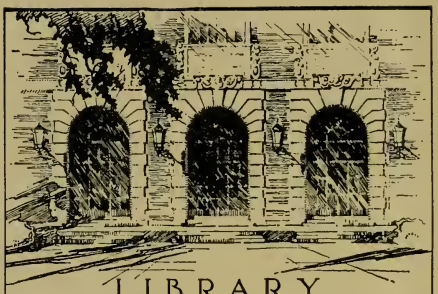

I SAYS, SAYS I.

A NOVEL.

I SAYS, SAYS I;

A NOVEL.

BY

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

My habits of soliloquizing have given such a moral tincture to my sentiments and my manners, that, if I attempt to indite any thing very comical by way of introduction to my work, it is ten to one but I fail. Custom however, and the incessant applications of my publisher, who daily enters his protests against the delay I occasion to the work, have impelled me to sit down to the task, irksome as it is; and

therefore, like a suicide, driven to act by desperation, I have taken in my hand the weapon of my own destruction.

I have often thought to myself, and my secret thoughts have as frequently been before the Public, causing me many "hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent dangers," which I might never have encountered, had I been gifted with the knowledge of some handicraft business, and a spirit humble enough to have confined itself to the pursuit of its calling, how many evils should I then have avoided, which have now fallen to my share! how many nights of rest and days of carelessness might in that case have been mine, in lieu of watchfulness,

spleen, hunger, imprisonment, nakedness, and a long catalogue of *et ceteras!* O Nature, Nature! hadst thou possessed a little more foresight, or a little more compassion for the piece of workmanship which thou turnedst out of hand, when thou settedstme "upwards with a little puff of breath, and bid me pass for man," I might, with the help of good fortune, have now been some honest journeyman carpenter, with just enough money to frighten away the wolf, and a superfluity of nothing on earth, a wife perhaps, and some eight or ten children only excepted! Then I should never have troubled mankind with my thoughts; and mankind, in return, would never have troubled me with a motley

mixture of censure and applause, of hisses, shouts, smiles, frowns, blessings, curses, plaudits, and damnation.

But things have been otherwise ordained: instead of a silver spoon, I was born with a pen in my mouth; and, at the age of twenty-nine years and four months, I find myself burdened with all the thoughts of all my brothers and sisters, (as *thoughtless* a groupe as any man can picture;) and, as we are about a dozen in number, how is it possible that I can contain all these thoughts without suffering some of them to fly off and stalk about the world? It is exactly in this point of view that I considered

the matter, when I first began to write; and, thinking that it would be better to arrange my superfluous stock of ideas, and to send them out into the world in something like an orderly form, than to permit them to escape in a tumultuous disorderly manner, I took out a few of them, and drilled them day after day, until they appeared in some degree fit for inspection. They passed in review, and the result, on the whole, was so flattering as to induce me to make further attempts; until the habit of *thinking to myself*, and then publishing the issue of my cogitations to the world, is become as familiar to me, as my regular meals, or my regular rest.

If I were left to my own inclinations, I should break off here, and come to a conclusion; but, as my publisher tells me I am still some five or six pages in arrear, to make my first volume at all tolerable, I must needs go on, and fill up the requisite space with something or nothing. It is the practice of some writers, in their prefaratory chapter, to enter into serious and philosophical disputations on novel-writing; commencing with the origin of authorship, and tracing it through all its different windings unto the present day, and concluding with drawing critical distinctions between the use and abuse of talent; pointing out what publications are in their nature and

tendency mischievous, and what beneficial: and whether the mischievous or the beneficial part is more greedily sought after and admired. But this is a subject which I shall leave to be treated of by those who are more disposed to the task than myself.

Others treat their readers with a biographical dish, a sort of hodge-podge collection of anecdotes thrown together without system, devoid of truth, wit, or information; merely intended to fill a certain cavity in the volume, teeming with the comico-pathetic, and the ludrico-sublime, scorning probabilities in their detail, and dwelling upon absurdities. But of these I do not feel ambitious to be one.

A third class fill up some twenty or thirty pages with protestations of the purity of their motives—with appeals to the indulgence of the public—abuse of others, and indirect applause of their own exertions. These notoriety hunters jog on in the same path, one after the other, and are either too indolent or too impotent to strike out a new course for themselves. Their prefaces are forms ready prepared for their use; and they have nothing more to do than to fill up the blanks as may suit their own views. I cannot consent to become the companion of these hackney gentlemen in their lazy march.

No, by all my hopes of ever-

lasting fame, (be they weak or mighty, it is nothing to the purpose,) I cannot conscientiously pursue either of these courses. I would wish to commence a new epoch in the composition of introductory chapters; and, to carry this into effect, I could also wish to devote two or three days and nights to the completion of my purpose; but the reason assigned in the commencement of this Preface is a sufficient apology for my haste in the manufacture of my preliminaries; and if they lead, under these circumstances, to a definitive treaty of amity between the public and myself, it is indeed the conclusion which, of all others, I most ardently desire. But as my publi-

sher is waiting for my introduction, and as none of the common modes of introducing myself are at all satisfactory to my own conceptions of the business, I think I shall even leave off just where I am; and permit the public to enter on the subsequent pages in whatever mood, disposition, temper, or inclination, they may please; merely presuming, that, if they find nothing very attractive in the tale and style of "I says, says I," they may be certain that it contains nothing inimical to morality—nothing from the perusal of which the young mind ought to be debarred, nor from which the old can feel alarm—nothing to awaken desire, nor to create the blush of modesty on the cheek of virtue.

And now I have only further to express my hope, that, whoever shall attempt to wade through this work, will be gifted with a tolerable degree of patience; and, if they form any judgment at all as to its merits, that they will be pleased to pause until they have completed the last page of the last volume.

I SAYS, SAYS I.

HE who sits down to commit all the great and little occurrences of his life to the public eye, ought to be possessed of no common share of virtue, or no common share of resolution; and this is as much as to say that one or the other of these qualities has fallen

to my lot; which of them it is, let the reader decide, when he has waded through the biographical stream I have prepared for him; after I have informed him, that if "Thinks I to Myself" had not ventured to become a public character, "I Says, Says I," would never have been heard of.

If I were the slave of custom, or could content myself with treading the common path, I should begin with the period of my birth; but, as this is an event of which I have no recollection, and as I write from memory, I shall leave this circumstance to be related at that particular era in my history, when I first became acquainted with it myself. Besides, what boots it to the reader whether I first saw the light in a blue chamber or a green chamber, whether the accoucheur, to

whom I was indebted, was a male or a female practitioner—the most skilful which the metropolis could boast, or the more rude inhabitant of some less cultivated spot—the humble student and assistant of Nature in her simplest state! what boots it to the reader, to know these things? Nothing! So to proceed.

The first circumstance of my life, which impressed itself in any considerable degree upon my mind, was a long journey in an old heavy rumbling coach, through a great variety of strange scenery, pent up with a gentleman and lady, whom I had been accustomed to call papa and mamma. After travelling for three or four days incessantly, during all which time, with the natural inquisitiveness of childhood, I had asked a thousand questions of the

same import, to which I had received as many different answers from an old lady, who accompanied me as nurse, we halted at a beautiful spot called Hendon Park, (as I have since understood,) situated in the middle of Northumberland.

In conformity to the accredited system of novel-writers, I ought now to enter into a detail, occupying at least twenty or thirty pages, to give the reader an insight into the reasons which induced Sir Philip and Lady Russell to take this long journey: but, to fashionable ears, three words will suffice. *It was summer!* and as Mrs. Radcliffe, my nurse, told me, "nobody thinks of staying in town in summer." "Why?" says I. "I can't tell, my dear," says she. *I says, says I,* "then I must find it out."

For some days this idea made no further impression on my mind. I walked with Sir Philip, played with Lady Russell, and prattled with Mrs. Radcliffe, but I never gave myself any further trouble to inquire or to think why people did not stay in town in the summer.

During my rambles I had observed that when the sun shone upon the fish-ponds, the fish played upon the surface; that the sheep were more happy in the pastures than in the yards; that even the geese cackled with new delight, when they had escaped from their pens, and had the wide range of the fields: that the labourer quitted his cottage, and, as he smoked his pipe, the sweetener of his evening relaxations, he sunned himself in the declining ray, and seemed to derive additional happiness from the contempla-

tion of nature's sweetness; these ideas suggested themselves strongly and repeatedly to my mind. I found they were working to some point; but for the soul of me, I could not ascertain what was their precise object. At length, however, the whole secret burst upon me suddenly like a beam of light. I was no longer at a loss to discover why people sought after the country in the summer.

