"That is precisely what you have said, Sir," cried his Lordship, and winked at me. "But I must trouble you for another observation; as, I fancy, that is not quite original. I dare say, now, one hundred thousand gentlemen have made it within a week."

“And I dare say,” returned Stuart, “that no gentleman, under the circumstances, ever made your last remark before.”

“I am a gentleman, however,” cried his Lordship.

“Perhaps, Sir,” said Stuart, smiling, “that is another original observation.”

Montmorenci writhed his remarkable sneer, but was mute.

“Say something pointed,” whispered I.

“That I will,” returned he. “Pray, Sir—talking of original observations—how many legs has a calf?”

“It has four in a field,” answered Stuart. “But (and he measured Montmorenci with a most meaning eye) we do not allow it more than two at a table.”

“Had the scoundrel answered as he

ought," whispered his Lordship to me, "I would have said the wittiest thing in the world!"

So closed the first dialogue; and now the conversation became general, and on the topics of the day. These, Stuart discussed with much ease and animation; while his Lordship remained silent and contemptuous. I fancy his illustrious tongue disdained to trifle.

Meantime Higginson sat Anglicising the Latinity of his face, and aping the postures of Montmorenci; whom the simple man, I verily believe, is already endeavouring to rival.

At length we talked of the Theatre, afterwards of acting in general; and his Lordship concluded a long harangue by declaring, that he thought actors the most useful members of the community, because they ridicule human foibles with the best effect.

“ Sir,” said Higginson, as he rubbed the crumbs from the elbow of his new coat, and began an attitude which he was ashamed to finish, “ I must, in all humility, deny the premises of your exprest proposition, and support the superior claims of the writer.”

“ Observe,” whispered I to his Lordship, “ how the ruling passion betrays itself.”

“ For,” continued the poet, “ inasmuch as the works of the writer live for ever, while the player but ‘ lives and struts his hour,’ it is an indisputable sequitur, that the writer must be the more useful member.”

“ Pardon me, gentlemen,” said I, “ the most useful members are, not actors who merely mimic, or writers who merely describe, but heroes and heroines, who really perform.”

“ If you mean the heroes and heroines of romance,” said Stuart, “ they

are useful certainly ; but it is in teaching us what we should shun, not what we should imitate. The heroine quits a comfortable home, takes extreme pains to lose her character, and none to recover it ; blushes by the chapter ; and after weeping tears enough to float her work-basket, weds some captious, passionate, and idle hero."

" Better," cried I, " than remain a domesticated rosy little Miss, who romps with the squire, plays an old tune upon an old piano, and reads prayers for the good family—servants and all. At last marrying some honest gentleman, who resides on his saddle ; she degenerates into a dangler of keys and whipper of children ; trots up and down stairs, educates the poultry, and superintends the architecture of pies."

" Now, for my part," said Stuart, " I would have a young lady neither a

mere homely drudge, nor a heroic sky-rocket, let off into the clouds. I would instruct her heart and head, as well as her fingers and feet. She should be both the ornament of the social group, and the delight of the domestic circle; abroad attractive, at home endearing; the enchantress to whom levity would apply for mirth, and wisdom for admonition; and her mirth should be graceful, and her admonition fascinating. When solitary, she should have the power of contemplation, and if her needle broke, she should be capable of finding resource in a book. Finally, she should present a proof, that wit is not inconsistent with good-nature, nor liveliness with good sense; and that to make the Virtues be admired and imitated, they ought to be accompanied by the Graces."

"So much for the Heroine," said I.
"Now what is a Hero?"

“The first and best of men,” answered he. “His proper province is to keep the wheels of a Novel at work, by misconstruing the motives of his mistress, aspersing her purity, and on every decent occasion, picking a quarrel with her. He must hunt her from castle to convent, and from convent to cottage. He must watch under her window, in all weathers, without ever taking cold, and he must save her life once at least. Then when he has rescued her from the impending peril, he must bend on one knee, sigh through the amorous gamut, and ask her to marry. If she knows her business, she will refuse him; upon which, he must act the most heart-rending antics, grow pathetically fretful, writhe with grace, and groan in melody. To sum all, if such an animal as a Hero ever existed on earth, he would certainly be something between a monkey and an angel.”

... ever existed? *Al!*—Well, what infatuation! And so, Sir, is one of those distorted minds, that deny that Heroes ever existed on earth.”

“It has the misfortune,” said

“Then,” cried I, “you will probably be surprised, when you learn since you provoke me to it—the far from there being no Hero on earth there is one in this very room, at this very moment. Here, Sir, is a Hero and let me add, as incontrovertible as a Hero as ever heaved a sigh. I notwithstanding the very unpleasant drollery of your countenance, I will condescend so far as to inform you.

ling rock, and lashed by a certain Italian gulph, which shall be nameless."

"Has he told you so?" asked Stuart.

"Certainly," answered I. "Oh, I have it from the best authority."

"Why then, noble unknown," cried Stuart, "since Grundy must be but an assumed name, may I beg your real name?"

"My name is Norval on the Gram-pian hills!" said his Lordship, with infinite humour.

"And pray, Sir," said Stuart, assuming a severe countenance, "what name does that man deserve, who personates one of those imaginary Heroes, in order to play upon the passions of an innocent girl, and to make her harmless illusions become the fatal instruments of her destruction?"

Here an unpleasant pause took place,

and his Lordship appeared unaccountably agitated.

“What is the matter with you?” whispered I. “For shame, my Lord, Never suffer him to bear you down.”

“I take it, Sir,” cried his Lordship, turning towards Stuart, “I take it—or rather I give it—I give it, Sir, as my decided opinion, that—you are no—Hero!”

“And yet,” said I, anxious to assist his Lordship at this crisis, “though Master Bobby is no Hero, I dare be sworn he is a mighty good sort of a man.”

“Oh, a decent, proper-behaved young person, no doubt,” cried his Lordship.

“An honest bon diable!” cried I.

“A respectable citizen!” cried he.

“A loyal subject!” cried I.

"A humane and pious Christian!" cried he.

This last hit was irresistible, and both of us burst into laughter, while Stuart sat silent, and even affected a smile.

"Now is your time," whispered I, to his Lordship. "Another sarcasm, and your victory is decisive."

"I fancy, Master Bobby," said his Lordship, facing round upon Stuart, and laughing so long, that I thought he would never finish the sentence; "I fancy, my tight fellow, you may now knock under!"

"I am not always inclined to knock under, as you elegantly term it," answered Stuart; "neither am I often provoked to knock down."

"Knock down whom?" demanded his Lordship, with the most highly-finished frown I had ever beheld.

"A puppy," said Stuart, coolly.

"You lie!" vociferated our hero.

"Leave the room, Sir," cried Stuart, starting from his seat.

Montmorenci rose, retreated towards the door;—stopped—went on—stopped again—moved—stopped—

"I tell you what," said he, "if you want satisfaction, I am the manner of man that will accommodate you. I am none of your slovenly, slobbering shots. Damme, I scorn to pistol a gentleman about the ankles. I can teach the young idea how to shoot, damme."

"Vanish!" cried Stuart, advancing.

His Lordship vanished.

I ran, snatched a pen, and wrote on a scrap of paper:

"VINDICATE YOUR HONOUR, OR NEVER APPEAR IN MY PRESENCE AGAIN."

I then rang the bell, and bade the maid deliver the paper to him.

During half an hour, I remained in

a state of the most distracting suspense, for he never returned! Meantime, Stuart was privately pressing me to leave my lodgings, and remain with one of his relations, till Wilkinson should be found. Indignant at the cowardly conduct of his Lordship, I had almost consented; when on a sudden, the door flew open, and with a slow step and majestic deportment, Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci entered. There was a dead silence. He walked towards Stuart, and fell upon one knee before him :

“ I come, Sir,” said he, “ to retract that abuse which I gave you just now. I shall endure whatever punishment you please; nor shall I think my honour re-established, till my fault is repaired. Then grant me the pardon that I beg, on whatever conditions you think proper.”

“ 'Tis granted, my hero,” said Stuart.

“Hero!” exclaimed I, with an indignation which I could not suppress. “He a hero?”

His Lordship instantly snatched a book from his pocket, and opening a passage, presented it to me. The book was *La Nouvelle Heloise*.

“You see there,” said he, “how Lord B., after having given St. Preux the lie, as I did Mr. Stuart, begs forgiveness on his knees, and in the precise words which I have just used. Will Cherubina condemn the conduct that Heloise applauded?”

“What greatness of mind!” cried I. “What generosity! O how little do we seem compared with you!”

I presented my hand to him; he bowed over it. And now mirth ruled the night. The landlady laughed; Montmorenci sang; Stuart uttered a thousand witticisms; and even the poet, whom his Lordship had amply

plied with the grape, determined to be heard ; for, in the midst of our merriment, I saw him, mouth open, and neck forward, ready to arrest the next moment of silence. It came.

“ This is the fun,
Equalled by none ;
So never have done !”

cried the uncouth creature, and then protruded such an exorbitant laugh, as made amends for the gravity of his whole life.

“ You are a happy mortal,” said Stuart.

“ So I am happy,” cried he, “ and every thing seems to be happy, for every thing seems to be dancing !”

Stuart now took leave, and soon afterwards the rest of the company separated.

Think of Stuart, that never once fixed his eyes on me, with a speaking

gaze! Nay, not only is the fellow far from a pathetic turn himself, but he has also an odd talent of detaching even me from my miseries, and of reducing me to horrid hilarity. It would vex a saint—how he makes me laugh, though I am predetermined not to give him a single smile! But Montmorenci, the sentimental Montmorenci, timely interposes the fine melancholy of his features;—he looks, he sighs, he speaks; and in a moment I am recalled to the tender emotions, and to soft complaints of my deplorable destiny.

Adieu.

NOTES.

Page 53.—*O Peaceful shades, &c.*— ‘ O peaceful, happy shades, why must I leave you? In your retreats I should still find safety and repose.’
MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 57.—*No dead hand, &c.*— ‘ A dead, cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forward.’

SIR BERTRAND.

Page 67.—*Ten o'clock is past, &c.*— ‘ It is past midnight. Go not to the Villa Altieri. She departed an hour ago. Look to your steps.’

ITALIAN.

Page 79.—*But ever distant from you, &c.*— ‘ From souls like her's for ever distant be that cold and languid tie, which cold erroneous policy invented. For her a sweeter, gentler destiny is formed, the sacred, soft community of souls, the tender, mystic, unknown union, whose tie of bondage is the sway of passion; the wish the license, and the impulse law.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 81.—*She was sitting, &c.*— ‘ She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand.’

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 82.—*And where are you going, &c.*— ‘ And where are you going, Maria? said I. She said, to Moulines.’

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY:

Page 84.—*And where shall we moisten it, &c.*— ‘ And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. I will dry it in my bosom, said she. ’Twill do me good.’

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 99.—*The accusing witness, &c.*— ‘ The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.’

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Page 116.—*Surely never lighted on this orb, &c.*— ‘ And surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.’

BURKE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Page 118.—*Seizing my hand, &c.*— ‘ He gently seized her hand, and carried it to his lips.’

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 129.—*Life among its quiet blessings, &c.*— ‘ Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give, than such a son.’

JOHNSON'S LIFE OF POPE.

Page 130.—*That man need be little envied, &c.*— ‘ That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Jona.’

A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

Page 145.—*Seducing sweetness, &c.*— ‘ Seducing sweetness dwelt in his smile.’

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 148.—*A form flexible as the flame, &c.*— ‘ Her undulating form resembling the pure flame which the air wafts from its aspiring direction.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 148.—*She was fresh as the Anadyomene, &c.*— ‘ Fresh as the Anadyomene of Apalles, lovely as the Gnidus of Praxiteles.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 149.—*I thought ten thousand flowers,* &c.— ‘I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.’

BURKE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Page 152.—*In all the elegant embarrassment,* &c.— ‘Her eyes, with the beautiful embarrassment of modesty, were bent to the ground.’

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 154.—*Dare I pronounce,* &c.— ‘Dare I say it? Can I pronounce the divine words, she loves me?’

WERTHER.

Page 155.—*He took both my hands,* &c.— ‘Took her hands in his, pressed them to his forehead and lips, and laid his head upon them.’

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 155.—*It was Cherubina's hand,* &c.— ‘It was Ida's arms that fell on his shoulder, it was Ida's tresses that played on his cheeks, it was Ida's sigh that breathed on his lip.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 155.—*Moment of a pure,* &c.— ‘Moment of a pure and exquisite emotion.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 155.—*Now to die, &c.*— ‘Then to have died, would have been to have died most blest.’
WILD IRISH GIRL.

Page 156.—*On a sudden, an air of grandeur, &c.*— ‘An air of dignity gradually involved her whole form; her mind, with all its native and uncommon powers, was for the first time, called on to reveal its force.’

NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK.

Page 157.—*To be by your side, &c.*— ‘Mais se trouver auprès d’elle; mais la voir, la toucher, lui parler, l’aimer, l’adorer, et, presque en la possédant encore, la sentir perdue à jamais pour moi.’
HELOÏSE.

Page 210.—*Montmorenci rose, &c.*— ‘The pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped.’

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Page 211.—*Fell upon one knee, &c.*— ‘J’ai vu avec l’étonnement que tu peux concevoir, Milord Edouard à genoux devant moi.’

HELOÏSE.

Page 211.—*I come, Sir, &c.*— ‘ Je viens, Monsieur, retracter hautement les discours injurieux que l’ivresse m’a fait tenir en votre presence. Je me soumetts à toute la punition que vous voudrez m’imposer, et je ne croirai mon honneur retabli que quand ma faute sera réparée. A quelque prix que ce soit, accordez-moi le pardon que je vous demande ’

HELOÏSE.


Page 212.—*What greatness of mind, &c.*— ‘ Quelle grandeur! quelle générosité! O que nous sommes petits devant lui!’

HELOÏSE.

Page 214.—*Though I am predetermined, &c.*— ‘ I was predetermined not to give him a single sous.’

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

END OF VOL. I.



THE
HEROINE,
OR
ADVENTURES OF CHERUBINA.

VOL. II.



In the Press,

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A NOVEL, IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'HEROINE.'

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BY
EATON STANNARD BARRETT, ESQ:

—
“ *L’Histoire d’une femme est toujours un Roman.* ”
—

Third Edition.

—
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THE HEROINE.



LETTER XIII.

ABOUT an hour ago, I was reading the Children of the Abbey; and just as I had finished the scene where Amanda conceals Belgrave in the closet, Betterton came into my chamber, and the landlady after him, with a bundle.

“Has my fair friend ever seen a masquerade?” said he.

“Never,” answered I; “but there is nothing I would rather see.”

“Then,” said he, “as one will take place at the Pantheon to-morrow night, I shall do myself the honour of escorting you thither; and your hostess shall

matronise you. So now to call a council of dress. What think you of personating Sterne's Maria?"

"No character could please me more," replied I.

"Then," said he, "do me the favour to accept this dress;" and opening the bundle, he presented me with a most elegant and suitable costume.

"And here," continued he, "is a dress for the Widow Wadman, which character your good landlady will enact; and here is Trim's antique and tarnished regimental coat, and Montero cap, for myself. And now, my dear Madam, promise to keep this expedition a profound secret from Stuart."

"And from Grundy," added the landlady.

"Why from Grundy?" asked I.

"Because," said she, "he might disapprove of my going without him."

"And what need you care?" cried I.

“Why, Ma'am,” answered she, “to be very candid, your cousin and I are betrothed in marriage.”

“Betrothed!” exclaimed I.

But a tap at my door prevented me from expressing my decided doubts of her veracity; and it struck me, that should the person outside be his Lordship, I might make her look excessively silly on the occasion.

“Here, hide yourselves in this dark closet,” whispered I to my visitors. “I have particular reasons.” They looked at each other, and hesitated.

“In, in!” said I; “for I suspect that this visit is from a villain; and I wish you to witness what passes.”

They went into the closet. I then opened the door of my chamber, and the poet appeared at it, with his eyes half out of their sockets, and his jaw ajar.

“What is the matter?” asked I.

He gaped still wider, but said nothing.

“Speak!” cried I. “What shock awaits me? For what horror are you preparing me?”

“Oh, Miss!” exclaimed he; “oh, Miss, Miss! Don’t go to the masquerade, Miss. Oh, don’t Miss. My mamma has just overheard the gentleman who visited you yesterday—Bet-terton, methinks, is the appellation,—planning with the landlady, to carry you from it by fraudulence or by force. But, Miss, I have a fine sword above stairs, three feet and a half long, and I will rub off the rust, and——”

Another tap came at my door. I was in a hiding mood. Already the scene promised wonders; and I would not damp its rising spirit; so made the simple Higginson wedge himself underneath the sofa.

The next moment my door opened,

and to my great delight, Montmorenci entered.

“Sweet is the dawn of morning,” cried he; “sweet is the song of the lark; sweet is the odour of the floweret; but ah! far sweeter is the face of my love.”

“And yet, Sir,” said I, with a freezing smile, “as there are many mornings, many larks, and many flowerets, so there are many loves.”

“To me there is but one,” cried he.

“And that one?” said I.

“Need I mention?”

“Need you hesitate?”

“You, you alone!” exclaimed he.

“And oh, wherefore should you doubt my constancy?”

“That interjectoral, Oh! may be very pretty,” said I, “but it cannot refute fact, or eradicate suspicion.”

“Why then,” cried he, “by the fat-cheeked little cherubim, that flap

their innocent wings, and fly through oceans of air in a minute, without having a hair of their heads discomposed——”

“ Now,” said I, “ you are all this time considering what to say. But I will relieve you. Our hostess is a charming woman, very charming, remarkably charming indeed. You love her, Sir; and I felicitate you.”

“ Love our hostess?” cried he: “ What! that pale decent woman, worn to a threadpaper? 'Tis true she has roses in her cheek, and lilies in her skin; but they are white roses, and orange lilies. Our hostess? Be-shrew my heart, I would let cobwebs grow on her lips, before I would kiss them.”

A knock at the hall-door interrupted us.

“ If this be the person I suspect,” exclaimed I, “ both of us are undone —separated for ever!”

"Who? what? which? where shall I hide?" cried his Lordship.

"Yon dark closet," said I, pointing. "Fly!"

His Lordship sprang into the closet, and closed the door.

"I can hear no tidings of your father," said Stuart, entering the moment after. "I have searched every hotel in Town, and I really fear that some accident——"

"Mercy upon me! who's here?" cried his Lordship from the closet. "Oons! let me go; whoever the devil you are, let me go!"

"Take that—and that—and that: you, you, you—Oh you, you,—you poor, pitiful, fortune-hunting play-actor!" screamed the landlady, buffet-
ting him about.

That unhappy young nobleman bolted from the closet, with his face running blood, and the landlady fast at his heels.

“ Yes, you dog !” exclaimed she, “ I have discovered your treacherousness at last. So you bring your Miss into my house as your cousin, and make love to her ; and all the time are promising me marriage, and sending me letters and trinkets !”

“ I cannot believe he was so base, Madam,” said I.

“ But he was so base,” Madam, said she bitterly. “ There, read the letter he sent me yesterday, just after I had asked him to pay me for six months’ diet and lodging.”

I read :

“ Accept the pair of bracelets enclosed herewith, and don’t you be so teizing and nigglesome about my bill, which I will discharge in a twinkling, when the manager pays me my salary. And what makes you think I won’t marry you ? Dearest, dearest creature,

I am not the man to jilt you after that fashion. Only wait till old uncle tips me the shiners; and then, if I don't perform my promise, send me to Bedlam, for I shall be as mad as a March hare.

“YOUR OWN, OWN, OWN,

“ABRAHAM GRUNDY.”

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could suppress my indignation at this letter; but the heroine prevailed, and I merely cast on his Lordship, my famous compound expression of contempt, pity, and beautiful rebuke; which I tinged with just fascination enough to remind him, what a jewel he had thrown away. Meantime he stood wiping his face, and did not utter a word.

“And now,” cried I, “now for the grand developement. James Higginson, come forth!”

In a moment the poet was seen, creeping, like a huge tortoise, from under the sofa.

"Mr. Higginson," said I, "did not your mother tell you, that this amiable lady is plotting with Mr. Betterton, to betray me into his hands at the masquerade?"

"Madam," answered the poet, "I do certify and asseverate, that so my mamma told me."

"Then your mamma told you a confounded falsehood!" cried Betterton, popping out of the closet.

Higginson walked up to him, and knocked him down with the greatest gravity imaginable. The hostess ran at Higginson, and fastened her nails in his nose. Montmorenci laid hold of the hostess, and off came her wig. Stuart dropped laughing into a chair. I too forgot both grace and grief; and clapped my hands, and danced with

delight, while they kicked and scratched each other without mercy.

At length Stuart interfered, and separated the combatants. The landlady retired to refit her dismantled head; and his Lordship and Higginson to wash their wounds. Betterton too was about taking his departure.

“ Sir,” said Stuart, “ I must beg leave to detain you a few moments.”

Betterton bowed, and returned.

“ Your name is Betterton, I believe.”

“ It is, Sir.”

“ After Mr. Higginson’s accusation of you,” said Stuart, “ I feel myself entitled, as the friend of this lady’s father, to insist upon your soliciting her forgiveness for the designs which you have harboured against her; and to demand an unequivocal renunciation of them.”

“ You are an honest fellow,” said

Betterton, "and I respect your spirit. Most sincerely, most humbly, Miss Wilkinson, do I beg your pardon; and I trust you will believe, that nothing but a misrepresentation of your real character and history tempted me to treat you with such undeserved insult. I now declare, that you need not fear any farther improprieties from me."

"But before I can feel perfectly satisfied," said Stuart, "I must stipulate for the discontinuance of your visits to Miss Wilkinson, as a proof that you have relinquished all improper projects against her."

"I had formed the resolution before you spoke," answered Betterton. "Now we are friends. Faults I may have; but my heart—(and he tapped at it with his forefinger) all is right here."

Saying these words, he bowed and retired. Stuart then began exhorting me not to think of the masquerade, and

to quit my lodgings immediately; but I felt so much irritated by his officious interference about Betterton, that I would not even answer him. Finding his efforts fruitless, he went away quite offended; and I greatly fear will never return.

Well, I am the most unfortunate girl that ever breathed! Think now, after all my prospects, to see myself on a sudden, deserted by every individual, who had talent and baseness enough for conducting my plot! First, Stuart takes upon him to turn off Betterton. Next Betterton is so wretchedly sneaking as to be turned off by him: then Stuart himself makes his bow and exit: and lastly,—But I will not believe it. No, his intrigue with the landlady must involve some mystery, which a distracting interview or two will elucidate.

I confess I feel predisposed to credit

any reasonable excuse which his Lordship can assign, rather than find myself deceived, outrivalled, and deprived of a lover, not alone dear to my heart, but indispensable to my memoirs.

Then, that closet-scene, which contained within itself the seeds of the true pathetic, what a bear-garden it became! In short, I now feel disgusted with the world. I half wish I were at home again. Do you know, since I have seen Stuart, I cannot avoid sometimes picturing the familiar fire-side, the walks, frolics, and occupations of our childhood: and well I remember how he used to trundle me about in the wheelbarrow.

Santa Maria! whither am I wandering? Pardon these homely sentiments! They escaped my pen. I am not often guilty of vulgarity. Forgive them.

Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

ALL is as I thought. My Montmorenci has proved himself the most aspersed of men; and has convinced me, that the letter to the landlady, was a FORGERY, written by herself. Indeed, the most unquestionable witnesses of his innocence, are, 'nigglesome,' and 'tips me the shiners.' Wretched woman! He thinks of prosecuting her, next term.

As I would not, at first, hear his personal vindication, he sent me a written one, which I answered; and the following is an extract from our correspondence. Having penned a most satisfactory disquisition upon the various circumstances tending to prove the forgery, he thus concludes:

— — — —

“ I have begun twenty letters, and have torn them all. I write on my knees, and the paper is blistered with my tears; but I have dried it with my sighs.

“ When the girl brought your last note, the idea that your eyes had just been dwelling on her face, on her cap, ribbon, apron, made her and them so interesting, so dear to me, that though her face was smutty, her cap tattered, her ribbon green (which I hate), and her apron greasy, I should certainly have taken her in my arms, had I not been the most bashful of men.

“ My world is divided into two parts; Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are the one—you are the other.

“ How my heart beats, and my blood boils, when by chance, our feet meet under the table. How often I recall the sweet reproof you once gave me

at dinner, when I trod on your toe in a transport.

“ If you love me, tell me so,” said you, smiling; “ but do not hurt my foot.”

“ Another little incident is always recurring to me. As we parted from each other, the night before last, you said, in a voice like a Creolian lyre, ‘ Good night, my dear Montmorenci.’ It was the first time you had ever called me *dear*. The sound sank into my heart; I have repeated it a hundred times since; and when I went to bed, I said, good night, my dear Montmorenci. I recollected myself and laughed.”

‘BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

He who were capable of writing the letter, were capable of calling it a forgery.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI.

Misery with you, were better than
happiness without you.

BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

Treachery and hatred were better
than love and treachery.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI.

Love is heaven, and heaven is love.

BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

If heaven be love, I fear heaven is
not eternal.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI,

If my mind be kept in suspense, my
body shall also be suspended.

BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

Foolish youth! If you value my
life, attempt not your own.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI.

It were easier to kill myself than to fly from Cherubina.

BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

Live. I believe you innocent.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI.

Angelic girl! But how can I live without the means? My landlady threatens me with an arrest. Heloise lent money to St. Preux.

BILLET FROM CHERUBINA.

In enclosing, for your acceptance, half of all I have, I feel, alas! that I am but half as liberal of my purse as of my heart.

BILLET FROM MONTMORENCI.

I promise to pay Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, or order, on demand, the sum of thirty-five pounds sterling, value received.

MONTMORENCI.

Soon after I had received this last billet, his Lordship came in person, to perfect the reconciliation; and when he left me, the landlady called, made an abject apology for her conduct, and instead of desiring me to leave her house, advised me so violently to remain, that I much suspect her of some sinister motive.

About dusk, the maid brought me this anonymous note, written in antiquated characters.

To the
Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.
These, greeting.

Most fayre Ladie,

An aunciente and loyall Vassall that erewhyles appertained unto y^{re} ryghte noble Auncestors, in y^r qualitie of Seneschal, hath, by chaunce, discobred y^{re} place of abode, and doth crave y^r boon that you will

not fayle to goe alone and withouten
a visor, unto y^e Masquerade at y^e
Pantheon; where, anon he will joyn
you, and unravell divers mysterys
touching your pedigree.

What a crisis is at hand! Yes, thou
excellent old man, I will meet thee
there.

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

LAST night, soon after I had retired to rest, I heard a whispering and rustling outside my window, which, I must tell you, looks into the yard; and while I was awaiting the result, sleep surprised me.

This morning, I woke earlier, as I thought, than usual; for not a ray penetrated my curtainless window. I therefore tried to take another slumber, but in vain. I lay turning and tumbling eight or nine hours longer. At last I became alarmed. What can be the matter? thought I. Is the sun quenched or eclipsed? or has the globe ceased rolling? or am I struck stone blind?

But amidst my conjectures, a sudden cry of fire! fire! rang through the house. I sprang out of bed, huddled on me

whatever clothes came to hand, and then rushed into the outer room; where my eyes were almost blinded by the sudden glare of light that shot through them.

However, I had presence of mind enough to snatch Corporal Trim's coat, which still remained there, and to slip my arms through it; for I was without either robe or wrapper; and besides, I recollected that Harriet Byron, at a moment of distress, went wild about the country, in masquerade.

Then hastening into the hall, I saw the street-door open, Stuart and Montmorenci struggling together near it, the landlady dragging a trunk down stairs, and looking like the ghost of a mad housemaid; and the poet just behind her, with his crippled mother, bed and bed-clothes, upon his back; she crying, I shall soon be in Heaven, and he crying, Heaven forbid!

I darted by them, thence out of the house, and (will you believe me?) had fled twenty paces, before I discovered, that, so far from being night, it was broad, bright, obvious, incontrovertible day!

I had no time to reflect on this mystery, as I heard steps pursuing me, and my name called. I fled the faster, for I dreaded I knew not what. The portentous darkness of my room, the false alarm of fire, all betokened some diabolical conspiracy against my life; so I rushed along the street, to the horror and astonishment of all who saw me. For conceive me drest in a long-skirted scarlet coat, stiff with brassy lace; a satin petticoat, and my flaxen hair flaunting like a streamer, behind me!

Stop her, stop her! was now shouted on all sides. Hundreds seemed in pursuit. Panting, and almost exhaust-

ed, I still continued my flight. They gained upon me. What should I do? I saw the door of a carriage just opened; and two ladies, dressed for dinner, stepping into it. In I sprang after them, crying, save me, save me! They screamed, the footman endeavoured to drag me back; I held fast: the mob gathered round shouting; and at last, the horses, frightened by the tumult, set off in an unmanageable gallop.

All this time the ladies supported one unbroken scream, and shrinking from me, held their hands between themselves and me.

“ Pray be not alarmed,” cried I, “ for I am only a Heroine; and if you will have patience, you shall hear my story.

“ My name is Cherubina, and I am descended from the noble house of De Willoughby. But alas! by the

machinations of vile conspirators, all my fair prospects are overturned—”

At this moment the carriage was overturned, and fell with a violent shock. Several persons immediately ran forward, and extracted us through the door. Again I began running, and again a mob was at my heels. I felt certain they would tear me to pieces. I thought myself in a brain-fever, like Cecilia's, when she rushed through London. On I flew. Knock it down! cried several voices.

A footman was just entering a house; I darted past him, and into a parlour, where a large party were at dinner.

“Save me!” exclaimed I, and sank on my knees before them. All rose:—some, in springing to seize me, fell; and others began dragging me away. Quite bewildered, I grasped at the table-cloth, and the next instant, the

whole dinner was strewn about the floor. Those who had fallen down, rose in piteous plight; one reeking with soup, another crowned with vegetables, and the face of a third all over haricots.

They held me fast, and questioned me; then called me mad, and turned me into the street. The mob, who were still waiting for me there, cheered me as I came out; so seeing a shop at hand, I ran wildly through it, and burst into a parlour. There I found an old man kissing the maid. I retreated, and flew up to the drawing-room, where I found a young man reading the bible. Ascending another flight, I heard ladies dancing and singing. I hurried past them to the garrets, and saw their aged servant dying.

Shocked by the sight, I paused at his half-opened door. Not a soul was

in the room, and vials and basins strewed the table.

“Is that my daughter?” said he, feebly. “Will nobody go for my daughter? To desert me thus, after first breaking my heart! Well then, I will go for her myself.”

He made a sudden effort to rise, but it was fatal. His head and arms dropped down motionless, and hung out of the bed. He gave a convulsive sob, and expired.

Horrorstruck, I rushed into an adjoining garret; while my heart and my brain were almost bursting. I felt guilty of I knew not what; and the picture of Wilkinson, dying in the madhouse, and calling upon his daughter, shot across me for a moment.

The noise of people searching the rooms below, and ascending the stairs, interrupted my disagreeable reflections;

and I thought only of escape. Running to the window of the garret, I found that it looked upon the roof of a neighbouring house. Any thing but encountering the mob again ; so I lifted the sash, and with some difficulty, made good my landing below. I then closed it after me, and ran along the leads.

At last I was stopped by a house higher than the rest, with a small window, similar to the other out of which I had escaped. This window happily lay open ; so, looking into the garret, and finding nobody there, up I scrambled, entered, and then fastened the casement. A bed, a chair, a table, and a spacious chest, constituted all the furniture. The chest had nothing in it, but some rotten silks and satins ; and I resolved to make it my place of refuge, on an emergency.

I sat a few moments, and composed my spirits ; then curious to discover

whether I had any chance of escaping, after nightfall, I determined upon exploring the house. Besides, I felt a secret presentiment that it was, some way or other, connected with my fate—a most natural idea.

I first traversed the garrets, but observed nothing particular in them; so I stole, cautiously, down to the first landing-place, where I found the door of a room open. Hearing no noise inside, I put in my head, and perceived a large table, lighted with candles, and covered with half-finished dresses of various descriptions; besides bonnets, feathers, caps, and ribbons; whence I concluded that the people were milliners.

Here I sat some minutes, admiring the dresses, and trying at a mirror, how the caps became me; till I was interrupted by steps on the stairs. I had barely time to hide behind a window-

curtain, when two young milliners came into the room.

I found by their conversation, that one of them was making a dress for the masquerade, after the pattern of the Tuscan girl's, as described in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Conceive my horror, when I recollected, that this was, indeed, the night of the masquerade, appointed by the Seneschal, to develope the mysteries of my birth! How should I escape? Where had I a dress? What should I do? Distraction!

As I stood pondering a thousand schemes, one of the milliners left the room: but the other, who was finishing the Tuscan habit, still remained.

Aware that should I attempt an escape, I might be caught, and confined, as a thief, the whole of this important night, I suddenly determined upon

making a friend of the milliner, and obtaining her assistance to quit the house. No sooner planned than accomplished. I drew aside the curtain, and stood before her.

She raised her head, made a miserable imitation of the heroic scream, and ran down stairs.

I ran after her, as far as the landing-place; and on looking over the bannisters, into the hall, saw a maid issue from the kitchen, and ask what was the matter.

“Matter enough!” cried the terrified milliner. “There is a madwoman above stairs, dressed half like a man, half like a woman, and with hair down to the ground!” And so saying, she ran into the parlour.

“What is all this?” cried a second maid, who now appeared.

“Oh! Molly,” said the first maid, “Miss Jane is just frightened to death

by a monster above stairs, half man, half woman, and covered all over with hair!"

The mistress herself then came from the shop.

"Oh! Madam," cried the second maid, "Miss Jane is just killed by a great, huge, horrid monster above stairs, half man, half beast, all over covered with curly hair, and every sort of be-devilment."

"Folly!" cried the mistress. "I warrant I will soon stop these pranks;" and she began ascending the stairs. Where could I hide? I luckily recollected the large chest; and up I flew to the garret. It was now quite dark; but I found the chest, sprang into it, and having closed the lid, flung some of the old satins over me.

The moment after, "Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards!" whispered the mistress, just outside the garret.

“Here I am,” answered the voice of a young gentleman, in another garret. “How came you to delay so late?”

“And how came you to dress yourself up, and frighten the girl?” said she. “There is the whole house in an uproar. Shame on you! Had they discovered you, my character was gone for ever!”

“Upon my soul,” cried he, “I was never once out of the garret; nor did I see a single being, though I thought I heard a foot on the stairs.”

“Oh, mercy!” exclaimed she, “then as sure as fate, there is a monster in the house.—A wild beast, I am certain; for ’tis all over the most horrible, abominable hair, and I heard it howling from the very shop! Here, here, hasten with me, till I hide you safe, and then alarm the neighbourhood.”

To my great uneasiness; they came

running into my garret; to my still greater dismay, they approached the chest; but how shall I describe my unutterable horror, when the gentleman jumped into it, and the mistress locked both of us up together!

All was the work of an instant. Down she ran.

Almost crushed by his weight, I could not help making a sudden and desperate effort to get from under him.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed he, feeling about. "What is this? Who is this? Holloa, I say. Who are you?"

I lay still, and said nothing.

"Help, help!" vociferated he. "'Tis the beast—Here is the hair. Help, help!"

"Hush!" said I, "or both of us are betrayed. Upon my word, I am no beast, but a woman."

"What woman, then?"

"That is a mystery."

“What brings you here?”

“That is a mystery.”

“Are you young?”

“Yes.”

“Handsome?”

“That is another mystery.”

“Why then curse me if I don't unravel it this moment!”

But now we heard several persons upon the stairs.

“Hush!” said each of us together.

We lay quiet. They came into the room, and examined it; then tried the remaining garrets; and at last, to my great relief, returned down stairs.

“I suspect,” said the gentleman, “that you are the very person who has raised all this uproar.”

“I fear so, indeed,” answered I; “though really, without any evil design upon my part; as I trust you will acknowledge, when you hear my history.”

“ My father was a nobleman—illustrious, powerful, and wealthy;—blest in a beloved wife, and in the playful endearments of my infantine innocence. But ah, who can say, to-day I am happy, and happy will I be to-morrow ? For amidst this fatal calm, I was privately inveigled from his castle, by the wretch between whom and the title I stood ; and my assassination was actually concerted ; as a parchment now in my possession, will prove to a demonstration.”

“ Oh, what shall I do ?” muttered the young man.

“ Ha !” exclaimed I, “ what is this I hear ? Speak, Sir ; Are you a party concerned ?”

“ In the devil’s name, who are you ?” cried he.

“ Now don’t you know ?” said I.

“ Not I, from my soul.”

“ But can’t you guess ?”

“ Not for the life of me can I form the most remote notion !”

“ Then I am sure said I, “ I have already told you enough to convince you, that I am a Heroine—I am, upon my honour. To-night; at the masquerade, the mystery of my birth will be unfolded; and to-morrow, I trust that the wretched Cherubina, released from thralldom, and restored to the tender arms of her family, will attest the justice of this sensible maxim,—Innocence, though vexed awhile by the storms of misfortune——”

“ Now may the merciful powers protect and rescue me !” ejaculated he, gathering himself up into a ball; “ for ’tis a Bedlamite broken loose !”

And now, between terror and want of air, the poor fellow appeared upon the very point of suffocation. He gasped, and groaned, kicked, and struggled, and called help, help! with

the most piercing utterance; when, in the acme of his agony, the chest, on a sudden, was unlocked, opened; and the mistress herself, holding a candle, appeared over us.

The gentleman darted, like an arrow, out of the chest. I rose from it more slowly.

“What is that? What thing is that?” cried the mistress, grasping his arm, and shrinking back.

“The wretch who frightened your young lady,” said he. “A dreadful mad-woman!”

“What upon this good earth can be done?” cried the mistress.

“I will tell you, Madam,” answered I. “Your character is in my power; for this gentleman cannot leave the house without my first alarming it; and even if I am myself seized, you must appear to prosecute, and must swear that you locked him up in the

chest. Now listen: Only furnish me with decent apparel, and suffer me to quit the house quietly, and on the word of a Heroine, I will not betray your intrigue. There is that dress of the Tuscan girl. I want it for the masquerade. Name your terms. We shall not differ."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed she, wringing her hands, "what in this wide world shall I do?"

"Do?" cried I. "Why sell me the dress of course. Sure the whole scene, since I came into this house, was obviously contrived for the especial purpose of my procuring that individual dress; and conceive the ridiculous effect, if, after all, I do not get it. Here now, whole nations will read this adventure; and surely, when they shall have read it as far as up to this moment, they cannot but suppose, that I shall obtain the dress. My dear

madam, we must not disappoint them. What can you answer to arguments so reasonable?"

"That the person who could use them," said she, "will never hear reason. I see what is the matter with you, and that I have no alternative, but to humour you, or be ruined."

In a word, I got the Tuscan dress, slipped it on me, promised payment; and then, conducted down stairs by the mistress (who thought she could never lose me too soon), I bade her good evening, and once more issued into the street.

I dared not venture back to my former lodgings, lest the conspirators there should detain me from the masquerade; so having called a coach, I drove to Jerry Sullivan's.

The poor Irishman jumped with joy when he saw me; but I found him in much distress. His creditors had

threatened an execution on his little shop, unless he would immediately discharge his debts; and he was now quite unable to complete the necessary sum. Thirty pounds were still wanting. I had somewhat more than this, at my lodgings; and I determined that I would relieve him. I therefore dispatched him with a letter, requesting of my landlady to give the bearer my clothes, jewels, parchment, picture, and money; and bidding her deduct from my purse the amount of my bill. This commission he soon executed; and I presented him with the thirty pounds.

“Why then long life to your beautiful face!” cried he, “for ’tis Heaven’s own finger-post! O th’n, O th’n, I am the man that is grateful; so now, all I wish upon this earth, is some mischief or other to happen you.”

“Thank you, Jerry,” said I. “And

is that the way you prove yourself grateful?"

"That same is the way, sure enough," cried Jerry. "'Cause then, you know, I would relieve you, just as you did me; and then, I think I would feel aisy."

I write from his house; but must soon conclude my letter, as the time for the masquerade is approaching.

I confess I am not perfectly satisfied with my mode of obtaining the dress from the milliner; since I took advantage of her indiscretion in one instance, to make her do wrong in another. However, the code of moral law that heroines acknowledge, is often opposite from those maxims which govern other conditions of life. And, indeed, if we view the various ranks and departments, we shall perceive, that what constitutes criminality in some of them, appears unobjectionable in others.

Thus: a servant is disgraced, who robs his master of wine; but his master is not disgraced, when he defrauds the King of the revenue arising from it. Thus too, what we call wantonness in a little minx with a flat face, we call only susceptibility in a heroine with an oval one. We weep at the letters of Heloise; but were they written by an alderman's fat wife, we would laugh at them. The heroine may permit an amorous arm round her waist, disobey her parents, and make assignations, yet be described as the most prudent of human creatures; but the mere Miss must abide by the regular rules of modesty, decorum, and filial obedience. In a word, as different classes have distinct privileges, it appears to me, from what I know of the Law National, and the Law Romantic, that the Heroine's prerogative resembles the King's; and that she, like him, can do no wrong.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

O BIDDY, I have ascertained my genealogy! I am—but I must not anticipate. Take the particulars.