Inflated with the idea of my own penetration, and unable to restrain my transports, I instantly rushed into the apartment where Mrs. Radcliffe was sitting, overturning a superb service of china, every article of which was broken into a thousand pieces. The accident had no power to turn the current of my thoughts from the channel into which it had fallen; but, bounding

over the scattered ruins of the province of Nankin, while my astonished nurse held up her hands in silent dismay, I sprang into her lap, exclaiming, "I have found it out!"

"I think you have, my dear," returned Mrs. Radcliffe, casting a look of anguish on the floor, and as she gazed, I perceived the tears rising into her eyes. I loved her, and, young as I was, I could not see her emotion without participating in it. I felt my cheeks grow moist—my ideas took a different turn—and I totally lost all which I had so recently discovered.

Was I a fool to weep thus at the distress of another; and that other a poor old nurse? Be it so! I was but a child; and I dare say the knowledge of the world I have since gained, would

prevent me from acting so childish a part again. How weak and foolish is Nature, until education has taught her how to behave herself!

When Mrs. Radcliffe saw me shed tears, she checked her own; and, forcing a smile upon her countenance, which would have served for a matchless model of benevolence, she took me in her arms, and, by her caresses, soon banished the transitory sorrow which had oppressed me. Be it folly or wisdom, I could weep with such a woman, even now, were she to cross my path; and, when I can call to mind the image of this good being, without uttering a secret wish that she may, from heaven, still regard the wanderings of her nursling, I shall think my heart at least one degree worse for the omission of such a well-deserved tribute to her memory!

"What have you found out, my dear Harry?" asked Mrs. Radcliffe, in a voice more tender in its tones and cadence than usual: and, whatever *quidnuncs* may say to the contrary, there is more of expression in the tone and cadence of the voice, than in the language itself. But what do *quidnuncs* know about it? "That people go into the country in the summer, because the fields are green, and the sunshines more than in London," I replied. "Why, my dear child," returned Mrs. Radcliffe, with a smile, "every body knew that before."

The annihilation of the Nankin china (had it been the only service in the house) was a mere trifle to this disappointment. My nurse's reply grated more discordantly upon my ears than the sound of the parish-bell, which at

eight o'clock, every evening, was the signal for my dismission to bed. My childish vanity had been raised to the highest by the idea of my own sagacity, and to discover, after all, that I had only gained a knowledge of what *every body knew before*——

——Ye sanguine alchymists, who, after years of unremitted toil, perceive the dissolution of all your golden visions, and the destruction of your darling hopes—ye disciples of fame, who, after, a promise of the Heaven ye seek after, suddenly behold the materials of immortality fleeting beyond your grasp—ye spendthrifts who, after squandering your whole property, anxiously wait for the fortune which some inconsiderate father keeps from you, and, at his wished-for dissolution, find yourselves cut off with a shilling—what painful

and tumultuous throbbings caused by your disappointments could equal those caused by mine, on hearing that "*every body knew that before!*"

Suffice it, however, to remark, that a subsequent explanation tended, in some degree, to alleviate the bitterness of my afflictions; and the affair passed off without any serious consequence to my happiness: a circumstance which Doctor Cathartic magnified into a miracle, for he had chanced to call in at the moment, and had furnished me instantly with a supply of nostrums sufficient to prepare me for at least a twelvemonth's indisposition.

It has oftentimes occurred to me since I have been capable of reflection, how pitiable is the case of an infant, whose safety, in consequence of the particular

affection which is borne to it, is entrusted to the care of a man of medicine. Not that I do exactly believe that men of medicine have entered into a wilful combination against infancy; but they seem to be prepossessed with an erroneous opinion that a child is not fit to be received into the juvenile circles until it has had instilled into it certain doses of medicine, such as in the fulness of their Esculapian wisdom they may see fit to administer! Now it hath frequently and forcibly struck me that this Esculapian wisdom is, in this instance, somewhat misapplied; and that really children might stand a fair chance in the game of life, if these men of medicine never beheld them.

To see a child wrapped in flannels so closely as really to create a danger of suffocation, while, at the very same

moment, the flush of health mantles on its cheek—if a transient and slight cough annoys it, to see it drenched with cordials, elixirs, and so forth, until it is thrown into a state of lethargic stupidity, — to behold it crammed, like a young turkey, four times a day, to the grievous oppression of nature, and the great vexation of common sense—to contemplate unnatural prejudices and arbitrary customs obtaining the ascendancy over the simple regulations which nature hath laid down for the preservation of the species—oh! it is enough to excite the choler of a philanthropist.

Thank God! however, Mrs. Radcliffe was a woman out of the common stamp of those to whom children are usually committed. Her fondness was not carried into absurdity; her careful at-

tention to my wants, dwindled not into folly; she was kind without being preposterous, and firm in her method of treatment without being obstinate or bigoted. It may be necessary to add that the stock of medicines sent in by Doctor Cathartic was brought without the sanction or privity of my nurse, and that she absolutely refused to administer one single potion, but ordered them all to be thrown to the dogs—poor devils, they were ill for a month!

It may seem strangely unnatural, after dwelling so much upon the merits and character of my worthy nurse, and upon the pains which she took to lay a good foundation for my future health, that I never mention the virtues and affectionate manners of my mother. To attempt to describe these qualifications

so as to render her a favourite with the reader (which I certainly must wish my mother to be) would be a task so very puzzling in its nature, that I dare not venture into the labyrinth. She was a fashionable lady, and confessed herself publicly to be twenty-five, although her father, unfortunately for her calculation, had been dead forty years, and her mother thirty-seven. She was as fond of finery, gossiping, and flattery, as any female since the days of Sheba, who took such a monstrous journey, as history informs us, to show her magnificence to, and to hold a gossip with, Solomon, of celebrated memory: she had as many virtues as belong to fashionable females in general, (I leave the reader to guess at their nature and extent,) and if she had no more, it was the fault of fashion rather than her own. Her affection towards me

was not very heavily taxed: twice a day I was admitted to filial privileges of the meanest rank; and, about as many times in the course of a week, I sucked the carmine from her lips. Thus early taught to preserve a respectful distance from her ladyship, my susceptible feelings were never wounded by many fluctuations of maternal affections. She preserved an uniform coolness—a consistent evenness of disposition towards me.

What was deficient, however, in the affection of Lady Russel, although I must do her the justice to believe that she showed as much regard for me as for any other living being, (her dog, her parrot, and her monkey, excepted; for it would be unreasonable indeed to imagine a lady of fashion capable of loving a human being with such ardour as

these highly-privileged beings)—I say, what was deficient in her affection for me, was amply compensated by the unremitted love which Sir Philip, on every occasion, evinced towards me. As my early reason expanded, he explained to me the phœnomena of nature; opened my understanding to receive impressions of utility; traced the effects visible in the appearance of creation and the œconomy of the universe, to their remotest and invisible causes; and from first accustoming me to admire, ultimately led me to explore and understand, the works of the Creator. From the operations of nature, he would lead me to view the skilful agency of art, and exhibited to my early and astonished eye the amazing results springing from the ingenious combination of both.

But while Sir Philip thus interested

himself in laying the foundation of general knowledge in my juvenile capacity, he provided me with experienced tutors in every department of science. At the age of fourteen, I was not only a tolerable proficient in the dead and living languages, but in drawing a landscape, dancing a minuet, making a skilful pass with the small sword, and all the other fashionable accomplishments of the day, I was surpassed by few.

It is true, indeed, my various accomplishments would frequently put me to the blush; as Mrs. Radcliffe was particularly fond of making me exhibit in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen, who sometimes visited at Hendon Park. Nothing could possibly be more irksome to me than these displays of my ability; for, as there was a strange admixture of volatility and seriousness

in my natural disposition, insomuch so that I was now and then denominated an eccentric boy, these two opposites would, at times, break out so violently against each other, that, perhaps, in the middle of a hornpipe, a fencing match, or a recitation, (for, by the way, I was also an adept in oratory,) I should make a dead stand, like a pointer at a covey, and all the plaudits of the company, and the endeavours of Mrs. Radcliffe to boot, could never move me a single inch forward.

That this had very much the appearance of a fault in my disposition, I am as ready to allow, as I am to deny that it really was one. If there was a fault any where it was in nature; and a furnace might as well be censured for the ingredients thrown into

it for fusion, as my disposition for the heterogeneous mixture which it contained. But though I knew all this perfectly well; and though I was well aware of my own docility of temper, and my readiness to oblige every one around me, yet my friends, who could only judge from appearances, broadly insinuated behind my back, that I was an obstinate blockhead. My pride felt indignant at this unmerited imputation, but I could not prevail upon myself to enter into any explanations which might have had a tendency to remove it.

"Indeed, my dear nurse, I did it as well as I could," says I, one day, to Mrs. Radcliffe, who had begun to scold me, as soon as we were in private, for awkwardly thrusting my foil against a lady's stomacher; and which circumstance had so incensed Lady Russel,

that I was compelled to make a precipitate retreat. "Why could'nt you help it, my dear Henry?" says Mrs. Radcliffe.—"I don't know, indeed," says I.—"You should pay more attention," says she.—*I says, says I*,—"I would if I could."

Answer me, ye connoisseurs in human physiognomy, ye disciples of Lavater, what passes in a woman's mind, when she sets her teeth, and pouts her lips; when one long, wide, and deep wrinkle invades the natural smoothness of her forehead, supported on each side by a short, narrow, and shallow one; when her eye-brows are depressed, and her eyes half closed and beamless, and when her nose and the corners of her mouth are stretched to an extraordinary length. Are these symptoms indicative of delight or anger? Is it safe at such a moment to ask her for a kiss?

What, then, is there such mighty virtue in a kiss? The reader may answer the question himself. I shall go on. "I would if I could," says I; and, as soon as I had said it, I found I had treated the matter with too much levity. The cloud gathered on Mrs. Radcliffe's brow; and, as I had not been accustomed to expect or experience storms from that quarter, I felt a strange terror in the discovery. My heart swelled to an overflow, and my eyes began to run over plentifully. I felt something rising in my throat, and strove to suppress it; but the effort was in vain, and a sob escaped from me. It was followed by another and another; they became more frequent as Mrs. Radcliffe's countenance became more gloomy; until, at length, unable to bear the distressing silence any longer, I threw myself into her

arms, and sobbed out inarticulately—
"I can't bear your anger!"

There is sometimes a great deal of efficacy in a very simple expression. The effect depends greatly on the circumstances which exist at the moment. I very much question whether Mr. Garrow could, with all his eloquence, an impudence into the bargain, have made a more successful appeal to the feelings of a jury, than this proved to be to my flustered nurse. A kiss sealed our reconciliation; there was a sovereign virtue in the remedy; and I would not have exchanged my sensations at that moment for the choicest poney in Sir Philip's stud! Perhaps I set a higher value on them than they deserved; but I was an enthusiastic lad, and, if I did so, who had a right to censure me?—the loss, if any, on the balance of feeling, was exclusively my own.

A long explanation ensued, in which I gave my nurse an insight into my real disposition, and the result was mutually satisfactory. It was one of these gleams of sunshine which succeed the clouded aspect of an April day; it threw such a cheering influence throughout my breast, that I was a thousand times inclined to thank God that I had made such an awkward pass with my foil, since it had led to such a happy *éclaircissement*. The good effects of this explanation did not rest here; Mrs. Radcliffe took especial care to inform Sir Philip of the substance of this conversation; and the latter was so delighted to find he had been mistaken in the disposition of his favourite Harry, that he took infinite trouble to make known, throughout our circle of friends, that the next time I was at a fault in any of my exhibitions, the defect

must be attributed solely to dame Nature, who had committed some grievous error in her formation of me.

Does the reader imagine that during all this time I was immured in Hendon Park, and had never once extended my wanderings beyond the paling which surrounded it? If he does, he is grievously mistaken; for, in the space of the last twelve months, I had visited Alnwick and Berwick, had spent some days in the narrow streets of Durham, and the narrower chares of Newcastle. I had even extended my travels westward through Cumberland, and eastward to the marge of the ocean. These excursions had produced the same consequences to me, that similar tours always produce to similar tourists: they had added a little to my stock of knowledge, and a little to my stock of acquaintance;

for, being well equipped with letters of recommendation, the son and heir apparent of Sir Philip Russel could not fail to meet with a gracious reception wherever he deigned to obtrude his very agreeable person.

Mr. Crampwell, my tutor, who accompanied me on these expeditions, was a man who had derived an intimate knowledge of the world, from an intimate acquaintance with it. To what profession he had been educated—what had been his habits and connections previous to his meeting with Sir Philip, and all the *et cetera* of his early career, are really questions I cannot take it upon me to resolve. One of the first maxims I had been taught, was, the indecency of asking concerning matters of this description; and I am ready to believe that the reader also would not wish to sa-

tisfy his curiosity at the expence of his good breeding. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing I shall have some well-bred readers!

He was a man of the world; and, like most other men of the world, he was very much alive to his own interest; and, having a free command over Sir Philip's purse, and knowing that I was an especial favourite, he adopted every method to ingratiate himself in my favour. And this was no such a difficult task; for, a youth scarcely fifteen is generally open to impressions, and a man of Crampwell's experience could easily render those impressions favourable. He flattered my vanity; winked at my indolence when I was inclined to neglect my studies; catered well for our table; was never averse from taking his full share in a frolic;

and was, in fact, just as good a tutor, in every respect, as a young buck of the first class could wish for. I was not a buck of the first class, however; but I cannot say that I felt any disposition to complain of his management.

I was not a buck of the first class, I repeat; and yet, by some error in the judgment of those who witnessed my career, I obtained the distinguishing appellation of a buckish young gentleman. I must confess that I have frequently quarreled with the name since I came to the metropolis; for, although, in the country, the utmost latitude of its meaning extends to a little smartness of dress; no sooner does the name come within the infection of a London atmosphere, than it changes its nature and appearance, loses its in-

nocence, and becomes tainted with a thousand criminal dyes.

The only pretensions I had to buckism were derived from the constant wear of a scarlet coat, a white satin waistcoat, and green plush ———; and all this smart apparel was surmounted by a hat of small dimensions, but turned up on each side with a loop. Mrs. Radcliffe had the sole management of my dress; and, as she was often accustomed to express herself, nothing on earth gave her so much pleasure as to see me eclipsing all the other young gentlemen in Northumberland. I must say that this eccentric uniform did not exactly square with my own views; for I had some difficulty to conceal the pleasure I felt, every evening, when I was ordered to disencumber myself of my finery, for I was in continual ter-

ror, while I wore it, lest a drop of grease should discolour the beautiful verdure of my plush ——.

This particularity of system and conduct on the part of Mrs. Radcliffe, only extended to my dress; it was an eccentricity belonging to her character, but it did not render her a whit less amiable. Who is there without an oddity of some description or another? Nobody! And I will maintain, let whoever will assert the contrary, that an innocent oddity, that is, such an one as I have described in the character of Mrs. Radcliffe, is so far from appearing as a blemish, that it only serves to throw a stronger lustre upon the virtues which surround it!

Amongst the families who visited Sir Philip, was that of Sir Ralph Diddle, which consisted of Sir Ralph, his

lady, a son and daughter. It is to the son that I wish to call the reader's attention at this moment: whatever were his parts, whether shining or dull, it is not to be supposed that I am yet competent to judge; although his first appearance was by no means prepossessing. The dress of this young sprig seemed to have been copied from mine; with this only exception, the green was in the coat, and the scarlet in the ———; and the loop and buttons, which gave a dignified appearance to his hat, were a little farther advanced in front than mine. In age and size we were much on an equality; our rank was the same; our fortunes were nearly alike; and my name was seldom made the subject of conversation without being immediately and naturally followed by that of young Diddle.

Was it unnatural for two striplings, whom the world had connected together, and who were in habits of daily intercourse, in consequence of the friendship between their families—was it unnatural, I ask, that they should become acquainted with each other? I have lost time in asking such a questions. It would have been unnatural had it been otherwise. We were both open, enterprising, and friendlily disposed to each other. We rode out together every morning, and an intimacy ensued.

Whoever looks for important consequences from the early friendship of two boys, will look for that which Nature has never warranted; and, consequently, will be disappointed; and whoever expects to find any very improbable occurrences in these volumes,

will have to read them over more than once; and, when he has taken this trouble, he may, after all, perchance, lose his expectation. Yet there is such a rage for improbabilities, at the present moment, that I really should not wonder if there may be some readers who will hope for extravagant things; and, in that case, they will certainly stand a very near chance of being extravagantly deceived. I am ready to make very low obeisances to the public; but, with due deference to the public, I must reserve my very best bow for Nature; who, although she sometimes makes fantastic mistakes, is usually pretty consistent in her behaviour, and who seldom or never takes a delight in making herself altogether ridiculous.