Having secured a comfortable bed at Jerry's, and eaten something, I repaired in a coach to the Pantheon; and that faithful Irishman escorted me thither.

But I must first describe my Tuscan dress. It was a short petticoat of pale green, and a boddice of white silk; the sleeves were loose, and tied up at the shoulders, with ribbons and bunches of flowers. My hair, which fell in ringlets on my neck, was also ornamented with flowers, and with a rural hat of wheaten straw.

Fearfully and anxiously, I entered the assembly. Such a multitude of

grotesque groups as presented themselves! Clowns, harlequins, nuns, devils; all talking and none listening. The clowns were happy in being called fools, the harlequins were as awkward as clowns, the nuns were impudent, and the devils well-conducted.

Too much agitated to support my character, I hastened into a recess, and there awaited the arrival of the ancient vassal.

In a few minutes a mask approached. It was an old man. His infirm figure leaned upon a staff, a palsy shook his venerable locks, and his garments had all the quaintness of antiquity.

For some minutes he stood gazing on me with earnestness; and at length, heaving a heavy sigh, he thus broke into tremulous utterance.

“A-well-a-day! how the antique tears do run adown my wrinkled cheeks; for well I wis, thou beest

himself—the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, the long-lost daughter of mine honoured mistress.”

“And you,” cried I, starting from my seat, “you are the ancient and loyal vassal!”

“Now by my truly, ’tis even so,” said he.

I could have hugged the obsolete old man to my heart.

“Welcome, welcome, much respected menial!” cried I, grasping his hand. “But tell me at once all about it;—all about my family; and I will be the making of your fortune: dear good old man, depend upon it I will.”

“Now by my fay,” said he, “I will say forth my say. I am ycleped Whylome Eftsoones, and I was accounted comely when a younker. Good my lady, I must tell unto thee a right pleasant and quaint saying of a certain nun touching my face.”

"For pity's sake," cried I, "pass it over."

"Certes, my lady," said he. "Wells I was first taken, as a bonny page, into the service of thy great great grand-fader's fader's brother; and I was in at the death of these four generations; till lastly, I became seneschal unto thine honoured fader, Lord De Willoughby. His Lordship married the Lady Hysterica Belamour, and thou wast the sole issue of that ill-fated union.

"Soon after thy birth, thy noble father died of an apparition. Returning, mickle dolorous, from his funeral, I was stopt, on a common, by a tall figure, with a mirksome cloak, and a flapped hat. I shook grievously, ne in that ghastly dremment wist how myself to bear.

"Anon, he threw aside his disguise, and I beheld—Lord Gwyn! Lord Gwyn who was ywedded unto the

sister of Lord De Willoughby, the Lady Eleanor."

"Then Lady Eleanor Gwyn is my own aunt!" cried I.

"Thou sayest truly," replied he. "My good Eftsoones," whispered Lord Gwyn to me, 'know you not that my wife, Lady Eleanor Gwyn, would enjoy all the extensive estates of her brother, Lord De Willoughby, if his child, the little Cherubina, were no more?'

"I trow, ween, and wote, 'tis as your Lordship saith," answered I.

"His Lordship then put into mine hand a stiletto.

"Eftsoones," said he, "if this dagger be planted in the heart of a child, it will grow, and bear a golden flower!"

"He spake, and incontinently took to striding away from me, in such wise, that maulgre and albe, I gan make effort after him, nathlesse and algates did

child Gwyn forthwith flee from mine eyne."

"Bless me!" cried I, quite provoked, "I cannot understand half you say. And what do you mean by *Child Gwyn*? Surely his Lordship was no suckling."

"In good old times," answered Eftsoones, "childe signified a noble youth; and it is coming into fashion again. For instance, there is Childe Harold."

"Then," said I, "there is 'second childishness;' and I fancy there will be 'mere oblivion.' But if possible, finish your tale in more modern language."

"I will endeavour," said he. "Tempted by this golden flower, I stole you from your mother, secreted you at the house of a peasant, and bribed him to rear you as his own daughter. I then told Lord Gwyn that I had dispatched you; and the

golden flower he gave me, was a silver shilling!

“When the dear lady, your mother, missed you, she became insane, executed the most elegant outrages on society; and having plucked the last hair from her own head, ran into the woods, and has never been found since.”

“Dear sainted sufferer,” exclaimed I.

“I heard no more of the peasant or of you,” continued Eftsoones, “till a few days ago, when the peasant sent for me. I went. He was dying. Such a scene! He confessed, that he had sold you to one farmer Wilkinson, about thirteen years before; who purchased you on speculation.”

“Yes,” cried I, “on the speculation a reward from Lord Gwyn for assassinating me. I have a parchment which certains the fact.”

“What! beginning with ‘THIS INDENTURE?’” cried Eftsoones.

“Yes,” said I, “and then, ‘for and in consideration of——’”

“Doth grant, bargain, release——” cried he.

“Possession, and to his heirs and assigns——” cried I.

“Hurra, hurra, hurra!” cried he, taking a stiff frisk; “your title is as clear as the sun; and I hereby and thereby hail you Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, rightful heiress of all the territory that now appertaineth, or that may hereinafter appertain unto the House of De Willoughby.”

“Wonderful! most wonderful!” cried I. “Oh, I am the happiest, happiest creature living!”

“Now listen,” said he. “Lady Gwyn, (for his Lordship is long dead) resides at this moment, on your own

estate. I have a carriage in waiting: we will set off together this very night—”

“ This very moment !” cried I ; but just as I spoke, a Domino came forward, took off its mask, and I beheld Stuart ! The moment he saluted me, Whylome Eftsoones slunk away.

Much as I was annoyed at his unseasonable interruption, I felt sincerely delighted to find, that he had not deserted me altogether.

After mutual salutations ; “ I am here,” said he, “ upon the mere chance of meeting you ; since you would not relinquish your intention of coming, when I saw you last, and since I knew that the villain Betterton had planned his infernal plot to inveigle you hence. I called on you several times to-day, but was always answered, that you were out. Suspecting that you were not, but that you meant to refuse my

mined upon seeing you, at any ha
so knocked once more, rushed in
house, and raised a cry of fire.

“ This manœuvre produced the
sired effect, for an universal panic
place ; and in the midst of it, I
you issue forth, and effect your es
while I was struggling with Gru
who had opposed my entrance. I
sued you, but soon lost all trac
your route. I therefore returne
your lodgings ; where Higgins
formed me, that Betterton and
landlady had fastened a carpet ou
your window, the night before, fo
purpose of darkening the chamber.

me when I declare, that I will never leave you, till I restore you to your father, or entrust you to some careful friend."

I said nothing, in reply, but privately resolved upon giving him the slip, as soon as old Eftsoones should appear again.

I therefore walked about with him, several hours; but no Eftsoones. And now the people were dispersing; and now the room was almost empty. Still no Eftsoones. At last, when scarcely one creature remained, and when all hope of seeing him had ceased, I acceded to the frequent solicitations of Stuart, and left the place.

On our way back, I told him, that I would comply with his wish of accompanying me, provided he would suffer me to go where I chose. He asked me where I chose to go? and I answered, that a most mysterious and

important affair, would oblige me to make Lady Gwyn a visit at Gwyn Castle.

“ Then,” said he, “ I will escort you; for I am acquainted with her Ladyship, and rest assured, she shall receive you very graciously.”

We have just returned to Jerry Sullivan's. I will sleep a couple of hours; Stuart will remain in the parlour; and to-morrow morning we shall commence our expedition.

Well, Biddy, what say you now? A rich and titled heiress already—think of that, Biddy.

As soon as I can decently turn Lady Gwyn out of doors, I mean to set up a most magnificent establishment. But I will treat the poor woman (who perhaps is innocent of her husband's crime) with extreme delicacy. She shall never want a bed or a plate. Talking of plate, I must purchase a service. My

livery shall be white and crimson ; but I am sadly puzzled between bays and greys. Bidly, depend upon my patronage. With what importance the parson and music-master will boast of having known me ! Then our village will swarm so, *to hear tell as how* Miss Cherry has grown a great lady ; and no doubt, old mother Muggins, at the bottom of the hill, will live a week on the gossip. I think I must drive through some day or other. But I mean to nod quite familiarly, for there is nothing I hate like pride.

Yet, though the chief objection against my marriage is almost removed, by the confirmation of my noble birth, I am not ignorant, that other classical impediments must interfere.

Ah, no, my friend ; be well assured, misfortune will not desert me quite so quickly. A present good is often but

the precursor of an approaching evil ;
and when prosperity points its sun-
shine in our faces, adversity, like our
shadows, is ever at our heels.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

EARLY this morning, I packed my clothes, jewels, parchment, and picture into a little box. Then Stuart and I, having breakfasted, and remunerated our entertainers, set off for Gwyn Castle; while Jerry ran by the chaise, down the street, blessing me all over, and hoping we might meet again in his house; or if the worst came to the worst, in heaven.

We had now accomplished half our journey, and were waiting at a Hotel, for a change of horses; when the door opened, and presented to my astonished eyes, old Betterton! He bowed, I started, Stuart reddened.

“From my soul,” cried the hoary deluder, “I rejoice that I have overtaken you before ’tis too late. Yes,

my dear lady, I come to caution and to protect you against the treachery of pretended friends."

"Sir," said Stuart, "I do not understand—"

"But, Sir," said Betterton, "I do understand. I understand, Sir, that you are eloping with this lady. Nay, frown not, but listen.

"Last night I happened to be at the Pantheon, and saw you there, escorting her. Even during our former interview, your virtuous speeches had made me suspect your vile intentions; but now finding you with her, at a masquerade, and without a matron, I felt fully convinced of them. I therefore traced you from the Pantheon; and perceived, to my horror, that you stopped at an infamous house, where you remained during the night. This morning too, a chaise stood there, ready as if for a journey; whence con-

cluding, as I well might, that an elopement was in agitation, I determined, if possible, to prevent so disastrous a catastrophe, by hiring a carriage, and pursuing you.

“ Sir, you undertook to lecture me, when last I saw you; and plausibly you performed your part. I must now return the obligation. Mr. Stuart, Mr. Stuart, is it not a shame for you, Mr. Stuart? Is this the way you treat the daughter of your friend, Mr. Stuart? Go, silly boy, return home; say your prayers, and bless that chance which hath sent me to the protection of this lady’s honour.”

“ Let me tell you, Sir,” returned Stuart, “ that neither grey hairs nor facetious admonition shall save villainy from chastisement; and I must add, that if you, Sir, would take less trouble in protecting this lady’s honour,

you would stand a better chance of preserving your own."

"Know, young gentleman," answered Betterton, "I would sacrifice my life in defence of my honour."

"If so," said Stuart, "your life has more of the martyr than of the saint."

Betterton scowled at him askance, and grinned prospective vengeance.

"Gentlemen," said I, "each has accused the other of evil designs. Let not arguments, but actions, determine the point. Mr. Stuart, I have already asked you to escort me, conceiving that you will prove a protector. Mr. Betterton, I now give you the same invitation for the same motive. I am going down to Lady Gwyn's; and if you have leisure, will feel happy at your company."

"Then, assuredly, I will do myself

the honour of joining your party," said he, with a triumphant glance towards Stuart, who stood as if he were shot.

The fact is, I felt grateful to the valuable old villain, for his unwearied industry in promoting the memoirs of my life.

We then got into one of the chaises, and proceeded several miles, without any particular occurrence.

At length it was evening. A few fleecy clouds floated through the blue depths of ether. The breezes brought coolness on their wings, and an inviting valley, watered by a rivulet, lay towards the left; here whitened with sheep, and there dotted with little encampments of hay.

Tempted by the prospect, after my long confinement in the metropolis, I proposed to my companions, our walking the remainder of the journey through the fields. Each, whatever was his

motive, caught at the idea with delight, so we dismissed the chaise, and gave a boy charge of my box.

I now hastened to taste Arcadian beatitude. My pastoral garb was appropriate: yes, I would rival an *Ida*, or a *Glorvina*, in simple touches of nature; and trip along the lawns, like a *Daphne* or a *Hamadryad*.

On a sudden, therefore, I sprang across a hedge, and fled towards the valley, light as a wood-nymph flying from a satyr. I then took up a most picturesque position. It was beside the streamlet, under a weeping willow, and on a grassy bank. At my back, stood a romantic cottage, with a small garden behind it, encompassed by green paling. The stream warbled sweetly, save where a projecting stone shattered its crystal, and made its music hoarse. Here and there, too, it purled and murmured; but no where could it be

said to tinkle or gurgle, to chide or brawl.

Flinging off my hat, I shook my locks over my shoulders, and began braiding them in the manner of a playful shepherdess.

Stuart reached me the first; and at that moment, a lambkin began its pretty bleat.

“Now,” said I, “make me a simple, tripping ditty on a lambkin.”

“You shall have it,” answered he, “and such as an attorney’s clerk would read to a milliner’s apprentice.”

Dear sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry, ba;
Says I, so you have lost mamma?
Ah!

The little lamb, as I said so,
Frisking about the field did go,
And frisking, trod upon my toe.
Oh!

“ Neat enough,” said I, “ only that it wants the word LOVE.”

“ True,” cried Stuart; “ for our modern poems abound in the word, though they seldom have much of the feeling.”

“ And pray, my good friend,” asked I archly, as I bound up my golden ringlets—“ WHAT IS LOVE!”

“ Nay,” said he, “ they say that talking of love is making it.”

Plucking a thistle which sprang from the bank, I blew away its down with my balmy breath, merely to hide my confusion.

Surely I am the most sensitive of all created beings!

Betterton had now reached us, out of breath after his race, and utterly unable to articulate.

“ Betterton,” cried I, “ what is love?”

“ ’Tis,” said he, gasping, “ ’tis—
’tis——”

“ The Gentleman,” cried Stuart,
“ gives as good a description of it as
most of our modern poets; who make
its chief ingredients panting and broken
murmurs.”

“ Love,” said I, “ is a mystical
sympathy, which unfolds itself in the
glance that seeks the soul,—the sen-
timent that the soul embodies—the
tender gaiety—the more delicious sad-
ness—the stifled sigh—the soft and
malicious smile—the thrill, the hope,
the fear—each in itself a little bliss.
Such is love.”

“ And if such be love,” said Stuart,
“ I fear I shall never bring myself to
make it.”

“ And pray,” said I, “ how would
you make love?”

“ There are many modes,” answered
he, “ and the way to succeed with one

girl is often the way to fail with another. Girls may be divided into the conversable and inconvertible. He who can talk the best has therefore the best chance of the former; but would a man make a conquest of one of the beautiful Inutilities, who sits in sweet stupidity, plays off the small simpers, and found her prospects on the shape of her face, he has little more to do than call her a goddess, and make himself a monkey. Or if that should fail, as he cannot address her understanding, he must assail her feeling, and try what the touch can do for him. The touch has a thousand virtues. Only let him establish a lodgment on the first joint of her little finger, he may soon set out upon his travels, and make the grand tour of her waist. This is, indeed, having wit at the fingers' ends; and this will soon gain the hearts of those demure misses, who think that

silence is modesty, that to be insipid is to be innocent, and that because they have not a word for a young man in public, they may have a kiss for him in private."

"Come," said I, "since love is the subject, I want some amorous verses to swell my memoirs; so, Betterton, I call on you."

Betterton bowed and began:

Say, Fanny, why has bounteous heaven,
In every end benign and wise,
Perfection to your features given?
Enchantment to your witching eyes?

Was it that mortal man might view
These charms at distance, and adore?
Ah, no! the man who would not woo,
Were less than mortal, or were more.

The mossy rose, by humming bee,
And painted butterfly carest,
We leave not fading on the tree,
But snatch it to the happy breast.

There, unsurpassed in sweets, it dwells;—
Unless the breast be Fanny's own:
There blooming, every bloom excels;—
Except of Fanny's blush alone.

O Fanny, life is on the wing,
And years, unheeded, glide away:
To-morrow may misfortune bring,
Then, gentle girl, enjoy to-day.

And while the whimpering kiss I sip,
Ah, start not from these ardent arms;
As if afraid, my printing lip
Might rob your printed lip of charms.

For see, we crush not, tho' we tread,
The cup and primrose. Fanny smil'd.
Come then and press the cup, she said,
Come then and press the primrose wild.

“ Now,” cried Stuart, “ I can give
you a poem, with just as much love in
it, and twice as much kissing.”

“ That were a treasure indeed,”
said I.

He then began:

**Dawn with streaks of purple light,
Paints her grey and fragrant fingers,
While no more, Creolian night,
In the unstarred azure, lingers.**

**Upward poplars, downward willows,
Rustle round us ; zephyrs sprinkle
Scents of daffodillics, lilies,
Mignonette, and periwinkle.**

**Rosy, balmy, honied, humid,
Biting, burning, murmuring kisses,
Sally, I will snatch from you, mid
Looks demure that tempt to blisses.**

**If your cheek grow cold, my dear,
I will kiss it, till it flushes ;
Or if warm, my raptured tear,
Shall extinguish all its blushes.**

**Yes, that dimple is a valley,
Where sports many a little true love ;
And that glance you dart, my Sally,
Might melt diamonds into dew, love.**

**But while idle thus I chat,
I the war of lips am missing.
This, this, this, and that, that, that,
These make kissing, kissing, kissing.**

The style reminded me of Montmorenci; and at the same moment I heard a rustling sound behind me. I started. "'Tis Montmorenci!" cried I. Agitated in the extreme, I turned to see—It was only a cock-sparrow.

"I deserve the disappointment," said I, "for I have never once thought of that amiable youth, since I last beheld him. Sweetest and noblest of men," I exclaimed, in an audible soliloquy, such as heroines often practise; "say, dost thou mourn my mysterious absence? Perhaps the draught of air that I now inhale, is the same which thou hast breathed, in a sigh for the far distant Cherubina!"

"That cannot well be;" interrupted Stuart, "because, unless the sigh of this unknown was packed up, and hermetically sealed, it could hardly have come so far, without being dispersed on the way."

“ There, you mistake,” answered I. “ For in the Hermit of the Rock, the heroine, while sitting upon the Sardinian shore, thought it probable, that the billow then at her feet, was the identical one, which had drowned her lover, about a year before, off the coast of Martinique.”

“ Nay,” cried Stuart, “ Valancourt invented a far more difficult theory; no less than that the sun sets, in different longitudes, at the same moment. For once, when his Emily was leaving him, he bade her watch the setting sun every evening, that both he and she might gaze upon it together. Now, since the sun sets in Italy, where she was going, infinitely earlier than in France, where he remained, he took the best of all possible methods to prevent their gazing upon it together.”

“ But, Sir,” said Betterton, “ heroes

and heroines need not understand astronomy."

"And yet," answered Stuart, "they are greater star-gazers than the ancient Egyptians. To form an attachment for the moon, and write a sonnet on it, is the first symptom of a heroine."

As he spoke, a butterfly came fluttering about me. To chase butterflies is a classical amusement, introduced by Caroline of Lichfield; so springing on my feet, I began the pastime. The nimble insect eluded my fingers, and flew over the paling, into the garden. I followed it through the gate, and caught it; but alas! bruised its body, and broke one of its wings. The poor thing took refuge in a lily; where it lay struggling awhile, and then its little spirit fled to the stars.

What an opportunity for a sonnet! I determined upon composing one.

A beautiful bush of roses was blushing beside the lily, and reminded me how pastoral I should look, could I recline on roses, during my poetical ecstasy. You know Heroines have a privilege of picking roses wherever they can lay hands upon them. I glanced round—Nobody was in sight—I picked a few. But what mattered a few for what I wanted? I picked a few more. The more I picked, the more I longed to pick—'Tis human nature; and was not Eve herself tempted in a garden? So from roses I went to lilies, from lilies to carnations, thence to jessamine, honeysuckle, eglantine; till I had filled my hat, and almost emptied the beds. I then hurried out of the garden; sentenced Stuart and Betterton to fifty yards' banishment, and just under the willow constructed a couch of flowers, which I inlaid with daisies, and moss.

I then flung myself upon my para-

disaical carpet ; and my recumbent form, as it pressed the perfumes, was indeed, that of a Mahometan Houri. Exercise and agitation had heightened the glow of my cheeks, and the wind had blown my yellow hair about my face, like withered leaves round a ripened peach. I never looked so lovely.

In a short time I was able to repeat this classical sonnet aloud.

Where the blue stream reflected flowerets pale,
A flattering butterfly, with many a freak,
Dipped into dancing bells, and spread its sail,
Of crimson pinions, edged with jetty streak.
I snatched it passing ; but a pinion frail,
Besprent with mealy gold, I chanced to break.
The mangled insect, ill deserving bane,
Falls in the hollow of a lily new.
My tears drop after it, but drop in vain.
The cup, tho' fresh with azure air and dew,
And flowery dust and grains of fragrant seed,
Can ne'er revive it from the fatal deed.
So guileless nymphs attract some traitorous eye,
So by the spoiler crushed, reject all joy and die.

Just as I had ended, an old peasant came running towards me from the garden.

“Miss!” cried he, “did you see any body pass this way with a parcel of flowers; for some thief has just robbed me of all I had?”

“Robbed, is rather a harsh word,” said I. “No, my friend, ‘made free, made free.’ Girls like me, do so constantly in the article of flowers. See here, I am not ashamed of shewing you—”

The peasant was just jumping forward to lay violent hands on me, when Stuart, who had approached, prevented him. They then talked aside, and I saw Stuart give him a guinea. The talismanic touch of gold struck instant peace. Indeed, I have found, that even my face, with all its dimples, blushes, and glances, could never do

half so much for me, as the royal face on a bit of gold.

The peasant was now very civil, and invited us to rest in his cottage. Thither we repaired, and found his daughter, a beautiful young woman, just preparing the dinner. I felt instantly interested in her fate. I likewise felt fatigued and hungry; and as evening was now near a close, my visit to Gwyn Castle might appear rather unseasonable. Under these circumstances, therefore, I called the girl aside, begged she would give me a dinner, and, if possible, a bed, at the cottage; and assured her that I would recompense her liberally.

She said she would accommodate me, provided her father would permit her; and she then went to consult him. After a private conference between them, she told me that he would let

me remain. So we soon agreed upon the terms; and a village was at hand, where Stuart and Betterton might dine and sleep.

Before these departed, they made me promise not to quit the cottage, till both of them should return, next morning. However, I took an opportunity of whispering Stuart;

“ At ten to-night, trill a canzonet beneath my casement. I will then open it, and we can converse on the beauties of nature.”

If the fellow has a spark of romance in his composition, he will shew it at this interview.

Dinner is announced

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

AT dinner, a young farmer joined us; and I soon perceived that he and Mary, the daughter of the peasant, were born for each other. They betrayed their mutual tenderness, by a thousand little endearments, which passed, as they thought, unobserved.

After dinner, when Mary was about accompanying me to walk, the youth stole after us, drew her back, and I heard him kiss her. She returned somewhat flushed and confused.

“Well, Mary,” said I, “what was he doing to you?”

“Doing, Ma’am? Nothing, I am sure, Ma’am.”

“Nothing, Mary?”

“Why, Ma’am, he only wanted to be a little rude, and kiss me, I believe.”

“ And you would not allow him, Mary?”

“ Why should I tell a falsehood about the matter, Ma’am? To be sure I did not hinder him; for he is my sweetheart, and we shall be married next week.”

“ And do you love him, Mary?”

“ Better than my life, Ma’am. There never was such a lad; he has not a fault in the wide world, and all the girls are dying of envy that I have got him.”

“ Well, Mary,” said I, “ we will take a rural repast down to the brook, and tell our loves. The contrast will be beautiful; mine, the refined, sentimental, pathetic story; your’s the pretty, simple, artless tale. Come, my friend; let us return, and prepare the rustic banquet. No metropolitan Souchong; no brown George and Stirabout. Oh! no, but creams, berries,

and fruits; goat's milk, figs, and honey — Arcadian, pastoral, primeval dainties!"

However, on returning to the cottage, we could get nothing better than some currants, gooseberries, and a maple bowl of cream. Mary, indeed, poor thing, cut a large slice of bread and butter for her private amusement; and with these we repaired to the streamlet. I then threw myself upon my flowery sofa, and my companion sat beside me.

We helped ourselves. I took rivulet to my scream, and scooped the brook with my rosy palm. Innocent nymph!

"How soft, how serene this evening!" exclaimed I. "It is a landscape for a Claud. But how much more charming is an Italian or a French, than an English landscape. O! to saunter, over hillocks, covered with lavender,

thyme, juniper and tamarisc, while shrubs fringe the points of the rocks, or patches of meagre vegetation tint their recesses! Almonds, cypresses, palms, olives, and dates enrich the scene; nor are the larch and ilex, the masses of granite, and forests of fir wanting; while the Garonne wanders from the Pyrenees, and winds its blue waves towards the Bay of Biscay.

“Then, Mary, though your own cottage is tolerable, yet is it, as in Italy, covered with vine-leaves, fig-trees, jessamine, and clusters of grapes? Is it tufted with myrtle, or shaded with a grove of lemon, orange, and bergamot?”

“But, Ma’an,” said Mary, “’tis shaded with some fine old elms.”

“True,” cried I, “but are the flowers of the agnus castus there? Is the pomegranate of Shemlek there? Are the Asiatic andrachne, the rose colour-

ed nerit, and the verdant alia marina there? Are they, Mary?"

"I believe not, Ma'am," answered she. "But then our fields are all over daisies, butterflowers, clover-blossoms, and daffodowndillies."

"Daffodowndillies!" cried I. "Ah, Mary, Mary, you may be a very good girl, but you do not shine in description. Now I leave it to your own taste, which sounds better,—Asiatic andrachne, or daffodowndillies? Oh, my friend, never while you live, say daffodowndillies."

"Never, if I can help it, Ma'am," said Mary. "And I hope you do not think the worse of me, for having said it now; since I could safely make oath, that I never heard, till this instant, of its being a naughty word."

"I am satisfied," said I. "So come, let us tell our loves; and you shall begin."

“ Indeed, Ma’am,” said she, “ I have nothing to tell.”

“ Impossible,” cried I. “ What! no quarrelling, no rivalling, no slandering, no any thing?”

“ No, Ma’am. William took a small farm near us; and he liked me from the first, and I liked him, and both families liked the match, Ma’am; and when he asked me to marry him, I said I would, Ma’am, and so we shall be married next week; and that is the whole story, Ma’am.”

“ A melancholy story, indeed!” said I. “ What pity an interesting pair, like you, who, without flattery, seem born for one of Marmontel’s tales, should be so cruelly sacrificed.”

I then began to consider whether any thing could yet be done in their behalf, or whether the matter was past redemption. I reflected that it were but an act of charity,—hardly deserv-

ing praise—to snatch them awhile from mere matrimony, and introduce them to a few sensibilities. Surely, with very little ingenuity, I might get up an incident or two between them;—a week's or a fortnight's torture, perhaps;—and afterwards enjoy the luxury of re-uniting them.

With this laudable intention, I sat meditating awhile; and at length hit upon an admirable plan. It was no less than to make Mary (without her own knowledge) write a letter, dismissing her William for ever! This appears impossible; but attend.

“My story,” said I, “is long and lamentable, and I fear, I have not spirits to relate it. I shall merely tell you, that I have eloped with the younger of the gentlemen who were here this morning, and have married him. I took this step, because my parents insisted that I should marry another,

whom I disliked, and who, as it happens, is a namesake of your William's. Now, Mary, I have a favour to beg. As I must inform this man of my marriage; and as I promised my husband that I would never hold a correspondence with him, will you just take the trouble of writing, in my name, what I shall desire you?"

"That I will, and welcome," said the simple girl; "only, Ma'am, I fear I shall disgrace a lady like you, with my bad writing. I am, out and out, the worst scribbler in our family; and William says, ah, Mary, says he, if your tongue talked as your pen writes, you might die an old maid for me. Ah, William, says I, I would bite off my tongue sooner than die an old maid. So, to be sure, Willy laughed very hearty."

We then returned home, and retired

into my chamber, where I dictated, and Mary wrote as follows :

“ Dear William,

“ Prepare your mind for receiving a great and unexpected shock. To keep you no longer in suspense, I am **MARRIED.**

“ Before I had become acquainted with you, I loved another man, whose name, however, I must conceal. About a year ago, circumstances obliged his going abroad, but before his departure, he procured my promise to marry him on his return. You then came, and rivalled him.

“ As he never once wrote during his absence, I concluded that he was dead. Yesterday, however, a letter from him announced his return, and appointed a private interview. I went. He had a clergyman ready to join our

hands. I prayed, entreated, wept—
all in vain.

“ I BECAME HIS WIFE.”

“ O, William, pity, but do not blame me. If you are a man of honour and of feeling, never shew this letter, or tell its contents; as my father must not know of my marriage for many months. Do not even speak to myself on the subject.

“ Adieu, dear William : adieu.”

We then returned to the parlour, and found William there. While we were conversing, I took an opportunity of slipping the letter, unperceived, into his hand, and of bidding him read it elsewhere. He retired with it, and we continued talking. But in a few minutes, he hurried back, with an agitated countenance; stopped opposite Mary, and fixed his eyes earnestly upon her.

“ William !” cried she, “ William !

For shame then, don't frighten one so."

"No, Mary," said he, "I scorn to frighten you, or injure you either. But no wonder my last look at you should be frightful. There, take your true-lover's knot—there, take your hair—there, take your letters. So now, Mary, good-by, good-by; and that you may live and die happy, is what I pray Providence, from the bottom of my broken heart!"

With these words, and a piteous glance of anguish, he rushed out of the room.

Mary remained motionless a moment; then half rose, sat down, rose again; and grew pale and red by turns.

"'Tis so—so laughable," said she at length, while her quivering lip refused the attempted smile. "All my presents returned too. Sure—my heavens!—Sure he cannot want to break off with me? Well, I have as good a

spirit as he, I believe. The base man ; the cruel, cruel man !” and she burst into a passion of tears.

I said something consolatory ; but the more I said, the more she wept. She was certain, she said, she was quite certain, he wanted to leave her ; and then she sobbed so, that I was on the very point of undeceiving her ; when, fortunately, she heard her father returning, and ran into her own room. He asked about her ; I told him that she was not well ;—the old excuse of a fretting heroine ;—so he hastened to her, and with difficulty gained admittance. They have remained together ever since.

How delicious will be the happy denouement of this pathetic episode, this dear novellette ; and how sweetly will it read in my memoirs !

Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

THE night was dark when I repaired to the casement; and I had intended beginning this letter with a description of it, in the style of the best romances. But after summoning all the black articles of value that I could recollect—ebony, sables, palls, pitch, and even coal, I found I could say nothing better than, simply,—The night was dark.

However, I seated myself at the casement, and composed this sweet address to the moon.

Now while within their wings each feather'd
pair,

Hide the husht head, thy visit, moon,
renew;

And shaking thy wan tresses down thro' air,
Impearl the spicy flowers that scent the
dew.

The lonely nightingale shall pipe to thee,
And I will moralize her minstrelsy.

The gorgeous Sun ten thousand warblers sing,
One solitary bird the placid moon;
Thus for the great, how many wake the string,
Thus for the good, how few the lyre attune.

Just as I had finished it, a low and
tremulous voice, close to the case-
ment, sang these words :

Haste, my love, and come away ;
What is folly, what is sorrow ?
'Tis to turn from joys to-day,
'Tis to wait for cares to-morrow.
By yon river,
Aspens shiver :
Thus I tremble at delay.
Light discovers,
Secret lovers :
See the stars with sharpened ray,
Gathering thicker,
Glancing quicker ;
Haste, my love, and come away.

I sat enraptured, and heaved a sigh.

“ Enchanting sigh !” exclaimed the singer, as he sprang through the window ; but I screamed aloud, for it was not the voice of Stuart.

“ Hush !” cried the mysterious unknown, and advanced towards me : I retreated, still shrieking ; when the door was thrown open, and the old peasant, and Mary behind him, holding a candle, entered the room.

In the middle of it, stood a man, with a black cloak, black feathers, and black mask.

The peasant ran forward, and knocked him to the ground.

“ Unmask him !” cried I.

The peasant, kneeling on his body, tore off the mask, and I beheld—Betterton !

“ Alarm the neighbours, Mary !” cried the peasant.

“ I must appear in an unfavourable light to you, my good man,” said this

terrifying character; "but the young lady will inform you that I came hither at her particular request."

"What a falsehood!" cried I.

"Falsehood!" said he. "I have your own letter, desiring me to come."

"The man is mad," cried I.

"I can produce it, however," said he, pulling a paper from his pocket, and to my great amazement, reading these lines.

"Cherubina begs that Betterton will repair under her window, at ten to-night, disguised like an Italian. The signal is to be his singing an air near the casement, which she will open, and he may then enter her chamber."

"Santa Maria!" cried I, "why, I never wrote a line of it! But this wretch (a ruffian of the first pretensions, I assure you), has a base design upon me, and has followed me from

London, with the hope of effecting it; so I suppose, he wrote the letter himself, as an excuse, in case of discovery."

"Then he shall march to the magistrate," said the peasant, "and I will indict him for house-breaking."

A man half so frantic as Betterton, I never beheld. He foamed, grinned, grinded the remnants of his teeth; and swore that Stuart was at the bottom of the whole plot.

By this time, Mary having returned with some neighbours, we set forward in a body, and delivered our depositions before the magistrate.

The magistrate, therefore, notwithstanding all that Betterton could say, committed him to prison without hesitation.

As they were leading him away, he cast an outrageous look at the magistrate, and said:—

“ Ay, Sir, I suppose you are one of those pensioned justices, who minister our vague and sanguinary laws, and do dark deeds for an usurping oligarchy; that makes our most innocent actions misdemeanours, determines points of law without appeal, imprisons our persons without trial, and breaks open our houses with the standing army. But till we have a reform in Parliament, neither peace nor war, commerce nor agriculture, nothing will go right.”

“ Not even clocks nor watches?” said the magistrate.

“ Not even clocks nor watches,” cried Betterton, furiously. “ For how can our mechanics make any thing good, while a packed parliament deprives them of capital, and a mart?”

“ So then,” said the magistrate, “ since a reform in parliament would improve our time-pieces, you reformers

will probably be the means of discovering the longitude."

"No sneering, Sir," cried Betterton. "But do your duty, as you call it, and abide the consequences."

This gallant grey Lothario was then led to prison; and our party returned home.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

I ROSE early this morning, and sought my favourite willow. Flinging myself on the margin of the bank, I began to warble a rustic madrigal, while I let down my length of tresses, and laved them in the little urn of the dimpling Naiad.

This, you know, was romantic enough, but the accident that befel me was not; for, leaning too much over, I lost my balance, and rolled headlong into the rivulet. As it was shallow, I did not fear being drowned, but as I was a heroine, I expected to be rescued. Therefore, I lay shrieking there, a moment or two, in hopes I should see Stuart come flying upon the wings of the wind. Oh no! my

gentleman thought proper to make himself scarce; so dripping, shivering, and indignant, I scrambled out of the stream, and bent my steps towards the cottage.

On turning the corner of the hedge, who should I perceive, but the hopeful youth himself, quite at his ease, and blowing a penny trumpet for a chubby boy.

“What has happened to you?” said he, seeing me wring a rivulet from my dress.

“Only that I fell into the brook,” answered I, “and was under the disagreeable necessity of saving my own life, when I expected you would kindly have condescended to take the trouble off my hands.”

“Expected!” cried he. “Surely you had no reason for supposing me so near as to render you assistance.”

“And therefore,” retorted I, “I had every reason for supposing that you would render me assistance.”

“You deal in riddles,” said he.

“Not at all,” answered I. “The farther off a distressed heroine believes a hero, the nearer he is sure to be. Only let her have good grounds for imagining him at her Antipodes, and nine times out of ten, she finds him at her elbow. But I beg pardon; you are no hero.”

“Well,” said he, laughing, “though I did not save your life, I will not endanger it, by detaining you in your wet garments. Pray go and change them.”

I took his advice, and borrowed some clothes from Mary, while mine were put to the fire. After breakfast, I once more equipped myself in my Tuscan costume, and a carriage being ready, I took an affectionate leave of

that interesting rustic. Poor girl! Her attempts at cheerfulness all the morning, were truly tragical; and, absorbed in another sorrow, she felt but little for my departure.

On our way, Stuart confessed that he was the person who forged the letter to Betterton, for the purpose of accomplishing his temporary arrest, and thus of separating me from so dangerous a companion. He was at the window during the whole adventure, as he would himself have intercepted Betterton, had the peasant failed in securing him.

“You will excuse this continual interference in your concerns,” added he; “but gratitude commands me to protect the daughter of my guardian; and let me add, that friendship for her converts the duty into a pleasure.”

“Ah!” said I, “however it happens, I fear you now dislike me.”

"Believe me, my lovely visionary, you mistake," answered he. "With a few foibles (which are as fascinating as foibles can be), you possess many virtues; and, let me add, attractions. As I sometimes annoy you with animadversion, I must now conciliate you with flattery."

Pleased by his praises, and willing to please him in return by serious conversation; "Flattery," said I, "deserves censure, only when its motive is mean or vicious."

"True," returned he; "and even though a compliment may not be sincere, our motive for paying it may be good. Sometimes flattery, so far from injuring, benefits; since one often creates a virtue in others, by persuading them that they possess it."

"Besides," said I, "may we not pay compliments, without intending to impose them as serious truths; but

merely meaning to make ourselves agreeable by an effort of the wit? And since such an effort evinces that we consider the person worthy of it, the compliment proves a kind intention at least, and thus contributes to cement affection and friendship."

In this manner we touched on a thousand topics, and continued a delightful conversation during the remainder of the journey. Sometimes he seemed greatly gratified by my sprightly sallies, or sober remarks; but never could I throw him off his guard, by the dangerous softness of my manner.

Would you believe that this Mentor is a poet, and a poet of feeling? But whether he wrote the lines underneath, on a real or an imaginary being, I cannot, by any art, extract from him.

THE FAREWELL.

Go, gentle muse, 'tis near the gloomy day,
Long dreaded ; go, and bid farewell for me :
Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,
Since soon she hastens hence. Ah, hard decree !

Tell her I feel that at the parting hour,
Not waves alone will heave in tumult wild :
Not skies alone will rain a gushing shower,
Not winds alone will breathe a murmur mild.

Say that her influence flies not with her form,
That distant she will still engage my mind :
That suns are most remote when they most warm :
That flying Parthians scatter darts behind.

Long will I gaze upon her vacant home,
As the bird lingers near its pilfered nest ;
There, will I cry, she turned the studious tomes ;
There sported, there her envied pet caressed.

There, while she sat at each accomplished art,
I saw her form, inclined with Sapphic grace ;
Her radiant eyes, blest emblems of her heart,
And all the living treasures of her face.

The Persian forehead parting clustered hair,
 The cheek of peachy tinct, the meaning brow ;
 The witching archness, and the simple air,
 So magical, it charmed I knew not how.

Light was her footstep as the silent flakes
 Of falling snow ; her smile was blithe as morn ;
 Her dimple, like the print the berry makes,
 In some smooth lake, when dropping from the
 thorn.

To hear her passing accents as she spoke,
 To see her slender hand, (that future prize)
 Flung back a ringlet, oft I dared provoke,
 The gentle vengeance of averted eyes.

Yet ah, what wonder, if when shrinking awe
 Withheld me from hersight, I broke my chain ?
 Or when I made a single glance my law,
 What wonder if that law were made in vain ?

And say, can nought but converse love inspire ?
 What tho' her lips for me have never moved ?
 The vale that speaks but with its feathered choir,
 When long beheld, eternally is loved.

Go then, my muse, 'tis near the gloomy day
 Of parting ; go, and bid farewell for me ;
 Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,
 What's'er engage her, whereso'er she be.

THE HEROINE.

107

If slumbering, tell her in my dreams she sways,
If speaking, tell her in my words she glows;
If thoughtful, tell her in my thoughts she strays,
If tuneful, tell her in my song she flows.

Tell her that soon my dreams will wander wild;
That soon my words will intermingle moans;
That soon my thoughts will languish unbeguiled;
That soon my song will trill lamenting tones.

Yet, in romantic moments, I will frame,
Some scene ideal, where we meet at last;
Where, by my peril, snatched from wreck or
flame,
-She smiles reward and talks of all the past.

Now to the rural hark she hastes away.
Ah, could the bard some winged warbler be,
Following her form, no longer would he say,
Go, gentle muse, and bid farewell for me.

I write from the village adjoining
Gwyn Castle. Another hour and my
fate is decided.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

AT length with a throbbing heart, I now, for the first time, beheld Gwyn Castle,—the mansion of my revered ancestors, and the present abode of Lady Gwyn. That unfortunate usurper of my rights was at home; so leaving Stuart (to whom I had not yet disclosed the purport of my visit) in the chaise, I alighted, and was ushered into the sitting-room.

I entered with gentleness, yet majesty; while my Tuscan habit, which was soiled and shrivelled by the brook, gave me an air of complicated distress.

I found her Ladyship classifying fossils at a table.

On seeing me, she looked surprised; but smiled, and inquired my business.

“It is a business,” said I, “of the

most vital importance, and awfully affecting your honour and repose. I lament that imperious necessity compels me to undertake the invidious task of acquainting your Ladyship with it; and could any thing heighten the painful nature of my feelings, it were my finding that I had wounded your's."

"Your preamble alarms me," said she. "Do pray be explicit."

"I begin," said I, "by declaring my perfect conviction of your ignorance, that any person alive, except yourself, has a right to the property which your Ladyship at present possesses."

"Assuredly the notion never entered my head," said she; "and indeed, were such a claim made, I should consider it utterly untenable."

"I regret," said I, "that it is quite undeniable. There are documents extant, and witnesses living, to prove it beyond all refutation."

Her Ladyship, I thought, changed colour, as she said :

“ This is strange ; but I cannot believe it. Who could possibly have the face to set up such a silly claim ? ”

“ I am so unfortunate as to have that face,” answered I, in a tone of the most touching humility.

“ You ! ” she exclaimed with amazement. “ You ! ”

“ Pardon the pain I give you,” said I, “ but such is the fact ; and much as this interview must outrage our mutual feelings, I do assure your Ladyship, that I have sought it, solely to prevent the more disagreeable process of a lawsuit.”

“ You may try twenty lawsuits, if you wish them,” cried she ; “ but I fancy they will not deprive me of my property.”

“ At least,” said I, “ they may be the means of subjecting your deceased

husband to the most horrid imputations."

"Who? poor Lord Gwyn?" cried she. "I defy the whole universe!"

"Ah," said I, "little your Ladyship knows, what that unfortunate nobleman once attempted — indeed, I trust, more from momentary impulse, than inherent depravity; for often, in a moment of temptation, man perpetrates atrocities, which his better heart afterwards disowns; and often ——"

"But he attempted, you say;" cried she. "What did he attempt?"

"Ah!" said I, "your Ladyship will not compel me to mention."

"I will!" cried she, "I demand an unequivocal explanation. What did he attempt?"

"Well, since I must speak plain," replied I, "he attempted—no I will not tell."

"You shall!" cried she with en-

creasing agitation. "By heaven, you shall tell this instant!"

"Why then," said I, "he attempted—assassination!"

"Merciful powers!" said she, sinking back, and reddening violently. "What does the horrid woman mean?"

"At this moment," cried I, "a respectable person can make oath, that your unhappy husband bribed a servant to murder me, while an infant, in cold blood."

"'Tis a falsehood!" shrieked she. "I would stake my life upon its being a base, malicious, designing, diabolical falsehood!"

"Would it were!" said I, "but oh! Lady Gwyn, the circumstances, the damning circumstances—these cannot be contradicted. The morning was dreary;—the bones of my noble father had just been deposited in the grave;—when a tall muffled figure, armed with

a dagger, stood before the seneschal. *It was the late Lord Guyn!*"

"Who are you?" cried she, starting up quite pale and horror-struck. "In the name of all that is dreadful, who can you be?"

"Your own niece!" said I, meekly kneeling to receive her blessing—The Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, daughter of your deceased brother, Lord De Willoughby, and of his much injured wife, the Lady Hysterica Belamour!"

"Never heard of such persons in all my days!" cried she, ringing the bell furiously.

"Pray," said I, "be calm. Though you lose your property, for goodness' sake, do not forget your birth. Dignity, degradation by humility. On my honour, I mean to treat you with kindness, nay with friendship. I shall make it a point. After all, what is

rank? what are riches? How heartless their charms! Their honours how evanescent! O, Lady Gwyn, O, my respected aunt; I conjure you by our common ties of blood, by your brother, who was my father, spurn the perilous toy, Fortune, and retire in time, and without exposing your best lord, into the peaceful bosom of obscurity!"

"Conduct this wretch out of the house," said her Ladyship, as the servant entered. "She wants to extort money, I believe."

"A moment more," cried I. "Where is old Eftsoones? Where is that worthy character?"

"I know no such person," said she. "Begone, impostor!"

"Impostor!" cried I. "That is a good one. But I have a certain parchment, I fancy—"

"And a great deal of insolence, I fancy," said she.

"Something like it, at least," cried I, "for I have a portrait of your Ladyship."

"Of me?" said she, with a sneer.

"As sure as your name is Nell Gwyn," cried I; "for Nell Gwyn is written under it."

"You little impertinent reprobate!" exclaimed she. "Begone this moment, or I will have you drummed through the village."

"Never mind," said I: "if I am not a match for you yet, I wonder at it." And I walked out of my own house.

"Well," said Stuart, as I reached the carriage, "have you finished your business? Is the mighty mystery elucidated, unravelled, developed?"

"Ah, don't teize me!" said I, and burst out crying.

"What can all this mean?" ex-

claimed he, as he jumped from the chaise, and vanished into the house.

I remained in the chaise, till he came back.

“ Good news ! ” cried he. “ Her Ladyship wishes to see you, and apologize for her rudeness ; and I fancy,” added he with a significant nod, “ all will go well in a certain affair.”

“ Then she has told you every thing ? ” said I. “ Yes, yes, I flatter myself she now finds civility the best of her game.”

I alighted, and her Ladyship ran forward to receive me. She pressed my hand, *my-deared* me twice in a breath, told me that Stuart had related my little history—that it was delicious—elegant—exotic ; and concluded with declaring, that positively I must remain some days, at her house, to talk over the great object of my visit.

Much as I mistrusted this sudden change in her conduct, I accepted her invitation, upon the principle, that heroines usually go on a visit to their bitterest enemies.

Stuart appeared quite delighted at my determination, and after another private interview with her Ladyship, departed for London, to make further inquiries about Wilkinson.

Her Ladyship and I had then a long conversation, and she candidly confessed the probable justice of my claims. Poor creature! It will pain me to send her adrift upon the world; and, indeed, she was born for a better fate, her amusements are so elegant. She loves literature and perroquets, scrapes mezzotintos, and spends half her income in buying any thing that is hardly to be had. Then her cabinet contains vases of onyx and sardonyx, cameos and intaglios; subjects in marine teeth,

by Fiamingo and Benvenuto Cellini; and antique gems in jadestone, mocha, coral, amber, and agate.

She has already presented me with several dresses, and she even calls me the Lady Cherubina,—a sound which makes my little heart leap within me. Nay, she actually assured me, that her curiosity to know a real heroine was her chief inducement for having me on a visit; and that she considers an hour with me, worth all her curiosities put together. What a delicate compliment! So could I do less, than assure her, in return; that when I dispossess her of the property, she shall never want a lodging or a meal?

Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

THINK of my never recollecting, till I retired for the night, that I might be murdered! How so probable a circumstance had escaped my penetration, is inconceivable; but really I never once thought of it. Lady Gwyn might (for aught I could tell to the contrary) be just as capable of assassination as the Marchesa di Vivaldi; her motives were just as urgent; and besides, I now remembered, that wherever I walked, during the day, a footman was watching me. I therefore searched my chamber, for concealed doors, or sliding pannels, where assassins might enter, but I could find none. I then resolved on exploring the galleries, corridors, and suites of apartments, in hopes to discover some place of retreat, or some ragged record of my birth.

Accordingly, at the celebrated hour of midnight, I took the taper, and unbolting my door, stole softly along the lobby.

I stopped before one of our family pictures. It represented a lady, pale, pensive and interesting; with flaxen hair and azure eyes, like my own. Was not that enough?

"Gentle image of my departed mother!" ejaculated I, kneeling before it, "may thy sainted original repose in peace!"

I then rose and glided onward. No sigh met my listening ear, no moan amidst the pauses of the gust.

With a trembling hand I opened a door, and found myself in a circular chamber, which was furnished with musical instruments. Intending to run my fingers over the keys of a piano, I walked towards it, till a low rustling made me pause. But what was my

confusion, when I heard the mysterious machine, on a sudden, begin to sound; not loudly, but (more terrible still!) with a hurried murmur; as if all its chords were agitated at once, by the hand of some invisible spirit.

I did not faint, I did not shriek; but I stood transfixed to the spot. The music ceased. I recovered courage, and advanced. The music began again; and again I paused.

What! should I shrink from lifting the simple lid of a mere piano? What! should I resign the palm of hardihood to Emily, who drew aside the black veil, and discovered the terrific wax doll underneath it?

Emulation, enthusiasm, curiosity prompted me, and I rushed resolutely forward. Louder and more rapid grew the notes—my desperate hand raised the cover, and beneath it, I beheld a

sight to me—the most hideous and fearful upon earth,—a mouse!

I shrieked, and dropped the candle, which was instantly extinguished. The mouse ran by my feet; I flew towards the door, but missed it, and fell against a table; nor till after I had made a most alarming clamour, could I get out of the room. As I groped my way through the corridor, I heard voices and steps above stairs; and presently lights appeared. The whole house was in confusion.

“They are coming to murder me!” cried I, as I regained my chamber, and began heaping chairs and tables against the door. Presently several persons arrived at it, and called my name. I said not a word. They called louder, but still I was silent; till at length they burst open the door, and Lady Gwyn, with some domestics,

entered. They found me kneeling in an attitude of supplication.

"Spare, oh, spare me!" cried I.

"My dear," said her Ladyship, "no harm shall happen you."

"Alas, then," exclaimed I, "what portends this nocturnal visit? this assault on my chamber? all these dreadful faces? Was it not enough, unhappy woman, that thy husband attempted my life; but must thou, too, thirst for my blood?"

Lady Gwyn whispered a servant, who left the room; the rest raised, and put me to bed; while I read her Ladyship such a lecture on murder, as absolutely astonished her.

The servant soon after returned with a cup.

"Here, my love, is a composing draught," said her Ladyship. "Drink it, and you will be quite well to-morrow."

They then left a candle in
and departed.

My mind still remains uneasy
I have barricaded the door. I
however, I must now throw me
the bed; for the draught has me
sleepy.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

O BIDDY GRIMES, I am poisoned! That fatal draught last night—why did I drink it?—dreadful is my agony. When this reaches you, all will be over.— But I would not die without letting you know.

**Farewel for ever, my poor Bidly!
I bequeath you all my ornaments.**

LETTER XXIV.

YES, my friend, you may well stare at receiving another letter from me; and at learning, that I have not been poisoned in the least!

I must unfold the mystery. When I woke this morning, after my nocturnal adventure, I found my limbs so stiff, and such pains in all my bones, that I was almost unable to move. Judge of my horror and despair; for instantly it flashed across my mind, that Lady Gwyn had poisoned me! My whole frame underwent a sudden revulsion; I grew sick, and rang the bell with violence; nor ceased an instant, till half the servants, and Lady Gwyn herself, had burst into my chamber.

"If you have a remnant of mercy left," cried I, "send for a doctor!"

"What is the matter, my dear?" said her Ladyship.

"Only that you have poisoned me, my dear," cried I. "Dear, indeed! Such a word after such an act! Oh, what will become of me?"

"Do, tell me," said she, "how are you unwell?"

"I am sick to death," cried I. "I have shooting pains in all my limbs, and half an hour sees me a corpse. Oh, indeed, you have done the business completely! Lady Eleanor Gwyn, I do here, on my death-bed, and with all my senses about me, solemnly, and; before your domestics, accuse you of having administered a deadly potion to me last night."

"Go for the physician," said her Ladyship.

"Yes," cried I. "Well may you

“ You, however, need not be alarmed,” said her Ladyship really, “ what I gave you last night was to make you sleep.”

“ Yes,” cried I, “ the sleep was the grave! O Lady Gwyn, how did you deserve death at your hands? In such a manner too! Had you shown so much respect for custom and common decency, as to have offered me the potion from a bowl or a glass, I might perhaps, have suspected treacherous intent. But you added insult to injury;—you tricked me out of my life with a tea-cup;—you have poisoned away my pretensions, as vulgarly a

but I would not hear her, and at length, I sent every one out of the chamber, that I might prepare for my approaching end.

How to prepare was the question; I had never thought of death seriously, heroines so seldom die. Should I follow the precedent of the dying Heloise, who got her chamber perfumed and trimmed up, called her friends about her, and then yielded her gentle spirit, in a state of elegant inebriation with home-made wine, which she passed for Spanish?

But amidst these reflections, a more grave, and less agreeable subject intruded itself—that of a hereafter. I strove to banish it, but it would not be repulsed. Yet surely, said I, as a heroine, I am a pattern of virtue; and what more is necessary? Yet at church (seldom as I frequented it), I had heard a very different doctrine. There

unacquainted with the precept
prepare us for a future world,
not be well instructed in those
fit us for the present. Religion
I knew nothing of it, except
novels; and there, though the
tion of heroines is sentiment
graceful to a degree, it never
exceeds their acts, or appears con-
with their moral duties. It is
culative and generalized, that in-
answer the Greek or the
church, as well as the Christian
none but the picturesque and ec-
lastic part is presented; such as
a cross, chanting a vesper with
closed eyes, or composing a well-

less, if not a criminal life; that I had left myself without a friend in this world, and had not endeavoured to make one in the next. I became more and more agitated. I took up a book, I wrote the note to you; nothing could calm or divert my mind. The pains grew keener; I felt sick at heart, my palate became parched, and every breath that I drew, I believed my last. My soul recoiled from the thought, and my brain became a chaos. Hideous visions of futurity rushed through my mind; I lay shivering, groaning, and abandoned to the most deplorable despair.

In this state the physician found me. O what a relief, when he declared, that my disorder was nothing but a violent rheumatism, contracted, it appears, by my fall into the water the morning before! Never was such

a change from distraction to transport:

He prescribed for me; but remarked, that I might remain ill a whole month, or recover in a few days.

“Positively,” said her Ladyship, “you must get well in three; because then comes my ball, and I have set my heart on your doing wonders at it.”

I thanked her Ladyship, and begged pardon for my giddiness, in having accused her of murder; while she laughed at my mistake, and made quite light of it. Noble relative! But I dare say magnanimity is the family virtue.

I now felt just as miserable about losing the ball, as I had before felt about leaving the world. To lose it from any cause, was provoking; but to lose it by a rheumatism, was dreadful. Now, instead of being swathed in flannels, and making wry faces at labelled vials, had I some pale, genteel, sofa-



reclining illness, I would bless my kind stars, and quaff heroic hartshorn, with delight. Yet disguise thyself as thou wilt, hartshorn, still thou art a bitter draught; and though heroines in all novels have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.

Indeed, I must lament, that I am utterly unacquainted with those refined ailments, which assail all other celebrated girls. The consequence is my wanting the beauty, which, softened by the delicacy of illness, gains from sentiment what it loses in bloom; so that really this horse's constitution of mine is a terrible disadvantage to me. Well might St. Preux fly into a passion at the health of his Heloise. I know, if I could invent indispositions, I would strike out something infinitely more elegant than even the hectics and head-aches of my fair rivals. I wish

there were such a complaint as a sigh-
fever; and how charming, could one
fall ill of a scald from a lover's tear,
or a classic scratch from the thorn of
a rose.

Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

THIS morning I woke almost well, and towards evening was able to appear below. Lady Gwyn had invited several of her friends; so that I passed a delightful afternoon; the charm, admiration, and astonishment of all.

When I retired to rest, I found this note on my toilette.

“ To the Lady Cherubina.

“ YOUR MOTHER LIVES! and is confined in a subterranean vault of the villa. As the clock strikes twelve, two men will tap at your door, and conduct you to her. Be silent, courageous, and circumspect.”

What a flood of new feelings gushed upon my soul, as I laid down the billet,

and lifted my filial eyes to heaven! Mother—endearing name! I pictured that unfortunate lady, stretched on a mattress of straw, her eyes sunken in their sockets, yet retaining a portion of their youthful fire; her frame emaciated, her voice feeble, her hand damp and chill. Fondly did I depict our meeting—our embrace; she gently pushing me from her, and baring my forehead, to gaze upon the lineaments of my countenance. All, all is convincing; and she calls me the softened image of my noble father!

Two tedious hours I waited in extreme anxiety. At length the clock struck twelve; my heart beat responsive, and immediately the promised signal was made. I unbolted the door, and beheld two men masked and cloaked. They blindfolded me, and each taking an arm, led me along. Not a word passed. We traversed apartments,

ascended, descended stairs; now went this way, now that; obliquely, circularly, angularly; till I began to imagine we were all the time in one spot.

At length my conductors stopped.

“Unlock the postern gate,” whispered one, “while I light a torch.”

“We are betrayed!” said the other, “for this is the wrong key.”

“Then thou beest the traitor,” cried the first.

“Thou liest, dost lie, and art lying!” cried the second.

“Take that!” exclaimed the first. A groan followed, and the wretch tumbled to the ground.

“You have killed him!” cried I, sickening with horror.

“I have only hamstrung him, my lady,” said the fellow. “He will be lame while ever he lives; but by St. Cripplegate, that won’t be long; for

our captain has given him four ducats to murder himself in a month."

He then burst open the gate; a sudden current of wind met us, and we hurried forward with incredible speed, while moans and smothered shrieks were heard at either side.

"Gracious goodness, where are we?" cried I.

"In the cavern of death!" said my conductor: "but never fear, Signora mia illustrissima, for the brave Abellino is your povero devotissimo."

On a sudden innumerable footsteps sounded behind us. We ran swifter.

"Fire!" cried a ferocious accent, almost at my ear; and there came a discharge of arms.

I stopped, unable to move, breathe, or speak.

"I am wounded all over, right and left, fore and aft, long ways and cross

ways, Death and the Devil!" cried the bravo.

"Am I bleeding?" said I, feeling myself with my hands.

"No, blessed St. Fidget be praised!" answered he; "and now all is safe, for the banditti have turned into the wrong passage."

He then stopped, and unlocked a door.

"Enter," said he, "and behold your mother!"

He led me forward, tore the bandage from my eyes, and retiring, locked the door after him.

Agitated already by the terrors of my dangerous expedition, I felt additional horror on finding myself within a dismal cell, lighted with a lantern; where sat a woman suffering under a corpulency unparalleled in the memoirs of human monsters. Her dress was a

patchwork of blankets and satins, and her grey tresses were like horse's tails. Hundreds of frogs leaped about the floor; a piece of mouldy bread, and a mug of water, lay on the table; some straw, strewn with dead snakes and skulls, occupied one corner, and the distant end of the cell was concealed behind a black curtain.

I stood near the door, doubtful, and afraid to advance; while the prodigious prisoner sat examining me all over.

At last I summoned courage, and said, "I fear, Madam, I am an intruder here. I have certainly been shewn into the wrong room."

"It is, it is my own, my only daughter, my Cherubina!" cried she, in a tremendous voice. "Come to my maternal arms, thou living picture of the departed Theodore!"

"Why, Ma'am," said I, "I would

with great pleasure, but I am afraid—
Oh, Madam, indeed, indeed, I am quite
sure you cannot be my mother!”

“Why not, thou unnatural girl?”
cried she.

“Because, Madam,” answered I,
“my mother was of a thin habit; as
her portrait proves.”

“And so was I once,” said she.
“This deplorable plumpness proceeds
from want of exercise. But I thank
the Gods I am as pale as ever!”

“Heavens! no,” cried I. “Your
face, pardon me, is a rich scarlet.”

“And is this our tender meeting?”
cried she. “To disown me, to throw
my fat in my teeth, to violate the lilies
of my skin, with a dash of scarlet?
Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the
fiddle! Tell me, girl, will you em-
brace me, or will you not?”

“Indeed, Madam,” answered I, “I
will presently.”

“ Presently !”

“ Yes, depend upon it I will. Only let me get over the first shock.”

“ Shock !”

Dreading her violence, and feeling myself bound to do the duties of a daughter, I kneeled at her feet, and said :

“ Ever respected, ever venerable author of my being, I beg thy maternal blessing !”

My mother raised me from the ground, and hugged me to her heart, with such cruel vigour, that, almost crushed, I cried out stoutly, and struggled for release.

“ And now,” said she, relaxing her grasp, “ let me tell you of my sufferings. Ten long years, I have eaten nothing but bread. Oh, ye favourite pullets, oh, ye inimitable tit-bits, shall I never, never taste you more ? It was but last night, that maddened by hun-

ger, methought I beheld the Genius of dinner in my dreams. His mantle was laced with silver eels, and his locks were dropping with soups. He had a crown of golden fishes upon his head, and pheasants' wings at his shoulders. A flight of little tartlets fluttered about him, and the sky rained down comfits. As I gazed on him, he vanished in a sigh, that was impregnated with the fumes of brandy. Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle!"

I stood shuddering, and hating her more and more every moment.

"Pretty companion of my confinement!" cried she, apostrophizing an enormous toad which she pulled out of her bosom; "dear, spotted fondling, thou, next to my Cherubina, art worthy of my love. Embrace each other, my friends." And she put the hideous pet into my hand. I screamed, and dropped it.

"Oh!" cried I, in a passion of despair, "what madness possessed me to undertake this execrable enterprize!" and I began beating my hand against the door.

"Would you leave your poor mother?" said she, in a whimpering tone.

"Oh! I am so frightened!" cried I.

"You will spend the night here, however," said she; "and your whole life too; for the ruffian who brought you hither was employed by Lady Gwyn to entrap you."

When I heard this terrible sentence, my blood ran cold, and I began crying bitterly.

"Come, my love!" said my mother, "and let me clasp thee to my heart once more!"

"For goodness sake!" cried I, "spare me!"

"What!" exclaimed she, "do you spurn my proffered embrace again?"

“ Dear, no, Madam,” answered I.
“ But—but indeed now, you squeeze
me so !”

My mother made one enormous
stride towards me ; then stood roaring
and rolling her eyes.

“ Help !” cried I, half frantic ;
“ help ! help !”

I was stopped by a suppressed titter
of infernal laughter, as if from many
demons ; and on looking towards the
black curtain, whence the sound came,
I saw it agitated ; while about twenty
terrific faces appeared peeping through
slits in it, and making grins of a most
diabolical nature. I hid my face with
my hands.

“ ’Tis the banditti !” cried my mo-
ther.

As she spoke, the door opened, a
bandage was flung over my eyes, and I
was borne away half senseless, by some

one; till at length, I found myself alone in my own chamber.

Such was the detestable adventure of to-night. Oh, Bidy, that I should live to meet this mother of mine! How different from the mothers whom other heroines rummage out, in northern turrets and ruined chapels! I have lost all patience. Liberate her I must, of course, and make a suitable provision for her, when I obtain my property; but positively, never will I sleep under the same roof with — (shade of my father, forgive me!) such a living mountain of human horror.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

THE morning of the ball, I woke free from all remains of my late indisposition, except that pathetic, that captivating paleness, which adds interest without diminishing beauty.

I rose with the sun, and taking a Chinese vase in my hand, tripped into the parterre, to collect the dew that glistened on the blossoms. I filled the piece of painted earth with the nectar of the sky, and returned.

During the day, I took nothing but honey, milk, and dried conserves; a repast the most likely to promote that ethereal character which I purposed adopting at night.

Towards evening, I laved my limbs in a bath; and just as the sun had

waved his last crimson banner over the horizon, I began my toilette.

So variable is fashion, that I determined not to follow its laws; since these might be completely exploded in a month; and must become quite antiquated long before my life is written. For instance, do we not already abhor Evelina's and Harriet Byron's powdered, pomatumed, and frizzled hair? It was, therefore, my plan to dress by classical models, and to copy the immortal toilette of Greece.

Having first disrobed myself from head to foot, I took an entire piece of the finest cambrie, and twice entwined it around my shoulders and bosom, and twice enveloped my limbs in its folds; until, while it delineated the outline of my shape, it veiled the tincture of my skin. I then flung over it a drapery of embroidered gauze, whose unimplicat-

ed simplicity gave to my perfect figure the spirit of an antique statue. An apparent tissue of woven air, it fell like a vapour round me. A zone and a clasp prettily imprisoned my waist; and my graceful arms, undegraded by gloves, were bare to the shoulder. Half my hair felt the bondage of a bodkin, and half floated over my neck in native ringlets. As I could not well wear my leg naked, I hid it under a texture of knitted silk; and lastly, I laced the picturesque sandal on my little foot; which resembled that of a youthful Thetis, or of a fugitive Atalanta.

I then bathed my face with the dew of the morning, refreshed my tresses with the balmy waters of the distilled rose, and sprinkled my drapery with liquid lavender; so that I really moved in an ambient atmosphere of odours.

Behold me now, dressed to a charm, to a criticism. Here was no sloping,

or goring, or seaming, or frilling, or
bouncing. Manufactured mechanism
of millinery! No tedious papillotes, or
unpoetical pins were here. A clasp,
a zone, and a bodkin, accomplished all.

As I surveyed my form in the mirror,
I was enraptured at its Sylphic deli-
cacy. You would imagine that a sigh
could dissipate the drapery; and its
aerial effect was as if a fairy were to lift
the filmy gossamer on her spear, and
lightly fling it over a rose-bud.

I now sat down and read Ossian,
that I might store my mind with ideas
for conversation. I likewise turned
over other books; since, having never
mixed among fashionable circles, I
could not talk that ephemeral nothing-
ness, which is every thing in high life.
Nor, indeed, if I could, would I;
because, as a heroine, it was my part
to adjust my sentences for immor-
tality.

About entering a world, of whose laws and customs I was ignorant, I resolved that I would adopt such manners, as should not depend upon place, time, accident or fashion; in short, that I would copy primeval, generalized, unsophisticated nature, and Grecian statues.

As I had formed myself on these models, long before I knew the world, my graces were all original, and fit for the pencil; so that if I had not the temporary mannerisms of a marchioness, I had, at least, the immortal movements of a seraph. Words are local, and may become obsolete, but the language of gesture is universal and eternal.

As for smiles, I felt myself a perfect adept in all that were ever ascribed to heroines;—the fatal smile, the smile such as precedes the dissolution of sainted goodness, the fragment of a broken smile, and the sly smile that

creates the little dimple on the left side of the little mouth.

I likewise practised at the mirror, those seven separate expressions of countenance, which Glorvina used to blend into one wonderful compound;—namely, playful fondness, affected anger, animated tenderness, and soul-dissolving languishment; but I could make nothing of it.

At length the most interesting moment of my life arrived; the moment when I was to burst, like a new planet, upon the fashionable hemisphere. All the company had assembled. I descended the stairs, and pausing at the door, tried to tranquillize my fluttered spirits. I then assumed an air-lifted figure, barely touching the ground, and glided into the room.

The company were walking in groups, or sitting.

“That is she;—there she is;—look,

look!" was whispered on all sides. Every eye turned towards me, while I felt at once elevated and oppressed.

Lady Gwyn advanced, took my hand, and led me to a sofa. A semicircle of astonished admirers, head over head, ranged itself before me; and a cordial smile of approbation illuminated every countenance. There I sat, in all the diffidence of a simple and inexperienced recluse; while, with an expression of sweet wildness, and retiring consciousness, was observable a certain susceptibility too exquisite to admit of lasting peace.

At last a spruce and puny fop stepped from amidst the group, and seated himself beside me.

"This was a charming day, Ma'am," said he, as he admired the accurate turn of his ankle.

"Yes," answered I, "so blithe was the morn, when I strayed into the

garden, that methought the twins of Latona had met to propitiate their rites. Blushes, like their own roses, coloured the vapours; and rays, pure as their thoughts, gilded the foliage."

The company murmured applause.

"Pity this evening was so wet," said he; "for were it fine, what a beautiful description of it would you not have given us."

"Ah, my good friend," cried I, wreathing my favourite smile; and laying the rosy tip of my finger on his arm; "such, such is man. His morning rises in sunshine, and his evening sets in rain."

While the company were again expressing their approbation, I overheard one of them whisper to the fop:—

"Come, play the girl off, and let her have your best nonsense."

The fop winked at him, and again turned towards me; while I sat shock-

ed and astonished, but collecting all my powers.

“ See,” said he, “ how you have fascinated every eye. Actually you are the queen of the bees, with all your swarm about you.”

“ And with my drone too,” said I, bowing slightly.

“ Happy in being a drone,” said he, “ so he but sips of your honey.”

“ Rather say,” cried I, “ that he deserves my sting.”

“ Ah,” said he, laying his hand on his heart; “ your eyes have already fixed a sting here.”

“ Then your tongue,” returned I, “ is more innocent than my eyes; for though it has the venom of a sting, it wants the point.”

The company laughed, and he coloured.

“ Do I tease you?” said he, trying to rally. “ How cruel! Actually I am

so abashed, as you may perceive, that my modesty flies into my face."

"Then," said L, "your modesty must be very hard run for a refuge."

Here the room echoed with acclamations.

"I am not at a loss about an answer," said he, looking round him, and forcing a smile. "I am not indeed."

"Then pray let me have it," said I, "for folly never becomes truly ludicrous till it tries to be severe."

"Brava! Brava!" cried an hundred voices at once: away the little drone flew from my hive, and I tossed back my ringlets with an infantine shake of the head.

The best of it is, that every word he said, will one day appear in print. Men who converse with a heroine, should talk for the press, or they will make but a silly figure in her memoirs.

“ I admire your spirit, my dear,” said Lady Gwyn, sitting down beside me. “ That puppy deserves every severity. Think of his always sitting in his gown, a full hour after shaving, that the blood may subside from his face. He protests his surprise how gentlemen can be so uncouth as to run after a nasty, filthy fox; and prefers the lounge of cutting out half his own coat at his tailor’s. He lisps a descant on the last opera, the last sonnet, the last levee, or the last scandal; and then having exhausted his last idea, he has nothing left but a ‘ bless me,’ and a bow. Such insects should come abroad only at butterfly-season; and even then, in a four-wheeled band-box, while monkeys strew the way with mignonette. No, I can never forgive his having gone to Lady Bontein’s route, though he had a card from me, and though he knew, that she gave her’s on the same

evening, for the purpose of thinning mine."

"And pray," said I, "who is Lady Bontein?"

"That tall personage yonder," answered her Ladyship; "with a gentlemanly face, and one shoulder of the Gothic order. She has now been forty years endeavouring to look handsome, and she still trusts, that by diligent perseverance she will succeed. See how she freshens her smiles, and labours to look at ease; though she has all the awkwardness of a milkmaid, without the simplicity. She pored over Latin, till she made her mind as dead as the language itself. Then she writes well-bred sonnets about a tear, or a primrose, or a daisy; but nothing larger than a lark; and talks botany with the men, as she thinks science an excuse for indécency. Nay, she affects the bible too; but they say

she once threw it at her footman's head, without any affectation. However, my party of to-night will distract her dearly; for I shall introduce a little *Scena*, classical, appropriate, and almost unique, which she can never outdo. The plan of it, is a triumphal procession; and the object of it, is to grace your entrance into life, by conferring a peculiar mark of distinction on you."

"On me?" cried I. "What mark? I deserve no mark, I am sure."

"Indeed you do," said she. "All the world acknowledges you the first heroine in it; and therefore, I mean to celebrate your merits, by crowning you, just as Corinne was crowned in the capitol."

"Dear Lady Gwyn," cried I, panting with delight; "sure you are not— Ah, are you serious?"

"Most serious, my love," answered she, "and the ceremony will soon

commence. You may perceive that the young men and girls have left the room. It is to prepare for the procession; and now excuse me, as I must assist them." She then departed.

During half an hour, I remained in an agony of anxious expectation.

At last, I heard a confused murmur about the door, and a gentleman ran forward, to clear a passage. A lane was soon formed of the guests; and fancy my feelings, when I beheld the promised procession entering.

First appeared several little children, who came tripping towards me; some with baskets of flowers, and others with vases of odorous waters, or censers of fragrant fire. After them advanced a tall youth of noble port, and conspicuous in a scarlet robe, that trailed gracefully behind him. On his head was a plat of palm; his left hand held a long wand, and his right the des-

gilded crown of laurel and myrtle. Behind him came two maidens, two by two, and hand in hand. They had each a drapery of white muslin flung negligently round them, and knotted just under the shoulder: while their luxuriant hair shaded their bosoms. The youths came next, habited in flowing vestments of white linen.

The leader approached, and making profound obeisance, took my hand. I rose, bowed, and we proceeded with a measured step out of the room; while the children ran before us, tossing their censers, scattering pansies, and sprinkling liquid sweets. The nymphs and youths followed in couples, and the company closed the procession. We crossed the hall, ascended the staircase, and passed along the corridor, till we reached the ball-room. The folding doors then flew open, as if with

It was an oval apartment round with a luxuriant texturewoven foliage. Branches broad chesnut and berries were relieved by flowering l and acacias; while, here and within the branches, clusters intermixed their coloured poured a river of light upon The floor was chalked into compartments, and each depicted scene of romance. There I timer and his Amanda, De his Cecilia, Valancourt and h The ceiling was of moss, ill with circles of lamps; and centre of each circle

At the upper end, I beheld a large arbour, elevated on a sloping bank of turf. Its outside was intertwined with jessamine, honeysuckle, and elegance; tufted with clumps of sunflowers, lilies, and hollyhocks, and hung with clusters of grapes, and trails of intricate ivy; while all its interior was so studded with innumerable lamps, that it formed a magnificent arch of variegated fire. The seat was framed of transparent spars and crystals; and the footstool was a heap of roses. Just from under this footstool, and through the turf, came gushing a little rill, that first tumbled its waters down some jutting stones, then separated to the right and left, and ran along a channel, embroidered with flowery banks; till it was lost, at either side, amidst overshadowing branches.

The moment I set foot in the room, a stream of invisible music, as if from

above, and softened by distance, came swelling on my enraptured ear. Thrice we circled this enchanted chamber, and trod to the solemn measure. I was amazed, entranced; I felt elevated to the empyrean. I moved with the grandeur of a goddess, and the grace of a vision.

At length my conductor led me across the rivulet, into the arbour. I sat down, and he stood beside me. The children lay in groups upon the grass, the youths and virgins ranged themselves along the opposite bank of the streamlet, and the company stood behind them.

The master of this august ceremony now waved his wand: the music ceased, all was silent, and he thus began.

“ My countrymen and countrywomen.

“ Behold our Cherubina; behold

the most celebrated woman of our island. Need I recount her accomplishments? Her impassioned sensibility, her exquisite art in depicting the delicate and affecting relations between the beauties of nature, and the deep emotions of the soul? Need I dwell on those elegant adventures, those sorrows, and those horrors, which she has experienced; I might almost say, sought? Oh! no. The globe already resounds with them, and their fame will descend to the most remote posterity.

“Who can question her eloquence, pensiveness of her epithets, and querulous sweetness of her style? And not her ancestors illustrious? Are her manners fascinating? Alas! to question, some of our hearts bestoble response. Her’s is the head of Bapho, deficient alone in the vulgar languor, which should cha-

characterize the countenance of that enamoured Lesbian:

“To crown her, therefore, as the patroness of arts, the paragon of charms, and the first of heroines, is to gratify our feelings, more than her own; as it is to confer immortal honours on loveliness and on virtue.”

He ceased amidst peals of applause. I rose;—and in an instant, it was the stillness of death. Then with a timorous, yet ardent air, I thus addressed the assembly.

“My countrymen, my countrywomen!

“How I happen to deserve the beautiful eulogium just pronounced, I am sure I cannot conceive. Till this flattering moment, I never knew that the globe resounds with my praises, that my style is sweet, and my head a Sappho’s. But unconsciousness of merit was ever the characteristic of a heroine.

“The gratitude which my words cannot express, my deeds shall prove. Depend upon it, I will persevere in the heroic career I have begun; I am fond of it almost to a folly; and I now pledge myself, that neither rank nor riches (which my vocation renders me peculiarly liable to), shall ever make me shun refined Adversity. For, from her, I have acquired whatever little sympathies and sensibilities I may possess; and surely, since adversity thus increases virtue, it must be a virtue to seek adversity.

“England, my friends, is now the depository of all the virtue which survives. She is the ark that floats upon the waters of the deluge. But what preserves her virtuous? Her women. And whence arises their purity? From education.

“To you, then, my fair auditory, I would enjoin a diligent cultivation of

learning. But oh! beware what books you peruse; for, trust me, some are as injurious as others are salutary. I cannot point out to you the mischievous class, because I have never read them; but indubitably, the most useful are novels and romances. Such as I am, these, these alone have made me. These, by depicting the heroines who were sublimated almost above terrestriality, teach the less gifted portion of womankind to reach what is uncommon, in striving at what is unattainable; to despise the follies and idlenesses of the mere worker of samplers, and to entertain a taste for that sensibility, whose tear is the melting of a pearl, whose blush is the sunshine of the cheek, and whose sigh is more costly than the breeze, which comes odoured with oriental frankincense."

I spoke, and a thousand thunders of acclamation shook the arbour.

The priest of the ceremony now raises the crown on high, then lowers it by slow degrees, and holds it suspended over my head. Letting down my tresses, and folding my hands across my bosom, I throw myself upon my knees, and incline forward to receive it.

I AM CROWNED.

At the same moment, shouts, and drums, and trumpets, burst on my bewildered ear, in a storm of harmony. The youths and maidens make obeisance; I rise, press my hand to my heart, and bow deeply. Tears start into my eyes. I feel far above mortality.

A harp was now brought, and they requested that I would sing and play an improvisatore, like Corinne. What should I do? for I knew nothing of the harp, but a few chords. However, amidst my perplexity, I suddenly re-

collected a heroine, who once lived in an old castle, with only an old steward, his old wife, and an old lute; and who, notwithstanding, as soon as she stepped into society, played and sang, like angels, by intuition.

I therefore felt reassured, and sat to the harp. I struck a few low Lydian notes, and cast a timid glance around. During the first minute, my voice was not louder than a sigh; and my accompaniment was a harmonic chord, swept at intervals. The words came from the moment.

“Where is my blue-eyed chief? said the white-bosomed daughter of Erin, as the wave kissed her foot; and wherefore went he to the fight of heroes? She saw a dim figure rise before her, like a mist from the valley. Pale grew her cheek, as the blighted leaf in autumn. Your lover, it shrilly shrieked, sleeps among the dead, like

broken thistle among dandelions; but
s spirit, like the thistly down, has
cended into the skies. The maiden
ard; she ran, she flew, she sprang
om a rock. The waves closed over
er. "Peace to the daughter of Erin!"

As I sang, "she ran, she flew," my
inged fingers fluttered along the
rings, light as a swallow along a little
ke, when he touches it with the ut-
ost feather of his pinion. But while
sang, "peace to the daughter of
n!" my voice, as it died over the
t vibration of the chords, had all
heart-breaking softness of an Eolian
; so woeful was it, so wistful, so
ered.

"Viva! viva!" resounded through
oom. At the last cadence, I
ed one arm gently down, and
g the other on the harp, leaned
guishing head upon it.

udden disturbance aroused me

from my trance. I raised my head, and beheld—what?—Can you imagine what? No, my friend, not to the day of judgment. I saw, then, my great mother come striding towards me, with outspread arms, and calling, “My daughter, my daughter!” in a voice that might waken the dead.

My heart died within me: down I darted from the arbour, and ran for shelter behind Lady Gwyn.

“Give me back my daughter!” vociferated the dreadful woman, advancing close to her ladyship.

“Oh! do no such thing!” whispered I, pulling her Ladyship by the sleeve. “Take half—all my property; but don’t be the death of me!”

“What are you muttering there, Miss?” cried my mother, espying me.

“Indeed, Ma’am,” stammered I, “I am—I am taking your part.”

“Is it by grinning at me, over that wretch’s shoulder?” cried she.

“Grinning, Ma’am?” said I. “I never grinned at any lady, since I was born, much less at my respected——”

“Respected what?”

“Madam?”

“Respect what, I say?”

“What, Madam?”

“Why, you young jade——”

“Mother, madam, respected mother.”

“Who presumed to liberate this woman?” cried Lady Gwyn.

“The Condottieri,” said my mother, “headed by the great Damno Sulphureo Volcanoni.”

“Then return to your prison, this moment,” cried Lady Gwyn.

My mother fell on her knees, and began blubbering; while the guests got round and interceded for her. I

too thought it my duty to say something (my mother all the time sobbing horribly); till, at length, Lady Gwyn consented—for my sake, she said,—that the wretch should remain in the room one hour.

My mother then begged a morsel of meat, as she declared she had not eaten any these ten years. Immediately, a small table, furnished with a cold turkey and a decanter of wine, was laid in the bower. The moment she perceived it, she ran, sat down, and began devouring with such avidity, that I was thunderstruck. One wing soon went; the second shared the fate of its companion, and now she set about an inordinate slice of the breast.

“What a charming appetite your dear mother enjoys!” said several of the company to me. I confessed it, but assured them, that hunger did not run in our family. Her appetite at last

satiated, she next assailed the wine. Glass after glass disappeared with inconceivable rapidity; and every glass was a dagger to me. "She will be quite intoxicated!" thought I; while my fears for the hereditary honour of our house overcoming my personal terrors, I stole across, and whispered:

"Mother, if you have any regard for your daughter, and respect for your ancestors, drink no more."

"No more than this decanter, lovee!" said she, lifting it to her lips.

At that moment, the violins quavered their invitation.

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle!" exclaimed she, frightfully frisking down from the bower, "who is for a dance?"

"I am," answered my friend, the little fop, advancing and taking her hand.

"Then," said she, "we will waltz, if you please."

Santa Maria!—Waltz!

A circle was cleared, and they began whirling each other round, at a fearful rate,—or rather she him; for he was like a plaything in her hands; and had he let go his grasp, up he would certainly have pitched among the branches, and have stuck there, like King Charles in the oak.

At last, while I was standing, a statue of shame, and wondering how any human creature could act so ridiculous a part, this miserable woman, overcome with wine and waltzing, fell flat upon the floor; and was carried from the room between four grinning footmen.