For four or five years, young Mr. Diddle and myself continued our

friendly intercourse, without the interference of any thing worthy of notice; but just as we reached the age of twenty-one, it was agreed that we should make the tour of Europe together, accompanied by Mr. Crampwell, who had contrived to establish himself firmly in the good opinion of the two baronets; and, as I have before-mentioned, he was too prudent to make himself otherwise than agreeable to his pupils. It was accordingly settled, that in the course of the following week, we should take our departure for London, preparatory to our embarkation for the continent; an expedition to which, with all the natural sanguineness of youth, we looked forward as teeming with all the joys which could gratify the most voracious appetite for pleasure.

The person who seemed to suffer most at the idea of my departure, was Mrs. Radcliffe. For some years past, she had, in a great degree, resigned her management of me; but her advice, at this more advanced period of my youth, possessed the same weight, as her commands carried with them in my childhood. As the day approached, which was to separate us, her agitation, her depression, and her reluctance to part from her darling Henry, appeared to gain ground astonishingly. She was old, and I have frequently since been puzzled to ascertain whether it was the natural weakness of age, or her long affection for me; but, whatever it was, which produced the change, her whole system underwent a revolution, and on the evening preceding the day fixed for my departure, her case was so dangerous, that Sir Phi-

lip, who was much attached to her, thought it necessary to call in a physician from the nearest market-town.

I was standing at the bedside of the venerable sufferer; one of her burning hands was clasped between mine; and, in the height of her anguish, a smile lighted up her countenance, as I endeavoured to speak comfort and hope to her. It was a picture of young impatience teaching resignation her duty! In the expressive beam of her eye, I read the struggle in her soul. A feverish hectic flushed her cheek. "But you will leave me," said she, in a faltering voice, "and I shall see you no more." "Nay, nay, my best friend," said I, "we shall meet again and be happy" "Never," said she, "never, my dear Henry; a few days more, and ——;" she paused, and sobbed vehe-

mently. Had my life depended on an answer, I could not have uttered a word. Did I weep with her?— If the reader has studied my disposition at all, he will not be at a loss to answer the question.—If he had known and loved Mrs. Radcliffe as I did, he would have wept, or I envy him not his feelings. After a few moments had elapsed, she rejoined, " only a few days! Could you have remained until all is over, I should have died happy."

It was enough! If my immediate departure would have saved France from the horrors of a revolution; the Bourbon family from degradation; and Europe from slavery, I would not, after this scene, have left Hendon Park. What were France, the Bourbons, and Europe, to me, compared with the comforts of this good creature, at such an interesting moment. Had a crown been suspended

in the air, ready fitted to my head, I would not have gone beyond the park paling to have caught it. Mrs. Radcliffe might have died while I was crown-hunting; and how should I have merited the gem, who had, for its attainment, rendered the last moments of such a friend miserable!

The physician came, and pronounced her case dangerous! She received the information with a smile of serenity; but I had no celestial philosophy to support me: my sorrows were boundless.

Mrs. Radcliffe had a niece, who resided in a remoe corner of Derbyshire; she was an orphan, and to her the worthy invalid expressed a wish to leave the little property she had saved from the wreck of wealth. It struck me, that the

presence of this young female might prove gratifying to her aunt. I hinted my ideas on the subject to Sir Philip. "Send Edward instantly for her," was his reply; and in less than an hour Edward was on the road.

The following day (the one fixed for my departure) brought the family of the Diddles to Hendon Park, to witness the outset of young Diddle and myself; for, to say the truth, (although I say it at the expense of my character for good-breeding,) my thoughts had been so completely taken up with the sufferings of Mrs. Radcliffe, that, from the moment I had, at her bedside, promised to suspend my journey, it had never once crossed my recollection; so that, consequently, Sir Philip and Lady Russel, as well as the Diddles, remained totally uninformed of the change which had

taken place in my intentions. Mr. Diddle was booted and spurred for the expedition.

The height, the depth, the breadth, and the length of a man's wits are never known to a certainty, unless he gets into some devil of a scrape, where it is necessary to bring them all into requisition. At this critical juncture, I endeavoured to ascertain with what share nature had gifted me. I hemmed, coughed, blew my nose, looked up to the cieling, then down to the floor, then out at the window; but it was all in vain, they attended to none of my signals;—I could not find them any where; and I began to think that the portion intended for me, had, by some dreadful mistake, been given to somebody else. I never suffered so much in my life. "Lord help those that have not wit enough to

keep out of scrapes," says I to myself, " or to get out of them, when they have once got in!"

All this passed while the Diddles got out of their carriage, and entered the house. I was sitting with Sir Philip by Mrs. Radcliffe's bedside, when, from the the window, I caught sight of the objects which had caused me so much agitation. A better opportunity for explanation could not have offered itself. " As the Devil's a thief," says Sir Philip, (it was a favourite expression of his when he wished to be energetic,) the Diddles are come, and you are not ready for your journey." Mrs. Radcliffe cast a look of expressive anguish on me:—it determined me how to act. Taking Sir Philip by the hand, I led him silently to the bedside, and, pointing to the invalid, exclaimed—" When I was in danger, she

left me not. Shall the son of Sir Philip Russel be guilty of ingratitude! The delay of a few days must be immaterial."

"You should have thought of this before," said Sir Philip; "how can we make an excuse now?"—"By telling the truth," I replied. He shook his head. I began to divine what this shake expressed—it must either imply—"I am satisfied;" or, "I am not satisfied;" I took it in the latter sense. "I have made a promise, sir," said I, with more warmth than usual.—"To whom?" was his answer. "To this dear sufferer, and to myself; and he who is capable of breaking a promise made under any circumstances, is but of a feather's weight in the scale of honor and integrity.'"

I had completely broken the chain of my father's obstinacy. He endeavoured

to re-unite the links; but the effort was useless; and after making a stately march twice the extent of the chamber, he made a full stop close to me, fixed his eyes full in my face, and, in a mixed voice, ejaculated—"Then you dont mean to go, Harry?" I found I might follow up the advantage I had gained. I took him once more by the hand. He read my intentions; and, turning on his his heel, rejoined—"Well, well, stay with Mrs. Radcliffe; and I must do my best to pacify the Diddles." I could have died for him at that moment.

In less than a quarter of an hour after Sir Philip had left the room, I saw our visitors once more driving across the lawn. The disappointment, as I subsequently understood, was not much relished by Sir Ralph and his family; but the whole of them, with the exception of

Mr. Diddle, tolerably well concealed their spleen. The young gentleman, however, muttered something to himself, in which the words "squeamish humanity," and "useless old woman," were only distinguishable. Sir Philip was by no means cool-tempered. He caught the purport of Mr. Diddle's ejaculation, and, advancing towards him, was about to give vent to his rising choler, when Sir Ralph, who perceived the threatening danger, interposed, and making a very polite reply to Sir Philip's apology, drew away his son, and took his leave. On reviewing the whole of this circumstance, I cannot help remarking, that I appear to have got through the business much better than I deserved; and that without any wonderful exertion of wit; so that, after all, I may only be possessed of a very moderate quantity of that useful commodity.

How often is it the case, that the contemplation of an undertaking is more arduous than its execution!—I cannot help moralizing as I go on; but those who dont like my moral sentences, may easily omit them—they have no connection with my story.—I was going to illustrate the observation, by detailing the melancholy accident which lately befel Lady Feignwell's favourite pug, which suddenly became affected with a dreadful malady, which some men have designated *hydrophobia*, (although Dr. Lee has proved that no such disorder exists,) and the learned arguments which were brought forward by a whole conclave of physicians, to induce her to agree, that the operation of drowning should be performed on this unfortunate favourite. In reply to their first arguments, she fell into hysterics: in reply to their second—— but I am wandering too far. The pug

was drowned, and the lady endured the event itself with more Christian philosophy than she did the anticipation of it. This confirms my position.

Mrs. Radcliffe remained in the same state, floating between life and death, during the next two days; at the expiration of which Miss Parker arrived. I had prepared myself to see an awkward girl, untutored and unaccomplished, just such as she came out of the hands of Nature. I went into the apartment of the invalid, as usual; but I started back on perceiving a beautiful female sitting by her bedside, and clasping her feverish palm. I stammered out an apology—at least, what was intended for one, and was about to withdraw, when Mrs. Radcliffe recalled me by exclaiming—"Dearest and best of friends, it is to you that I am indebted for this unexpected plea-

sure. Maria must thank you for us both. I can indeed now die in peace."

If she had employed any other person to thank me, if I had not been able to get through my part with much credit to myself, I might, at least, have escaped without disgrace. It was not so, however; but let any young fellow, who reads this, place himself in my situation; a lovely cherub of a girl, a second Hebe, blushing like Aurora, bestowing all the kindness of her kindest looks and words upon me; and, zounds! let him tell me if he could have performed better than I did. But how did I perform? I can't swear to answer the question correctly, but I will speak to the best of my recollection.

"Dear sir," says she. "Dear sir," says I to myself; and as I repeated it, I laid particular emphasis on the word

" dear." Now, gentle reader, suppose yourself passing by a shop window, mounted on the top of which is seated a painter employed in his occupation—while you are gaping upwards, to behold his operations, by some accident or other, or by design, if you please, he overturns a kettle of strong staring vermillion, the whole contents of which inundate the surface of your countenance. I'll be be bound to be shot if your face would have been dyed a deeper colour than mine was! I could not account for it; and while I was attempting so to do, I lost the remaining part of the sentence. She naturally made a pause when she got to the end. I was never at a greater fault in my life; but I found she had done, and I must say something. My ideas were perplexed; " Dear sir," says I.——I saw I was wrong; for Mrs. Radcliffe smiled, and Miss Parker blushed! I

would have given the world, had I possessed it, to have been blessed with a good long fit of coughing.

I advanced, took her hand, and taking Mrs. Radcliffe's at the same moment, I made a movement to unite them. "It is easier than speaking, and quite as expressive," says I to myself. Some how or other, however, I squeezed her hand, and this threw me into such new confusion, that, instead of placing her hand where I intended, I let Mrs. Radcliffe's go, and pressed Maria's to my lips. It was altogether a mistake; and if I were to die, I can't tell how it happened. I know not what other blunders I might have committed, had not Sir Philip fortunately entered the apartment. His presence was like a reprieve to a malefactor at the place of execution.

The recollection of my stupidity clung to me the whole evening; and, when I retired to my room, I endeavoured, but in vain, to account for it to my own satisfaction. After tormenting myself with the subject, during half the night, I dismissed it with a promise to be more careful in future. Before I went to sleep, however, I could not avoid once more congratulating myself on the procrastination of my journey, since it was likely to lead to an acquaintance with a young female, who appeared far to surpass all those who formed the narrow circle of my previous acquaintance.

On the following day I passed the whole of my time in Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment, and I had thus an opportunity of observing Miss Parker more minutely than my confusion on the preceding even-

ing would allow. I felt no confusion to-day—I was not taken by surprise; and my folly at the first meeting had too strongly impressed itself upon me, to permit a repetition of it. I found her well informed on most subjects; amiably diffident in her manners; modest in her speech; and in her dress simple without meanness. Mrs. Radcliffe appeared to derive the most exquisite pleasure from her presence; and the only circumstance which caused me any uneasiness through the day, was the frequency and ardour with which my grateful nurse alluded to my past attentions, and to a thousand other qualities in me, which, with all the extravagance of affection, she magnified into virtues superior to those which commonly fall to the lot of man. I did all I could to check her, but in vain.

Ten days had elapsed since the one on

which I was to have taken my departure; and my journey, and the continent, and Mr. Diddle, were as much forgotten as the events of fifteen years ago. My nurse remained ill; but the danger was overpast; and, whatever she thought, she talked less about dying. One morning, however, I received a summons to attend Sir Philip in his study. It was an unusual thing; and, says I to myself, it must be some unusual business which requires it. I obeyed.

Sir Philip was walking about the room when I entered; and, as it was my usual custom on these occasions, I took a brief survey of his countenance, to ascertain whether its import was friendly or not. There was thoughtfulness without anger upon it. It puzzled me; and I was just endeavouring to find a parallel in Lavater, when he exclaimed, in a tone of voice more serious than ordinary—"Sit down,

Henry." All the principles of the physiognomist vanished from my mind in a moment; for the soul of me, I could not recal one of them.

"I have received a note from Sir Ralph Diddle," my father continued, "in which you are concerned. You have seen Maria frequently."—"Frequently! oh! yes, sir," I replied. "She is an amiable girl," says he. "Uncommonly so," says I.—"And will make a good wife," added Sir Philip.—"Nobody can doubt it," says I. There was a gold snuff-box lying upon the table; it was a favourite.—I had taken it in my hand, at the beginning of this conversation, and was amusing my fingers, for my thoughts had nothing to do with the business, with wriggling the lid backwards and forwards; —the hinges were loose. "What the devil can all this lead to," says I to my-

self. My father proceeded—" You may easily bring your mind to love a woman."—" Such a woman as Maria," says I. " Do you think so, my dear boy?" says my father, starting out of his chair; " then all is settled, and I'll write to Sir Ralph instantly, that he may make his daughter happy." Off came the lid of the gold snuff-box. " The devil!" says Sir Philip. My whole soul inwardly echoed back the oath. For the first time, it occurred to me, that Miss Diddle's name was Maria!

All my former folly and stupidity appeared as a mere nothing compared with this. All the blood in my body rushed into my face;—the contents of the painter's vermillion kettle were, by comparison, a pale white, to its complexion. Sir Philip was too much employed in examining the injury done to his snuff-

box, to observe the changes of my coun tenance; so that I had some time to collect my scattered thoughts. When they were collected, however, I knew not how to give them effect. One moment I determined to put my father right in the business; but then the fear of his anger deterred me. I knew not what to be at.

"What shall I say?" said Sir Philip, laying down the box, as soon as he found it was not altogether remediless.—"Shall I tell Sir Ralph you will pay your respects to his daughter in an hour?" My confusion increased prodigiously; but my father mistook the cause. "I see," says he, "that your joy discomposes you." It was nothing but an unbroken series of blunders! I found things grow worse and worse; so I summoned up all my resolution, and replied, "Really,

my dear father, there is some strange mistake in this business. Is it possible you meant Miss Diddle?"

"Why, who the devil should I mean?" retorted Sir Philip—"Is the boy mad?" I was half disposed to answer in the affirmative; but I thought it prudent to refrain, although I was convinced that many a poor fellow in a private madhouse, aye, and in a public one too, had scarcely half so much business there as I had at this moment. "Sir," says I, "I was not thinking of Miss Diddle when I spoke so warmly." "No, sir!" says Sir Philip. He never called me *sir*, but when he was most outrageously agitated. I saw the passion of his soul working up into his countenance; and I would have given the world to have been out of his sight. It was impossible, however, to escape. I had fallen into the scrape,

and must get out of it as well as I could.

I might as well have attempted to move a mountain, as to collect resolution enough to explain my real meaning. I determined to keep it to myself; but my equivocation was so evident, that I had reason to suspect Sir Philip was not entirely ignorant of its cause. "And pray, sir," continued he, after a moment's pause, "may I ask of whom you were thinking, when you spoke so warmly?" This question puzzled me more than ever. I coloured, attempted to speak, faltered, and trembled.—"I don't know, sir, who, just at that moment; that is, sir, I—I—." "That is, sir," echoed Sir Philip, "you don't choose to inform me. But mark me, sir; prepare to go with me this evening to Sir Ralph Diddle's, and make up your mind to be more accom-

modating to my wishes." As he said this, he cast a look of unusual sternness on me, and, turning out of the room, left me to my reflections.

What those reflections were, I need not take much trouble to explain. If there are any of my readers who have been similarly situated, the explanation would be altogether superfluous. If, on the contrary, I write to those who are ignorant of the subject, I might stand a very good chance of being laughed at for my extravagant folly. I may, however, gain some credit for the assertion, that they were not of the most delightful nature imaginable, and that I was fain to get rid of them as soon as I possibly could, and to make the best of my way to Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment. I had no particular reason for going there, except to relate my stupidity to my old friend,

and to gather from her some consolation under this new misfortune. I was not conscious of any other motive; and if the reader fancies that he can discover any other, I am ready to allow him the credit of knowing my sentiments better than I know them myself. Mrs. Radcliffe was alone. I thought I was glad to find her so.