I could contain no longer: the character of my family demanded a prompt explanation, and with tearful eyes, I desired to be heard. Silence was obtained.

“I beseech and implore of this assembly,” said I, “to credit me, while

I protest, that I had neither act, nor part, in the conduct of that unfortunate person, who has thus disgraced herself. Nay, I never even saw her, till I came to this house; and that I may never see her again, I pray heaven. I hate her, I dread her; and I now declare most unequivocally, that I do not believe the woman my mother at all. She bears no resemblance to the portrait above stairs; and as she is stark mad, her imagining herself my mother, may very well happen; for they say that mad persons are apt to fancy themselves great people. No, my malignant star ordained our meeting here, that she might place me in awkward situations by her vulgarity; just as Mrs. Garnet, the supposed mother of the Beggar Girl, used to place her. I am certain this is the case; nothing can alter my opinion; and therefore, I thus publicly renounce her, disown

her, and wash my hands of her, now, now, and for ever, and for ever!"

The company coincided in my sentiments, and applauded my determination.

Dancing was then proposed: the men sauntered about the room for partners; the mothers walked their daughters up and down, to shew their paces; and their daughters turned away their heads when they saw their favourites approaching to ask them. Ugliness and diamonds occupied the top of the set; the beauties stood in the centre, and the motley couples at the bottom; —patriarchs with misses of fifteen; and striplings, who would fain be thought men, with ancients, who regretted being called maids. Other unfortunates, accoutred to a pin, yet noticed by nobody, sat protruding the supercilious lip at a distance.

And now the merry maze commenc-

ed. But what mutilated steps, what grotesque graces! One girl sprang and sprawled, the terror of every ankle; and with a clear idea of infinite space, shewing that she had no notion of time. Another, not deigning to dance, only moved; while her poor partner was seen helping her in, like a tired jade to the distance-post. This exchanged elegance for a flic flac; that swam down the set; a third cut her way through it; and a fourth, who, by her longevity could not be dancing for a husband, appeared, by her earnestness, to be dancing for her life.

All this delighted me highly, because it would contrast my graces with the greater effect. My partner was the gentleman who had crowned me; and now, when my turn came, a general whisper among the spectators, and their sudden hurry towards me, proved that much was expected from my per-

formance. I would not disappoint them for worlds; besides, it was incumbent on me to stamp a marked dissimilarity between my supposed mother, and myself, in every thing; and to call forth admiration, as much as she had excited contempt.

And now, with my right foot behind, and the point of it but just touching the ground, I leaned forward on my left, and stood as if in act to ascend from this vale of tears into regions of eternal beatitude.

The next moment the music gave the signal, and I began. Despising the figure of the common dance, I meandered through all the intricacies of the dance of Ariadne; imitating in my circular and oblique motions, the harmonious movements of the spheres; and resembling in my light and playful form, the Horæ of Bathycles. Sometimes with a rapid flight, and glowing

smile, I darted, like a herald Iris, through the mazes of the set; sometimes, assuming the dignity of a young Diana, I floated in a swimming languishment; and sometimes, like a pastoral nymph of Languedoc, capriciously did I bend my head on one side, and dance up insidious. What a Hebe!

It happened that I never saw my partner from the time I began, till I had ended; but when I flew, like a lapwing, to my seat, he followed, and requested I would accept the assurances of his high admiration. I prettily reproved his flattery, with arch anger, and a pouting playfulness.

Soon afterwards, waltzing was introduced.

“ You have already imitated Ida’s dancing,” said he. “ Will you now imitate Charlotte’s, and allow me, like Werter, to hold in my arms, the most

lovely of women ; to fly with her, like the wind, and lose sight of every other object ?”

I consented ; he led me forth, and clasping my waist, began the circuitous exercise of waltzing. Round and round we flew, and swifter and swifter ; till my head grew quite giddy. Lamps, trees, dresses, faces, all appeared to be shattered and huddled together, and sent whisking round the room in a vortex.

But oh, my friend, how shall I find language to describe the fatal termination of an evening so propitious at the commencement ? I blush as I write, till the reflected crimson dyes my paper. For amidst my rotatory motion, and while heaven seemed earth, and earth seemed heaven ; the zone, upon which all my attire depended, and by which it was all confined, on a sudden burst asunder, and in the next twirl,

more than half my dress dropped at my feet! Another revolution, and I had acted Diana to fifty Acteons; but I shrieked, and extricating myself from my partner, sank upon the floor, amidst the wreck of my drapery. The ladies ran, ranged themselves round me, and cast a mantle over my half revealed charms. I felt too miserable, and indeed too giddy to rise; so they lifted me between them, and bore me, in slow procession, from the room. It was the funeral of Modesty; but the pall was supported by tittering Malice.

I hurried into bed, and cried myself asleep.

I cannot think, much less write of this disaster, with common fortitude. I wonder whether Musidora could be considered a palliative parallel to it? If not, and that my biographer records it, I am undone.


Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

YESTERDAY Lady Gwyn took me, at my particular request, to visit Monkton Castle; an old ruin, within a few miles of us. It forms part of that property which she now holds; and consequently, must devolve to me, as soon as I substantiate my title and my birth.

The gateway was blockaded with stones, so that I could not enter the building; but outside, it looked admirably blank and desolate. I mean, at some future period, to furnish it like Udolpho, and other castles of romance, and to reside there during the howling months.

After dinner her Ladyship left me alone on the sofa, and went to superintend the unpacking of some beautiful



china. Evening had flung her grey mantle over the flowerets; a delicious indolence thrilled through my limbs, and I felt all that languor and listlessness, which the want of incident must ever create in the feeling mind.

“Were even some youth on a visit here,” thought I, “who would conceive an unhappy passion for me;—had her Ladyship but one persecuting son, what scenes might happen! Suppose at this moment, the door were to open, and he to enter, with a quick step, and booted and spurred. He starts on seeing me. Never had I looked so lovely. “Heavens!” murmurs he, “’tis a divinity!” then recollecting himself, he advances with a respectful bow. “Pardon this intrusion,” says he; “but I—really I—”. I rise, and colouring violently, mutter, without looking at him: “I wonder where her Ladyship can be?” But as

I am about passing him, he snatches my hand, and leading me back, says:—
“ Suffer me to detain you a moment. This occasion, long desired, and at last obtained, must not be relinquished. Prevented by the jealous care of a fond mother, from beholding those charms, I have sought and found a thousand opportunities, on the stairs—in the garden—through the shrubbery. Fatal opportunities, which robbed me of my peace for ever! Yes, charming Cherubina, you have undone me. That airy form; those mild, yet animated eyes; those lips, more delicious than the banquet of the gods—” “ Really, Signor,” says I, in all the pleasing simplicity of maiden embarrassment, “ this language is as improper for me to hear as for you to express.” “ It is improper,” cries he, “ for it is inadequate.” “ Yes,” says I, “ inadequate to the respect that I deserve, as the

guest of your mother." "Ah!" exclaims he, "why should the guest imitate the harshness of the hostess?" "That she may not," says I, "countenance the follies of the son. Signor, I desire you will unhand me." "Never!" cries he; "till you say you pity me. O, my Cherubina; O, my soul's idol!"—and he drops upon his knee, and grasps my hand; when behold, the door opens, and Lady Gwyn appears at it! Astonishment and dismay make statues of the whole party. "Godfrey, Godfrey," says her Ladyship, "is this the conduct that I requested of you? This, to seek clandestine interviews, where I had prohibited even an open acquaintance? And for thee, fair unfortunate," turning towards me, with that mild look, which cuts more than a thousand sarcasms; "for thee, lovely frail one, thou must seek some other asylum." Her sweet

eyes swim in tears. I fling myself at her feet. "I am innocent," I cry, "innocent as the little fawn that frisks itself to repose by the bubbling fountain." She smiles incredulous. "Come," says she, taking my hand, "let me lead you to your apartment." "Stay, in mercy stay!" cries Godfrey, rushing between us and the door. She waves him aside. I reach my room. Nothing can console me. I am all despair. The maid taps, with a slip of paper from Godfrey, "Oh, Cherubina," it says, "how my heart is torn for you! As you value your fame, perhaps your life, meet me to-night, at twelve, in the shrubbery." After a long struggle, I resolve to meet him. 'Tis twelve, the winds are abroad, the shower descends. I fling on something, and steal into the shrubbery. I find him there before me. He thanks me ten thousand, thousand times for

my kindness, my condescension; and by degrees, leads me towards the avenue, where I see a chaise. I shrink back; he prays, implores; and at length, snatching me in his arms, is about to force me into the vehicle, when on a sudden—"Hold, villain!" cries a voice. It is the voice of Stuart! I shriek, and drop to the ground. The clashing of swords resounds over my contested body, and I faint. On recovering, I find myself in a small, but decent chamber, with an old woman and a beautiful girl watching beside me. "St. Catherine be praised," exclaims the young peasant, "she comes to herself." "Tell me," I cry, "is he murdered?" "The gentleman is dead, sure enough, miss," says the woman. I laugh frantic, and point my finger. "Ha! look yonder," I cry: "see his mangled corpse, mildly smiling, even in death. See, they fight: he falls.—"

Barbarous Godfrey! valiant, generous, unfortunate Stuart! And hark, hear you that? 'Tis the bell tolling, tolling, tolling!" During six weeks I languish under this dreadful brain fever. Slowly I recover. A low melancholy preys upon me, and I am in the last stage of a consumption. But though I lose my bloom, illness touches my features with something more than human. One evening, I had gotten my chair on the green before the door, and was watching the sun, as he set in a blaze of gold. "And oh!" exclaimed I, "soon must I set like thee, fair luminary;"—when I am interrupted by a stifled sigh, just behind me. I turn. Heaven and earth! who should be leaning over me, with looks of unutterable love, but—Stuart! In an instant, I see him, I shriek, I run, I leap into his arms.—

Unfortunate leap; for it wakened

me from a delicious reverie, and I found myself in the arms,—not of Stuart,—but of the old butler! Down we came together, and smashed to atoms, a vase of superb china, which he was just bringing into the room.

“What will my lady say?” cried he, rising and collecting the fragments.

“She will smile ineffably,” answered I, “and make a moral reflection upon the instability of sublunary things.”

He shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction; while I hastened to the glass, where I found my face flushed from my reverie, my hair dishevelled, and my long eyelashes wetted with tears. I perceived too, that my dress had suffered a terrible rent by my fall.

Hardly was I recomposed, when her Ladyship returned, and called for tea.

“How did you tear your robe, my love?” said she.

“By a fall that I got just now,” replied I. “Sure never was such an unfortunate fall!”

“Nay, child,” said she, rallying me, “though a martyr to the tender sensibilities, you must not become a victim to torn muslin.”

“I am extremely distressed, however,” said I.

“But why so?” cried she. “It was an accident, and all of us are awkward at times. Life has too many serious miseries, to admit of vexation about trifles.”

“There now!” cried I, with delight. “I declare I told the butler, when I broke the china vase, that you would make a moral reflection.”

“Broke the—Oh! mercy, did you break my beautiful china vase?”

“ I did, indeed,” answered I, in a tone of the most assuasive sweetness.

“ You did ?” exclaimed she, with a voice that stunned me. “ How dared you go near it ? How dared you even look at it ? You, who are not fit company for crockery, much less china ;— a crazed creature, whom I brought into my house to divert my guests. You a title ? You a beauty ?”

“ Pray, Lady Gwyn,” said I, “ be calm under this calamity. Trust me, life has too many serious miseries, to admit of vexation about trifles.”

Her Ladyship rose, with her cheeks inflamed, and her eyes glittering.

I ran terrified out of the room ; then up stairs, and into the nearest bed-chamber. It was her Ladyship’s ; and this circumstance struck me as most providential ; since, in her present mood, she would probably compel me

- to quit the house ; so that I had now the only opportunity possible, of ransacking her caskets and cabinets, for memorials of my birth.

I therefore began the search ; but was interrupted by hearing a small voice cry, " I cannot get out ! "

Much amazed, I looked round, and perceived her Ladyship's favourite parrot.

" I cannot get out ! " said the parrot again.

" Yes, I will let thee out, cost what it will," cried I.

So with much sensibility, and indeed, very little spleen, I took the bird from its cage, and liberated it through the window.

At last, after having examined several drawers, I found a casket ; opened it, and beheld within, a miniature set round with inestimable diamonds, and

bearing a perfect resemblance to the portrait in the gallery,—face, attitude, attire, every thing!

“Relic of my much injured house!” exclaimed I. “Image of my sainted mother, never will I part with thee!”

“What are you doing here?” cried Lady Gwyn, as she burst into the room. “How is this? All my dresses about the floor! my drawers, my casket open!—And, as I live, here is the miniature gone! Why, you graceless little thing, are you robbing me?”

“Madam,” answered I, “that miniature belongs to my family; I have recovered it at last; and let me see who will take it from me.”

“You are more knave than fool,” said her Ladyship: “give it back this instant, or, on my honour, I will expose you before the servants.”

“You dare not,” cried I; “for well you know, you are ruined, should

this swindling affair of the picture transpire. I might blast your character beyond recovery. O Lady Gwyn, where is your hereditary honour? where is your feeling? where is your dignity?"

"Where is my parrot?" shrieked her Ladyship.

"Inhaling life, and fragrance, and freedom amidst the clouds!" exclaimed I. "For I have sent it flying through the window."

Her Ladyship ran towards me, but I passed her, and made the best of my way down stairs; while she followed, calling, stop thief! Too well I knew and rued the dire expression; nor paused an instant, but hurried out of the house—through the lawn—down the avenue—into a field;—the servants in hot pursuit. Not a moment was to be lost: a drowning man, you know, will grasp at straws, so the poor Che-

rubina crept for refuge, under some hay.

But whether they found me there, or how long I remained there, or what has become of me since, or what is likely to become of me hereafter, you shall learn in my next.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

I REMAINED amidst the hay, till night had closed around, and the pursuit appeared over. I then rose, and walked through the fields, without any settled intention. Terror was now succeeded by bitter indignation at the conduct of Lady Gwyn, who had presumed to drive me from my hereditary house, and vilify me as a common thief. Insupportable insult! Unparalleled degradation! Was there no revenge? no remedy?

Like a rapid ray from heaven, a thought at once simple and magnificent, shot through my brain, and made every nerve trepitate with transport. When I name Monkton Castle, need I tell you the rest? Need I tell you, I determined to seize on that antique

abode of my ancestors, to fortify it against assaults, to procure domestics and suitable furniture for it, and to reside there, the present rival, and the future successor of the vile Lady Gwyn! Let her dispossess me if she dare, or if she can; particularly since possession is—I do not know how many—but I am told, a great many, points of the law in one's favour.

As for fitting up the castle, that will be quite a mere easy matter; because the tradespeople of London give unlimited credit to a personage of rank like me; and therefore I need only bid some agent there, bespeak furniture in my name.

And now, a light heart making a light foot, I took my airy way towards Monkton Castle, for the purpose of procuring an asylum in some cottage near it, till I could accomplish my plan.

It was starlight, and I had walked almost three miles, when a little girl overtook me, and began asking alms. Amidst her supplications, we came to the hut where she lived; and I followed her into it, with the hope of getting a bed there.

In this smoked and cobwebbed hovel, I found a wrinkled Beldame, and two smutty urchins, holding their hands over a few faded embers. I begged permission to rest myself: the woman, after eyeing me keenly, consented, and I sat down. I then entered into conversation, represented myself as a wandering stranger in distress, and inquired whether I could procure a lodging about the neighbourhood. The woman assured me that I could not; but on perceiving me much disconcerted at the disappointment, coarsely, though cordially, offered me accommodation in her hut. I had no possible

alternative; so the fire was replenished, some brown bread and sour milk (the last of their store), produced; and while we sat round this unsavoury supper, I requested of the poor woman to relate her little history.

She told me, with many tears and episodes, that her daughter and son-in-law, who had hitherto supported her, died of a fever, about a month ago, and left these children behind, without any means of subsistence, except what they procured from the charitable.

Indeed, their appearances corroborated this account; for Famine had set its meagre finger on their faces. I wished to pity them, but their whining, their dirtiness, and their vulgarity, disgusted more than interested me. I nauseated the brats, and abhorred the haggard hostess. How it happens, I know not, but the misery that looks

affair on paper, is almost always repulsive in real life.

At length we began to think of rest. The children gave me their pallet: I threw myself upon it, without undressing, and they nestled among some musty straw.

Next morning, we presented a most dismal group. Not a morsel was for breakfast, and no means of obtaining any. The grey cripple, who had expected assistance from me, sat grunting in a corner; the children whimpered and shivered; and I began considering what mode of immediate subsistence I ought to adopt. At last I hit upon a most pleasing and simple plan. As some days must elapse before I can call my friends and my tenantry about me, and make the castle habitable, I mean to pass this interval at the cottage; and like poor Rosa, earn my

bread by begging. Nothing can well be conceived more interesting. Interesting? The thing is necessary. For, you know, almost every heroic outcast sinks to the lowest ebb of penury, just before she rises to the highest flow of honours and riches.

Ah, who will refuse my soft and plaintive supplications? Even the penurious fingers of age will slacken at their magic; and the youths, adding compliments to eleemosynary silver, will call me the lovely vagabond, or the mendicant angel. Thus my few days of beggary will prove quite delightful; and, how sweet, when these are over, to reward and patronize, as Lady of the Castle, those hospitable cottagers, who have pitied and sheltered me as the beggar-girl.

Fortunately, I found the stump of a pen, some thick ink, and coarse paper, in the cottage. I therefore sat down

and wrote three letters; which I copy for you, that you may form some notion of my present projects.

To Jerry Sullivan.

“ Honest Jerry,

“ Since I saw you last, I have established all my claims, and am now the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, illustrious mistress of Gwyn Castle, Monkton Castle, and other estates. If you feel grateful for those services, however trivial, which you once received from me, you will, doubtless, be happy at an opportunity of returning the obligation. Therefore, as I mean to make Monkton Castle (which is now uninhabited), my future residence, and to furnish it in the Gothic style, you will oblige me by bespeaking, at the best shops, such articles as I shall enumerate.

“ 1st. Antique tapestry for one entire wing.

“ 2nd. Painted glass, enriched with armorial bearings.

“ 3rd. Pennons and flags, stained with old blood.

“ 4th. Black feathers, and black cloaks for liveries.

“ 5th. An old lute, or lyre, or harp.

“ 6th. Black hangings, black curtains, and a black velvet pall.

“ 7th. A Warder's trumpet.

“ 8th. A bell for the portal.

“ Besides these, I shall want antique pictures, chairs, tables, beds; and, in a word, every possible pin's worth and cast off of old castles.

“ You must also purchase a handsome barouche, and four horses. By merely mentioning my name (the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, of Monkton Castle), and by shewing this letter, no shopkeeper or mechanic will refuse

you credit for any thing. Tell them that I will pass bills (or whatever you call them) as soon as the several articles arrive.

“ I have now to make a proposal, which, I hope and trust, Jerry, will meet your approbation. Your present business does not appear prosperous: all the offices in my castle are still unoccupied, and as I entertain the highest opinion of your discretion and honesty, the situation of *warden* (a most ostensible one), is at your service. The salary shall be two hundred per annum.

“ You might travel down in the *barouche*, and bring some of the smaller articles with you. Do not delay beyond three days.

“ *CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY.*

“ *Monkton Castle.*”

To Mr. James Higginson.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Intending to take immediate possession of Monkton Castle, which has become mine by right of lineal descent; and wishing, in imitation of ancient times, for a wild and enthusiastic Minstrel,—an Allan Bane, as part of my household, I acquaint you, that if you think such an office eligible, I shall be happy to bestow it upon you, and to recompense your poetical services with an annual stipend of two hundred pounds.

“ Should this proposal prove acceptable, pray call on my trusty servant, Jerry Sullivan, St. Giles’s, and accompany him down in my barouche.

“ **CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY.**

“ *Monkton Castle.*”

I then scribbled a billet to Montmorenci;—ah, ask not why, but pity me. Yet mark how my burning pen can write ice.

“ My Lord,

“ Perfectly well assured that we shall never meet again; but conceiving that you still feel some portion of interest in my welfare, I take the liberty to acquaint you, that my birth and pretensions are already acknowledged by Lady Gwyn, and that I am assembling my friends at Monkton Castle, where I shall reside for the future.

“ With sentiments of respect and esteem,

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s most obedient,

“ And most humble servant,

“ CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY.

“ *Monkton Castle.*”

Now this is just the formal sort of letter which a heroine sometimes indites to her lover: he cannot, for the soul of him, tell why; so down he comes, - all distracted, in a postchaise, and makes such a dishevelled entrance, as melts her heart at the first onset, and the scene ends with his arm about her waist.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

As soon as I had written my letters, I put on a tattered gown, cap, and cloak, belonging to the deceased daughter of my hostess; and then, with the dear portrait in my bosom, I sallied forth, and took the road towards the neighbouring village.

It was Sunday. The nymphs looked trim, and the youths festive; the grandsires sat before their doors, the sun was shining; all things rejoiced but the miserable Cherubina.

I reached the village, and deposited my letters in the post. Then, as the people were just coming out of church, I ran and placed myself beside the sacred gate,—an auspicious station for the commencement of my begging career.

“How are you? How are you? How are you?” was gabbled on all sides.

“One penny,—one penny,—Oh, one penny!” softly faltered I.

It was the cooing of a dove amidst the chattering of magpies.

“What a painted doll sat in the next pew!” said a lady.

“One penny,——”

“She thought herself too pretty to pray,” said another.

“One penny, for the love of——”

“Perhaps motion does not become her lips,” said another.

“One penny for the love of charity!”

But they had escaped into their carriages.

“If innocence in distress can touch your hearts,” said I, following two old gentlemen down the road, “pity the destitute orphan, the hungry vagrant,

the most injured of her sex. Gentlemen, good gentlemen, kind gentlemen——”

“Go to hell,” said they.

“There is something for you,” cried a horrid voice from behind, while a halfpenny jingled at my foot. I turned to thank my benefactor, and found him a drunken man in the stocks.

Disgusted with my first attempt, I hurried out of the village; and then loitered along, addressing all I met; but all appeared too gay for pity. Hour after hour I wasted in fruitless efforts; till at length day began to close, and fatigue and hunger to weaken my limbs.

In this piteous condition, I determined upon returning home; for night had already blackened the hemisphere, the mountainous clouds hung low, and the winds piped the portentous moan of a coming hurricane. By the little

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struck a throb of joy, and I began to feel along the wall for some ruined portal or archway.

Hardly had I advanced ten paces, when my groping hands plunged into sudden vacancy. I stopped a moment, then entered through the opening, and to my great comfort, found myself under immediate shelter.

This then, I guessed, was the hall of the castle; and accordingly, I prepared my mind for the most terrible things.

I had not proceeded three yards farther, when I paused in much dismay; as I thought, I heard something stir just behind me. Again all was still, and again I ventured forward. I now fancied that I heard a gentle breathing; and at the same instant, I struck my foot against something, which, with a quick movement, tripped up my heels. Down I came, shrieking and begging for mercy; while a frightful bustle

arose all round me,—such passing and repassing, rustling and rushing, that I gave myself over as lost.

“ Oh, gentlemen-banditti !” cried I, “ spare my life, I beseech of you !”

They did not answer a syllable, but retired to some corner, where they held a horrid silence.

In a few minutes, I heard steps outside; and then two persons entered the building.

“ This shelters us well enough,” said one of them.

“ Curse the storm,” cried the other, “ it will hinder any more from coming out to-night. However, we have killed four already, and, please goodness, not one will be alive on the estate, this day month.”

Oh, Bidy, how my soul sickened at the shocking reflection, that four of an estated family were already murdered in cold blood; and that the remainder

would share the same fate before another month.

Unable to contain myself, I muttered:—"Mercy upon me!"

"Did you hear that?" whispered one of the men.

"I did," said the other. "Off with us this moment!" and off they ran.

I too determined to quit this nest of horrors, for my very life appeared in danger; so, rising, I began to grope my way towards the door, when I fell over something which lay upon the ground, and as I put out my hand, I touched, (oh, horrible!) a dead, cold, damp, ~~human~~ face! Instantly the thought struck me, that this was one of the four whom the ruffians had murdered, and I flung myself from it, with a shiver of horror; but in doing so, laid my hand upon another face; while a faint gleam of lightning, which flashed at the moment, shewed me two bodies,

ghastly, haggard, naked, and half covered with straw.

I started up, screaming, and made a desperate effort to reach the door; but just as I was darting out of it, I found my shoulder griped with a ferocious grasp.

"I have caught one of them," cried the person. "Fetch the lantern."

"I am innocent of the murder!" cried I. "I swear to you that I am!"

"Who? what murder?" cried he. "Hollo, help! here is murder!"

"Not by me!" cried I. "Not by me! No, no, my hands are unstained with their blood."

And now a lantern being brought, I perceived several servants in liveries, who first examined my features, and then dragged me back into the building. The building! And what was the building, think you? Why nothing more than the shell of an unfinished

house,—a mere modern morsel of a temple! And what were the banditti who had knocked me down, think you? Why nothing more than a few harmless sheep, that now lay huddled together in a corner! And what were the two corpses, think you? Why nothing more than two Heathen statues for the temple!—And the ruffians who talked of their having killed, and having to kill, were only poachers, who had killed four hares, and whom the servants were waylaying when they seized me. Here then was the whole mystery developed, and a great deal of good fright gone for nothing.

However, the servants, swearing that I was either concerned with the poachers, or with the murder which I had talked of, dragged me down a shrubbery, till we reached a large mansion. We then entered a lighted hall; one of them went to call his

master; and after a few minutes, an elderly gentleman, with a troop of young men and women at his heels, came out of a parlour.

“Young woman, what is the murder you were talking of?” said the gentleman to me.

“I will tell you,” answered I. “You must know, I am a wandering beggar, without home, parents, or friends; and when the storm began, I ran, for shelter, into the young ladies’ Temple of Taste, as your servants called it. So, thinking it a castle, and some sheep which threw me down, banditti, and a couple of statues, corpses; of course I naturally imagined, when two men entered, and began to talk of having killed something, that they meant these very corpses. And so this is the plain and simple narrative of the whole affair.”

To my surprize, a general burst of laughter ran round the hall.

“Sheep banditti, and statues corpses! Dear me,—Bless me!” tittered the misses.

“Young woman,” said the gentleman, “your incoherent account convinces me that you have perpetrated some atrocious act, which I must make my business to discover.”

“I am sure,” said a young lady, “she carries the gallows in her face.”

“Then ’tis so pretty a gallows,” said a young gentleman, “that I wish I were hanging upon it.”

“Fie, brother,” said the young lady, “how can you talk so to a murderess?”

“And how can you talk so,” cried I, “before you know that I am a murderess? Is it just, is it generous, is it feminine? Men may deprive our sex of virtue; but we ourselves rob each other of character.”

“ Oh! indeed,” said the young lady, “ ’tis now plain to see what she is. That sentence of morality has ruined her!”

“ Then I presume you do not admire morality,” said I.

“ ’Tis suspicious from the lips of a mean creature like you,” said she.

“ Yet, know, young woman,” cried I, “ that the current which runs through these veins, is registered in hereditary heraldry.”

The company gave a most disgusting laugh.

“ It is,” cried I, “ I tell you it is. I tell you I am of the blood noble.”

“ Oh blood!” squeaked a young gentleman.

What wonder I forgot my prudence amidst these indignities? Yes, the proud spirit of my progenitors swelled my heart, all my house stirred within me, and the blood of the De Willough-

bys rose into my face, as I drew the picture from my bosom, pointed a quivering finger at it, and exclaimed :

“ Behold the portrait of my titled mother !”

“ See, see !” cried the girls, crowding round. “ ’Tis covered all over with diamonds !”

“ There !” said I. “ There is proof irrefragable for you !”

“ Proof enough to hang you,” cried the old gentleman, snatching it out of my hand. “ So now, my lady, you must go, this moment, before the magistrate.” I began weeping, kneeling, and entreating ; till I found that his son, the young man who had paid my face the compliment, was to take charge of my person ; so then, speculating upon a speedy deliverance, I submitted without another murmur ; and escorted by him and a footman, left the house.

After we had proceeded about half a mile, the young man stopped, and whispered something to the servant, who disappeared immediately.

“Now,” said the young man, “whether you are a pilferer of pictures, I know not; but this I know, that you are a pilferer of hearts; and I am determined to keep you in custody, till you restore mine, which you have stolen. Seriously, my little love, I intend extricating you from your present emergency, and concealing you, till to-morrow, when I will call, and make you an offer, which I trust, you will not refuse.”

I replied, that I hoped he would not find me deficient in gratitude.

“Thank you,” said he. “And now here is a cottage, where you may remain, without fear of discovery.”

He then tapped at a door: an elderly woman opened it; and on enter-

ing, I perceived a girl, with a bold, but handsome face, hastily adjusting her cap.

“ Here is a wretched creature,” said he, “ whom I found starving on the road. Pray give her some refreshment, and a bed.”

The women looked at me, and then at each other.

“ She shall have no bed in my house,” said the elder, “ for I warrant this is the handsome hussey, who has lately been setting you against Susan, and telling you lies about Tommy Hicks’s visiting her.”

“ Ay, and young Saunders,” cried the daughter.

“ And old Gubbins,” cried the mother.

“ And Ebenezer Solomons,” cried the daughter.

“ And Patrick O’Brien,” cried the mother.

“Think of that!” cried the daughter. “Patrick O’Brien! the broad-shouldered, abominable man. Oh, I will cut my throat—I will—so I will!”

The whole truth now flashed upon me. This Susan had fallen a victim to the snares of this young man. Here then, if I minded my hits, was another exquisite episode. Yes, I would separate her from her seducer, and secure her everlasting gratitude. The reclaimed wanton might yet do wonders for me.

“Alas!” said I, “behold the fatal effects of licentious love. This girl, whom, perhaps, your money allured from the paths of virtue—”

“Oh! no,” cried Susan, “it was his honour’s handsome face, and his fine words, so bleeding and so sore; and he called me an angel above the heavens!”

“Yes,” resumed I, “the tender-

ness of youth, the smile of joy, the blush of innocence, these are what allure the libertine; and yet these are what he would destroy. It is the heart of sensibility which he would engage, and yet in that heart he would plant every rankling pang, every bitter misery. Detestable passion! which accomplishes the worst of purposes, by touching the best and sweetest affections. She who confides in others, because she would not herself deceive, she who has a tear for the distress, and who melts at the feigned sorrows of her lover, she falls a sacrifice to his arts; while the cold vestal, who walks through the world, armed with austerity, repulses because she cannot sympathise, and calls her prudence virtue."

The young man had drawn back astonished, and the mother came closer; but Susan was peeping at her face in the glass.

“ Look on that beautiful girl before you,” cried I. “ Heaven itself is not brighter than her brow ; the tints of the morning cannot rival her blushes.”

Susan held down her head, but cast a quick glance at the young man.

“ Such is she now,” continued I, “ but too soon we may behold her, pale, shivering, unsteady of step, and hoarse with nocturnal curses, one of those unhappy thousands, who strew our streets with the premature ruins of dilapidated beauty !”

“ Yes, look at her !” cried the mother, who, flushing even through her wrinkles, and quivering in every limb, rushed towards her daughter, and snatching off her cap, bared her forehead. “ Look at her ! she was once my lovely pride, the blessing of my heart ; and see what he has now made her ; while I, miserable as I am, must assist her guilt, that I may save her from disgrace and ruin !”

“ Oh! then,” cried I, turning to the young man, “ while still some portion of her fame remains, fly from her, fly for ever!”

“ Upon my soul,” replied he, “ I had intended dismissing her before I saw you; and upon my soul, seeing you, decides me.”

“ And I am convinced, Susan,” said I, “ that you feel grateful for the pains I have taken, to rescue you from a connection so fatal.”

“ I am quite sure I do,” sobbed out Susan, “ and moreover, I wish you every happiness with the dear, base man. But, since I must lose him, I hope you will persuade him to leave me some money; not that I ever valued him for his money; but you know, I could not see my mother go without her tea o’ nights.”

“ Amiable creature!” cried I. “ Yes I will intercede in your favour.”

“ My giving you money,” said the

young man, "will depend upon my finding, when I return to-morrow, that you have treated this girl kindly to-night."

"I will treat her like a sister," said Susan.

The young man now declared, that he must depart; then taking me aside, "I shall see you early in the morning," whispered he, "and remove you elsewhere. You have talked virtue to a miracle. Continue the system, and these people will fancy you a saint."

I then overheard him enjoining the mother, as she valued his future favour, not to let me quit the cottage; and with this injunction, he went away.

But as I had not the most remote intention of awaiting his return, I set my wits at work, and soon hit upon a plan for escaping. I told the woman, that my mother, who lived about a mile from the cottage, was almost starving; and that if I could procure

a little silver, and a loaf of bread, I would run to her but with the relief, and come back immediately.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of mother and daughter in indulging my wishes. They ransacked the purse and the cupboard, gave me two shillings, some bread, tea, and sugar; and Susan herself (amiable, though unfortunate) offered to carry them. However, I declined this favour; and now, with a secret sigh at the probability that I might never behold them again, I left their house, and hastened towards the cottage of the poor woman. Having reached it, I made the hungry inhabitants happy once more; while I solaced myself with some tea, and the pleasing reflection, that I had brought comfort to the distress, and had reclaimed a deluded girl from ruin and infamy.

Adieu.

NOTES.

Page 4.—*What shock awaits me, &c.*— ‘What dreadful blow awaits me? For what horror are you preparing me?’
CECILIA.

Page 16.—*I write on my knees, &c.*— ‘Je t’écris à genoux ; je baigne mon papier de mes pleurs.’
HELOÏSE.

Page 16.—*The idea that your eyes, &c.*— ‘The idea that Charlotte’s eyes had dwelt on his features, the buttons of his coat, the cape, made all of them so interesting, so dear to me, I should certainly have taken him in my arms, if I had not been ashamed.’
WERTER.

Page 16.—*My world is divided, &c.*— ‘Le monde n’est jamais divisé pour moi, qu’en deux régions, celle où elle est, et celle où elle n’est pas.’
HELOÏSE.

Page 16.—*How my heart beats, &c.*— ‘How my heart beats and my blood boils in my veins, when, by accident, I touch her finger, when my feet meet her’s under the table.’
WERTER.

Page 17.—*As we parted, &c.*— ‘Yesterday, when I took leave of her, she held out her hand to me, and said, Adieu, my dear Werter. Dear

Werter! It was the first time she ever called me dear. The sound sunk deep into my heart. I have repeated it a hundred times since; and when I went to bed, I said, Good night, my dear Werter. I recollected myself, and laughed.'

WERTER.

Page 18.—*Love is heaven, &c.*— 'Love is heaven, and heaven is love.'

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Page 18.—*Foolish youth, &c.*— 'Insensé! Si mes jours te sont chers, crains d'attenter aux tiens.'

HELOÏSE.

Page 19.—*Live! &c.*— 'Live! faintly returned Ida.'

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 45.—*It was a short petticoat, &c.*— 'Their dress was a very short full petticoat of light green, with a boddice of white silk, the sleeves loose, and tied up at the shoulders with ribbons and bunches of flowers. Their hair was also ornamented with flowers, and with a small straw hat.'

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 47.—*Now by my fay, &c.*

'Nephew, quoth Heron, by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke. Say forth thy say.'

MARMION.

Page 66.—*Plucking a thistle, &c.*— ‘ Plucking a thistle that sprung from a broken pediment, she blew away its down with her balmy breath, merely to hide her confusion. Surely she is the most sentient of all created beings!’

WILD IRISH GIRL.

Page 67.—*The glance that seeks the soul, &c.*— ‘ The glance that sought the soul, the sentiment the heart embodied, the tender gaiety, the more delicious sadness, the timid, stifled sigh, the soft, malicious smile; the thrill, the hope, the fear, each in itself a little bliss.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 76.—*Exercise and agitation, &c.*— ‘ Exercise had diffused its softest bloom over her cheek.’

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 76.—*The wind had blown my yellow hair, &c.*— ‘ The wild rings of her auburn hair played on her youthful face, as the yellow leaves of autumn curl over a latter peach.’

THE RECESS.

Page 82.—*O to saunter over hillocks, &c.*— ‘ Sauntering over hillocks covered with lavender, wild thyme, juniper and tamarisc.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 83.—*While shrubs fringe, &c.*—‘Shrubs fringed their summits, or patches of meagre vegetation tinted their recesses.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 83.—*Almonds, cypresses, &c.*—‘Enriched with woods, towns, blushing vines, and plantations of almonds, palms and olives.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 83.—*While the Garonne wanders, &c.*—‘The majestic Garonne wandered, descending from its source among the Pyrenees, and winding its blue waves towards the Bay of Biscay.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 83.—*Are the flowers of the agnus castus there, &c.*—‘The flowers of the spreading agnus castus mingled their fragrance with the pomegranate of Shemlek. The Asiatic Andrachne reared its smooth, red trunk. The rose-coloured nerit, the verdant alia marina.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 97.—*One of those pensioned justices, &c.*—‘Pensioned justices—packed juries—vague and sanguinary laws. Our usurping oligarchy assumes a power of making our most innocent actions misdemeanors, of determining points of law without appeal, and of imprison-

ing our persons without trial. Of breaking open our houses with the standing army.'

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S ADDRESS TO THE
ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER, Oct. 6, 1812.

Page 133.—*Yet disguise thyself, &c.*— 'Dis-
guise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery, said I,
still thou art a bitter draught; and though
thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink
of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.'

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 133.—*The beauty which softened, &c.*—
'Her beauty, touched with the languid delicacy
of illness, gained in sentiment, what it lost in
bloom.'

ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.

Page 148.—*Whose unimplicated simplicity,*
&c.— 'Which, in veiling her shoulders and
bosom, by the simplicity and grace of its folds,
gave to her perfect form the air of a fine, antique
statue.'

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 149.—*An apparent tissue, &c.*— 'An
apparent tissue of woven air, which fell like a
vapour round her.'

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 149.—*My little foot, &c.*— 'Her little
foot resembled that of a youthful Thetis, or that
of a fugitive Atalanta.'

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 151.—*The sly smile, &c*
smile that creates the little dimple
of the little mouth.'

Page 152.—*Playful fondness, &*
in which all the witcheries of
blended; playful fondness, affecte
mated tenderness, and soul-dissolv
ment.'

WILD IR

Page 153.—*An air-lifted figure.*
lifted figure of Glorvina.'

WILD IR

Page 153.—*In all the diffidence,*
all the bashful diffidence of a simpl
perienced recluse.'

IDA OF

Page 153.—*A certain susceptibil*
'A degree of susceptibility too exqu
mit of lasting peace.'

phere, and rays, pure as their thoughts, silver the foliage.'
IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 154.—*Laying the rosy tip, &c.*— 'Laying the tip of her rosy finger on his arm.'

NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK.

Page 156.—*I tossed back my ringlets, &c.*— 'Her locks of living gold, as they were lightly shaken off with that motion of the head, at once so infantine and graceful.'

WILD IRISH GIRL.

Page 165.—*Behold the most celebrated woman, &c.*— 'Corinne, dit-il, est, sans doute, la femme la plus célèbre de notre pays.'

CORINNE.

Page 155.—*Her impassioned sensibility, &c.*— 'La sensibilité passionnée qui enspirait la poésie de Corinne, et l'art qu'elle avait de saisir des rapports touchans, entre les beautés de la nature, et les impressions les plus intimes de l'ame.'

CORINNE.

Page 165.—*Who can question her eloquence.*— 'Il parla de son éloquence.' CORINNE.

Page 165.—*Her's is the head of a Sappho, &c.*— 'It was the head of a Sappho, deficient only in that voluptuous languor, which should

characterize the countenance of the enamoured Lesbian.' NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK.

Page 169.—*Letting down my tresses, &c.*—
 ‘ Elle détacha le shall qui entourait son front; et tous les cheveux, d’un noir d’ébène, tombèrent en boucles, sur ses épaules. Elle s’avança la tête nue, elle se rerait une seconde fois à genoux pour recevoir la couronne.’

CORINNE.

Page 169.—*I am crowned, &c.*— ‘ Quand la couronne fut placée sur la tête de Corinne, tous les instrumens se firent entendre. Ses yeux se remplirent de larmes.’

CORINNE.

Page 170.—*I struck a few low Lydian notes, &c.*— ‘ Struck a few low chords, and cast round a timid glance. She sung. Her voice was scarcely louder than a sigh, and her accompaniment was only an harmonic chord, swept at intervals.’

IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 171.—*My voice as it died, &c.*— ‘ Her voice as it died over the faint vibration of the chords, had all the heart-breaking, melancholy softness of the Eolian lyre.’

ST. CLAIR.

Page 180.—*I meandered through all the intricacies, &c.*— ‘ The lovely Athenian youth are led by Ida through all the graceful intri-

eacies of the dance of Ariadne, imitating in their circular and oblique motions, the harmonious movement of the spheres; themselves resembling in their light and playful forms, the horns of Bathycles.' IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 180.—*Sometimes with a rapid flight, &c.*— 'Sometimes with a quickened step, a rapid flight, and glowing smile, she darted like an herald Iris, through the intricacies of the grove; and sometimes assuming the spirited dignity of a young Diana, she moves in a slow and gentle languishment.' IDA OF ATHENS.