From the emotion still visible in my countenance, she read the perturbed state of my mind; and stretching out her hand, she kindly enquired into the cause. I made no hesitation to acquaint her with the whole of the circumstances, exactly as they occurred. I saw no neeessity for concealment: I was aware of no impropriety of intention. As I concluded, I turned my eyes on Mrs. Radcliffe; there was a seriousness on her countenance, of the

cause of which I was totally ignorant; I endeavoured to ascertain it, but the more I attempted the more I wandered from the point. She pressed my hand; drew me close to her, and with an earnestness of manner which still more surprised me, she asked me, "And pray, my dear Harry, whom were you thinking of when you agreed so completely with your father?" "Of Maria Parker, to be sure!" I replied, without a moment's hesitation; and casting a confident glance on her, as though I was certain of approbation. Her countenance instantly fell: I read sorrow in it.

"And what shall I do?" I asked; "how can I go to Sir Ralph Diddle with my father?" Mrs. Radcliffe sighed, as she answered, "You must go, my dear Henry; obedience to a father is

one of the first duties."—"I cannot obey him in this particular."—"And why not in this?" asked she. "Because," said I, and I hesitated to proceed for some time—"because I do not like Maria Diddle, and I will never do violence to my inclination."—"Would you be equally tenacious about acting against your father's inclinations?" she asked, with much seriousness in her voice. I answered instantly—"I hope I should, as I cannot suppose he would oppose mine." Mrs. Radcliffe looked still more grave.

I certainly was uncommonly puzzled, for some time, to make out the meaning of all these grave looks, which came at such frequent intervals; at length, however, I decided within myself, that she was grieved to see me placed in such a disagreeable dilemma. No sooner did this idea take possession

of me, than I conceived it a duty to speak comfort to her. "Never mind, my dear nurse," says I, "I'll be bound to get through it somehow or other." I was deceived in the effect I had anticipated from this consolotary expression: no smile followed it upon her countenance. She became more reserved: I had never seen her so gloomy, and I felt excessively pained. My heart was bursting; but my pride came to its relief, and suggested that it was unkind in her to leave me in such an extremity, and to assume such a frigid demeanor, when I had need of sympathy and cheering advice. The thought distressed me anew, and I left her apartment unsatisfied and half angry.

I was in no disposition for company, so I bent my steps to the shrubbery; and seeking the most secluded spot in

it, I threw myself on a rude seat, and gave full vent to my feelings. Through a narrow opening amidst the shrubs, I saw the deer sporting on the lawn; the sight was agonizing to me, and I turned away my head. "It was not well done," says I to myself, immediately. — "What have these animals done, that they may not, uninterruptedly, enjoy their bounded pleasures?" I could not, nevertheless, reconcile myself to their felicity. My mind was in a discordant state, and every thing around me wore a forbidding complection. I was so out of temper with my own thoughts, that I was every moment on the point of picking a quarrel with them: they, in return, commenced such active hostility against me, that I found it absolutely impossible to reduce them to a proper state of discipline. They were like hardened re-

bels, and mutinied with more violence, the more I strove to quell them. I don't know how long I might have remained in this state, had not an object of rather a different complection suddenly presented itself to my notice.

There are times when the mind becomes so completely neutralized by the opposing powers of certain distressing occurrences, which, for the due presevartion of the metaphor, I may as well call acids and alkalis ; I say, there are times when it is reduced to such a neutral state as to be altogether indifferent whether life or death is tacked to the end of the next event. I believe this is a pretty accurate description of my state just at the moment to which I allude. I would not have given the toss-up of a sixpence for

the choice of evils—I could have pulled off my hat, and said "good bye" to the world with quite as much indifference as the most indifferent philosopher, which ancient or modern times have produced. When a man is in this cue, his situation is enviable with a vengeance!

I had just got to the end of a mental soliloquy, which appeared to me to be of no common importance, and by way of giving due energy to the concluding sentiment, I gave it oral utterance. "No," says I, pretty audibly, "if Miss Diddle had ten times the fortune she has, which would make it very bulky; and ten thousand times the beauty, which would make it scarcely passable; may I be hanged if ever I would consent to tell her I loved her! I should despise myself for such hypocrisy."

"Very heroic, truly!" exclaimed a voice close at my elbow, which I knew to be that of Mr. Diddle. All the alkali in my mind was precipitated in a minute—it was no longer in a neutral state—the acid began to ferment most astonishingly. I never had such complete command of my wits before. "You might have chosen a more manly office than that of an eaves-dropper, methinks, Mr. Diddle." says I. His disposition was as full of gunpowder as mine. I had lighted the train which led to the magazine, and the explosion pretty quickly followed. "This language, sir," says he, "must be answered in another place." "Wherever you please, sir;" says I. He retorted: I recriminated. "If you have the spirit of a man," says he, turning on his heel, "you will meet me at five this evening, in the grove of poplars." I had no

time for reply; he was out of sight, before my ears had swallowed the last letter of his expression.

The oddity of this occurrence, for it must be allowed that there was an oddity which ran through it, led to a train of thinking; and this train of thinking was as opposite to that from which Mr. Diddle had roused me, as light is to darkness. I found myself wonderfully altered. Instead of sinking a prey to listlessness, I was fired with new energies—my mind was all activity—my imagination was heated like a "burning fiery furnace." "Bravo!" says I: "Mr. Diddle is the best physician for a fit of the vapours that ever Northumberland, and all the region southward, to boot, have produced."

As I walked homewards, I began to think a little seriously about Mr. Diddle's invitation. I was very well aware that it was what fashionable philosophers would term a *call of honor;* and calls of honor, like debts of honor, must not be suffered to run in arrear. I had also learned, from the perusal of works on the subject, and from files of precedents (*e. g.* newspaper reports of trials for wilful murder, such as in the case of Campbell, &c.) that it was customary to take a friend and some weapon with one. Now I can't say I felt any particular tremblings or terrors at the thought of the risk I was about to run, although, at the same time, I could not exactly reconcile myself to the propriety of two young men standing deliberately to shoot at each other, because one of them thought the sister of the other not quite so beautiful as

he might have been expected to think. It occurred to me, how often Mr. Diddle had condemned the policy of a war commenced for territorial acquisitions; "yet," says I to myself, "he seeks to shed blood on much less substantial grounds—on a mere question of taste, forsooth." It couldn't be helped however; the laws of honor required that I should meet Mr. Diddle, and, therefore, it was a proof of folly to bring forward arguments to prove the absurdity of the very step I was about to pursue.

The clock struck four as I entered Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment. I had engaged Crampwell to accompany me, and the time was growing short. It was nearly half an hour's walk to the grove of poplars. My nurse was sitting up in her bed: Maria knelt by her

side; I saw the tears in her eyes; at my approach she arose, and quitted the apartment. I felt a considerable degree of pain at her movement, and would have stopped her, but I wanted presence of mind. I watched her to the door; a sigh escaped me as I thought it was possible I might see her no more. I was half-disposed to be sorrowful; but I checked the disposition, and slowly drew near the bedside. My arms w re folded, and my eyes cast down.

"You seem unwell, my dear Harry," said Mrs. Radcliffe. It was a tone as tender as usual, and it relieved my depression. I took her hand, and fixed my eyes on her countenance. The gravity, which I had previously beheld in it, was superseded by anxiety blended with terror. I had made no reply to her exclamation, and she con-

tinued—" What has happened to cause this agitation?" I felt the necessity of deceiving her: to speak the truth in this instance would be cruel; " and," says I to myself, " surely if ever a falsehood can be justified, it must be when its expression originates in a wish to increase the happiness, or diminish the anguish, of a fellow-creature." The position was unanswerable: I felt its propriety and its force; and had it been necessary to utter twenty such untruths as these I had framed in my mind, I should not have hesitated another moment.

I had hesitated sufficiently long already to induce Mrs. Radcliffe to repeat her question. I had till then been utterly unconscious of the length of the pause. " My head is distracted," I replied: " and I have been very un-

well since I left you." Whether there was any thing in my tone of voice which betrayed its insincerity, or whether Mrs. Radcliffe's ears were more suspiciously on the alert than they were accustomed to be, I cannot take it upon me to decide; but as I finished, she shook her head, as much as to say—"I don't believe you, Harry." She fixed her eyes upon me as though she would pierce my very soul; I was confounded, and felt a strong glow rising in my cheeks. She replied, "Is that the truth, my dear Harry? Don't deceive your poor old nurse." *I says, says I,* mustering up all the firmness I was master of, and looking on her in return as steadily as possible—"Indeed it is."