Page 181.—*Capriciously did I bend my head, &c.*— 'Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious.' TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Page 181.—*What a Hebe.*— 'What a Hebe!' WILD IRISH GIRL.

Page 181.—*To hold in my arms, &c.*— 'To hold in my arms the most lovely of women, to fly with her like the wind, and lose sight of every other object.' WERTER.

Page 181.—*I rise, and colouring violently, &c.*— 'Good heaven, cried she, blushing, and hastily moving to the door, where can Ellen be?' CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Page 188.—*The winds are abroad, &c.*—
‘The wind is abroad, the shower descends.’

OSSIAN.

Page 190.—*Illness touches my features, &c.*
—‘And touched her form with something more
than human.’ NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK.

Page 190.—*In an instant, I see him, &c.*—
‘A l’instant, me voir, s’écrier, courir, s’élancer
dans mes bras.’ HELOÏSE.

Page 191.—*He shook his head, &c.*—‘Shook
his head, and went on with his work of afflic-
tion.’ SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 194.—*I cannot get out, &c.*—‘I can’t
get out, I can’t get out, said the starling. I
will let thee out, cost what it will.’

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 196.—*Too well I knew, &c.*—‘Too
well I see and rue the dire event.’ MILTON.

Page 205.—*Painted glass, &c.*—‘Casements
of painted glass, enriched with armorial bear-
ings.’ MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

END OF VOL. II.



THE
HEROINE,
OR
ADVENTURES OF CHERUBINA.

VOL. III.



B. CLARKE, Printer, Well-street, London.



THE HEROINE.

LETTER XXX.

AFTER my last letter, I spent two tedious days in employments which I now blush to relate—no less than doing all the dirty work of the house; sweeping the room, kindling the fire, cooking the victuals, and endeavouring, by comb and soap, to make cherubs of the children. What bewitched me, I cannot conceive. The humanity of other Heroines is ever elegant and cleanly. They give silver and tears in abundance, but never descend to the bodily charity of working, like wire-drawers, for withered old women and brats with rosy noses. And yet, as

those who sheltered me, were poor and helpless, themselves, surely their hospitality to me deserved some recompense. So you must not condemn me totally; for I declare I would rather have relieved them with my purse, and soothed them with my sympathy, than have fried their herrings and washed their faces.

However, during this interval, I superadded the poetess to the housemaid, and composed a ballad; though much I fear it is too simple for a Heroine.

* The bells are all ringing,
 The birds are all singing,
 Glad tidings are bringing,
 And bright is the air:
 'Tis Kate to her wedding,
 Tho' villagers heading,
 And blossoms are shedding,
 All over her hair.

* For this elegant little Ballad, I am indebted to the Author of "A Picture of Society."

THE HEROINE:

3

But whence is that shrieking?
Oh spare me the speaking:
Her lover all reeking,
By rivals is dead.
Low is she laid,
The heart-broken maid,
Faded the flowers that decked her head.

This morning, having relinquished my rags, and resumed my muslins, I repaired to Monkton Castle, where, seated on a withered stump, I began an accurate investigation of the building.

It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the road, and upon a desolate common, where a few shattered oaks are all that remain of a former forest. The castle itself (which, however, appears too small for corridors and suits of apartments) is an exact square, having a turret at each corner; and a large gate-way on the southern side. While I surveyed its roofless

walls, overtopt with briony, grass, and nettles, and admired the Gothic points of the windows, where mantling ivy had supplied the place of glass, long suffering and murder came to my thoughts.

As I sat planning, from romances, the revival of the feudal customs and manners in my castle, and of the feudal system among my tenantry, I perceived a barouche, just turning out of the road into the common. My heart beat high: the carriage approached, stopped; and who should alight from it, but Higginson and Jerry Sullivan!

After Higginson, with reverence, and Jerry, with familiarity, had congratulated me on my restoration to my estates, the latter began looking hard at the castle.

“The people told us this was Monkton Castle,” said he; “but where is

THE HEROINE.

the Monkton Castle that your Ladyship is to live in ?”

“ There it is, my friend,” answered I.

“ What, there ?”

“ Yes, there.”

“ What, there, there ?”

“ Yes, there, there.”

“ Oh, murder, murder !”

“ Murders enough, I dare swear,” said I ; “ and ghosts too.”

The postillion now came forward, with his hat in his hand.

“ How far might we be from your house, my lady ?” said he. “ For I have brought the horses a deadly long journey already.”

“ That castle is my house,” answered I.

“ Begging your Ladyship’s pardon,” said he ; “ what I mean is this : how far are we from where your Ladyship lives ?”

“ I live in that castle,” answered I.

Jerry began making me signs, over the fellow's shoulder, to hold my tongue.

"What are you grimacing about, Mr. Sullivan?" cried I.

"Oh, 'tis only a way I have got," answered Jerry. "But your Ladyship, you know, is merely come down on a sort of an excursion, you know, to see if the castle wants repairing you know; you don't mean to live in it, you know." And at every 'you know,' he put his finger upon his nose, and winked.

"But I know I do mean to live in it," said I, "and so, Sir, I beg you will cease your grinning."

"And sure 'tis for your good I'm grinning," cried he. "And sure if 'twas even through a horse-collar, I'd grin for that."

The postillion now stood staring up at the venerable edifice, with an expression of the most insolent ridicule.

"What are you looking at, block-head?" said Jerry.

"By all that is comical," cried the fellow, reddening with smothered laughter, "I am looking at the sky through the windows!"

"By all that is black and blue," said Jerry, "tis I that will spoil your looking for ever, if you don't take the horses from the carriage, and set off with yourself in a twinkling."

"Not till I am paid for my journey down," cried the postillion. "So will your Ladyship have the goodness to pay me!"

"Assuredly," said I. "Jerry, pay him."

"Deuce a rap have I," answered Jerry. "I laid out my last farthing in things for your Ladyship."

"Higginson," said I, "pay him."

"It irks me to represent," answered Higginson, "that in equipments for

this expedition;—a nice little comb, a nice little pocket-glass, a nice little thread-case to darn my stockings—”

“In short, you have no money,” cried I.

“Not a farthing,” answered he.

“Neither have I,” said I; “so, postillion, you must call another time.”

“Here is a pretty to do!” cried the postillion. “Damme, this is a shy sort of a business. Not even the price of a feed of oats! Snuff my eyelights, I must have the money: I must, blow me.”

“I tell you what, Mr. Blow-me,” cried Jerry, “if you don’t unloose your horses this moment, and pack off, by the powers, the three of us will give you such a thrashing between us, as does’nt often fall to an honest man’s share.”

The postillion took the horses from the carriage, in silence; then, having

mounted one of them, and ridden a few paces off, he stopped.

“ You set of vagabonds and swindlers,” cried he, “ without a roof over your heads, or a penny in your pockets, to go diddle me out of my day’s labour ! Wait till master takes you in hand : and if I don’t tell the coach-maker what a fresh one he was, to give you his barouche on tick, may I be particularly horsewhipt ! Ladyship ! a rummish sort of a tit for a Ladyship ! And there is my Lord, I suppose. And-t’other is the Marquis. Three pickpockets from Fleet-street, I’d bet a whip to a wisp. Ladyship ! Oh, her ladyship ! ” and away he cantered, ladyshipping it, till he was out of hearing.

“ To that young person I would fain have read a moral lecture,” said Higginson.

“ What, after bilking him ? ” said

Jerry. "No, no, my man. You should have bullied him, as I did. Nothing like bullying a man, when one is bilking him. But now he will go tell the coachmaker, what a blessed bargain of a house we have, and down will come the coachmaker upon us for four hundred guineas; and we without a copper? Oh, murder, murder! Why didn't your Ladyship mind my winking?"

"Because," said I, "I was not ashamed, as you were, of living in this venerable castle."

"And now, 'pon your conscience," said Jerry, "will your Ladyship live in it?"

"Upon my honour I will," replied I.

"And now is there no decent house on the estate, that one of your tenants could lend you?" said he.

"Why," replied I, "though Lady Gwyn has actually acknowledged my right to the estate, still, since she has not

yet put me in formal possession of it, the tenantry, most probably, will not yet treat me as their mistress. All I can now do, therefore, is to seize this uninhabited castle, which lies on the estate. But rest assured, a heroine of good taste in her profession, would infinitely prefer the desolation of a castle to the comforts of a villa."

"Well, of all the wise freaks—" muttered Jerry, standing astride, sticking his nuckles in his ribs, and deliberately nodding his head, as he looked up at the castle.

"Mr. Jerry Sullivan," interrupted I, "should you have the slightest objection to remaining here, you may depart this moment."

"And do you think I would leave you?" cried he. "Oh th'n, oh th'n, 'tis I that would'nt! And if you were the greatest rascal on earth, and if it was a gallows itself, instead of a castle,

I would assist you all the same. By my virtue, and as I am a sinner, if your Ladyship even commanded me to jump over that said castle, I'd—no, I don't say I'd do it; but by the powers I'd take a run at it!"

I shook his honest hand, and then asked him, had he performed my commissions.

"Your Ladyship shall hear," said he. "As soon as ever I got your letter, I went with it in my hand, and shewed it at fifty different shops;—clothiers, and glaziers, and upholsterers, and feather-makers, and trumpet-makers, and all manner of makers; but neither old-tapestry, nor old painted glass, nor old flags stained with old blood, nor old lutes, nor old any thing, would they sell me without money; and moreover, as sure as ever I shewed them your letter, so sure they laughed at it."

"Laughed at it?" cried I.

"All but one," said Jerry.

"And he?" cried I.

"Was going to knock me down. Howsomever, since Molly and I are retiring from business, on the strength of the two hundred-a-year, that your Ladyship offered me; and since you commanded me to get old goods, instead of new, by dad, I went and packed up, out of our own shop, as much cloth as would furnish two rooms at the very farthest. There is black cloth, and red cloth; and though both are motheaten, and rotten, and musty enough, I thought your Ladyship would like 'em the better for that same; so I chose 'em o' purpose. Well, I then went, and bought a parcel of old funeral feathers, and an old velvet pall from an undertaker; and a broken old harp, that will do any thing but play, from the blind Welsh girl who thrums through the streets; and a big cracked

old bell, from the sexton of our parish ; and a tin horn from the guard of a mail coach ; and a lot of old pictures of old wiggly quizzes, from a sign painter ; and some panes of painted glass, from a glazier. And all these, together with my bed and trunk, and a box of Mr. Higginson's, I have got snug here in the barouche."

"But the barouche?" said I; "how did you procure that?"

"Faith, then, by not shewing your letter," answered Jerry; "and by knowing the coachmaker myself. And I told him it was for Lady De Willoughby, as beautiful as an angel—but he did not mind that; and as rich as a Jew;—but he minded that; and so he gave me, not only the barouche, but a thousand thanks into the bargain."

"Well, my friend," said I, "if you and Higginson will pull down those

stones which barricade the gateway, we will enter the building, and see what can be done with our present materials."

They commenced operations, and having soon cleared away the rubbish, conducted me into my castle.

A thrill of pride and joy ran through my frame, as I entered and took possession. But I found its interior in a far more ruinous state than I had imagined. Nothing remained except the four turrets, and the four walls which united them. These roofless walls were stained with the venerable verdure of damp, and the intervening area was overrun with nettles and thistles.— From this area a door-way opened into each turret. I looked through; but three turrets, despoiled even of their stairs, were inaccessible to human feet, and attainable only by an owl or an angel. However, on reconnoitering

the fourth, or eastern turret, I found it in much better condition than the rest. There the stairs, (which were winding, and of stone,) still remained. I therefore ascended the first flight, and got into a room of about eight feet square (the size of the turret itself), which would answer admirably for my accommodation: I then mounted the next flight, and found myself at the top of the tower. Round it ran a broken parapet; and fragments of the battlements lay beneath my feet. This tower, therefore, I determined to furnish and inhabit; and to leave the remaining three in a state of classical dilapidation, as receptacles for strange noises, horrid sights, and nocturnal Condottieri.

I now descended, and made the Minstrel and Warden (for I have already invested them in these offices) draw the barouche within the gateway, and

convey the luggage up to the chamber, which I had chosen as my residence.

This done, the pieces of black cloth were opened and inspected. Nothing could answer the purpose better; so, without further loss of time, we set about hanging them round the chamber. This we contrived to accomplish by means of wooden pegs, which the Warden cut with his knife; and drove, with a stone, through the drapery, into the crevices of the walls. The windows being very small, we soon placed the panes of glass (which, however, are painted only in particoloured diamonds) so as to exclude no small portion of the northern blast, and to admit a dingy cloistered light. We then stationed the mutilated harp in a corner, and fastened the portraits against the hangings. The frames of these portraits are old and gilded; and I am not fanciful, I believe; but certainly, three

of the faces have the De Willoughby eyebrow to a hair. When the black hangings, harp, painted glass, and pictures, were all arranged, I gazed, with extreme transport, upon their sombre and antique effect. I then named this apartment, the BLACK CHAMBER, and gave orders that it should always be so denominated.

Our next object was to contrive a bed for me. Jerry, therefore, procured some branches of trees; and after much labour, and no small ingenuity, constructed a bedstead, as crazy as any that ever creaked under a heroine. He then hung it round with curtains of black cloth; and his own bed being placed upon it, he spread the velvet pall, as a coverlet, over the bed. Never was a more funereal piece of furniture; and I saw clearly, that it rivalled the terrifying bed in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

The room underneath, which I designed for my household, we draped with the pieces of red cloth. This room, therefore, I called the **RED CHAMBER**; and as the other turrets were all over verdant moss, ivy, nettles, grass, and groundsel, I called them the **GREEN CHAMBERS**.

The Minstrel, meantime, appeared quite stupified and awestruck; but worked like a horse, puffing and panting, and doing every thing that he was desired, without uttering a word.

The bell, the horn, and the boxes, being now deposited in the Red Chamber, dinner became our next consideration. I have, therefore, just dispatched the Warden (like Peter, in the Romance of the Forest) for the purpose of procuring provisions. Yet not a farthing has he to purchase any; since even the money which Susan gave me, was exhausted at the cottage.

But the light that enters my window begins to grow grey; and an appropriate gloom thickens through the chamber. Sitting on a temporary stool, which the Warden made, I write with the pen of the Minstrel.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

Just at the close of evening, Jerry came running towards the castle, with a milk-pail upon his head.

“ See,” cried he, putting it down, “ how nicely I have choused a little milk-maid! There was she tripping along, as tight as her garter. ‘ Fly for your life,’ cries I, striding up to her: ‘ there is the big bull at my heels, that has just killed two children, two sucking pigs, two——Here! let me hold your pail,’ and I whips it from her head. So, what does she do, but she runs off without it, one way; and what does I do, but I runs off with it, another way! And besides this, I have got my hat filled with young potatoes, that I grubbed out of a field; and my pockets stuffed with wheat,

that I plucked, ears and all, out of another; and if we can't eat these dainties, may our next be fried fleas and toasted leather."

Though I was vexed at his thievery, yet (as dinner, just then, had more charms for me than moral sentiment), instead of instructing him in the doctrines of the social compact, I merely bade him pound the wheat between two flat stones. Meantime, I sent the Minstrel to the cottage, for a light and some fuel; and on his return, made him kindle a fire of wood, in the centre of the Black Chamber. As the floor was stone, it ran no risk of being burned.

This accomplished, I mixed some milk with the bruised wheat, kneaded a cake, and laid it upon the red embers; while Jerry himself took charge of roasting the potatoes.

As soon as our romantic repast was

ready, I drew my stool to the fire: my household drew stones, and we made a tolerable meal; they on the potatoes, and I on the cake, which hunger had really rendered palatable.

The Warden then lifted the pail to my lips, and I took a draught of the rural nectar; while the Minstrel remarked, that Nestor himself had not a larger goblet.

As the cottage of my late hostess was only a quarter of a mile distant, I paid her a solitary visit, and carried the fragments of our dinner to her.

On my return, we resumed our seats, and hung over the expiring embers, which cast a gloomy glare upon the bed and the drapery; while now and then, a flash from the ashes, shot a reddened light on the paleness of the Minstrel, and brightened the broad features of the Warden. The wind had risen: there was a good deal of

excellent howling round the turret: we sat silent, and looking for likenesses in the fire.

“Come, Warden,” cried I, “repair these embers with a fresh splinter, and recount the memoirs of your life.”

The Warden threw down a log, up blazed the fire, and he then began his history.

“Once upon a time when pigs were swine——”

“I beg pardon,” interrupted I, “I must trouble you for a more respectable beginning,—some striking, genteel little picture, to bespeak attention,—such as, “It was on a gloomy night in the month of November.”

“November!” cried Jerry; “that would be what they call a lie, because, as it happens, I was born in January; and by the same token, I was one of the youngest children that ever was born, for I saw light five months after

my mother's marriage. Well, being born, up I grew, and the first word I said was mammy; and my hair was quite yellow then, though 'tis so brown now; and I promised to be handsome, but the symptoms soon left me; and I remember, I was as proud as Lucifer, the first day I wore trowsers; and—"

"Why now, Jerry, what sort of homely trash is this?" said I. "Fie; a Warden like you! I really hoped to have heard something of the wonderful from you."

"Oh, if 'tis the wonderful you want," cried Jerry, "I am at home thereabouts. I won't disappoint you. Well, then, between you and me, I am descended from the O'Sullivans, who were once kings of Munster; and that is the very reason I have not Mister to my name, seeing as how I am of the blood royal. So, being of the blood royal, I was iddicated with

tenderness and ingenuity; and when I came of age, I went and seized upon O'Sullivan Castle, and fortified it, and got a crown and sceptre, and reigned in great peace many years. But as the devil would have it—”

“Jerry,” said I, “I must insist on hearing no more of these monstrous untruths.”

“Untruths!” cried he. “O murder! to think I would tell a falsehood!”


“Sir,” said I, “’tis a falsehood on the very face of it.”

“Then, ’pon my conscience,” cried he, “’tis as like your own story as two peas. Sure did’nt yourself seize upon a castle? And sure, as to the crown and sceptre, hav’nt half the gentlemen in Europe, crowns and sceptres now-a-days? Gad, they are all the go. And I did not contradict you (whatever I might think, and I have my

thoughts too, I promise you) when you talked so glib of your great estates; though, to be sure, your Ladyship is as poor as a rat. Howsomever, since you will have it a falsehood, 'tis a falsehood, sure enough; but now you shall hear the real, real story; though, for that matter, any fool can tell truth, and no thanks to him.

“ Well, then, my father was nothing more than a common labourer, and just poor enough to be honest, though not quite poor enough to be a rogue. Poverty is no great disgrace, provided one comes honestly by it; for one may grow poor as well as rich by knavery. So, being poor, father used to make me earn odd pennies, when I was a boy; until I got so clever, that he resolved on sending me to sell chickens at the next town. But as I could only speak Irish then, by reason we lived up the mountains, he sat down and

taught me a little English, for fear any gentlefolks should ask me about my chickens. 'Now, Jerry,' says he (is Irish), 'if any gentleman addresses you, of course' it will be to know the price of your chickens; so you must answer, *three shillings, Sir.* Then, no doubt, he will be for lowering the price; so you must say stoutly, *No less, Sir;* and if he shakes his head, or looks angry, 'tis a sign he won't buy unless you bate a little; so you are to say, *I believe I must take two, Sir.'*

"Well, I got my lesson pat, and off I set, with my hair cut as strait as a rule, and my face scowered bright, and thinking it the greatest day of my life; and sure enough, I had not walked a hundred yards from our cabin, when a gentleman overtook me. 

"How far is it to the next village?" says he.

"Three shillings, Sir," says I.

“ You are a saucy fellow,” says he.

“ No less, Sir,” says I.

“ I will give you a box in the face,” says he.

“ I believe I must take two, Sir,” says I.

“ But, instead of two, egad, I got twice two, and as many kicks as would match ’em ; and home I ran howling.

— Well, that was very well ; so when I told father I was beaten for nothing :

“ I warrant you were not,” says he ;
“ and if I had treated my poor father as you treat me,” says he, “ he would have broken every bone in my skin,” says he. “ But he was a better father than I am,” says he.

“ How dare you say that your father was better than my father ?” says I ; and upon this, father takes me by the ear, and lugs me right out of the cabin. Well, that was very well. So just as we got outside, the self-same

gentleman was passing; and he stopped, and began complaining of me to father; and then the whole mistake came out, and both of them laughed splittingly.

“ But what do you think? ’Pon my honour, the gentleman took me strait home with him, and set me cleaning the knives and boots. And then he sent me to school, where I learned English; and then he made me tend at table; and then I became a regular servant in the family.

“ Well, here I lived several years; and grew a great fellow for whiskey and whist; until one night, when mistress had company, bringing in the tray of cake and wine, down I came, and smash went all the glasses.

“ By this and that,’ says mistress; (only mistress did’nt swear) ‘ you are drunk,’ says she.

“ Never tasted a drop all day,’ says

I; and 'sure, it was true for me, 'cause I did not begin till evening.

“ Who taught you to tell falsehoods?’ says she.

“ Troth, you did,’ says I; ‘ 'cause you taught me to tell visitors that you were not at home, when all the time you were peeping down the bannisters. Fine fashions, indeed! Nobody is ever at home now-a-days, but a snail,’ says I. And I would have said more too, only master kicked me out of the house.

“ Well, that was very well; and now my misfortunes were all before me, like a wheelbarrow.

“ This happened in the year of the Rebellion; so, being out of service, I lived at alehouses; and there I met gentlemen with rusty superfine on their backs, and with the longest, genteelst words in the world. They soon persuaded me that old Ireland was going

to ruin; I forgot how now, but I know I had the whole story put at that time; and the end of it was, I became an United Irishman.

“Howsoever, though I would have died for my country, it would be carrying the joke too far to starve for her; and I had now spent all my wages. So, at last, away I goes and seeks out my old master, and falls on my knees, and asks his pardon for the aduce I gave mistress, and prays of him to hire me once more. Well, he did; and it was only two nights after, that we heard a great noise outside the house; and master comes running into the kitchen.

“Jerry,” says he, “here are the rebels attacking the house; and as I know you are a faithful fellow, take this sword and pistol, and stand by me.”

“By you? No, but I will stand before you,” says I. So we mustered

our men, and posted ourselves upon the head of the stairs; when in burst the rebels, and their captain bade us surrender our arms.

“Why then, is that Barney Delany?” says I.

“Why then, is that Jerry Sullivan?” says he. “You are one of us,” says he, “so now turn round and shoot your master,” says he.

“I will cut off both my hands first,” says I.

“Take that then,” says he; and he fires a shot, and I another; and at it we kept, pop, pop, pop; till we beat ’em all off.

“Well, in a few months afterwards, this same Barney being made prisoner, I was bound over as witness against him. So, some of the gentlemen with the long words came, and told me as how I had acted wrong in fighting for my master, instead of for my country;

and as how I must make amends by giving my evidence in favour of Barney.

“ Well, they puzzled me so, that from then, till now, I never could satisfy myself, whether I was right or wrong in standing by my master. But somehow, I think I was right; for though patriotism (one of the long words) is a fine thing, still, after all, there is nothing like gratitude. Why, now, if the devil himself did me a kind office, I believe I would make shift to do him another; and not act like the clergy, who spend their whole lives snubbing at him, and calling him all manner of names; though they know, that, only for him, there would not be a clergyman or a fat living in the kingdom.

“ Howsoever, I was over persuaded to do the genteel thing by Barney Delany; so, when the day of trial

came, I drank myself pretty un-
intelligible; and I swore point blank, be-
fore judge and jury, that I did not
know Barney good or bad, and that
all I knew of him was good: and I
bothered the lawyers, and they turned
me from the table, and threatened to
indite me for perjury. But how the
people praised me, and called it iligant
swearing, and mighty pretty evidence!
And I was the great man of the day;
and they took me to the neighbouring
fair, and treated me with more liquor;
and then forth we sallied, ripe for
fun.

“ Well, as we were running, like
mad, through the fair, what should I
spy, but a man’s bald head sticking
out of a hole in a tent—to cool, I sup-
pose,—so I just lifted up my cudgel,
and just laid it down; when, behold
you, out comes a whole set of fel-
lows from the tent, and bloody bald-

pate asks, which of us had broken his head?

"It was my own self," says I; "but confound me if I could help it, that skull of your's looked so inviting."

"Accordingly, both parties began a battle; and then others, who had nothing better to do, came and joined; they did not know why or wherefore; but no matter for that. Any one may fight, when there's an occasion; but the beauty of it, is to fight when there's no occasion at all.

"Howsomever, while we were rattling away famously, up came the military to spoil sport, as usual; and they dispersed us, and made some of us prisoners,—I among the rest,—and we were put into Bridewell. Well, that was very well. So at night, we contrived to break it open, beat the keepers, and make our escape. I then skulked about the country several days;



till coming across some lads, who were going beyond seas, to reap the English harvest, I took the frolic, and went with them.

“ But to be sure, to be sure, such a hurricane as we had at sea, and such tumbling and tossing; and then we were driven to the world’s end, or the Land’s End, or some end; but I know I thought I was come to my own end. In short, such adventures never were known.”

“ What adventures, my friend?” cried I.

“ Why,” said he, “ we had an adventure every moment, for every moment we were near going to the bottom.”

“ Nonsense!” said I. “ Ah, Jerry, these famous adventures of your’s are ending in nothing.”

“ Wait-awhile,” said Jerry. “ Then there was such pulling of ropes, and

reefing and rigging; end starboarding and larboarding; and so many seas and channels; the Irish Channel, and the British Channel, and the Bristol Channel, and the Baltic Sea, and the Atlantic Sea, and—Oh! bad luck to me, but we sailed over almost every sea in the known world.”

“Did you sail over the Red Sea?” said I.

“To be sure I did.”

“And the Black Sea?”

“Not a doubt of it.”

“And the White Sea and the Pacific Ocean?”

“Every mother’s soul of them.”

“And what kind of seas are they?”

“Why, please your Ladyship, the Red Sea is as red as blood, and the Black Sea is as black as ink, and the White Sea is the colour of new milk, or nearer butter-milk, I think; and the Pacific—What’s that word?”

“Pacific,” said I.

“And what is the meaning of Pacific?” said he.

“It means peaceful or calm,” answered I.

“Fegs, I thought so,” cried he, “for the devil a wave that same ocean has on it at all at all. ’Pon my conscience, ’tis as smooth as the palm of my hand.”

“Take care, Jerry,” said I, laughing; “I am afraid——”

“Why then,” cried he, “that I may never——”

“Hush!” said I. “No swearing.”

“By dad,” cried he, “at this rate, you had better tell me my own story yourself; for you seem bent upon having it all just as you like. Murder alive! ’tis a hard case, that a poor man can’t——”

“Pray, my friend,” interrupted I, “do not bravo the matter any more; but suppose yourself safely landed in

England; and what happened you then?"

"Why, then," said he, "I made a little money by reaping, and afterwards, I trüdged to London."

"And how did you at first subsist in London?" asked I.

"By spitting through my teeth," said Jerry.

"Take care," cried I. "This I suspect is another——"

"If you mean lie," said Jerry, "you are out at last. 'Tis as true and as true, as true and true can be; and I will explain all about it. You must know, 'tis now the fashion for gentlemen to be their own coachmen; and not only to drive like coachmen, but to talk, walk, dress, drink, swear, and even spit like coachmen. Well, two days after my arrival, as I was standing in the street, and looking about, I happened to spit through my teeth, to

the envy and admiration of a gentleman who was just driving his own carriage by. For he stopped, and called me across, and offered me half a crown if I would teach him to do the same. Well, I went home with him, and in a short time, taught him to spit so well, that my fame spread through the town, and all the fashionable fellows flocked about me for instruction; till I had a good mind to set up a Spitting Academy.

“ I had now spit myself into such affluence, that I refused a coachman's seat, with forty pounds a-year (for, as I said, even a curate had more than that); and perhaps, instead of a seat on the box, I might at last have risen to a seat in Parliament (for many a man has got there by dirtier tricks than mine); only unfortunately, my profession, being of a nature to dry up my mouth, made me frequent porter.

houses; where, as more bad luck would have it, I met other gentlemen, just such as I had met before, and with just the same set of long words.

“ In a little time, all of us came to a firm determination that our country was ruined, and that something must be done. So we formed ourselves into a club, for the purpose of writing ballads about the war, and the taxes, and a thousand lashes that a soldier got. And we used to set ten or twelve ballad-singers round our table, each having her pint of beer; and one of our club would teach them the tune with a little kit, while I was in a cock-loft overhead, composing the words. And they reckoned me the finest poet of 'em all; and told me that my writings would descend to my poster—some long word or other; and often the thoughts came so quick on me, that I was obliged to chalk them down upon

the back of the bellows. But whenever I wanted an inflammation of ideas, I got some gin, and Weekly Register; and then between both, up I worked myself to such a thusiasm, as they call it, that my blood would sometimes run cold in the morning, at the thoughts of what I had planned in the night.

“ Well, one evening, the ballad-singers were round the table, sipping and singing to the little kit, and I had just popt down my head through the trap-door of the cock-loft, and says I, ‘ Mr. Chairman,’ says I, ‘ what is the rhyme for *Reform* ?’

“ Confound you,’ says he, ‘ didn’t I tell you twenty times ’tis *storm* ;’ when in bursts the door, and a parcel of peace-officers seize himself and the whole set, for holding seditious meetings. Think of that! when faith and honour, our only object was to procure

a speedy peace, by letting our enemies know we could not carry on the war.

"Howsomever, as I lay concealed in the cock-loft, I got out of the scrape; and well I remember, it was on the very same night I first saw my wife."

"Ah," said I, "give me the particulars of that event; the first meeting of lovers is always so interesting!"

"Why," said he, "going home sorrowful enough, after the ruin of our club, I resolved to drown care in drink; and accordingly turned into a porter-house; where I found three fruit women from Covent Garden, bound on the same errand."

"What dram shall we have?" says they.

"Brandy," says one.

"Gin," says another.

"Anniseed-water," says another. And so they fell to and drank.

"I am happy that I ever saw this City of Lunnun; for my fortune is made," says Brandy.

"If my father lived, I would be brought up to good education," says Gin.

"If my mother lived, I would be brought up at a boarding-school," says Anniseed-water.

"Why, curse you," says Gin, "what was your mother but an old apple-woman?"

"And curse you," says Anniseed-water, "what was your father but a gallows-bird of a bum-bailiff?"

"And then they fell a fighting and scratching; and Anniseed-water (the present Mrs. Jerry Sullivan) was getting well cuffed, when I came to her assistance. So that was our first meeting."

"Defend me from all such first meetings!" cried I. "And I suppose your courtship was just a match for it."

"Ah, it was my masterpiece!" cried

he. "Molly, you must know, felt so much obliged by my conduct, that she invited me home to tea, and I went. At this time she was a widow; as fine a doerful of a woman, as bouncing a lump of bloom as ever raised froth over a washing tub. And her daughter, and a great deal of good company, were there;—the tailor's wife, and the barber's wife, and the pawnbroker's wife: and none so grand as they. And they told as many lies over a dish of tea, as ever a parcel of porters did over a barrel of beer. And a young valet swore, one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion; and then he whispered Molly how killing genteel she looked. But I only pinched her elbow, and I thought she liked that better."

"It was very vulgar, however," observed I. "The first process is to kiss the hand."

“Ogh!” cried Jerry. “Is it to be mumbering the knuckles, just as a pup niggles a bone. Dad, I am the manner of man, that takes, at once, and flusters a woman, and reckons her ribs. No creeping up, and up, and up; and then down, and down, and down, for me—Why now, as I hope to be married, I gave that same widow a thundering kiss, on three days’ acquaintance.”

“Poor thing!” exclaimed I. “Well, and what did she say?”

“Say? why she said, ‘Be quiet now,—though I know you can’t!’ So, of course, I kissed her still more; while she changed colour in a minute, as often as a blackberry does in a month. ‘Ha’ done, then,’ says she, ‘or I will call out,—only there is nobody at home;’—when—in pops the valet, and catches us lip to lip.

“Now he was a conceited sort of a chap, that used to set himself off with

great airs, show his white hands-- which, I verily believe, he washed every day of his life;--curse and swear just like a gentleman, keep a tooth-brush, and make both his heels meet when he bowed.

“ Well, I had nothing upon earth to oppose against all this, but a bit of a quarrel;--that was my strong point;--so, sure enough, I gave him such a beating for catching us kissing, that the widow thought me main stout, and married me in a week.

“ With her money I set up shop; and I did not much mind her being ten years older than myself, since she was ten times richer. I only copied my own father there; for he once happened to be divided between a couple of girls, the prettiest of them portioned with one cow, and the ugliest with two; so he consulted his landlord which he should marry, and his land-

lord bade him marry the girl with the two cows; for, says he, there is not a cow difference between any two women."

"Nay," said the Minstrel, "even the ancients themselves thought less of a woman than of a cow; inasmuch, as oftentimes, the first prize allotted in their games, was a cow, and the second a woman."

But now sleep began to pour its opiate over our eyes; so the Minstrel and Warden retired, and took their nocturnal station in the Red Chamber. Each was to keep alternate watch at the portal of the castle, and to toll the passing hour upon the bell.

The wind still moaned around the turret; and the fire, ghastly in decay, tinged with a fainter crimson, the projecting folds of the black hangings. Dismal looked the bed as I drew near; and while I lifted the velvet pall, that

I might creep beneath, I shivered, and almost expected to behold the apparition of a human face starting from under it. When I lay down, I closed my fearful eyes, lest I should see something hideous; nor was it till the third bell had tolled, that I fell asleep.

Adieu.



THE HEROINE.

61

LETTER XXXII.

I ROSE early this morning, and summoned Jerry to the Black Chamber; for my head was teeming with the most important projects.

“ My friend,” said I, “ though Lady Gwyn has already acknowledged me the rightful owner, not alone of this castle, but of the house which she herself inhabits, yet I cannot apply to my tenantry for rent, or even raise the price of a breakfast, till she surrenders the deeds and parchments, and gives me legal possession of both properties. Now, since I fear I shall find her rather obstinate in this affair, I have determined on proposing a compromise, and on waving my title to the estate of Gwyn Castle, provided she will esta-

blish my title to the estate of Monkton Castle.

I shall therefore pay her Ladyship a visit immediately ; but, as I was once driven out of her house in disgrace, I shall now return thither, with such a numerous train of domestics, as will enable me to set both insult and injury at defiance.

“ You must therefore, my good Warden, go and hire, without farther delay, a set of servants for me. Inform them, that I will give each, according to the feudal system, a portion of ground ; that I will let them live in the castle, and finally, that I will constitute them my feudal vassals. An offer like this, must draw half the servants in the neighbourhood about you ; so pray cull the flower of them. Go, my friend.”

“ Why then, now, speaking sober

reason," said Jerry, "who but madmen would come, as servants, to a house without a roof? Arrah, would you have them build swallows' nests for themselves, under the windows, and live upon suction like the snipes?"

"Mr. Sullivan," said I, "cast no sarcasms, but do as you are desired."

"Well, from this moment, I say nothing," cried Jerry. "So now, your Ladyship, how many of these same feudal vessels, as you call 'em;—these vessels that are to have no drink——"

"Jerry!——"

"Well, well, how many must I hire?—tell me, quick—and there is my hand upon my mouth till I am gone."

"About fifteen or twenty," said I. "But remember, I will have no dapper footmen, with smirking faces. I must have a clan like those that adorned the middle ages; fellows with Nor-

man noses, and all sorts of frowns—men of iron, fit to live in comets.”

“ Ay, or they could not live in an old ——” But Jerry clapped his hand upon his mouth just time enough; and then ran down stairs.

During his absence, I paid a visit to the poor cottagers; and having sat with them awhile, and promised them assistance before evening, I returned towards the castle.

On approaching it, I perceived, to my great surprise, Jerry also advancing, at the head of about twenty men, armed with bludgeons.

“ Here are the boys!” cried Jerry. “ Here are the true sort. Few Norman noses, I believe, but all honest hearts; and though they never lived in comets, egad, they lived in Ireland. Look at ’em. Hold up your heads, you dogs. Please your Ladyship, they came over only to save the hay, and reap the har-

vest; but when they found their own countryman, and a pretty girl in distress, they soon volunteered their services; and now here they are, ready for that same Lady Gwyn, or any lady in the land."

My heart dilated with exultation at beholding this mighty retinue of feudal vassals; and I welcomed them cordially. As it was expedient to inspire Lady Gwyn with respect and awe, I resolved on making the best possible display of my power, taste, and feudal magnificence. Having no horses for my barouche, I fixed to make some of my domestics draw it, as at a triumph; and to make the rest follow it in procession. However, ragged and uncelebrated dresses, such as they wore, would never do; but I think you will admire my plan for supplying them with a more creditable costume. Much of the black and red cloth still remained;

so we had only to divide it into large pieces, which the vassals might wear as cloaks; and then by sticking the black feathers in their hats, they would rival even the Udolphian soldiery.

I had myself made up some flowing black drapery for Higginson. But as minstrels never wear hats, and are always bald; and as Higginson still cherished his locks, with a spruceness most unmeet, I persuaded him, after repeated assurances how much handsomer he would look, to let Jerry shave the crown of his head.

Accordingly, the Warden performed the tonsorial operation in the Black Chamber, while I remained in the Red, to adjust the feathers and cloaks on my domestics. These poor fellows, who, I suppose, had never read even a primer, much less a romance, stood gaping at each other with silent wonder; though some of them attempted un-

meaning, and, I must say, troublesome jests upon what was going forward.

When accoutered, a more formidable and picturesque group than they presented, you never beheld; and while I was still admiring them, down from the turret issued the Minstrel. But such a spectacle! Half his huge head was shorn of its hair: his black garments, knotted just under his bare neck, gave a new ghastliness to his face; while his eyes, which he rivetted upon me, were starting out of their sockets with anxiety and agitation. He looked preternatural. To contain was impossible; I began laughing, and the Irishmen uttered a shout.

The poor man turned as pale as ashes; his face began to work and quiver, and he burst into a piteous fit of crying. Then suddenly, lifting a prodigious stone, he whirled it at

Jerry's head; who ducked for his life, and saved it,

“Why then, curse on you, what did I do to you?” cried Jerry.

“You shaved my head, and spoiled my looks on purpose,” cried the Minstrel. “And you are endeavouring to outrival me with my mistress, and she likes you better than me. Well, well, it cannot be holpen. Oh, dear, dear!”

I tried to sooth him; but he turned from me with a froward shoulder, mounted the turret again, and continued sobbing there, as long as I remained. Having posted two sentinels upon the top of the tower, I now ascended my barouche, Six vassals, in red cloaks, were deputed to draw it; and the rest, in black, brought up the rear. Jerry, whose hat I had distinguished with three feathers; and upon

whose black cloak I had fastened a scarlet cape, headed the whole. Never was a more august procession; and I will venture to assert, that this country, at least, never saw any thing like it.

As we paraded along the road, the people ran from their houses to gaze upon us. Some said we were strolling actors, others swore we were coming from a funeral: all were astonished; and a rabble of boys and girls capered about our heels, and gathered as we went.

It was not till towards evening, that we reached Lady Gwyn's avenue. We stopped there a moment, while I made my attendants wipe the barouche, and shake the dust from their cloaks, and adjust their feathers, and hold up their hats. Then, with a beating heart, I stepped myself at the door.

The Warden pealed an authoritative

rap. The door opened. The servant stared.

“Inform the Lady Gwyn,” said I, “that her niece, the Lady de Willoughby, desires the honour of a conference with her.”

The fellow grinned, and disappeared. In a few minutes, out came her Ladyship, accompanied by several guests; some of whose faces I remembered having seen there before.

They greeted me with great kindness and respect.

Carelessly bowing, as I sat half reclined, I thus addressed her Ladyship.

“Lady Gwyn, I now come to make your Ladyship a proposal, which I am as generous in offering, as you will be polite in accepting. And first learn, that I am, at this moment, holding actual possession of Monkton Castle, the seat of my renowned ancestors.

To that castle, and to this house, your Ladyship has already acknowledged my right; and to both I can hereafter establish my claim by a judiciary process.

“ However, as I prefer a more amicable mode of adjustment, and am willing to spare the effusion of money, I now, before the company present, declare, in the most solemn and earnest manner, that I will make over this house and demesne to your Ladyship, and to your heirs for ever, provided you, upon your part, will surrender to me, without delay or reservation, the title-deeds of Monkton Castle, and of all the Monkton estate. What says your Ladyship? Yes or no?”

“ Lady Cherubina,” returned her Ladyship, “ I cannot think of entering into terms with you, till you restore the portrait, which you purloined from this house. But, meantime, as a proof

of my desire to settle matters amicably, I request the honour of your company at dinner."

"Your Ladyship must excuse me," said I, with a noble air. "During our present dispute respecting this house, I should deem my entering it as a guest derogatory to my honour and my dignity."

"Why then, death and 'ounds!" cried Jerry, "will you refuse so good an offer, after starving all the morning!"

"Starving!" exclaimed Lady Gwyn,

"We have not put a morsel inside our mouths this blessed day," said Jerry; "and even yesterday we dined upon potatoes and milk, and a sort of a contrivance of a cake, that your Ladyship would'nt throw to your cat."

I thought I should drop at this exposure of our poverty, and I commanded him to be silent.

“Time enough for silence when a body has spoken,” cried he. “But sure, would’nt it vex a saint to hear you talking about honour and dignity, when all the time, that poor stomach of your’s is as empty as a sack !”

“Sensibly remarked,” said Lady Gwyn. “And pray, honest fellow, who are you ?”

“My Warden,” answered I, quickly, lest he should speak again. “And these are my feudal vassals; and I have left my Minstrel, and the rest of my faithful people, on the battlements of the eastern tower, just over the Black Chamber, to guard my castle.”

“And for all this fine talk,” cried Jerry, “we have not so much as a rap farthing amongst the whole set of us ! So pray, your Ladyship, do make her stay dinner—Do. Or may be,” (said he, getting closer, and whispering),

“ may be, you would just lend her half-a-crown or so;—do now, do tip her a trifle of silver, and ’pon my conscience, and credit and word, I will pay you myself in an hour. I will, ’pon my veracity.”

“ Silence, traitor!” cried I, rising, and dignifying my manner. “ I do not want a dinner. I would not accept of a dinner; but, above all, of a dinner in this house, till I am mistress of it!”

“ And now, is it true,” cried Jerry to Lady Gwyn, “ that the poor soul is really mistress of this house?”

“ Oh! certainly, certainly,” said her Ladyship.

“ Oh! certainly, certainly,” said the guests.

“ Well, bad tidings to me, if ever I believed it, till this moment,” cried Jerry. “ And why then won’t your Ladyship give it up to her?”

“Because,” answered she, “the quiet surrender of an estate is a thing unknown in romances.”

“’Tis the only rational excuse that you can assign,” cried I.

“Dinner is on the table, my lady,” said the Butler, coming to the door.

“Do you hear that?” cried Jerry. “And so you won’t dine in this house till you are mistress of it?”

“Never, as I hope for heaven!” answered I.

“And so,” cried he, to Lady Gwyn, “you won’t make her mistress of it?”

“Never, as I hope for heaven!” answered she.

“Why then,” cried Jerry, “since one refuses to dine in it till she is mistress of it; and since t’other owns, that she ought to be mistress of it, and yet won’t make her mistress of it; by the powers, ’tis myself will make her mistress of it in half a shake!”

So saying, he shouted some words of an uncouth jargon (Irish I suppose) to my vassals, several of whom instantly darted into the house; while others began brandishing their sticks in the faces of the guests. Jerry himself ran, lifted me from the barouche, and bore me into the hall; the rest beat back the gentlemen who were attempting to rush between us and the door, and then entered after us.

Jerry set me down, shut the door, and told me that I was now in quiet possession for ever and ever.

Meantime, I stood motionless and amazed, while some of my domestics scudded, with merry uproar, through kitchen, parlour, drawing-room, garret; and drove footman, maid, valet, cook, scullion, lap-dog, all out of the house!

“Jerry,” said I, “there is no knowing how this will end. But come

into that parlour, for some of my people are making a sad riot there."

In we went : it was the dining-room, and to my great astonishment, I found about a dozen of my domestics already round the table, eating and drinking just as if nothing had happened. In vain the Warden and I desired them to desist : they did not even hear us. They laughed and capered ; tore entire joints with their hands, and swilled the richest wines from the decanters. The rest soon flocked in ; and then such a scene of confusion arose, as struck me with utter dismay. And now, having glutted themselves, they ran to the windows, and exhibited the mangled meat and diminished wine before the straining eyes of poor Lady Gwyn. There she stood, amidst her friends, gesticulating like a Bedlamite ; and as soon as I appeared, she beckoned me wildly to open the window.

I called the Warden, and made him raise the sash.

“Let us in, let us in!” she shrieked. “My house will be destroyed by those miscreants! Have you no pity? Oh, let us in, let us in!”

“Lady Gwyn,” said I, calmly, “these outrages are on my house, not on your’s. But rest assured, whatever injury your personal property sustains, is contrary to my wishes, and shall, by me, be most amply compensated.”

“Gracious Heavens!” exclaimed she. “My precious cabinet and my furniture will all be demolished! Won’t you save my house? dear Madam, won’t you?”

“*Your* house?” cried Jerry. “Why then, dickens take you (begging your pardon), didn’t you say, a moment ago, that it was my own lady’s house? Well, mighty well, if you told a lie, take the consequence. But we have



got possession now, and only let me see who will dare drive us out."

"Here are they who will soon drive you out!" cried a servant.

"Here they are, here they are!" echoed every one.

All eyes were directed down the avenue; and, to my horror, I perceived a large party of soldiers, in full march towards the house.

"We shall have a bloody battle of it," said Jerry. "But never fear, my lady; we will fight to the last gasp. Hollo, lads, here is a battle for you!"

At this magic word, all the Irishmen clubbed their sticks, and ran forward.

"We must surrender," said I. "Never could I bear the dreadful contest."

"By the mother that bore me," cried Jerry, "I will defend the house in spite of you!"

"Then I will walk out of it," said I.

"Well, surrender away!" cried Jerry, "and may all the---Ochone, ochone! Oh! murder, murder, to give up your own good and true house without a bit of a battle!"

By this time the soldiers had arrived, and the magistrate, who was at their head, advancing under the window, commanded me to have the door opened instantly.

"Provided you pledge yourself that none of my brave fellows shall be punished," answered I.

"Both they and you shall be punished with the utmost rigour of the law," said the magistrate.

"Then, if so," cried I, "and since I cannot keep possession of my house, I am resolved that no one else shall. Know, Sir, I have, at this instant, six

of my domestics, each with a lighted brand, stationed in different apartments; so the moment you order your men to advance, that moment I give the signal, and the house bursts into a blaze."

"If you dare," cried the magistrate.

"Dare!" cried Lady Gwyn. "The creature would dare any thing. Dare! why she burned a house once before; so pray make some conditions with her, or she will burn this now. Surely you must remember her being here last week, and how she——." And her Ladyship whispered something in his ear.

"Is that the girl?" said he, "Nay, that alters the affair."

"Well, Madam," (addressing me) "will you promise never to come here again, provided I now permit you and your gang to pass without detention or punishment?"

“ I promise,” answered I. “ But upon certain conditions. “ In the first place, your Ladyship must give me back the box, with my clothes, jewels, and other valuables, which I left behind here.”

“ Undoubtedly,” answered she.

“ In the next place,” said I, “ you must declare, that you will not prevent me from inhabiting Monkton Castle, until the law shall determine which of us has a right to the contested estates.”

“ I do declare,” answered she.

“ And finally,” said I, “ I must obtain the distinct and unequivocal assurance of every individual here, that neither myself nor my people shall suffer any molestation, in consequence of what we have done.”

All present pledged their honours.

“ Very well,” said I, “ we will now open the door.”

Accordingly, we descended. The Warden opened it, and out I issued, with a majestic demeanour; while my awful band marched after their triumphant mistress.

Lady Gwyn and her guests hastened into the house, without even wishing me good evening; and the soldiers ranged themselves before the door.

In a few minutes, a servant came with my box. Having received it, I stepped into my barouche; and then, drawn by my vassals, proceeded homeward. Jerry walked beside me.

"Well, Jerry," cried I, in a cheering tone. "Well, Jerry, my lad!"

"Well, Ma'am," said Jerry.

"Well," cried I, "that was famous, I think."

"What was famous, Ma'am?" said Jerry.

"Why that, all that."

"Death and 'ounds, all what?"

“Stupid man!” cried I. “I say, then, have we not obtained the most decisive advantages over her Ladyship? Was it not a glorious affair altogether?”

“Altogether,” said Jerry, “it was the bluest business, that ever a set of poltroons bedevilled amongst them!”

“You may walk on, Sir,” said I.

Jerry tossed his hat sideways, and strutted forward.

“Come back, dear Jerry,” cried I. “Here is my hand. You are a faithful fellow, and would have died for me.”

“Ah, bless you!” cried he. “You make war like a cat; but you shake hands like an angel!”

And now we began consulting, in good earnest, upon our situation; for we had not a morsel of food or a farthing of money. I proposed assembling and haranguing the tenantry. Jerry suggested a petition to the cha-

ritable and humane. At last, after a long silence, he suddenly touched his forehead with his finger:

“ I have a thought ! ” said he. “ I heard your Ladyship mention something about jewels in your box. Egad, I will go, this moment, to the town where I found these Irish lads, pawn the jewels, and buy a cargo of eatables and drinkables, that shall last us a week.”

I adopted the expedient. The casket was produced, off he set; and I proceeded homeward with my vassals.

Arrived, I dismissed them for the night; but bade them call next day, to receive five shillings a man. I then paid another visit at the cottage, and assured its inhabitants of speedy relief.

On my return, the Minstrel came sneaking towards me, with his head down, to beg my pardon for his pas-

sionate conduct in the morning. This I easily accorded; and he then informed me, that during my absence, he had composed a poem upon me, which he promises to recite to-morrow.

Soon afterwards, the Warden, crowned with success, came joyously jogging towards the castle, in a hired cart.

And now, having alighted, he put a heap of money into my hand. "There," said he, "there are twenty pounds, clear of all expences; and now come see what I have brought you besides. Look there, my lady: six bottles of brandy,—six of wine,—five joints of mutton,—three surloins of beef,—a barrel of potatoes,—six pounds of tea,—six of sugar,—six loaves of bread;—a score of eggs—salt, pepper, mustard. Then look you here: a kettle—knives and forks—plates—glasses—cups and

saucers—spoons—a gridiron, a saucepan, and a teapot. Well, an't Jerry Sullivan the fellow after all?"

"I could just have done the same myself," said the Minstrel; "and I would, moreover, have bought some books."

"And pray, Mr. Moreover, what would be the use of books?" cried the Warden. "The world is all the worse for books. Had Adam and Eve books?"

"If they had," said the Minstrel, in extreme wrath, "their wisdom would have prevented them from losing Paradise. But neither had they six bottles of brandy, nor three surloins of beef, I believe."

"And that was the real reason they lost Paradise," cried the Warden. "I tell you what, my man: if Eve had known the comforts of a hot beefsteak,

bad luck to me, but the devil could never have tempted her with an apple!"

The cart being now discharged, and the several articles deposited in the archives of the castle, we kindled a fire, and cooked a delicious repast. I then sent some victuals to the poor cottagers; and soon afterwards dismissed the Minstrel and Warden to their nightly post.

It is probable that I may reside sometime at the castle. As to the villa, I wish Lady Gwyn joy of it. I would not live in it, if she paid me: for I think it a perfect fright. Conceive the difference between the two. The villa, mere modern lath and plaster; with its pretty little draperies, and its pretty little pillars, and its pretty little bronzes. Nice, new, neat, and charming, are the only adjectives applicable to it; whereas antique, sublime, terrible.

picturesque, and Gothic, are the Epic epithets appropriate to my Castello. What signify laced footmen, Chinese vases, Grecian tripods, and Turkish sofas, in comparison with feudal vassals, ruined towers, black hangings, dampness, and ivy? And a person of real taste would consider a single stone of this old edifice worth a whole waggon of such stones as the onyx, and sardonyx, and those other barbarous baubles belonging to Lady Gwyn. But nothing diverts me more than the idea, that her poor Ladyship is twice as old as the house she lives in! I have a famous simile on the occasion. What think you of a decayed nut in an unripe shell? The woman is sixty if she is a day.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

THE moist shadows of Night had fled, Dawn shook the dew from his rosy ringlets; and the Sun, that well-known gilder of Eastern Turrets, arose with his usual punctuality. I too rose, and having now recovered my wardrobe, enjoyed the luxury of changing my dress; for, as I had worn the same garb several successive days, I was become a shocking slattern. How other heroines manage, I cannot conceive. Many of them, I remember, were thrown among mountains, or confined in cells, and chambers, and caverns, full of slime, mud, vermin, dust, and cobwebs; where they remained whole months, without either linen or soap, water or towel, brush or comb: and yet at last, when rescued from capti-

vity, forth they walked, glittering like the morning star; as fragrant as a lily, and as fresh as an oyster.

We breakfasted upon the top of the Tower; and after our repast, the Minstrel begged permission to repeat his poem. With an emphatic enunciation, he thus began:

MONKTON CASTLE.

A METRICAL ROMAUNT.

I.

Awake, my harp, sweet plaintiff, wake once more,
 While Evening, draped in shadowy amice dim,
 Steals westward to the Caribbean shore,
 And edges Ocean with a fiery rim.
 Damp't by her dews, tho' dull thy music grow,
 (As crabbed critics check my natural strain)
 The morning shall return, the Sun shall glow,
 The damping dews shall fly, the harp shall
 sound again.

II.

It was a Castle of turrets grey,
 In nettles and grass bedlight;
 Withouten a curtained window for day,
 Withouten a roof for night.

Yet once it had chambers, meet, I am sure,
 For Wassail and Bell-accoyle;
 Where a Belamay, and a Belamoure,
 In sly Bellgards mote moyl.

“By Dad,” said the Warden, “those
 same chambers had bells enough to
 bother the rookery of Thomastown,
 and that is the largest in Ireland!”

The bard resumed:

III.

Naitblesse, to stablish her rights, I ween,
 Liv'd in this Castle young Cherubine;
 Her cheeks, where dimples made beauteous
 breach,
 Daintily dawsed, and the down on each,
 Was soft as fur of unfinger'd peach.
 Her glances shot out a dewy flame,
 And the sky is blue, and her eyes were the same.

IV.

The Minstrel to the Castle hied,
 His mother's hope, his mother's pride.
 Gramercy, how that mother cried!
 'Here, my delight and darling, take
 This bread, and chicken; and this cake,
 That I have made the baker bake.

So now one kiss. — Ah, Jemmy, ah!
Were the last words of his mamma.

V.

He was a gentle man of thought,
And grave, but not ungracious aught.
His face with thinking lines was wrought,
Yet, tho' he pledged expensive books,
To spend the money on his looks :
Felt Cherubina such disdain,
That the poor Minstrel, with his strain,
 From the hour which is natal,
 To the hour which is fatal,
Might sing his humble love in vain.

“ Eh ! what ? what's all that ? ” cried
Jerry. “ Why sure — body o' me, sure
you an't — Oh, confound me, but 'tis
making love to the mistress you are ! ”

The minstrel reddened, and then
more pointedly repeated :

VI.

Yet her favoured Warden, could he but sing,
He not unlistened, would touch the string.
Tho' he was a man with unchiselled face ;
From eye to eye too petty a space ;

A jester withouten one Attic joke,
And the greatest liar that ever spoke!

“Bad blazes to your ghost, what do you mean?” cried Jerry, running towards him. “I will box you for a shilling!”

“I will box you for your life,” exclaimed the Minstrel, starting up, “though that is not worth half the money.”

“Hold, my friends!” cried I. “Higginson, I declare, your conduct is like a child’s.”

“Because you treat me like one,” whimpered he, “while you treat him like a man.”

“At least,” said I, “you should treat him like a gentleman.”

“Arrah, my hearty,” cried Jerry, shaking him by the shoulder, “rouse yourself from your snivelling jealousies, and give us a squeeze of the fist.”

“Well, well,” said the Minstrel,

“ here is my hand, Mr. Sullivan. The propitiation of a conciliatory observation, is better than excitation to personal encounter.”

“ Or in plain English,” said Jerry, “ a word to the heart is better than a blow at the head. An’t that it? But here, now, you and her Ladyship call me a liar: and for what? Why, merely because I only just happened to say I saw that unlucky Pacific Ocean, and those curst particoloured seas, when I did’nt. And now, where was the harm of all that? Harm? Hang me, but there are some lies worthier and better than some truths. An’t it more christianlike to tell a lie of, ‘ I’m glad to see you;’ than a truth of ‘ I don’t care a button about you?’ And the Poticary’s boy, that swore big, my mother would recover, though he knew she would’nt, was more to my taste, than the great, grim, prim, slim Poti-

cary himself, that said, 'Friend,' says he, 'your mother is a dying,' says he. Why now, without lies, how could the world wag at all at all? Sure, an't Bonaparte, who conquered half the world, the greatest Bouncer in it? And sure, if I had'nt told lies for my mistress, about her not being at home, I could never have kept my place a day; and sure, the moment I told her a bit of a truth, I got kicked out of the house. Don't we call a man a terrible rascal, if he tells truths that make against us: but if he tells lies that make for us, an't it, 'give me your hand, my kind friend, and my dear friend;' ay, 'troth, 'and my honest friend?' And moreover, a poor man is ruined by telling the same lies that are thought nothing from the mouth of a gentleman. And sure, did'nt her Ladyship herself, tell the biggest—I won't say what—in Christendop, when she swore to the

magistrate, that she had six firebrands ready for setting the house on fire? Faith and conscience, I could hardly believe my ears! Why then, long life to her Ladyship, thinks I, for if I can tell a little fib or so about water, 'tis she can tell the thumper about fire! And sure, did'nt yourself, Mr. Higginson, say something in your poem, just now, about her Ladyship's having a cheek that could dawn? A cheek dawn? 'Pon my salvation, Mr. Higginson, I wonder at you!"

"Why," said the Minstrel, in some confusion, "we poets are permitted a peculiar latitude of language; which enables us to tell Homeric falsehoods, without fear of animadversion from the society for discountenancing vice. Thus, when we speak of,

'The lightning of her smile,'

we do not expect one to believe that

fire comes out of her mouth, when she laughs with it."

"Not unless her teeth were flints," said the Warden. "But if you said that fire came out of her eyes, one would believe you sooner; for this I know, that many and many a time Molly has struck fire out of mine."

"A heroine's eye," said I, "gives a greater scope to the poet than any thing in the world. It is all fire and water. If it be not beaming, or sparkling, it is sure to be drowned or swimming—"

"In the Pacific Ocean, I hope," cried the Warden.

"No, but in tears," said the Minstrel. "And of these there is an infinite variety. There is the big tear, and the bitter tear, and the salt tear, and the scalding tear."

"And, ah!" cried I, "how delightful, when two lovers lay cheek

to cheek, and mingle these tears; or when the tender youth kisses them from the cheek of his mistress."

"Troth, then," said Jerry, "that must be no small compliment, since they are so brackish and so scalding. Water itself is maukish at any time, but salt water is the devil. By St. Patrick, if I took such a dose of tears, I would be after seasoning it with some giu, or my name is not Jerry."

"And, indeed, I wish Jerry were not your name," said I. "'Tis so vulgar for a Warden. I have often intended altering it to *Jeronymo*; which, I fancy, is the Italian of *Jerry*. Nothing can equal Italian names ending in O."

"Except Irish names beginning with O," cried Jerry.

"May," said I, "what can be finer than Montalto, Stefano, Morano, Rinaldo, Ubaldo, Utaldo?"

"I will tell you what is finer," said

Jerry. "O'Brien, O'Leary, O'Flaherty, O'Flannigan, O'Guggerty, O'Shaughnassy—"

"Oh, ecstasy!" exclaimed a voice just beneath the turret. I looked down, and beheld — Montmorenci himself, clad in complete steel, and raising his extended arms towards me, with a grace that mocked mortal pencil.

I waved my hand and smiled.

"What? whom do I behold?" cried he. "Ah, 'tis but a dream! Yet I spoke to her, I am sure I spoke to her; and she beckoned me. Merciful powers! Wherefore this terror? Is it not Cherubina, and would Cherubina harm her Montmorenci?"

"Jerry, Jerry," said I; "run down to the Black Chamber, and clean it out quick. Sweep the ashes into a corner, put the bottle in your pocket, slip the leg of mutton under the bed. Run, run, run!—My lord, the Lady Cheru-

bina hastens to receive your Lordship at her ever-open portal."

I then descended, and met him beneath the gateway. His greeting was frantic, but decorous; mine tender, but reserved. Several very elegant things were said on both sides. Of course, he snatched my hand, and carried it to his lips.

At last, when I supposed that Jerry had regulated the room above, I conducted his Lordship up stairs; while I anxiously anticipated his delight at beholding so legendary, fatal, and inconvenient a chamber.

His astonishment, indeed, was excessive. He stared round and round, admired the hangings, the painted glass, the pictures, the bed, the nettles; every thing.

"I see," said he, approaching the ashes, "that you are even classical enough to burn a wooden fire. But

ah!—(and he started), what do mine eyes behold beneath these embers? A BONE, by all that is horrible! Perhaps part of the skeleton of some hysterical Innocent, or some pathetic Count, who was murdered centuries ago, in the haunted apartment of this mysterious castle. Interesting relic! Speak, Lady Cherubina. Is it as I suspect?"

"Why," said I, "I believe—that is to say—for aught I can tell——"

"For aught you can tell?" cried Jerry. "Ah, you funny rogue, you tief o'de world, sure well enough your Ladyship knows, 'tis nothing at all at all, but the blade-bone of mutton, which was broiled for your supper last night!"

"Impossible, Sir," said his Lordship.

"A heroine never eats any thing less delicate than the leg of a lark, or the wing of a chicken."

"Pray, Mr. Blunderer," whispered I to Jerry, "did I not bid you clean out the room?"

"You did'nt say a word about the blade-bone," answered Jerry.

"But did I not bid you clean out the room?" repeated I.

"Don't I tell you—" cried Jerry.

"Can't you speak low?" said I.

"Don't I tell you that not one syllable about the blade-bone ever came outside your lips?"

"Grant me patience!" said I. "Answer me yes or no. Did I, or did I not, order you to clean out the room?"

"Now curse me," said he, "if you an't all this time confounding the blade-bone of mutton, with the leg of mutton, that you bade me put under the bed.—And accordingly——"

"Gracious goodness!" said I, "can't you speak within your breath?"

"And accordingly," whispered he,

“ I put it under the velvet pall, 'cause I thought it might be seen under the bed.”

“ Well, that, at least, shewed some sort of discretion,” said I.

“ Though, with all my pains,” said Jerry, “ there is the man in the tin clothes, has just stripped down that same pall, and discovered the mutton, and the saucepan, and the bag of salt, and the pewter spoons, and the brandy bottle, and the—”

“ Oh, Jerry, Jerry!” said I, “ after that, I give you up !”

I then called his Lordship, and drew off his attention, by commencing an account of what had happened me, since our parting. He listened with great eagerness; and, after my recital, begged of the Warden to accompany him down stairs, that they might consult together, upon my present situation.

They descended; I remained alone: Montmorenci had left his helmet, shield, and spear behind. I pressed each of them to my heart, heaved several sighs, and paced the chamber. Still I felt I was not half tender enough; something was still wanting, and I had just asked myself, could that something be love? when I heard a sudden disturbance below; his Lordship exclaiming, "Oh, what shall I do?" and Jerry crying, "grin and bear it!"

Down I hastened; and beheld Jerry belabouring that nobleman; whose mouth was already gushing blood.

"Wretch," cried I, "forbear."

"Not till I beat a rainbow into his face!" cried Jerry. "The ruffian! to go and offer me half your fortune, if I would assist him in running away with you."

“ ’Tis false, Sirrah !” cried his Lordship.

“ False as the Prince of Lies, my Montmorenci !” said I. “ So now, Sullivan, take your choice—ask pardon, or quit my service, this very moment.”

“ But can his asking pardon, restore the teeth he has knocked down my throat ?” exclaimed his Lordship, with a finger in his mouth.

“ Teeth !” cried I, shuddering.

“ Two teeth,” lisped he.

“ Two teeth !” exclaimed I, faintly.

“ Two front upper teeth,” lisped he again.

“ Then all is over !” muttered I.

“ Matters have taken a dreadful turn.”

“ Eh, what ? what do you say ?” cried he.

“ My lord,” said I, “ are you quite certain that you have lost those teeth ?”

“ See yourself,” cried he, ~~raising~~ his tip. “ They are gone, gone for ever!”

“ They are indeed,” said I. “ And now—you may be gone too!”

“ I be gone?” cried he. “ What the mischief——”

“ My lord,” said I, solemnly; “ you must already be well aware, that a full, complete, and perfect set of teeth, are absolutely indispensable to a Hero.”

“ Well?” cried he, starting.

“ Well,” said I, “ since you have now lost two of your teeth, it follows—pardon me——that you are no longer a Hero.”

“ You stretch my heart-strings!” shouted he. “ Speak! what hideous whim is this?”

“ No whim, my lord,” answered I; “ but principle; principle founded upon the Law Heroic; founded upon that Law, which rejects as Heroes, the maimed, the blind, the deformed, and

the crippled. Oh, my good lord, trust me, trust me, teeth are just as necessary in the formation of a Hero, as of a comb."

"By Heaven," cried he; "I can get other teeth at a dentist's;—a composition of paste, which would amaze you! I can, by Heaven!"

"Then that you may, my lord," said I, "and be happy with them; for never will you be happy with me."

"I am wilder than madness itself!" exclaimed he; "I am more desperate than despair! I will fly to the ends of the earth, and throw my ideas into a sonnet. On a fine summer's evening, when you walk towards the mountains, sometimes think of me."

"Never as a lover, my lord," said I; "and, oh, how it shocks me, that I should ever have received you as one!"

He commenced a tremendous im-

precation ; but was interrupted by the sudden arrival of a gentleman on horseback, with two servants after him. The gentleman stopped, alighted, approached.

“ Mr. Betterton !” exclaimed I ;
“ can it be possible ?”

“ Nothing is impossible,” said he, with his confirmed smile, “ when the charming Cherubina prompts our efforts. You remember, you left me in a dilemma, which your facetious companion, Stuart, had contrived ;—it was an admirable manœuvre, ’pon my soul ; and I made my friends so merry with an account of it. Well, I remained in *durance vile*, till the Sessions ; when none appearing to prosecute, the judge discharged me ; so the earliest use I made of my liberty, was visiting Lady Gwyn ; who told me that I should see you here :—here, therefore, I am ; and

find you just as much of the angel as ever."

I thanked him ; and then whispered the Warden to run towards the village and call my vassals ; as the castle lost much of its pomp without them.

Betterton and Montmorenci soon recognized each other ; for you may remember, they had met at the closet-scene ; and already were they casting reciprocal looks of suspicion and jealousy, when, on a sudden, three men turned short round the western tower, and stood before me.

" There is the woman ! " cried one of them, pointing me out.

I looked at the speaker, and perceived that he was the identical postilion who had brought down the barouche.

" Your name is Cherry Wilkinson, " said another of them, advancing.

" Sir, " said I, haughtily, " my

name is Lady Cherubina de Willoughby."

"That is your *travelling* name," rejoined he: "and now, Miss, look at this warrant. I arrest you, in the King's name, for having swindled the coachmaker out of yonder barouche."

He seized me. I screamed.

"A rescue!" cried his Lordship, and collared him.

"A rescue!" cried Betterton, and collared another.

"A rescue!" cried the servants, and fell upon the third.

In short, the constables and the position soon got a dreadful drubbing; and at last, were happy to make their escape across the common.

"This rescue, however, may prove a serious affair," said Betterton. "Mr. Grundy, will you step aside and advise with me?"

They retired, and talked together

some time. At length they returned; and Betterton thus addressed me :

“ Lady Cherubina, our zeal for you has induced us to assault officers, in the discharge of their duty. If, therefore, we remain at this castle much longer, we shall certainly be arrested and hanged.”

“ Then, pray, fly this moment !” exclaimed I.

“ Yes, if your Ladyship will fly with us,” said Betterton.

“ No, Sir,” answered I. “ I shall remain here; as I am innocent of the assault.”

“ But they will seize you for swindling,” said Betterton.

“ Then I will go with them,” answered I, “ establish my innocence, and return triumphant; whereas, if I act upon the skulking system, I cannot reside here at all.”

Mortmorenci now joined his en-

treaties, but I remained immovable. Again they retired to consult; and again came forward.

“Lady Cherubina,” said Betterton; “you must excuse me when I say, that both this gentleman and myself conceive ourselves fully warranted, by principles of regard for your welfare; in compelling, if we cannot persuade you, to leave this castle.”

“In compelling?” cried I. “Santa Maria! But I disdain to hold farther parley with you. Farewell.” And I was entering the castle.

“Stop her!” cried Betterton.

“Higginson!” cried I. “Help, Higginson!”

His Lordship ran forward, and caught me round the waist; just as the Minstrel, with his pen across his mouth, came striding down from the turret.

“Save me, save me!” exclaimed I. The Minstrel, brandishing his col-

lected knuckles, struck Montmorenci to the ground. Betterton and his servants assailed the Minstrel; but he felled a man at every blow, and every blow was like the kick of a horse. Still what could he do against four? If one dropped, three stood. And now they had hemmed him round; and now his breath grew shorter, and his blow slower, and all appeared lost, when, transport to my sight! I beheld Jerry, with several vassals, come running towards us. They reach us: the tide of battle turns: his Lordship and the servants are well beaten by the vassals; and Jerry himself does the honours to Betterton, in a kicking.

: Nobody could bear it more gently than he did; but after it was over, he mounted his horse, and vociferated:—

“Now, by all that is sacred, I will go this moment, raise the neighbourhood, and drive you from your nest,

you vipers,—you common nuisances! Lady Gwyn's castle shall no longer be made the receptacle of maniacs and marauding Irishmen."

So saying, off he galloped on one horse, and his Lordship on another; while the servants retreated as well as they could.

We now held a grand Council of War; for affairs began to wear a most alarming aspect. If Betterton should really put his threat of raising the neighbourhood, into execution, a most formidable body might soon be collected against us, and expel us from the castle. From the castle, however, I firmly determined, that nothing but force should expel us. I had taken legal possession of it, and had even obtained the consent of Lady Gwyn herself to live in it. Besides, could I endure the idea of again begging my bread? Oh, no! I would defend my

castle, as Montoni defended Udolpho. After much deliberation, therefore, it was decided, as the first step, that some of the vassals, already arrived, should be dispatched to hasten the remainder; and to collect others of their countrymen, who were in adjoining villages.

At this crisis, I recollected Susan.

“Now is the time,” thought I, “when the gratitude of this amiable girl may manifest itself. I have rescued her from a criminal attachment; she shall rescue me from an inexorable foe; and so will end the episode.”

I therefore wrote a note, reminding her of past services, informing her of my present situation, and begging that she would immediately raise a counterpoise in my favour. This I sent by a vassal.

During the awful interval which en-

sued, I ordered the Warden and the Minstrel up to the Black Chamber.

“Warden,” said I, “both my fame and my property hang upon the issue of this approaching contest. Will you stand by me? Will you, Warden?”

“Will you, Warden!” repeated he. “Oh, you coaxing, smiling, undermining strawberry-plant, don’t you know well enough I will?”

“And, will you, Minstrel?” said I.

“Till I drop,” answered the Minstrel. “Nevertheless, with this provision, that you promise not to tell my mamma.”

“I will not tell her, upon my word,” said I.

“And honour?”

“And honour.”

“Because,” said he, “a few moons ago, I experienced a black eye from a porter, who was insulting a jack-ass,

and when I returned home, mamma sent me to bed without my dinner."

"Now," said I, "I constitute you, Sullivan, Commander of the Forces; and you, Higginson, Commander of the Castle. Go, therefore, Higginson; bring me up six picked men, as guards; and the tin horn and the bell, as signals. Go, Sullivan, dispatch scouts, plant sentinels and outposts, repair the breaches, and blockade the windows with stones."

They retired; and I paused to reflect upon the sublime part, which I was about performing. I was about laying the foundation of a feudal colony. I was about restoring that chivalric age, when neighbouring barons were deadly foes, and their sons and daughters clandestine lovers; that age, when Heroines headed armies; and when the Lady Buccleugh and Beatrice, Duchess of Cleves, flourished.

“ And these,” cried I, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, “ these shall now be the immortal models of the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.”

As I spoke, up came Higginson and the guards. I equipped them in black cloaks and feathers, and made them mount guard on the battlements above.

Not having a white and azure standard, as Beatrice had, I tore off the skirts of two robes—a white and a blue; stitched them together, fastened them to the pole of the barouche, and then made Higginson erect this banner upon the top of the tower.

And now an outscout, quite breathless, arrived with the important intelligence, that a large party of Lady Gwyn’s tenantry were already gathering at about half a mile distant.

Soon afterwards, the messenger, whom I had sent to Susan, returned with information, that she would cer-

tainly assemble her friends, and assist me.

Another vassal then came back, bringing a fresh accession of Irishmen; and every successive moment, more and more arrived; till, at last, we mustered to the amount of fifty.

All being ready, I determined upon ascending the battlements, and haranguing my men. But as I knew nothing of popular orations, except what I had sometimes heard my reputed father read, my only alternative was to imitate these, and also the speech of Beatrice, in the Knights of the Swan.

However, that I might appear with a suitable degree of grandeur, and at once awe my foes and charm my friends, I first flung my embroidered gauze over my robe; next (like ancient Heroines, who wore armour in the day of battle), I placed upon my head the

helmet of Montmorenci ; and lastly, I snatched his shield and his spear.

Thus equipped, I mounted, with a beating heart, to the top of the tower.

There I found every preparation complete. The white and azure standard was streaming gloriously. The guards lined the parapet ; and underneath the turret, I beheld the whole of my troops, marshalled in a long line, and grasping their oaken arms.

The spectacle was grand and imposing. Lightly I leaned on my spear ; and while my feathered casque pressed my ringlets, and my tissued drapery floated to the breeze, and glistened to the sun ; I stood upon the battlements, mildly sublime, sweetly stern, amiable in arms, and adorned with all the terrible graces of Beauty Belligerent.

A profound silence prevailed. I waved my spear, and thus began :

“ My brave associates, partners of

my toil, my feelings and my fame.—
Two days have I now been sovereign
of this castle; and I hope I may flatter
myself, that I have added to its prosper-
ity. Young, and without experi-
ence, I merely claim the merit of
blameless sentiments and intentions.

“Threatened with a barbarous in-
cursion from my deadliest enemies, I
have deemed it indispensable to collect,
for my defence, a faithful band of vas-
sals. They have flocked at my call,
and I thank them.

“I promise them all such laws and
institutions, as shall secure their hap-
piness. I will acknowledge the Ma-
jesty of the People;—(Applause). I
will institute a full, fair, and free Re-
presentation;—(Applause). And I
will establish a Radical Reform; or,
in other words, a revival of the Fendal
System. (Shouts of applause).

“I promise that there shall be no

dilapidated hopes and resources; no army of mercenaries, no army of spies, no inquisition of private property, no degraded aristocracy, no oppressed people, no confiding parliament, no irresponsible minister. (Acclamation). In short, I promise every thing. (Thunders of acclamation).

“Such is the constitution, such are the privileges, which I propose. Now, my brave fellows, will you consent, on these conditions, to rally round my standard; to live in my service, and to die in my defence?”

“Ay, ay, ay!” shouted they.

“Thank you, my generous followers; and the crisis is just approaching, when I shall prove your loyalty. Already my mortal foe prepares to storm my castle, and drive me from my hereditary domain. Already he has excited my tenantry to rebellion. Should he conquer us, I must return to my

tears, and you to your sickles. But should we repel him, the cause of Liberty will triumph. What heart but throbs, what voice but shouts, at the name of Liberty? (Huzza!) Is there a man amongst you, who would not lay down his life for Liberty? (Huzza!) And if, on this important occasion, I might take the liberty—(Huzza!) of dictating, I would demand of you to sacrifice every earthly consideration in her cause. I do demand it of you, my friends. I call upon your feelings, your principles, and your interest, to risk family, property, and life, in a cause so just, so wise, and so glorious. Let foot, eye, heart, hand, be firm, be stern, be valiant, be invincible!"

I ceased, the soldiery tore the blue air with acclamations, and the crows overhead flew swifter at the sound.

I now found that a popular speech was not difficult; and I judged, from

my performance, that the same qualities which have made me so good a Heroine, would, if I were a man, have made me just as illustrious a Patriot.

“Silence, lads,” cried Jerry, breaking into full brogue, “and I will just touch off a bit of a speech; but as to the long words her Ladyship used, I got a surfeit of ’em once, so I’ll pass ’em over now; though I do suppose her honourable Ladyship meant all for the best. I say then, we don’t know whether her Ladyship has justice on her side or not; but this we know, that she is a woman, and in distress; and that we are Irishmen, and have shille-lags! (shouts) And even if she was wrong, would’nt it be more honest and manly for us to take her part? For people can find friends enough, when they’re right; but the true friend is he that sticks by one, right or wrong. So do you hear, boys? Scratch out

entirely that you are in England; and just fancy yourselves at Donnybrook Fair, going to have a famous bout of sticks! (Huzzas) Eh, my boys? Don't you remember the good old fun at Donnybrook Fair? And how we used to break each other's heads there, without the least anger or mercy? And for certain, 'tis the finest thing in the world, when a body gives a body a neat, clean, bothering blow over the skull, and down he drops like a sack; and then rises, and shakes himself, like a wet spaniel, and begins again as merrily as ever! (great huzzaing) So, now boys, if any of you tumble, mind you get up quick, and don't sneak, with your noses on the ground, like sbying Paddy Goggin. Fight it out, my hearties; egad, fight it out, till you are as weak as a horse! (much laughter) Ay,—for all your laughing—as weak as a horse. Sure an Irishman, when

he's tired will be only as weak as a horse; for when he's not tired, by the powers, he's as strong as a lion! (shouts of applause) And if your right arms get disabled, fight with your left; just as I did, the day I was sawing off the branches of a tree, and by some mistake or other, sawed off the branch I was astride upon, and down I fell ten feet, and broke my arm. And a fellow begins a laughing. Oho, says I, and I whips up a branch, and we sets to, my left against his right; and never was such a threshing as he got—or, what was much the same—as I know he would have got, only, somehow, he happened, first of all, to beat my head as soft as pap. So now, success, my hearties! Spit upon your hands, club your sticks, then hey for Donnybrook Fair; and never heed me if we hav'nt a nice comfortable fight of it. Fighting may be an Englishman's bu-

siness; but, by St. Patrick, 'tis an Irishman's amusement!"

Rude as was this rhetoric, it touched the domestic spring of their hearts; and my patriotic promises did not produce half such a roar of delight as succeeded it.

Silence was only just restored, when I beheld, from my turret, our enemies advancing, in vast numbers, across the common. I confess my heart sank at the sight; but I soon called to mind the courage of the Feudal Heroines; and besides, I recollected, that I was in no personal danger myself. Then, the greatness of the cause animating me with ardour, I exclaimed:

"Lo! yonder come our enemies. To arms, to arms! Toll the bell, blow the horn!"

The bell tolled, and the horn blew.

The Warden instantly stationed his men in front of the gateway, which was

the only vulnerable entrance into the castle; while my guards, with uplifted stones, leaned forward over the battlements. All were prepared.

Presently the foe, having approached within forty paces, halted to reconnoitre. The traitor Montmorenci, divested of his armour, commanded in person. Betterton on horseback, was seen at a distance; and the hostile troops themselves, who were about seventy, stood brandishing stakes, and bludgeons, and poles. As all my men, the guards included, were only fifty, I looked anxiously round, for Susan and her succours; but no sign of them appeared.

Montmorenci now began to form his troops into a compact phalanx, with the poles and stakes in front; evidently for the purpose of piercing our line, and forcing the gateway. Jerry,

therefore, called in both the wings, and strengthened the centre.

At this instant a thought struck me.

"Soldiers," cried I, "the moment you hear the horn sound, whether you are conquering or not conquering, hurry back to the gateway, and make a stand there. You will not forget?"

"No, no, no!"

"You will recollect?"

"Ay, ay, ay!"

"Three cheers!" cried the Warden. They gave three cheers.

"And now, my brave defenders," cried I, "success attend your arms!"

As I spoke, the foe began advancing at a rapid rate: my troops awaited them with firmness. And now, when they had approached within fifteen paces of the castle, I gave the word to my guards, who hurled two volleys of stones in quick succession. Part of

the foremost rank were staggered; some behind fell, and amidst the confusion, in rushed my troops, with a tremendous shout. Thick pressed the throng of waving heads, and loud grew the clamour of voices, and the clatter of staffs; while the wielded weapons appeared and disappeared, like fragments of a wreck on the tossing surges. For some moments, both armies fought in one unbroken mass; those struggling to gain the gateway, these to prevent them. But soon, as two streams, rushing from opposite mountains, and meeting in the valley, broaden into a lake, and run off in little rivulets; so the contending ranks, after the first encounter, began to widen by degrees, and scatter over the plain. And now they were seen intermingled with each other, and fighting man to man. Warriors dropped and rose, and dropped again. Here a small wing of my brave

troops, hemmed round on all sides, were defending themselves furiously. There, a larger division were maintaining a desperate contest: while up and down, a few straggling vassals, engaged in single combat, were driving their antagonists before them.

Just at this juncture, Montmorenci, with a chosen band, that he kept round his person, had attacked the Warden, and a few who fought beside him. These placed their backs against an old oak, and performed prodigies of valour; but at last, overpowered by numbers, were beginning to retire, covered with glory, when I sent forth four of my guards, as a corps de reserve. These rushed upon the chosen band, broke through it, and joined the Warden. Again the contest became equal, and the Warden made a sudden spring forward to attack Montmorenci. But this prudent officer, who was

always behind his men, eluded him; and at the same moment, received a reinforcement. I then saw him point out the Warden; and instantly a general charge was made, to take my Chief prisoner. And now I see him struck down, and his enemies over him, belabouring him basely. I shriek, I call to spare him; I conjure Higginson and another vassal to run and rescue him. Higginson has no arms; but down he rushes, and soon issues from the portal, bareheaded, his cloak flying, and his hand brandishing the leg of mutton;—but to me he seems an angel of mercy. He reaches the spot, presses through the throng, stands astride over the Warden, and fells numbers. Every thing now depends upon his prowess. I gasp, cry out unheard, hang upon his blows; wince as the sticks strike him, and move as he moves, with all the mimicry of mad suspense.