She appeared to be convinced so far; "but," says she, "may not I ask the

cause of this illness?" Had this question been put in a careless manner, it would have produced but little effect; but there was a stress, an emphasis, laid on the *I*, which nearly overthrew my resolution and philosophy at one stroke. It was a sort of *coup d'œil*, and threw me into terrible confusion. I rallied, however, and was about to tell a third untruth, when Mrs. Radcliffe herself relieved me, by adding, "I hope your indisposition does not proceed from the reluctance you feel to comply with your father's wishes." I felt uncommonly disburthened: I knew that I could answer the question in the affirmative with the most scrupulous veracity. I was able to display a smile on my countenance as I returned—"Indeed, my dear nurse, that is the cause; and sooner than give my father any ground to encourage

hopes on that score, I would die."—This was the *ne plus ultra* of my fortitude; I really sobbed with agony as I concluded. Mrs. Radcliffe sobbed responsively; and there is a secret charm in sympathy, which I have tasted at subsequent periods of my life, and the exquisiteness of which I would not barter for any other feeling to which the human mind is liable.

The time was fleeting fast away; and I had still an interesting task to perform. I had reasoned on the possibility of the issue of my meeting with Mr. Diddle being fatal to me; and as I had in my possession two or three valuable trinkets (perhaps their value was principally ideal!) I thought it but right to dispose of them, in the event of my fall. My gold watch, I had intended for Maria, and I had pre-

pared a very brief note to accompany it, containing a request that it might not only serve as a memorial of time, but as a *memento* of him who had bequeathed it to her. I had occasion to take it out of my pocket, to mark the progress of the hour: out of my little space, I had already squandered twenty minutes. I had very nearly fell into a fit of moralizing, which would certainly have occupied twenty more. I awoke in time to my danger, however, and shook off the temptation.

"I am going out for a few hours," says I, appearing as cheerful as possible—"perhaps not so long—perhaps longer. (My voice fell a little here.) I will not take these few things with me; pray keep them until my return." As I said this, I put my watch into Mrs. Radcliffe's hands, with two or three

other baubles. The note for Maria, which explained my real situation and motives, accompanied them. Mrs. Radcliffe looked alarmed. "Good God!" says she, "are you going into danger then?"—"Danger: oh no!" says I.—"Then why this superfluous, this unusual precaution?" says she. I was puzzled. I had not prepared myself for this question. I stammered, looked foolish, and should have made some stupid blunder; but at that moment, my eyes fell upon the dial of the watch. It was half past four! "I will explain all when I return!" says I; and taking her hand I pressed it affectionately, and rushed out of the room.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that the most painful of my business was over. If so, he is deceived; and I begin to suspect, what is very likely

to be the case, that he never went out to fight a duel; or he would have known that there are so many little ties which hold life together, and that every one, at bursting, causes such excess of anguish, that the business to be executed before one goes into the field, is ten times more arduous and soul-excruciating than the business of the field. It was so to me, however. I had parted from Sir Philip in anger; this was agonizing in the extreme: Lady Russel was out on a visit. I had separated from Mrs. Radcliffe; but just as I was congratulating myself on my escape from my troubles, I met Maria Parker in the passage leading to her aunt's apartment. I had but a moment: it was an interesting one!

Maria blushed on seeing me, and made a movement to avoid me; but

I was not in a mood to endure a disappointment. I advanced hastily but determinedly, and, seizing her hand, exclaimed in a voice of anguish, "Will Maria fly from me, when perchance I may see her no more?"—"No more, sir!" said she. Her face grew pale; her hand trembled within mine. I read her soul, and felt assured that life had a value in it for me, of which till now I was ignorant. "I am going on a dangerous enterprize, Maria; but I shall return in an hour, or never." "Never!" echoed the sinking angel. She was unable to support her agitation; her head sank on my shoulder; I pressed my lips to hers; and whether I had caught the contagion before, or had now imbibed it from her lips, I know not; but I found out at this moment that I was desperately in love. Perhaps my reader knew this before.

It was rather an awkward time to make a discovery of such magnitude! It is inconceivably vexatious to find out that a gem within your grasp is beyond value, at the moment you have pledged yourself to run the chance of casting it from you. Yet such was my situation! Maria recovered herself a little; and blushed more deeply than ever, on finding herself clasped to my bosom. I was resolved not to lose the moment, although generosity loudly upbraided me for attempting to win an affection which I might not long survive to enjoy. I once more pressed her lips to mine, and falteringly whispered in her ear—"Maria, I love you!" The expression seemed to work an instant change in her manner: she disengaged herself from my arms, cast a look of anger upon me, and, before I could recover myself sufficiently to detain her, she

had rushed to the end of the passage, and had reached her aunt's apartment.

All the ties of life cracked at that moment, and, with the fury of a desperado, I could have broken them asunder, and smiled in the commission of the deed. I could'nt have smiled, though, under any other circumstances. I cast a look of unspeakable agony at the door which had separated Maria from my view; a faint shriek issued from within. I was on the point of hastening to the spot, when Crampwell, who had come behind me, unobserved, seized me by the arm, and, reminding me that I had exceeded the time he had allowed me for my arrangements, hurried me down the stairs.

As we walked over the lawn, Crampwell entered in a conversation evidently studied to draw off my attention from the circumstances under which I was placed; but my answers were comprized in simple monosyllables. We hastened over the ground, and quickly reached the spot where Mr. Diddle and a friend were waiting for our arrival. The ground was measured: we were as mutually polite, as if we were on the point of conferring some particular mark of favor on each other. An apology was proposed to be made by me: but I was not disposed to enter into any compromise. We accordingly took our stations, and exchanged shots. The act was momentary, and the effect instantaneous: we both fell. I recollected no more, until I found myself in my own apartment; Sir Philip watching my recovery with paternal anxiety;

Maria weeping over me; and poor Mrs. Radcliffe, who was not to be restrained from attending me, supported between two domestics. A surgeon was dressing a wound I had received in my shoulder, and the pain of the operation had recalled me to life.

The ball, it appeared, had passed through my shoulder, and forced its way out at my back; and my state was considered very critical, not to say dangerous. I received no reproaches; every eye beamed with tenderness, even Maria's expression was full of kindness, and every tongue spoke of hope and consolation. I enquired after my antagonist; and learned that his injury was much slighter than mine; his wound was merely a flesh hurt, and a single dressing was sufficient to remove its inconvenience.

The surgeon quitted me, after performing his operation; and Sir Philip being called out of the room, I was left alone with Mrs. Radcliffe and Maria; the former having been placed on a couch by my bed-side. I extended my hand to Maria; she gave me her's without reluctance, and I imprinted a kiss upon it. She blushed, but there was no anger in her countenance. Mrs. Radcliffe sighed! "Can you forgive me, Maria?" I asked: for I had summoned up resolution, now that my fate was uncertain. I added, "I could not die in peace, unless you were reconciled to me!"—"Oh my God!" said Maria, with much emotion—"talk not of dying; you have never offended me!"—"Then," returned I, with more energy and happiness than I had felt since she left me—"then it is not a crime to love you!" Maria hid her face with

her hands. My right arm was at liberty. I extended it, and she inclined herself to meet me; the movement was instantaneous; I drew her lips to mine, and pressed her to my bosom. Had I died at that moment, I should, in death, have blessed the ball which destroyed me, since it had satisfied me that I was beloved!

During this occurrence, Mrs. Radcliffe had remained a silent spectator; but when I suffered Maria to escape from my embrace, my worthy nurse, taking her by the hand, requested her to withdraw. "I must have some conversation with Mr. Henry," says she, "and it would be improper for you to be present." She obeyed, and left the apartment. I followed her to the door with my eyes; she stole a hasty glance as she disappeared. I felt

no sort of pain from my wound! I had completely forgot the circumstance of the duel!

A tolerably long pause succeeded the departure of Maria. I was too pleasingly occupied in drawing pictures of hope, and in giving wings to imagination, to break the silence; and, it is probable, Mrs. Radcliffe could not make up her mind as to the best method of introducing the subject; although, had she reflected but a single moment on the recent occurrence which she had witnessed, she might have sworn that it was above all other subjects in my mind. At length, however, she commenced—"My dear Harry, it is scarcely right to fatigue you at this moment with conversation; but I cannot let slip the opportunity of informing you that Maria has communicated to me

the verbal confession you made to her this day, as well as the contents of the note you addressed to her. Oh, Henry, why did you adventure on such a dangerous enterprize? How could you risk a life so dear to us all?" She could not proceed immediately; her agitation was too violent to be easily mastered, and she burst into tears. I lay, anxiously expecting the conclusion, but without daring to make any reply. She continued. "Were Maria your equal in fortune, how happy should I be to commit her happiness to one so deserving of her: but she is poor and an orphan, and you must forget her!"