At length the Warden jumps up! But in the same instant, I perceive Montmorenci beckoning his men towards the turret; and I recollect that I have only one defender remaining there. This is the great crisis of the battle. If the foe now reach the turret, I am made prisoner. A moment more, and all is lost.

“ Blow the horn !” I exclaim.

The Trumpeter blows the horn.

At this signal, I see my dispersed troops come pouring from all quarters, towards the Castle. They reach the gateway, halt, and form a front before it. The foe, who had followed, in a confused and scattered manner, seeing them, on a sudden, so formidable, stop short.

“ Guards, come into the castle !” cried I.

The guards obeyed.

“ Now, soldiers,” cried I to the rest,

“ rush upon the foe, before they can collect again; keep in a body with your captain, and the day is our own. Spring on them like lions! Away, away!”

The whole army shouted, and burst forward en masse. Jerry led the van: Montmorenci, with his sacred squadron, fled before them. They pursued, overtook the fugitives, and after a short skirmish, made the whole detachment prisoners; while the remainder, in scattered parties, stood at a distance, and dared not advance. Never was a more decisive victory. Jerry marched back, holding Montmorenci fast; the troops followed, escorting eight other prisoners, and Higginson, with his leg of mutton, worn to the bone, brought up the rear. They halted at the gateway, and gave three cheers.

Palpitating with transport, I com-

manded Jerry to tie the prisoners' hands behind their backs; to place sentinels over them, and to confine them in the Green Chamber of the Northern Tower.

As for Montmorenci, his rank demanded more respect; so I ordered his Lordship, unfettered, up into the Black Chamber. There, amidst my guards, I stood to receive him; and surely, if ever grandeur and urbanity were blended in one countenance, they met in mine, at that immortal moment.

"My lord," said I, "Victory, who long flapped her doubtful pinions over the field, has now descended upon my legions; and crowned the scale of Justice with the laurel of Glory. But though she has also put the person of the hostile Chieftain in my power, think not I intend to exercise that power harshly. Within these walls, your Lordship shall experience hospi-

table treatment; but beyond them you cannot be permitted, till my rights are re-established, and my rebellious vassals restored to their allegiance."

"Fal lal la,—lal lal la," hummed his Lordship, as he began stepping a minuet.

"Pinion him hand and foot!" cried I, quite disgusted and enraged.

"That I will!" said Jerry, "his feet in particular; for though he talks big, he runs fast. Egad, he's all voice and legs like a grasshopper."

Leaving Jerry to perform this office, I descended, and found my men within the walls, wiping their faces, and bandaging their wounds; but they forgot all in their cordial reception of me. After thanking them for their conduct, I sent one of them to watch at the gateway, and one at the top of the tower; I then ordered others to kindle a fire in the area of the castle; and

lastly, producing my provisions, I bade the whole army cook their dinner. So they put down the potatoes, cut slices of beef and mutton for broiling, portioned the bread, and laughed and joked, and were the happiest of human beings.

Meantime I had another fire lighted in the Black Chamber, made the Warden untie Montmorenci's hands, and deputed four of my handsomest vassals, elegantly cloaked and feathered, and with bread, meat, plates, wine, &c. to tend his Lordship at dinner. I confess I felt a pleasure in thus displaying my munificence and hospitality, even before a foe.

And now dinner was almost ready; the beef was broiling, the potatoes roasting, and my people busied about the fire, when the sentinel from the turret came running down to tell me, that a number of men, with a girl

at their head, were approaching the castle.

“ 'Tis Susan !” exclaimed I, and hurried to the gateway. It was indeed, Susan herself, and a train of youths, advancing rapidly. Nothing could equal my delight ; but, as Betterton and the routed remains of his army were still between her and the castle, I trembled lest they should intercept her.

I therefore summoned forth my forces, and stood prepared to support her. Presently she approached the foe, stopped, and began conversing with them. But just judge of my consternation, when I beheld, both herself and her minions, enrolling themselves among the hostile ranks ; and when I heard the whole allied army utter a shout of exultation, I was horror-struck. Her ingratitude, her perfidy were incredible, execrable !

But I had no time for moral reflection. My own glory, and the interests of my people, demanded all my thoughts. What was I to do? We had taken only nine prisoners, and even these would require a guard; while Susan had brought the foe a reinforcement of forty men; so that to contend against such superior numbers in the field, were madness.

I therefore called the Warden, and held another Council of War. The result was our determining to draw all the troops and all the prisoners, into the eastern turret; and there stand a regular siege. For, as we still retained a tolerable stock of provisions, we might hold out several days; while our enemies, having other occupations of more importance, would soon raise the siege, and leave us in quiet possession.

This plan was put into immediate execution. First, the prisoners, well



handcuffed, were conveyed up to the Black Chamber, and then we began fortifying the castle.

All the loopholes had already been well stopped with stones; and now the only vulnerable points, were the gateway leading into the castle, and the doorway leading up to the turret.

We therefore sat twenty vassals at work, who, in a short time, pulled down enormous fragments from one of the towers, and barricaded the gateway with an impenetrable pile five feet thick. The wall just above the gateway, being much dilapidated, and not farther than ten feet from the ground; this pile was made high enough and broad enough for four men to stand upon it, and commanded the gateway underneath; while the wall itself would serve them as a breastwork.

The doorway was not stopped at all, because it might be found necessary an

a chain of communication with those stationed at the gateway, and as an opening for their retreat ; and also, because the winding, abrupt, and narrow stairs, would enable a few men to defend that pass against whole hosts.

When this important outwork was completed, I mounted the tower, for the purpose of reconnoitering our enemy. They still stood at some distance, watching our motions ; but I was astonished to find their numbers sensibly lessened. However, I was not long astonished ; as I soon perceived some of their absent party returning, and bearing six long ladders, and two short ; and after them, another party, escorting three large carts of hay.

What the hay meant, I could not imagine ; but I quickly discovered, that the ladders were for the purpose of taking the castle by escalade. This was



quite an unforeseen manoeuvre ; and, I confess, staggered me. I therefore called the Warden, and asked him what I should do? Should I harangue my men? He said, a glass of brandy each, would answer better. So they got it, and vowed victory or death. I then stationed four of them upon the outwork over the gateway, with orders to retreat into the turret, should the besiegers gain the wall. Next, I placed ten men, under Higginson, within the doorway, to guard the stairs ; two to watch the prisoners in the Black Chamber ; and the remainder, under Jerry, to man the battlements above.

On ascending them myself, I found that my trumpeter had hoisted a black banneret of cloth, just opposite the standard. I therefore made him my Warden upon the spot, for the horror of his imagination.

By this time, the besieging army was formed, and all things announced an immediate attack. I ordered the horn to sound, and the bell to toll; stationed myself, still armed, underneath the standard, and looking round me, gloried in my strength, for now the fortress appeared impregnable.

At length the enemy began his march. The scaling ladders and carts of hay came first. Betterton, on horseback, directed their route; and Susan, using the most unmasculine and vehement gesticulations, walked in the midst of the troops.

They halted within about thirty yards of us. Then one storming party, with the short ladders, and their heads protected by bundles of hay, filed off opposite the gateway; while another, with the long ladders, and their heads similarly caparisoned, stood ready to

scale the turret. My troops intrepidly awaited the onset; but I trembled.

At last Betterton gave the word, Away! That moment the carts were rapidly driven just under the turret; and all the hay upset and spread about, in despite of the stony storm, which my men raised from above. Then the scaling ladders being applied, some held them fast while others mounted. But no sooner had these reached the summit of the ladders, than my troops hurled them down headlong. They fell unharmed upon the hay; instantly those behind them pushed up,—down they went. Another set succeeded, and shared a similar fate; and another, and another, and another.

I was standing, a delighted spectator of the operations of this wing, when I heard the battle raging fiercely at the gateway. I ran towards that side, and saw numbers of the foe just leaping

from the wall, down into the castle ; and my discomfited outposts making good their retreat to the turret. The foe followed them with horrid huzzas ; and the din of war roared at the very doorway. The stairs themselves were contested ! And now the conflict on the battlements became more desperate. I heard Betterton ordering a general assault, and Susan bidding the men bring me to her, dead or alive. Almost the moment after, I beheld three of the assailants, struggling, grappling, scrambling up the parapet, and at last, jumping triumphantly into the tower. I beheld too, the Warden himself, flying before them, and rushing down the stairs. I scream more like a sea-gul than a Heroine ; I call him, I implore him, I threaten him, but he hears me not. And now the heads of other assailants appear above the parapet ; and I am in the act of flying after

the Warden, when I meet him rushing up again with a reinforcement of five vassals, all holding lighted sticks, which they had snatched from the Black Chamber. They run, they fling the brands over the battlements, they seize the three men who had made a lodgement; and the battle rages with greater fury than ever.

But now the noise at the doorway grew louder, and now I heard Higginson cry from below, "The prisoners are breaking loose!" when twenty voices outside the turret, shouted together, "The hay is on fire; come down, come down!"

In an instant those assailants who were upon the ladders disappear; a tremendous blaze rises in their stead, and a mighty smoke comes rolling to the top of the turret. "Draw up the ladders!" cries the Warden, and the ladders are drawn up. "Put them

down at this side," cries he again, and they are put down. Then all my troops, he heading them, descend into the area, and attack the rear of those who are assailing the stairs. Those, quite surrounded and cut off, make but a feeble resistance, and soon surrender; while their companions outside, deprived of ladders, are standing at a cool distance from the conflagration of hay; idly gaping, and uselessly listening to the fate of their fellows within.

An universal and reverberating shout from my troops below, announced the completion of this important, decisive, and unrivalled victory.

I then descended to congratulate my friends. I found them securing the prisoners; but on seeing me, these brave Irishmen pealed another exulting acclamation. I thanked them with silent gestures and tears of joy; and Jerry exclaimed:

“ Well, mistress, was’nt burning the hay a fine device? Edad, I thought I’d just tip ’em a Moscow! Why then, your thundering bounce about the six firebrands, was what put it into my head; so you see the use of lies, after all!”

The prisoners taken in this great battle (which I call the Battle of Monkton), were thirty-five; besides arms, ladders, and bundles of hay. And now having ordered my troops to renew their interrupted preparations for dinner, I mounted the battlements again. Thence, I perceived, that Betterton, and the wretched remnant of his army, had not yet retreated from the field.

As soon, however, as Betterton espied me leaning over the parapet, he waved a white handkerchief, and advanced alone, under the walls. I summoned the Warden and the Minstrel.

“Lady Cherubina de Willoughby,” said he, “I demand of you to surrender at discretion. Refuse, and I pledge myself, that I will drive the Leopard into the sea, and plant my standard upon the towers of Monkton.”

“Sir, I refuse, and I defy you,” replied I.

“Well then,” said he, “since warfare is inevitable, I shall stand acquitted of all its consequences, if I now go through the mere formula of proposing a GENERAL PACIFICATION.”

“Pacifi——oh, by dad!” cried Jerry, “a word beginning that way will never do. Try another.”

“Nay, my honest fellow——”

“Never honest-fellow me,” cried Jerry. “It won’t take, old boy. Whenever a man calls me an honest fellow, I always suspect he wants to maké me a rogue. And a rogue, I dare say, I am; and will be again, if it pleases heaven;

but may a potatoe be my poison, if ever I play the rogue to her Ladyship here, who saved me and my wife and daughter from ruin!"

"Instead of giving her bad advice, then," said Betterton, "you would be much better at home, boiling the potatoes with your wife and daughter."

"Bad manners to you, and that is worse than bad luck!" cried Jerry, "if you're for boiling, go boil your own tongue hard, like a calve's, and then it won't wag so glib and sly;—ay, and go boil that nose of your's white, like veal. But harkee, old hunks, you will neither beat us out, nor starve us out; for we have sticks and stones, and meat and wine; and we will eat together, and drink together, and ——"

"And sleep together," interrupted Betterton; "because, as we shall now turn the siege into a blockade, her

Ladyship, of her infinite patriotism, will so far disregard decorum, as to sleep in the same room with an Irish rabble."

The fatal words fell upon me, like a thunderbolt! It was indeed, too true, that some of my troops and prisoners must remain all night, in the Black Chamber, since the Red would not hold half the number. How then, could I bring myself to sleep among so many men? Certain it is, that Ellena Di Rosalba travelled one whole night, and one whole day, in a carriage with two Ruffians, who never left her a single moment alone; and it was not till after Luxima and the missionary had journeyed together during several successive days, that (to quote the very words), "for the first time since the beginning of their pilgrimage, she was hidden from his view."

How these heroines managed about

sleep, I knew not; but this I knew, that I could not abide the idea of sleeping in the presence of men.

And yet to surrender my sweet, my beloved, my venerable castle, the hereditary seat of my proud progenitors, at the moment of an immortal victory, ere yet the laurel was warmed upon the throbbings of my forehead;—and for what? For the most pitiful and unclassical reason, that ever disgraced a human creature. Why, I should be pointed at, scouted at. “Look, look, there is the heroine, who surrendered her castle, because——” and then a whisper and a titter, and a “’Tis fact on my honour.” Oh, my friend, my friend, the thought was madness!

I considered, and reconsidered, but consideration and reconsideration only strengthened me more and more in the conviction, that I had no remedy.

“Jerry,” said I, “dear Jerry, we must surrender.”

“Surrender!” exclaimed Jerry, “Why then, death alive, for what?”

“Because,” answered I, “my modesty would prevent me from sleeping before so many men.”

“Your modesty!” cried he; “poo, do as I do. Have too much modesty to shew your modesty. Sleep? By my soul, you shall sleep;—and snore too, if you have a mind. Sleep? Poo! Can’t you pin the curtains round, so that we shan’t see you? Sleep? Poo! How did the ladies manage, on board the packet? Sleep—sleep—sleep?”

— — — — —

“O murder! I believe we must surrender, sure enough. O murder, murder, ’tis all over with us! For now that I think of it,—you know, we shan’t have room to lie down, you know.”

"This is a sad affair," said I. "Can you devise no remedy, Higginson?"

"None," said he, blushing through his very eyeballs.

"We must surrender," said Jerry, shaking his head.

"We must," said Higginson, shaking his.

"We must," said I, shaking mine.

"Well," cried Betterton, "is the great congress over?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, "and I consent to conclude a peace."

"I thought so," said he. "Now then, for the terms."

After much altercation, these articles (which Betterton wrote with his pencil) were agreed upon, and ratified:

Art. 1.

All the prisoners in the castle, shall forthwith be released.

Art. 2.

The troops of the contending powers shall consign their arms into the hands of their respective leaders.

Art. 3.

On a given signal, the commandant of the besieged army shall evacuate the castle, at the head of his men, and take a northerly direction; while the commandant of the besieging army shall lead his forces in a southerly direction.

Art. 4.

The Lady Cherubina De Willoughby shall depart from the castle, as soon as both armies are out of sight; and shall not hold communication, direct or indirect, with the Warden, for twenty-four hours.

Art. 5.

The Minstrel, Higginson, shall remain behind as escort to the Lady Cherubina.

(Signed) BETTERTON.

The several articles were immediately executed in due form. First, the prisoners left the castle; next, the soldiers, on both sides, laid down their arms: and lastly, the two armies marched off, at opposite directions, and quitted the field.

Before Jerry departed, however, I promised to call upon him in London, after the expiration of the twenty-four hours.

When he had marched almost out of sight, he halted his men, faced them towards the castle, and made them give three last and parting cheers. I waved my handkerchief, and cried like a child.

I then took a tender leave of my dear, dear castle; and with a heavy heart, and tardy step, departed from it; till better days should enable me to visit it again. I proceeded towards the cottage of the poor woman; whence I now write; and I have just dispatched Higginson, for a chaise, as I shall return to London immediately.

My heart is almost broken.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

M.S.

O YE, WHOEVER YE ARE, WHOM CHANCE OR MISFORTUNE MAY HERE-AFTER CONDUCT HITHER, TO YOU I SPEAK, TO YOU REVEAL THE STORY OF MY WRONGS, AND BID YOU REVENGE THEM. VAIN HOPE! YET IT IMPARTS SOME COMFORT, THAT WHAT I NOW WRITE, MAY ONE DAY MEET THE EYE OF A FELLOW-CREATURE; THAT THE WORDS WHICH TELL MY SUFFERINGS, MAY ONE DAY DRAW PITY FROM THE FEELING HEART.

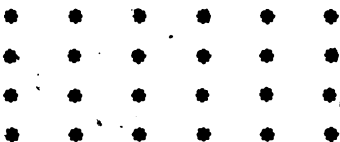
KNOW THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF THE FATAL DAY, WHICH SAW ME SURRENDER MY HEREDITARY CASTLE, FOUR MEN, IN BLACK VISORS, ENTERED THE COTTAGE, WHERE I HAD TAKEN SHELTER, AND FORCED ME AND MY MINSTREL.

INTO A CARRIAGE. WE TRAVELLED HALF THE NIGHT. AT LENGTH THEY STOPPED, CAST A CLOAK OVER MY FACE, AND CARRIED ME ALONG WINDING PASSAGES, AND UP AND DOWN FLIGHTS OF STEPS. THEY THEN TOOK OFF THE CLOAK, AND I FOUND MYSELF IN AN ANTIQUE AND GOTHIC APARTMENT. MY CONDUCTORS LEFT ME A LAMP, AND DISAPPEARED. I HEARD THE DOOR BARRED UPON ME. O SOUND OF DESPAIR! O MOMENT OF UNOTTERRABLE ANGUISH! SHUT OUT FROM DAY, FROM FRIENDS, FROM LIFE—IN THE PRIME OF MY YEARS, IN THE HEIGHT OF MY TRANSGRESSIONS,—I SINK UNDER THE——

* * * * *

ALMOST AN HOUR HAS NOW PASSED AMIDST SOLITUDE AND SILENCE. WHY AM I BROUGHT HITHER? WHY CONFINED THUS RIGOROUSLY? O DIME

EXTREMITY! O STATE OF LIVING
DEATH! IS THIS A VISION? ARE
THESE THINGS REAL? ALAS, I AM
BEWILDERED.



Such, Biddy, was the manuscript that I scribbled last night, after the mysterious event which it relates. You shall now learn what has occurred since.

According to common usage, I first took the lamp, and began examining the chamber. On one wall, hung historical arras, worked in colourless and rotten worsted, and depicting scenes from the Provençal Romances;—the deeds of Charlemagne, and his twelve peers; the Crusaders, Troubadours, and Saracens; and the Necromantic

feats of the Magician Jurl. The remaining walls were wainscotted with black larchwood: and over the painted and escutcheoned windows, hung iron visors, tattered pennons, and broken shields. An antique bed of decayed damask, stood in a corner; and a few moth-eaten chairs, tissue and fringed with threads of tarnished gold, were round the room. At the farther end, a picture of a warrior on horseback, darting his spear into a prostrate and suppliant soldier, was enclosed in a frame of uncommon magnitude, that reached down to the ground. An old harp, which occupied one corner, proved imprisonment; and some clots of blood upon the floor proved murder.

I gazed with delight at this admirable apartment. It was a perfect treasure: nothing could exceed it: all was

in the best style of horror; and now, for the first time, I felt the full and unqualified consciousness of being as real a heroine as ever existed.

I then indulged myself with imagining the frightful scenes which I should undergo here.. Such attempts to murder me, such ghosts, such mysteries! figures flitting in the dusty perspective, quick steps along the corridor; groans, and an assassin, with a visage of the most ruffianly sculpture.

But amidst this pleasing reverie, methought I heard a step approaching. It stopped at the door, the bolts were undrawn; and an antiquated waiting-woman, in fardingale, ruffles, flounces, and flowered silk, bustled into the room.

“My lady,” said she, “my lord will do himself the honour of waiting on you immediately.”

“ And pray, good woman,” said I, “ who is your lord ? ”

“ Good woman ! ” cried she, bridling : “ no more good woman than yourself : — Dame Ursulina, if you please.”

“ Well then, Dame Ursulina, who is your lord ? ”

“ The Baron Hildebrand,” answered she.

“ What ! ” exclaimed I, “ who has a daughter called Sympathina ? ”

“ The same.”

“ Which daughter loves Lord Montmorenci ? ”

“ The same.”

“ Oh, Heavens ! but what have I to do with all this ? ”

The Dame laid her finger across her lips, and nodded volumes of mystery.

“ At least,” said I, “ tell me how

comes all that recent blood upon the floor?"

"Recent!" cried she. "Lauk! 'tis there these fifty years. Sure your ladyship has often read of blood upon floors, and daggers, that looked as fresh as a daisy, at the end of centuries. But, alas-o-day! modern blood won't keep like the good old blood. Ay, ay; oldness is goodness. See that old harp yonder: I warrant 'tis in tune, this moment; albeit no human finger has touched it these ten years: and your Ladyship must remember reading of other cobwebbed harps, which required no tuning-hammer, after lying whole ages untweedled. But, indeed, they do say, that the ghost keeps this harp in order, by playing on it o' nights."

"The ghost!" exclaimed I.

"Ay, by my fackins," said she; "sure this is the Haunted Chamber of the Northern Tower; and such

sights and noises—Santa Catharina of Sienna, and St. Bridget, and San Pietro, and Santa Benedicta, and St. Radagunda, defend me!”

Then, aspirating an ejaculation, she hastily hobbled out of the room; and locked the door.

However, the visit from Baron Hildebrand, occupied my mind more than the ghost. At last, I heard a heavy tread along the corridor: the door was unbarred, and a huge, but majestic figure, strode into the chamber. The black plume, towering on his cap; the armorial coat, Persian sash, and Spanish cloak, all set off with the most muscular frown imaginable, made him look truly tremendous.

As he hurled himself into a chair, he cast a Schedoniac scowl at me; while I felt, that one glance from the corner of a villain's eye, is worth twenty straight-forward looks from an honest

man. My heart throbbed audible, my bosom heaved like billows; I threw into my features a conventual smile; and stood before him in all the meek pomp of despair—something between Niobe, Patience, and a broken lily.

“Lady!” cried he, with a voice which vibrated through my brain; “I am the Baron Hildebrand, that celebrated ruffian. My plans are terrible and unsearchable. Hear me.

“My daughter, the Lady Sympathina, has long been enamoured of the Lord Montmorenci, and for his sake, has already rejected the Marquis De Furioso, Il Principe di Lumbago, Solomondo, Knight of Gilead, Sir Register Cobbett, and Joseph Earl of Miller. Nothing will induce her to relinquish this titled beggar, Montmorenci; even though he has himself assured her, that you alone reign tormentress of his

heart. I had planned a thousand obstacles against this inglorious marriage; each alone sufficient for a tolerable volume, if eked out with broad margins, wide lines, and short chapters; but at length, my spies informed me of your having seized upon Monkton Castle; and of your being besieged there, by Montmorenci himself. The opportunity was auspicious. I therefore planted armed men about the castle, with orders to make you and him prisoners. These orders are executed, and his Lordship is a captive in the Western Tower.

“Now, Madam, you must already have penetrated my motive for this step. It is to secure your immediate marriage with Montmorenci; and thus to terminate my daughter's hopes and my own inquietude. In two days, therefore, you give him your hand, or suffer imprisonment for life.”

"My lord," said I, "I am a poor, weak, timid girl; but yet not unmindful of my noble lineage. I cannot consent to disgrace it. My lord, I will not wed Montmorenci."

"You will not?" cried he, in a voice of the hoarsest fury.

"I will not," said I, in a tone of the sweetest obstinacy.

He started from his seat, and began to pace the chamber with Colossal strides. Conceive the scene;—the tall figure of Hildebrand passing along; his folded arms; the hideous desolation of the room, and my shrinking figure. It was fine, very fine. It resembled a Pandemonium, where a fiend was tormenting an angel of light. Yet insult and oppression had but added to my charms; as the rose throws forth fresh fragrance, by being mutilated.

On a sudden, the Baron stopped before me.

“Will you marry him?” said he.

“What, my Lord,” cried I, “my deadly foe? The man who besieged my castle?”

“Time will elucidate that mystery,” said the Baron, “and prove him your friend. Have you no other objection?”

“My lord,” answered I, “I do not feel for him the passion of love.”

“Love!” cried he, grimly sneering. “There is no such passion as love. But mark me, Madam: soon shall you learn, that there is such a passion as Revenge!” And with these ominous words, he rushed out of the chamber.

Nothing in nature could be better than my conduct on this occasion. I was delighted with it, and with the

castle, and with every thing. I therefore knelt, and chaunted a vesper hymn, so soft and so solemn; while my eyes, like a Magdalen's, were cast to the planets.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

“GRACIOUSNESSOSITY!” cried Dame Ursulina, as she brought breakfast this morning, “there is the whole castle in such a fluster; and such hammering and clamouring, and paddling at all manner of possets, to make much of the fine company, that are coming down here to-day.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed I, “when will my troubles cease? Doubtless this fine company are a most dissolute set. An amorous Verezzi, an insinuating Cavigni, an abandoned Orsino; besides some lovely Voluptuary, some fascinating Desperado, who plays the harp, and poisons by the hour.”

“La, not at all,” said the dame. “There are none but old Sir Charles Grandison, and his lady, Miss Harriet

Byron, that was;—old Mr. Mortimer Delville, and his lady, Miss Cecilia, that was;—and old Lord Mortimer, and his lady, Miss Amanda, that was.”

“Santa Maria!” cried I. “Why these are all heroes and heroines!”

“’Pon my conversation, and as I am a true maiden, so they are,” said she. “And we shall have such tickling and pinching; and fireumdandy-ing, and cherrybrandying, and the gentle poison of bad wine; and the Warden blowing his horn, and the Baron in his scowered armour, and I in the most rustling silk I have. And Philippo, the butler, meets me coming along a dark passage. ‘Oddsbeddickins,’ says he, ‘mayhap I should know the voice of that silk?’ ‘Odds pittikins,’ says I, ‘peradventure thou should’st;’ and then he catches me round the neck, and ——”

“There, there!” cried I, “you distract me.”

“Marry come up!” muttered she. “Some people think some people—Marry come up, quotha!” And this frumpish old woman sailed out of the chamber in a great fume.

I sat down to breakfast, astonished at what I had just heard. Harriet Byron, Cecilia, Amanda, and their respective consorts, all alive and well! Oh, could I get but one glimpse of them, speak ten words with them, I should die content. I was interrupted by the return of Dame Ursuline.

“The Baron,” said she, “has just left the castle, to consult physicians about his periodical madness, and government about a peace with France. So my young mistress, the Lady Sympathina, has sent me to tell you, that she will visit you, during his absence.”

I felt infinitely delighted at this information, and I prepared for an interview of congenial natures; nor was I long kept in suspense. Hardly had the Dame disappeared, when the door opened again, and a tall, thin, lovely girl, flew into the room. Her yellow ringlets hung round her pale face, like a mist round the moon. She ran forward, took both my hands, and stood gazing on my features.

"Ah," said she, "what wonder Montmorenci should be captivated by these charms! No, I will not, cannot take him from you. He is your's, my friend. Marry him, and leave me to the solitude of a cloister."

"Never!" cried I. "Ah, madam, ah, Sympathina, your magnanimity amazes, transports me. Yes, my friend; your's he shall, he must be; for you love him, and I hate him."

"Hate him!" cried she; "and

whence? Ah, what a form is his, and ah, what a face! Locks, brown as cinnamon; eyes half dew, half lightning; lips like a casket of jewels, loveliest when open ——.”

“ And teeth like the Sybil’s books,” said I; “ for two of them are wanting.”

“ Ah, cried she, “ why should his want of teeth prevent you from marrying him? Are all his charms in his teeth, as all Sampson’s strength was in his hair?”

“ Upon my honour,” said I, “ I would not marry him, if he had five hundred teeth. But you, my friend, you shall marry him, in spite of his teeth.”

“ Then,” cried she; “ my father will torture you to death?”

“ And so will you,” said I, “ if you do not marry Montmorenci.”

“ But if I do,” said she, “ I shall torture him.”

"Then happen what may," said I, "some of us must be tortured."

"My torture were sweet," said she, "for it would be in the cause of justice."

"Mine were sweeter," said I; "for it would be in the cause of generosity."

"Is it generosity," said she, "to spurn the man who loves you?"

"Is it justice," said I, "to make me marry the man whom I do not love?"

"Ah, my friend," said she, "you may surpass me in repartee, but never shall you conquer me in magnanimity."

"Then, let us swear an eternal friendship," said I.

"I swear!" cried she.

"I swear!" cried I.

We rushed into each other's arms.

"And now," said she, when the first transports had subsided, "how do you like being a Heroine?"

“Above all things in the world,” said I.

“And how do you prosper at the profession?” asked she.

“It is not for me to say,” answered I. “Only this, that ardour and assiduity are not wanting on my part.”

“Of course, then,” said she, “you shine in the requisite qualities. Do you blush well?”

“As well as can be expected,” said I.

“Because,” said she, “blushing is my *chef d'œuvre*. I blush one tint and three-fourths, with joy; two (including forehead and bosom), with modesty; and four, with love, to the points of my fingers. My father once blushed fine against the Dawn, for a tattered banner to a rusty poniard.”

“And who won?” said I.

“It was play or pay,” replied she; “so the morning turning out misty,

we had no sport; but I fainted, which was as good, if not better. Are you much addicted to fainting?"

"A little," said I.

"'Pon honour?"

"Well, ma'am, to be honest, I am afraid I have never fainted yet; but at a proper opportunity, I flatter myself ——"

"Nay, love," said she, "do not be distressed about the matter. If you weep well, 'tis a good substitute. Do you weep well?"

"Extremely well, indeed," said I.

"Come then," cried she, "we will weep on each other's necks." And she flung her arms about me. We remained some moments, in motionless endearment.

"Are you weeping?" said she, at length.

"No, ma'am," answered I.

"Ah, why don't you?" said she.

"I can't, ma'am," said I; "I can't."

"Ah, do," said she.

"Upon my word, I can't," said I: "sure I am trying all I possibly can. But, bless me, how desperately you are crying. Your tears are running down my back, boiling hot. Excuse me, ma'am; you will give me my death of cold." And I gently disengaged myself from her.

"Ah, my fondling," said she, "tears are my sole consolation. Ofttimes I sit and weep, I know not why; and then I weep to find myself weeping. Then, when I can weep, I weep at having nothing to weep at; and then, when I have something to weep at, I weep that I cannot weep at it. This very morning, I bumpered a tulip with my tears, while reading a dainty ditty, which I must now repeat.

"The moon had just risen, as a

lover stole from his mistress. A sylph guarded her parting sigh, through the deserts of air; and bathed in its moisture, and enhaled its odours. As he flew over the ocean, he saw a sea-nymph sitting on the shore; and singing the fate of a shipwreck, that appeared at a distance. Her instrument was her own long and blue tresses, which she had strung across rocks of coral. The sparkling spray struck them, and made sweet music. He saw, he loved, he hovered over her. But invisible, how could he attract her eyes? Incorporeal, how could he touch her? Even his voice could not be heard by her, amidst the dashing of the waves, and the melody of her ringlets. The sylphs, pitying his miserable state, exiled him to an arboret of blossoms.— There he droops his unused pinions, dips his ethereal pen in dewy moon-

shine, and writes his love on the bell of a lily."

This tale led us to talk of moonshine. We moralized upon the uncertainty of it, and of life; discussed sighs, and agreed that they were charming things; enumerated the various kinds of tresses—flaxen, golden, chesnut, amber, sunny, jetty, carrotty; and I suggested two new epithets—sorrel hair, and narcissine hair. Such a flow of soul as came from our rosy lips!

At last she rose to depart.

"Now, my love," said she, "I am in momentary expectation of Sir Charles Grandison, Mortimer Delville, and Lord Mortimer, with their amiable wives. Will you permit them to visit you, this evening, and give you some good advice respecting your present predicament?"

I grasped at the proposal eagerly; and she flitted out of the chamber with a promissory smile.

What an angel is this Sympathina! Her face has the contour of a Madona, and the sensibility of a Magdalen. Her voice languishes like the last accents of a dying maid. Her sigh is melodious, her oh is sublime, and her ah is beautiful.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

AND now the promised hour was approaching, when I should behold the recorded personages of Romance. I therefore heroinized and Heloised myself as much as possible; and elegantly leaning on the harp, awaited their arrival.

Meantime, I figured them, adorned with all the venerable loveliness of a virtuous old age, whose very greyness is engaging, whose very wrinkles are interesting. Hand in hand they walk down the gentle slope of life, and often pause to look back upon the scenes which they have quitted; the happy vale of their childhood, the turretted castle, the cloistered monastery.

I then anticipated how this interview with them would improve me

in my profession. No longer drawing from books alone, I might now copy from originals. The hand of a master would guide mine, and I should quaff primeval waters at the source itself.

As I thus stood rapt, I heard steps in the passage: the bolts were undrawn; and Sympathina entered with her company, and announced their names.

“ Bless me ! ” said I, involuntarily ; for such a set of objects never were seen.

Sir Charles Grandison came forward the first. He was an emaciated old oddity, and wore flannels and a flowing wig.

Lady Grandison leaned on his arm, bursting with fat and laughter ; and so unlike what I had conceived of Harriet Byron, that I turned quite disgusted from her.

Mortimer Delville came next ; and

my disappointment at finding him a plain, sturdy, hard-featured fellow, was soon absorbed in my still greater regret at seeing his Cecilia,—once the blue-eyed, sun-tressed Cecilia,—now flaunting in all the revered graces and painted wrinkles of a fashionable grandmother.

After them advanced Lord Mortimer and his Amanda; but he had fallen into flesh; and she, with a face like scorched parchment, appeared both broken-hearted and broken-winded; such a perpetual sighing and wheezing did she keep.

I was too much astonished to speak; but Sir Charles bowing over my hand—his old custom you know—thus broke silence.

“Your Ladyship may recollect, that I have always been celebrated for giving advice. Let me then counsel you to relieve yourself from your pre-

sent embarrassment, by marrying Lord Montmorenci. It seems you do not love him. For that very reason marry him. Trust me, love before marriage is the surest preventative of love after it. Heroes and heroines exemplify the proposition. Why do their biographers always conclude the book just at their wedding? Simply because all beyond it, is unhappiness and hatred."

"Surely, Sir Charles," said I, "you mistake. Their biographers (who have such admirable information, as even to tell the thoughts of people, when not a soul is near them), always end the book, with comparing the connubial lives of their heroes and heroines, to skies unclouded, streams unruffled, summer the year through; or some other gentle simile!"

"All irony," replied Sir Charles. "For I know most of these heroes and

heroines myself; and I know that nothing can equal their misery."

"Do you know Lord Orville and his Evelina?" said I; "and are they not happy?"

"Have you really never heard of their notorious miffs?" cried he. "Why, but yesterday, she flogged him with a boiled leg of mutton, because he had sent home no turnips."

"Astonishment!" exclaimed I.—
"And she, when a girl, so meek."

"Ay," said he. "One has never seen a white foal, or a cross girl; but often white horses, and cross wives."

"Pray," said I, addressing Amanda, "are not your brother Oscar and his Adela happy?"

"Alas, no," cried she. "Oscar became infatuated with the charms of Elvina's old governess, Madam Duval: so poor Adela left him; and she, who was once the soul of mirth, has

now grown a confirmed methodist; curls a sacred sneer at gaiety, loves canting and decanting, piety and *eau de vie*. In short, the devil is very busy about her; though she sometimes drives him away with a thump of the Bible."

"Well, Rosa, the gentle beggar-girl, — what of her?" said I.

"Eloped with one Corporal Trim," answered Sir Charles.

"How shocking!" cried I. "But Pamela, the virtuous Pamela?" —

"Made somewhat a better choice," said Sir Charles; "for she ran off with Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, when he returned to the happy valley."

"Dreadful accounts indeed!" said I.
"So dreadful," said Sir Charles, bowing over my hand, "that I trust they will determine you to marry Montmorenci. 'Tis true, he has lost two teeth, and you do not love him. But

was not Walstein a cripple? And did not Caroline of Lichfield fall in love with him after their marriage, though she had hated him before it?"

"I am inexorable," said I.

"Recollect," cried Cecilia, "what perils environ you here. The Baron is the first murderer of the age."

"I cannot help that," said I.

"Look at yonder blood," cried Mortimer Delville.

"It does not appal me," said I.

"Think of the spectre that haunts this apartment," cried Lady Grandison.

"No matter if I even see it," said I.

"And above all," cried Sympathina, "bear in mind, that you may wake some morning, with a face like a pumpkin."

"Heavens!" cried I, "My face like a pumpkin?"

"Yes," said she. "The dampness

of this chamber once swelled up the face of the fair, but unfortunate Novellette, till the skin burst asunder, and was obliged to be stitched."

"Oh! ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed I, dropping upon my knees, "you see what shocking horrors surround me here. Oh! let me beseech of you to pity and to rescue me!"

"Fly!" cried Dame Ursulina, running in breathless. "The Baron has just returned, and is searching for you through chapel, armoury, gallery; and west tower, and east tower, and south tower; and cedar chamber, and oaken chamber, and black chamber; and grey, brown, yellow, bottle-green, sky-blue: and every shade, tinge, and tint of chamber in the whole castle!"

The company vanished, the door was barred, and I remained alone.

I sat ruminating in sad earnest, on the awful prospect before me, and on

the necessity, now so evident, for consenting to this hateful match ; when (and I protest, I had not thought it nine o'clock), a terrible bell, which I never heard before, tolled, with an appalling reverberation, that rang through my frame, the frightful hour of ONE !

At the same moment, I heard a noise ; and looking towards the opposite end of the chamber, beheld the great picture on a sudden disappear ; and, standing in its stead, a tall figure, begirt with gilded steel, and whose spectral visage was a perfect counterpart of the Baron's. Its left thumb rested upon its hip, and its right hand was held to the heavens.

I sat gasping, as it uttered these sepulchral intonations.

“ I am the spirit of the murdered Count Romancer. Montmorenci deserves thee. To-morrow morning consent

to wed him, or to-morrow night I come again."

The superhuman appearance spoke ; and (oh, soothing sound !) uttered a human sneeze !

" Damnation ! " it muttered. " All is blown ! " And immediately the picture flew back to its place.

Well, I had never heard of ghosts sneezing before ; so you may judge, I soon shook off my terror ; and felt pretty certain, that this was no bloodless and marrowless apparition ; but the Baron Hildebrand himself, who had adopted the ghosting system (so common in romances) to frighten me into his schemes.

However, I had now discovered a concealed door ; and with it, a chance of escape. For the sentinels had appeared at it ; whereas, the great door was always guarded by two grim figures in armour. An escape, therefore,

I am firmly determined to attempt ; because though the chamber, the Baron, the Dame, and the several terrors, are well enough ; yet, not for all the chambers, Barons, Dames, and terrors on record, would I risk waking some morning, with a face like a pumpkin.

While I was pondering upon a plan of escape, in came Dame Ursulina, taking snuff, and sneezing at a furious rate.

“ By the mass,” said she, “ it rejoiceth the reverend cockles of my heart to see your Ladyship safe : inasmuch as when I passed your door just now, methought I heard the ghost.”

“ You might well have heard it,” said I, pretending infinite faintness, “ for I have seen it ; and it entered through yonder picture.”

“ Benedicite !” cried she : “ but was it a true spectre ?”

“ A real, downright apparition,” said I, “ uncontaminated with the smallest mixture of mortality.”

“ And did’at your Ladyship hear me sneeze at the door ?” said she.

“ I was too much alarmed to hear any thing,” answered I. “ But pray lend me that box ; as a pinch or two of snuff may revive me.” I had particular reasons for this request.

“ A heroine take snuff !” cried she, laying the box upon the table. “ Lack-a-daisy, how the times have degenerated ! But now, my lady, don’t be trying to move or cut that great picture ; for though the ghost gets in through it, no mortal can get through it. Never yet could a heroine give old Ursulina the slip ; and I will tell you a story to prove my profound knowledge of bolts and bars. When I was a girl, a young man lodged in the house ; and one night he stole the stick that used

to fasten the hasp and staple of my door. Well, my mother bade me put a carrot (as there was nothing else) in its place. So I put in a carrot—for I was a dutiful daughter; but I put in a boiled carrot—for I was a love-sick maiden. Eh, don't I understand the doctrine of bolts and bars?"

"You understand a great deal too much," said I, as the withered wanton went chuckling out of the chamber.

LETTER XXXVII.

ABOUT noon, the Baron Hildebrand paid me a visit ; to hear, as he said, my final determination respecting my marriage with Montmorenci. Having previously prepared my lesson, I told him, that though my mind was not altogether reconciled to such an event, it was much swayed by an extraordinary circumstance, which had occurred the night before. He bade me relate it ; and I, in apparent agitation, recounted the particulars of the apparition. I likewise declared, that should it come again, I would, if possible, preserve my presence of mind, and ask it whether my marriage with his Lordship would prove fortunate or otherwise ; and that, should its answer be

favourable, I would not hesitate another moment, to give him my hand.

The Baron, suppressing a smile, protested himself highly delighted with my determination of accosting the spectre. He remarked, that ghosts, so far from doing us harm, always warn us against harm ; that if we were civil to them, they would be civil to us ; but that no wonder they should speak so harshly as they do, we shew such evident aversion and horror on their appearance. He concluded by declaring, that this spectre was the best-hearted creature of the kind ever known ; and by earnestly advising me to address it. He then took leave ; and I spent the remainder of the day in reflecting upon the desperate enterprise which I had planned ; and in recalling all the exemplary escapes of other heroines.

And now the momentous hour drew

nigh. The lamp and box of snuff lay on the table. I sat anxious, and kept a watchful eye upon the picture.

The bell at length tolled one: again, the picture vanished, and again the spectre stood before me. I sent forth a shriek, and hid my face in my hands.

“*I come for the last time,*” it said. “*Wilt thou wed Montmorenci? Speak, and fear not.*”

“Oh,” cried I, “if you would only promise not to harm me.”

“A spirit cannot harm a mortal,” said the spectre.

“Well then,” faltered I—“Perhaps—pardon me—perhaps, you would first have the goodness to walk in.”

The spectre advanced a few paces, and paused.

“This is so kind, so condescending,” said I, “that really—do take a chair.”

The spectre shook its head mournfully.

“ Pray do,” said I, “ you will oblige me.”

The spectre seated itself in a chair ; but atoned for the mortal act, by an immortal majesty of manner.

“ As you are of another world,” said I, “ ’tis my duty to do the honours of this. What sort of night is it abroad ?”

“ Quite charming and tempestuous,” it answered. “ Just the weather we ghosts like.”

“ Yes,” said I, “ you ghosts have odd tastes ! Nothing will satisfy you, but a storm, and one o’clock at night.”

“ Indeed we keep such late hours,” said the spectre, “ that ’tis no wonder we look pale and thin.”

“ Why really,” said I, “ I do not recollect having ever read of a fat or a fresh-coloured ghost.”

“Nor of a ghost wanting a limb or an eye,” said the spectre.

“Nor of an ugly ghost,” said I, bowing.

The spectre took the compliment, and bowed in return.

“And therefore,” said the spectre, “as spirits are always accurate likenesses of the bodies which they once inhabited, none but thin, pale, handsome and unmaimed persons can become ghosts.”

“And by the same rule,” said I, “none but blue-eyed and golden-haired persons can go to heaven; for so our painters always represent angels. I have never heard of a hazel-eyed angel, or a black-haired cherub.”

“This I know,” said the spectre, “that if angels are, as painters depict them, always sitting naked upon cold clouds, I would rather live like a ghost, to the end of the chapter.”

“ And pray,” cried I, “ where, and how do ghosts live ?”

“ Within this very globe,” said the spectre. “ For this globe is not, as most mortals imagine, a solid body ; but a round crust, about ten miles thick ; and the concave inside, is furnished just like the convex outside, with wood, water, vale and mountain. In the centre, stands a nice little golden Sun, about the size of a pippin, and lights our internal world ; where, whatever enjoyments we had loved as men, we retain as ghosts. We banquet on visionary turtle, or play at aërial marbles, or drive a phantasmagoric four in hand. The young renew their amours, and the more aged sit yawning for the day of judgment.—But I scent the rosy air of dawn. Speak, lady ; wilt thou wed Montmorenci ?”

“ If I do,” said I, “ shall I be happy with him ?”

“Blissful as Eden,” replied the spectre.

“Then I will wed him,” said I: “But you seem in a great hurry. I am so obliged by this visit, you cannot imagine. I beg you will call again. I wish I had something to offer you. Perhaps you would take a pinch of tapee?” And as I spoke, I kept advancing towards the vision.

“Avaunt!” it cried, motioning me from it.

But quick as thought, I flung the whole contents of the box full into its eyes!

“Blood and thunder!” exclaimed the astonished apparition.

I snatched the lamp, sprang through the frame of the picture, shut the concealed door, bolted it; while all the time, I heard the phantom within, dancing at the agony of its eyes, and sending mine to as many devils, as

could well be called together on so short a notice.

Thus far my venturous enterprise had prospered. I now found myself in a narrow passage; another door was at the farther end of it; and I prepared to traverse winding stairs, subterranean passages, and suites of tapestried apartments. I therefore advanced, and opened the door; but instantly started back; for I had beheld a lighted hall, of modern architecture, with gilded balustrades, ceiling painted in Fresco; Etruscan lamps, and stucco-work! Yes, it was a Villa, or a Casino, or a Pallazo; or any thing you please, but a Castello. Amazement! Horror! What should I do? whither turn? Again I peeped. The hall was empty; so, putting down my lamp, I stole across, towards an open door, and looked through the chink. I had just time to perceive a Persian saloon, and

in the centre, a table laid for supper; when I heard several steps approaching the hall. It was too late to retreat, I therefore ran into the room; and recollecting, that a curtain had befriended me once before, I hid behind one, which I saw there.

Instantly afterwards, the persons entered. They were spruce footmen, bringing in supper. Not a scowl, not a mustachio amongst them.

As soon as the covers were laid, a crowd of company came laughing into the room; but, friend of my bosom, fancy, just fancy my revulsion of soul, my dismay, my disgust, my bitter indignation—oh! how shall I describe half what I felt, when I recognised these wretches, as the identical gang, who had visited me the day before, in the character of heroes and heroines! I knew them instantly, though they looked twice as young; and merrily

amongst them, came Betterton and Montmorenci! My heart died at the sight. I foresaw horrid things.

After they had seated themselves, Betterton, (who headed the table, and therefore, was host); desired one of the servants to bring in 'the crazed Poet.' Immediately two footmen, carrying a large meal-bag between them, appeared. It was filled with Higginson; and they placed it by the table, on a vacant seat. The bag was fastened at the top, but a slit was cut in its side.

The wretches then began to banter him, and bade him put forth his head; but he would neither move nor speak. At last, I heard them mention my name.

"Can he be ghosting her, all this time?" said Betterton.

"I ought to have played the ghost, I am so much taller than he," said the fellow, who had personated Grandison.

“Not unless you could act it better than you did Sir Charles,” said the fictitious Sympathina. “But did I not perform my part well, when I poured a vial of hot water down her back, as tears; and frightened her out of her senses, by threatening her with a face like a pumpkin?”

A laugh. I thought I had never seen so ugly, so disgusting a girl.

“Blast me,” cried Montmorenci, “but I played off the best piece of acting you ever saw; when I first met her at the theatre, and persuaded her, that Abraham Grundy was Lord Altmont Mortimer Montmorenci!”

Another laugh. I actually groaned with anguish.

“Except,” said Betterton, “when I enacted old Whylome Eftsoones, at the masquerade; and made her believe that Miss Cherry Wilkinson was Lady Cherubina de Willoughby!”

I now turned horribly sick; but I had no time to feel any thing, the thunderclaps came so thick upon me.

"She had cherished some such chimeras before," said Grundy (I have done with calling him Montmorenci); for she fancied,—she did, I protest—that an old tattered copy of a lease of lives, belonging to her father, was an irrefragable proof of her being born a title and an heiress!"

"Upon which notable notion," said Betterton, "she claps this poor father into a madhouse; where he should, doubtless, have clapt her long ago."

"He should so, by Godes!" cried Gaudy. "For those romances have turned her brain inside out. I vow, her imitation of the language and manners, which Authors give Heroines, would make a tiger titter. But the maddest prank of all, was her seizing on the Castle, furnishing it so shabby

Gothic, and wanting to pass a blade-bone of mutton upon me, as the bone of an assassinated ancestor."

By this time, I was half frantic with rage, horror, and desperation.

"Nay, Grundy," cried Betterton, "was it not a more absurd whim, when she discarded you, the moment you had lost two teeth? Ah, my hero, this shews that she never really loved you."

"Not love me?" exclaimed Grundy. "Why the poor creature could not even bridle her passion. Such hugging and kissing as she went on with;—such slobbering and pawing;—such patting my cheek, and pulling my whiskers; that, as I hope for woman, I sometimes thought she would bite off my very face!"

"'Tis false!" cried I, bursting into tears, and running from behind the curtain. "On my sacred credit, ladies

and gentlemen, 'tis every word of it, a vile, malicious, execrable falsehood! Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?" and I wrung my hands with agony.

The guests had risen from their seats; and I now made a spring towards the door, but was intercepted by Betterton, who held me fast:

"In the name of wonder," cried he, "how came you here?"

"No matter," cried I, struggling. "I know all! I know all! You base, you cruel people, to use me so!"

"Keep yourself cool, my little lady," said he.

"I won't, I can't!" cried I. "To use me so. You vile set; you horrid, horrid, horrid set!"

"Go for another sack," cried Betterton. "Now, Madam, you shall keep company with the bagged Poet."

“ Mercy, oh, mercy !” cried I.
“ What, will no one help me ?”

“ I will if I can !” exclaimed Higginson, thrusting his head out of the bag, like a snail ; and down he slid from his chair, and began rolling and struggling, till he got upon his feet ; and then he came jumping towards me, now falling, now rising, while his face and bald forehead were all over meal, his eyes blaring, and his mouth wide open. The company, wherever he moved, kept in a circle round him, and clapped their hands, and shouted.

While Betterton still stood, holding me fast, some one suddenly flung him from me, and caught my hand. I turned, and beheld—Stuart. “ Oh, welcome, welcome !” cried I, “ for you have come to save me from destruction !”

He pressed my hand, and pointing towards Betterton and Grundy, who

stood thunderstruck, cried, "There are your men!"

A posse of constables immediately rushed forward, and secured them.

"Heyday! what is all this for?" cried Betterton.

"For your rescuing that lady, and beating me," answered a man; and he recognized in the speaker, one of the constables who had arrested me about the barouche.

"This is government all over," cried Betterton. "This is the minister. This is the law!"

"And let me tell you, Sir," said Stuart, "that nothing but my respect for the law, deters me at this moment, from chastising you as you deserve."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" cried Betterton.

"That you are a ruffian," said Stuart; "and the same cowardice which made you offer insult to a wo-

man, will make you bear it from a man. Now, Sir, I wish you every justice." And we were quitting the room.

"What is that?" said Stuart, stopping short before the poet; who, with one arm, and his face forced out of the bag, lay upon his back, gasping and unable to stir.

"Cut it, cut it!" cried the sufferer, in choking accents.

"Higginson, I protest!" exclaimed Stuart, as he snatched a knife, and laid open the bag. Up rose the poet, resurrectionary from his hempen coffin, and was clenching his fist; but Stuart caught his arm, and hurried him and me out of the house.

We then got into Stuart's own chariot, and drove off.

This excellent fellow now began asking me, anxiously, the particulars of all that had occurred at Betterton's:

and his rage, as I related them, was extreme.

Presently, he proceeded to tell me how he discovered my being there. After his departure from Lady Gwyn's, he spent some days in inquiries about my father. At last, when he found every effort unavailing, he returned to her Ladyship's. But how shocked was he on learning from her, that I had robbed her, absconded, and afterwards made an assault upon her house, at the head of an Irish mob. She then directed him to Monkton Castle; he went thither, but found it evacuated. However, judging by the description which her Ladyship gave, that Sullivan was one of my party, back he posted to London, and sought out Jerry. Jerry, who had only just returned from the castle, told him the whole story respecting my surrender, and acquainted him with my promise

of calling at the shop, the moment I should arrive in town.

Accordingly, Stuart waited at the shop some time; but as I did not appear, he began to suspect that Betterton had entrapped me. He therefore visited the coachmaker, paid him for the barouche, informed him that I was not a swindler, and brought Jerry to depose, that Betterton and Grundy were the persons who had assaulted the constables. By his desire, the coachmaker applied at the office of police, whence a party was dispatched to apprehend both the culprits. Stuart accompanied this party, and thus gained admission into the house.

Higginson now told lamentable anecdotes of the tricks which Betterton had played upon him: and amongst the rest, mentioned, that a servant seduced him into the bag, under the pretext

of smuggling him out of the house, in the character of meat.

He could gather, from things said, while the company were tormenting him, that Grandy had agreed, first to marry me; and then, for a stipulated sum, to give Betterton every opportunity of prosecuting his infamous designs upon me. By this device, Betterton would escape the penalties of the law.

He likewise informed me, that the several chambers in this Villa, were furnished according to the fashions of different countries,—Grecian, Persian, Chinese, Italian; and that mine was the Gothic Chamber.

By this time, having stopped at a hotel, where we meant to sleep, I desired a room, and bade Stuart a hasty good night.

Shocked and astonished at all that had happened, I threw myself on the

bed, and unburthened my burning heart in a bitter fit of crying. What! thought I, not the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby after all?—Whylons Estsoones, Bettenton; Montmerenci an imposter; and the parchment a base of lives!—could these things be? Alas, no doubt of the fatal facts remained; for the wretches had rejoiced over them, as indisputable truths, even when they knew not that I was overhearing them! O, to be ruined in my favourite speculation, in the sole business of my life; all to begin over again,—the wide world to be searched anew for my real name, my real family—or was Wilkinson, indeed, my father? If so, what a fall! and how horridly had I treated him! Then to be ridiculed, despised, insulted by dissolute creatures, calling themselves Lords and Barons, heroes and heroines; and I no heroine! Am I a heroine? I would catch myself invo-

lunatically muttering ; and then I would walk about wildly, then sit on the bed, then cast my body across it. Once I dropped into a doze, and dreamed of monsters following me swifter than the wind ; while my lingering limbs could barely creep, and my voice, calling help, could not rise above a whisper. Then I woke, repeating, am I a heroine ? I believe I was delirious ; for spite of all my efforts, I ran on rapidly, am I a heroine ? am I ? am I ? am I ? till my panting brain reeled, and my hands were clenched with perturbation.

Thus passed the night, and towards morning, I fell into a slumber.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THIS morning, my head felt rather better, and I appeared before Stuart, with the sprightliest air imaginable; not that my mind was tranquil; but that pride prevented me from betraying my distraction, at the unheroical result of my career.

After breakfast, Stuart and I took our departure in a chaise. Unable to counterfeit gaiety long, I soon relapsed into languor; nor could my companion, by any effort, divert me from the contemplation of my late disgrace.

As we drew near Lady Gwyn's, he represented the propriety of my letting her Ladyship know where she might recover the portrait. I consented: and he proceeded to the house, while I remained at the gate. Presently, how-

ever, I saw him return, accompanied by Lady Gwyn herself.

But now came a new mortification. For now, at the instance of Stuart, her Ladyship began acknowledging all the pranks, which she had practised upon me. She confessed, that the crowning ceremony was merely to amuse her friends, with my pretty caprices, as she called them; and that my great mother was her own nephew! But here I interrupted her unpleasant explanation, bade Stuart hasten into the chaise, and left the hateful woman, without even wishing her good morning.

On our way, Stuart requested of me to shew him the parchment, that I had considered as a proof of my noble birth. I produced it, and he drew forth another piece, which he applied to the torn part of mine, and which fitted it exactly. He then made me read the whole manuscript across, and I at-

certained that it was, indeed, nothing more than a mere copy of a lease, in which Lady Gwyn, one De Willoughby, and myself, were the three lives specified. Having heard by means of your confidant, the discharged butler, that I founded my pretensions upon one fragment of the lease, he had himself brought the other fragment from my father's house, with the hope of undeceiving me.

I sighed, but could answer nothing. The fact was indisputable.

At last I found myself in sight of the village, where William, whom I had separated from his Mary, resided; and as this was a favourable opportunity for reconciling the lovers, I now made Stuart acquainted with their quarrel. He merely shook his head, and desired the driver to stop at William's house. This was done, and in a few moments, William made his

appearance. He remembered me immediately.

- "Well, William," said I, "how goes on your little misunderstanding with Mary? Are you reconciled?"

- "No, Ma'am," answered he, dolefully, "and, I fear, never will."

"Yes, William," cried I, with an assuring nod, "I have the happiness to tell you that you will."

"Ah, Ma'am," said he, "I suppose you do not know what a sad misfortune has fallen upon her, since you were here. The poor creature has quite lost her senses."

"For shame!" cried I. "What are you saying? Lost her senses! Well, I am sure it was not my fault, however."

"Your's?" said he: "oh, no, Ma'am. But, indeed, she has never been in her reason, since the day you left her."

"Let us be gone," whispered I to

Stuart, as I sank back, and drew up the window.

“Surely not,” said he, “’Tis at least your duty to repair, if possible, the mischief you have done.”

“I should die before I could disclose it,” cried I.

“Then I will disclose it for you,” said he, leaping out of the chaise.

He went, with William, into the house; and I remained in such a state of mind, that I was often upon the point of quitting the chaise, and escaping, I knew not whether; any where from the woeful scene awaiting me. At last, Stuart returned without William; and gave the driver directions to the cottage of poor Mary.

On our way, he said every thing kind and consolatory. He declared that William felt more rejoiced, than dejected at the intelligence; because, as the poor girl was quite harmless, and

had only temporary fits of wandering, she might eventually recover from her derangement, when the circumstance of the fatal letter were explained to her, and a reconciliation effected.

Having now arrived near the cottage, we alighted, and walked towards it. With a faltering step, I crossed the threshold, and found the father in the parlour.

“Dear Miss,” said he, “welcome here once more. I suppose you have come to see poor Mary. Oh 'tis a piteous sight. There she does nothing but walk about, and sigh, and talk so wild; and nobody can tell the cause, except that William; and he will not, for he says she forbade him.”

“Come with me,” said Stuart, “and I will tell you the cause.”

He led the miserable old man out of the room, and I remained at the window weeping.

But in a few minutes, I heard a step; and turning round, saw the father, with a face haggard and distorted, come running towards me. Then grasping my shoulder, and lifting his tremulous and withered hand to heaven: "Now," cried he, "may the lightning of a just and good Providence——"

"Oh! pray," cried I, snatching down his hand—"oh, pray do not curse me! Do not curse a poor, silly, mad creature. It was a horrid affair; most horrid; but indeed, indeed, I meant no harm!"

"Be calm, my good man," said Stuart, "and let us go to the garden, where your daughter is walking. This young lady will accompany us, and do her utmost in this critical moment."

"Oh, I will do any thing," cried I: "come along."

We now passed into the garden; and I shuddered, when I beheld the beauti-

ful wreck, at a distance. She had just stooped short in a stepping posture: her cloak had half fallen from her shoulder; and as her head hung down, her forefinger was lightly laid on her lip.

Panting to tell her all, I flew towards her, and caught her hand.

“Do you remember me, Mary?” said I softly.

She looked at me, some moments, and then coloured faintly.

“Ah! yes, I remember you,” said she. “You were here that very evening. But I don’t care about him now; —I don’t indeed; and if I could only see him once more, I would tell him so. And then I would frown and turn from him; and then he would follow, so sad and so pale: don’t you think he would? And I am keeping his presents to give him back, as he did mine; and see how I have my hair parted on my forehead, just as he used

to like it; ready the moment I see him, to rumple it all about; and then he will cry so: don't you think he will? And then I will run, run, run from him like the wind, and never see him again; never, never again."

"Dear Mary," said I, "you shall see him again, and love him too; for the poor fellow still loves you better than his life. I met him myself, this moment; and he was talking of you."

"He was?" exclaimed she, gasping and reddening. "Oh! and what did he say? But hush, not a word before my father and that man;" and she put one hand upon my mouth, and, with the other round my waist, hurried me towards a little arbour, where we sat down.

"And now," whispered she, stealing her arms about my neck, and looking earnestly into my eyes, while her whole

frame trembled, "and now what did he say?"

"Mary, you must collect your ideas, and listen attentively; because I have much to disclose. Do you recollect a letter, which you wrote, by my direction, when I was here last?"

"Letter—" muttered she. "Letter.—Yes, I believe I do. Oh! yes, I now remember it well; for it was a sad letter to a poor young man, who loved you, telling him that you had married another; and his name was William too; and I thought, at the time, I would never write my own Willy such a letter."

"And yet, Mary," said I, "your own William, by some mishap, got that very letter, that very evening; and seeing it in your hand-writing, and addressed to William, he thought it was from you to him; and so he gave you back your presents, and—"

“What is all that?” cried Mary, starting up. “Merciful powers! say all that over again!”

I made her sit down, and I shewed her the letter; for Stuart had procured it from William. As she read, her colour changed, her lip quivered, her hand shook; and at the conclusion, she dropped it, with a dreadful groan, and remained quite motionless.

“Mary!” cried I, “dear Mary, do not look so. Speak, Mary,” and I stirred her shoulder; but she still sat motionless, and smiling vacantly.

“I shall, I will see her!” cried the voice of William, at a distance; and the next instant, he was seated, breathless, by her side.

“Mary, my Mary!” cried he, with the most touching utterance.

At the well-known voice, so long unheard, she started, and suddenly turned towards him; but as suddenly

turned from him, and rose deadly pale. Then snatching some letters and baubles out of her bosom, she threw them into his lap. Then she began gently disarranging her hair, and all the time kept looking down at him, with an oblique eye of pretty dignity.

“Come,” said she, taking my hand, and slowly leading me out of the arbour. When we were half-way through the garden; “Look behind,” said she, “and tell me is he following me.”

“No, indeed,” answered I. “So be not alarmed.”

“Well,” said she, “well, no matter. Time was, though, when he would have followed me. I wonder will he follow me? Is he following me?”

“Surely not,” answered I, “after all your cruelty to him, though I have explained about the letter.”

“Ay, true, the letter. Well, but he should not have believed it my letter ;

and so I must punish him. And besides——”

“ Besides what, Mary ?”

“ Besides, you see he won't follow me.”

“ He cannot,” answered I. “ The poor fellow is lying upon the ground ; and sobbing ready to break his heart.”

Mary stopped.

“ Shall I call him ?” said I.

“ Why now, dear lady,” said she, laying her hand on my shoulder, and whispering in my ear, “ how can I prevent you ?”

“ William !” cried I. “ Mary calls you.”

At the sound of his rapid steps, she turned, stretched forth her hands towards him, uttered a long and piercing cry ;—and they were locked in each other's arms, and united for ever !

But the poor girl, quite overpowered by the sudden change, fell back insen-

sible ; while William, kissing her, and weeping over her, bore her into the house, and laid her on a bed.

It was so long before she shewed any symptoms of animation, that we began to feel serious alarm. However, by degrees, she grew better, and became more composed ; though her mind was still wandering. At last, her hand clasped in her lover's, she fell asleep ; and then, as our presence could prove no farther useful, we took leave of the venerable peasant, who, generous with recent hope, freely gave me his forgiveness and his blessing.

In my first transports of anguish after this scene, I told Stuart, what I had all day determined, but dreaded to disclose—the situation of my poor father. At the horrid account, the good young man turned pale, but said not a word. I saw that I was undone, and I burst into tears.

“ Be comforted, my dear girl,” said he, laying his hand on mine. “ You have long been acting under the delusion of a dreadful dream; but this confession, and these tears, are, I trust, only the first step towards a total renunciation of error. So now let us hasten to your father, and release him. Past follies shall be forgotten, past pleasures renewed; you shall return home, and Cherry Wilkinson shall again be the daughter of an honest squire.”

“ Mr. Stuart,” said I, “ as to my past follies, I know of none but two;—the separation of these lovers, and the confinement of my father. And as to that father, he may not be what you suppose him. I fancy, Sir, there are instances innumerable, of men who begin life with plain names, and end it with the most Italian in the world.”

“ Well?” cried Stuart, anxiously.

“ Well,” said I, “ that honest squire, as you call him, may yet turn up a Marquis.”

Stuart groaned, and put out his head to look at the prospect.

We have reached London, and Stuart is now procuring from Grundy, who lies in prison, such a statement, as must make the Doctor release my poor father, without hesitation.

How shall I support this approaching interview with him? I shall sink, I shall die under it. Indeed I wish to die; and I feel an irresistible presentiment that my prayer will shortly be granted. All day long, a horrid gloom troubles me; besides a wildness of ideas, and an unusual irritability. My head is as billo ws were tossing through it; by turns I have a glow and a creeping chillness on my skin; and I am unwilling even to move. Oh, could I only lock myself up in a room, with heaps

of romances, and shut out all the world for ever! But no, my friend; the grave will soon be my chamber, the worms my books; and if ever I write again, I must write from the bed of death. I know it, I feel it: I shall embrace my broken-hearted parent, acknowledge my follies, and die.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

AGITATED beyond measure, I found myself in the madhouse: I hardly knew how. Stuart supported me to the room, where my father was confined; and gently urged me forward, as I paused, breathless, at the door. I saw, by the dusky light, a miserable object, shivering, and sitting upon a bed. A few rags and a blanket were cast about it: the face was haggard, and the chin overgrown with a grisly beard. Yet, amidst all this disfigurement, I could not mistake my father. I ran, prostrated myself at his feet, and clasping his knees, exclaimed, "Father, dear father!"

He started, and gazed upon me for a moment; then pushed me from him, and buried his face in the bed. I cast

my body across his, and endeavoured, with both my hands, to turn his face round, that I might kiss it; but he resisted every effort.

“Father!” cried I, fondling his neck, “will you break my heart? Will you drive me distracted, father? Speak, father! Oh, one word, one little word, to save me from death!”

Still he lay mute and immoveable.

“You are cold, father,” said I. “You shiver. Shall I put something about you? shall I, father? Ah! I can be so careful and so tender, when I love one; and I love you dearly—Heaven knows I do, my father.”

I laid my shawl on his shoulders, stole my hand into one of his, and lay caressing his forehead, and murmuring words of fondness in his ear. But he drew away his hand, by degrees, and covered his forehead with it. And now half frantic, I began to sob con-

vulsively, beat the pillow, and moan, and utter the most deplorable complaints.

At last, I thought I saw him a little convulsed, as if with smothered tears.

“ Ah,” cried I, “ you are relenting, you are weeping. Bless you for that! Oh, my sweet, my beloved father, look up, look up, and see with what joy your daughter can embrace you!”

“ My child, my own child!” cried he, suddenly turning round, and flinging himself upon my bosom. “ A heart of stone could not withstand this!—There, darling, there, I forgive you all!”

Fast and fondly did we cling about each other; and sweet were the sighs that we breathed, and the tears that we shed.

But I suffered too much: the disorder which had long been engendering in my frame, now burst forth, with

sudden vehemence ; and I was conveyed, raving, into a carriage. On our arrival at the hotel, they sent for a physician, who pronounced me in a violent fever of a nervous nature. During a fortnight, I was not expected to recover ; and I myself felt so convinced of my speedy dissolution, that I requested the presence of a clergyman. He came ; and his conversations, by composing my mind, contributed, in a great degree, to my recovery. At my request, he paid me daily visits. Our subject was religion—not those theological controversies, which make Christian feel an abhorrence to Christian ; but those plain and simple truths, which convince without confounding ; and which shun both the bigotry, that would worship error, because it is hereditary ; and the fanaticism, that would lay rash hands on the holy temple, be-

cause some of its smaller pillars appear unsound.

After detaining me some days, upon this important topic, he gradually led me to give him an account of my late adventures; and as I related, he made comments.

Affected by his previous precepts, and by my own awful prospect, I now became as desirous of conviction, as I had heretofore been averse from it. To be predisposed is to be half converted; and soon this exemplary pastor taught me how impious and how immoral, was the tendency of my past life. He shewed me, that to the inordinate gratification of a particular caprice, I had sacrificed my duty towards my natural protectors, myself, and my God; that my ruling passion, though harmless in its nature, was injurious in its effects; that it gave me a distaste for sober oc-

cupations, perverted my judgment, and even threatened my reason. Religion itself, he said, if indulged with excessive enthusiasm, at last degenerates into zealotry; and leaves the poor devotee too rapturous to be rational, and too virulent to be religious.

In a word, I have risen from my bed, an altered being; and I now look back upon my past delusions, with horror and disgust. Though the new principles of conduct, which I have espoused, are not yet well rooted, or well regulated in my mind; and though the prejudices of a whole life, are not (and indeed, could not be) entirely eradicated within a few days; still, as I am resolved to rid myself of them, I trust that the final result of my rejecting what is erroneous, will be my adopting what is correct.

Adieu.

LETTER XL.

I HAVE now so far recovered my bodily health, that I am no longer confined to my room; while the good Stuart, by his lively advice and witty reasoning, more complimentary than reproachful, and more insinuated than expressed, is perfecting my mental reformation.

He had lately put Don Quixote into my hands; and on my returning it to him, with a confession of the benefit which I derived from it, the conversation naturally ran upon romances in general. He thus delivered his sentiments.

“ I do not protest against the perusal of fictitious biography altogether; for many works of this kind, may be read without injury, and some with ad-

vantage. Novels such as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Cecilia*, *O'Donnel*, *The Fashionable Tales*, and *Cœlebs*, which draw man as he is, imperfect, instead of man as he cannot be, superhuman; are both instructive and entertaining. Romances, such as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, the *Italian*, and the *Bravo of Venice*, which address the imagination alone, are often captivating, and seldom detrimental. But unfortunately, so seductive is the latter class of composition, that people are apt to become too fond of it, and to neglect more useful books. This, however, is not the only evil. Romances, indulged in extreme, act upon the mind, like inebriating stimulants; first elevate, and at last enervate it. They accustom it to admire ideal scenes of transport and distraction; and to feel disgusted with the vulgarities of living misery. They likewise incapacitate it from encoun-

tering the turmoils of active life; and teach it erroneous notions of the world, by relating adventures too improbable to happen, and depicting characters too perfect to exist.

“ In a country where morals are on the decline, sentimental novels always become discoloured. For it is their province to represent the prevalent opinions; nay, to run forward and meet the coming vice, and to sketch it with an exaggerating and prophetic pencil. Thus, long before France arrived at her extreme vicious refinement, her novels had adopted that last masterpiece of immorality, which wins by the chastest aphorisms, while it corrupts by the most alluring pictures of villainy. Take Rousseau, for instance. What St. Preux is to Heloise, the book is to the reader. The lover fascinates his mistress with his honourable ornaments, till she cannot resist

his criminal advances. The book infatuates the reader, till, in his admiration of its morality, he loses all horror of its licentiousness. It may be said, that an author ought to portray seductive vice, for the purpose of unmasking its arts, and thus of warning the young and inexperienced. But let it be recollected, that though familiarity with voluptuous descriptions, may improve our prudence, it must undermine our delicacy; and that while it teaches the reason to resist, it entices the passions to yield. Rousseau, however, painted the scenes of a brothel, merely that he might talk the cant of a monastery; and thus has undone many an imitating miss or wife, who began by enduring the attempts of the libertine, that she might speak sentimentally, and act virtuously; and ended by falling a victim.

to them, because her heart had become entangled, her head bewildered, and her principles depraved.

“ But I am happy, that in this country, there has arisen an improved order of sentimental novels; which, gratifying our reason, more than our imagination, and interesting us, not so much by the story as by the morality, are at once a test and a source of national virtue. Foremost among this superior class, I would rank *Rasselas* and *A Picture of Society*.

“ Still, however, most of our native novels indulge in a certain strain of overwrought and useless, if not pernicious sentimentality; and I will add, that your principles, which have hitherto been formed upon such books alone, appear, at times, a little perverted by their influence. It should now, therefore, be your object to

counteract these bad effects, with some more enlightened line of reading; and, as your present views of life are drawn merely from romances; and as even your manners are vitiated by them, I would likewise recommend your mixing much in the world, that you may learn practical morality, and fit yourself for the social duties."

With this opinion my father coincided: the system has already commenced, and I now pass my time both usefully and agreeably. Morality, history, languages, and music, occupy my mornings; and my evenings are enlivened by balls, operas, and familiar parties.

Stuart, my counsellor and my companion, sits beside me, guides, encourages, endears my studies, applauds my progress, and corrects my mis-

takes. Indeed, he has to correct them often; for I still retain some taints of my former follies and affectations. My postures are sometimes too picturesque, my phrases too flowery, and my sentiments too exotic.

Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

IN ridding ourselves of a particular fault, we sometimes run too outrageously into its opposite virtue. I had poured forth my tender feelings to you, with such sentimental absurdity, when I fancied myself enamoured of one man, that afterwards, when I found myself actually enchained by another, I determined on concealing my fondness from you, with the most scrupulous discretion of pen.

Know, then, that even at a time, when I thought it my bounden duty to love Grundy, I felt an unconscious partiality for Stuart. But after my reformation, this partiality became too decisive to be misinterpreted or suppressed. And indeed he was so constantly with me, and so kind a com-

forter and friend; and then so fascinating are his manners, and so good his disposition; for I am certain there is no such young man—you see by his eyes, how gentle he is; and yet he has a fire in them, a fire that would delight you; and I could tell a thousand anecdotes of him that would astonish you.—But what have I done with my sentence? Go back, good pen, and make it grammar; or rather leave it, as it is—a cripple for life, and hasten to the happy catastrophe.

Stuart had latterly become more assiduous, than usual; his manners had betrayed more tenderness, and his language more regard. I saw these attentions with secret transport, but with many a little tremor, lest my fancy was only building a castle for my wishes.

This morning, however, put the matter beyond a doubt. I was alone,

when he paid his accustomed visit. At first he made some faint attempts to converse; but I could perceive a certain uneasiness and perturbation in his manner.

“ Pray,” said I, “ what makes you so dull and absent to-day ?”

“ You,” replied he, smiling.

“ And what have I done ?” said I.

“ So much,” said he, “ that I must now ask you, what you will do.”

He then changed to a nearer chair, and looked at me with agitation. I guessed what was coming; I had expected it some time; but when the moment arrived, I felt my heart fail; so I suddenly moved towards the door, saying, I was sure I heard my father call. Stuart sprang after me, and led me back by the hand.

“ When I tell you,” said he, “ that on the possession of this hand depends my happiness, may I flatter myself,

that my happiness would not conduce to your misery?"

"As I am no longer a heroine," said I, smiling, "I do not intend getting up a scene. You happen to have my hand now: and I am afraid—very much afraid, that——"

"That what?" cried he, holding it fast.

"That it is not worth withdrawing," said I.

But in this effort to shew a romantic dialogue, I feared I had run into the contrary extreme, and betrayed an undue boldness: so I became sentimental in good earnest, and burst out crying. However, Stuart soon dissipated my uneasiness, by his eloquent expressions of gratitude and delight, and by his lively pictures of our future happiness. I told him, that I wondered how he, who knew my failings so well, would venture to stake his happiness upon me.

“ Had I not seen your failings,” answered he, “ I should never have discovered your perfections. Those embarrassments of your life, which I witnessed, enabled me to judge your real disposition more justly, than had I been acquainted with you, only in the common routine of intercourse; because they shewed me, that if you were weak enough to court danger, you were firm enough to withstand temptation; and that while the faulty part of your character was factitious and superinduced, all the soft and exalted feelings came from your heart.”

Our conversation was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of my father; and on hearing the favourable issue of our interview, the good old man hugged both of us in his arms.

He had come to tell me, that Betterton and Grundy were just acquitted upon the charge of having assaulted

the police; as the prosecutors did not appear against them. Betterton, the great declaimer against political bribery, tampered with the prosecutors, and thus escaped the punishment which was awaiting him.

However, if my enemies are not punished, my friends are rewarded; for my father and Stuart have amply recompensed the services of Higginson and Sullivan.

I have just received a line from Mary, which mentions her restoration to breath, and her union with William. I shall call no observation on your late marriage with the Butler; but I must remark, that your having instigated me against my father, at the outset of my rebellion, was an act, which even your repentance better cannot atone. However, he has pardoned me, and from my heart, I forgive you. I am too happy for anger.

Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

I HAVE just time to tell you, before I leave town, that my fate was sealed this morning, and that I am a wife.

On my way home after the ceremony, poor Higginson, who had kept peeping round the corner of the street, for my return, strode forward, dreadfully pale, and presented me with an Epithalalium. He then attempted to recite a premeditated compliment, but stammered; and while he was pulling at his lip, up came honest Jerry Sullivan. This gay-hearted creature shook my hand, and danced round me in a fury of outrageous joy.

“ Well,” cried he, “ often and often I thought your freaks would get you hanged; but may I be hanged, if ever I thought they would get you married !”

"There, Stuart," cried I, "after all your pains to prevent me from imitating romances, see how you have made me terminate my adventures, like every romance—in a marriage. Pray with what moral will you now conclude the book?"

"Why," said Stuart, "if the story cannot suggest its own moral to the reader, I might just as well conclude by saying—instead of some flourishing sentence about Patience and Resignation, Innocence and Calamity—that Tommy Horner was a bad boy, and would not get plumcake; and that King Pepin was a good boy, and rode in a golden coach."

Adieu.

NOTES.

Page 3.—*While I surveyed, &c.*— ‘As she surveyed its lofty walls, overtopt with briony, moss, and nightshade.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 4.—*The gothic points of the windows, &c.*— ‘The gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and briony had long supplied the place of glass.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 4.—*Long suffering, &c.*— ‘Long suffering and murder came to her thoughts.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 5.—*The apparition of a human face, &c.*— ‘The apparition of a human countenance rose above it.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 81.—*It was a castle, &c.*— ‘It was a Friar of orders gray.’

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Page 83.—*Ah, Jemmy, ah, &c.*—
 ‘On, Stanley, on,
 Were the last words of Marmion.’

MARMION.

Page 90.—*What? whom do I behold, &c.*—
 ‘What! whom have I seen? Ah, it was but a
 dream. Yet I spoke to him, I am sure I spoke
 to him. Good heavens, why this terror? Was
 it not Luzy I saw, and would Luzy hurt his
 Victoria?’

HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

Page 98.—*On a fine summer's evening, &c.*—
 ‘When in the fine evenings of summer, you walk
 towards the mountains, think of me.’

WERTER.

Page 111.—*My brave associates, &c.*— ‘My
 brave associates, partners of my toil, my feel-
 ings and my fame.’

PIZARRO.

Page 112.—*Two days have I now been sove-
 reign, &c.*— ‘Depuis deux ans, souveraine de
 ce pays, j'ose me flatter d'avoir ajouté à son
 bonheur, et à sa prospérité. Jeune, et sans
 expérience, je n'avois que des sentimens purs,
 et des intentions droites.’

LES CHEVALIERS DU CYGNE.

Page 113.—*No army of mercenaries, &c.*—
 ‘An army of German and other foreign mercenaries, an army of spies and informers, an inquisition of private property, a degraded aristocracy, an oppressed people, a confiding parliament, irresponsible minister.’

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S ADDRESS TO THE
 ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER, Oct. 6, 1812.

Page 140.—*I will drive the leopard into the sea, &c.*—‘Precipiten dans les flots, ces débiles Bataillons des tyrans des mers.’

MONITEUR, 31 Jan. 1808.

‘La présence hideuse de Leopard souille le continent D'Espagne et de Portugal.’

BUONAPARTE TO THE SOLDIERS ON PARADE,
 11 Sept. 1808.

‘Je pars dans peu de jours, pour me mettre moi-même à la tête de mon armée et planter mes Aigles sur les forts de Lisbonne.’

BUONAPARTE TO THE LEGISLATIVE BODY,
 25th Oct. 1808.

Page 149.—*O ye, whoever ye are, &c.*—
 ‘O ye, whoever ye are, whom chance or misfortune may hereafter conduct to this spot—to ye I speak, to ye reveal the story of my wrongs,

and ask you to revenge them. Vain hope! Yet it imparts some comfort to believe it possible, that what I now write, may one day meet the eye of a fellow creature; that the words which tell my sufferings, may one day draw pity from the feeling heart.'

ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.

Page 150.—*I heard the door barred, &c.*—
 'I heard the door barred upon me. O sound of despair! O moment of unutterable anguish! Shut out from day, from friends, from life, in the prime of my years, in the height of my transgressions, I sink beneath the ——

'Three days have now passed in solitude and silence. Why am I brought hither? Why confined thus rigorously?

'O dire extremity! O state of living death! Is this a vision? Are these things real? Alas, I am bewildered!' ROMANCE OF THE FOREST:

Page 151.—*On one wall hung historical arras, &c.*—'Sumptuous tapestry hung upon the walls, and depicted scenes from some of the Provençal Romances, the exploits of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, the Saracens, and the necromantic feats exhibited by the Magician Jurl.'

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.



NOTES.

251

Page 152.—*Wainscotted with black larchwood.*—‘Wainscotted with black larchwood.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 152.—*Moth-eaten chairs, &c.*—‘Chairs and couches, fringed with tarnished gold.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 152.—*A picture of a warrior, &c.*—‘A soldier on horseback, in a field of battle. He was darting his spear upon a man who lay under the feet of the horse, and who held up one hand in a supplicating attitude.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 156.—*The black plume, &c.*—‘The plumes towering on their caps, the armorial coat, Persian sash, and ancient Spanish cloak.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 159.—*The tall figure, &c.*—‘The desolation of the apartment, the tall figure of Montoni passing slowly along, his arms folded.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 159.—*It resembled a Pandemonium, &c.*— ‘Emily might now have appeared like an angel of light, encompassed by fiends.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

Page 173.—*Her face has the contour, &c.*— ‘Her’s was the contour of a Madona, with the sensibility of a Magdalen.’

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

THE END.