She made a stop. My mind was a perfect chaos. I endeavoured to speak, but in vain, my tongue was tied; and such was the excess of my agitation of body as well as soul, that my wound

burst out, and bled anew, and I fainted. When I revived, the surgeon had successfully applied a styptic. Maria held my hand; and Mrs. Radcliffe was in a state of extreme anguish. A long pause ensued; until the medical attendant had again withdrawn. I was rendered desperate by the idea that I should lose Maria; and, grasping her firmly by the hand, I fixed my eyes on her's most stedfastly, and asked—"And is it Maria's determination to reject one who loves her to distraction?"—"It is necessary that it should be so!" she replied, and the tears ran down her cheeks. I drew her towards me, and kissed them off; she made no resistance. The effort gave me time to collect myself. "Then be it so," I replied; "I have now fathomed the depth of your affection for Henry Russel. A few days more, and he will seek in the grave

a certain remedy for his disease!" Mrs. Radcliffe endeavoured to cheer me with hopes of recovery; but I was deaf to her consolations, and was about to make an appeal to her affection, and to Maria's love, when the door of my apartment suddenly opened, and Lady Russel entered the room.

At this visit Lady Russel behaved with more kindness than usual; and had I been in any other sort of mood, it would have given me pleasure to see it. Nothing gave me pleasure at this moment. I was as sullenly disposed towards all mankind as the most gloomy misanthrope in creation. She observed it, and shortened her visit. I was so absorbed in the contemplation of my own feelings, that I scarcely noticed her departure. I have frequently thought since, that nature had from my infancy

given me some secret information.—— But no matter. I was myself puzzled to account for my feelings, and 'tis fit the reader should be so too .

" You wrong us much," said Mrs. Radcliffe, taking up the conversation which had been interrupted by the sudden entrance of her ladyship. " You entirely misunderstand the motives by which we are both actuated." Maria had left the room. I began to respire a little more freely. " Would to God," says I, " that I had misunderstood your language also !" She did not notice my ejaculation, but went on—" We are greatly inferior to you in rank and fortune. Were we more on an equality, to whom could I so readily entrust Maria's happiness? To whom could she herself so confidently commit her future life ?" " Then if Sir Philip could be prevailed

upon to overlook this ideal inequality, I might be happy?" I exclaimed eagerly. "He will never consent to that," was her reply. She continued—"If it would not fatigue you too much, I would give you some insight into Maria's life, and the situation which her parents filled in society? "Nothing can fatigue me which relates to Maria," I answered; and Mrs. Radcliffe, with something like a smile, commenced. I turned myself on my right side to listen; for I was anxious not to lose an iota of the feast about to be served up.

"Let me see," says Mrs. Radcliffe. "*I says, says I*—"Make haste, and begin." "Don't hurry me," says she. "I won't," says I. We both fell into a fit of musing. She was evidently occupied in calling to mind the fleeting events of times long since passed away; for, as she has often

told me, when we get beyond a certain age, the memory loses that tenacity even of important occurrences, which distinguishes it at earlier periods of our existence. While she was thus employed, I was engaged in inwardly descanting upon this inequality which Mrs. Radcliffe had raised as an obstacle to my wishes. "I dare say she was right enough in thinking Sir Philip would object," says I to myself, as I called to mind several observations which had, at various intervals, fallen from him on this very subject. I fell into a more serious train of thinking on the subject; and the reader, if he knows how to appreciate them properly, is welcome to my thoughts.

Does a man of rank degrade himself by an union with virtue, because that virtue is without a title? "To be sure

he does," says fashion. Does not humble virtue debase herself by an union with exalted vice? "To be sure she does," says common-sense. Is not domestic happiness of more importance than multiplication of wealth and addition to honors? "Certainly," says reason. And if a father is so indifferent to the felicity of his son, as to seek to force him into an union which his heart disapproves, and to oppose one which his heart approves, is not a son almost justified in pursuing his own inclinations on a subject involving his peace of mind? "Most assuredly," says common-sense. Maria was virtuous and amiable: I had found out that I loved her already, and I felt a persuasion that time would only rivet my affection more strongly: I felt the strength of my cause, and, in my ecstasy, I burst out, "Mon Dieu! why it is as plain as it can be." Mrs. Radcliffe

started. I explained. She had collected her thoughts, and was ready.

" My dear Harry," says she, " I will be as short as I can. My father was a clergyman, and resided in Staffordshire. He was a man greatly respected and beloved for his virtues : my mother was held in equal estimation ; for she was the friend of poverty, and the advocate of the oppressed. My brother George (the father of Maria) and myself, were their only children : we lived at home until it was thought necessary for George to enter upon his studies, as he was also intended for the church. Our separation, the interval between his entrance at Oxford, and his obtainment of a degree, have nothing in them to recommend them to your notice ; but soon after the return of George, my father's death left an opening for him in his native parish.

He was appointed to the living, and my mother and myself lived with him until the death of the former, and my marriage with a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood. Left to himself, George found it necessary to his happiness to seek out for a partner in life. The youngest daughter of a surgeon who lived next door to him, attracted his notice and won his affections. They were married, and none could be more happy; until the birth of Maria; when, in consequence of some improper treatment, Mrs. Baker fell into a decline, which soon terminated her earthly felicity. My brother was inconsolable for some months; he had doated on his wife, and still adored her memory. Her virtues seemed to rise anew to his recollection, and to shine with double lustre amidst the darkness of the grave. For Maria's sake, however, he endeavoured to live; but, although

young at the time when this heavy misfortune assailed him, he could not overcome the violence of the shock. It preyed upon his spirits, weaned him from all worldly objects; and scarcely had poor Maria attained her twelfth year, before she lost her father also. His living went from him at his death. It had been barely sufficient to provide the comforts of life; it could accomplish no superfluities, and Maria was left with no other fortune but her budding beauties and her virtues. Her mother's family took her home, and treated her with the utmost affection, and had not the death of my husband left me destitute, soon after Maria's birth, she should never have wanted an asylum. The death of her grandfather, however, rendered her home less comfortable; she was treated with the distance and coldness of a servant, instead of the warm affection she had

been accustomed to receive, and was compelled to submit to all the drudgery of the most abject menial. Fortunately for her, her father had devoted the principal part of his time to her education; and it was not time lost: she improved wonderfully under his affectionate eye; and, while her grandfather lived, she was not suffered to lose any thing she had previously gained. At his death the hope of farther improvement, except such as would result from her own unaided efforts to accomplish it, was entirely clouded. Oftentimes have I wept over the strain of melancholy resignation which ran through her letters to me, and have lamented that my dependant situation prevented me from offering her a refuge more suitable to her merits. Your goodness, however, has rendered my wishes complete; and if nothing should occur to mar our happiness,

through this unfortunate attachment of yours, the remainder of my days will be passed in a degree of serenity which I scarcely deserve. I pray God, my dear Harry, you may overcome this sentiment; for Sir Philip can never consent to see his son united to one so destitute of wealth and rank as my poor Maria."

"He will consent," said I warmly; "he will never seek to render his son miserable!" She shook her head. Nothing on earth could so soon destroy the equilibrium of my feelings as this. I would rather have encountered all the arguments she could have brought forward, than one single shake of the head. It was unanswerable; for it always occupied so much of my time to discover its exact meaning, that before I had found it out, the time for an answer was gone by. It was just so in the present in-

stance. She saw my confusion; and, after some pause, she answered—"He will never consent!" The expression rouzed me in a moment. I saw that to let this idea establish itself in her mind, would prove fatal to my hopes. "I am satisfied he will consent," says I, raising my voice; and seeing Mrs. Radcliffe make a movement, which indicated another shake of her head, I added with new energy—"On my soul, he will!" "I wish he may!" says Mrs. Radcliffe—"I wish he may, my dear Henry!" "He shall consent," says I; "or by the Creator of the universe, I swear to——." Here we were interrupted.

There was no opportunity to renew the subject during the day; so that I had leisure to give full scope to my thoughts. The thoughts of a lover display such a hodge-podge of heterogeneous

matter, that, to detail them with any degree of accuracy, would occupy so much time and space, and would require such a minute and complicated detail; and would, after all, present such a wild assemblage of nonsense to him who should peruse it, that I really must beg leave to decline a recapitulation of mine during this day. He who has been in love may guess them; and to him who has not, the description would be about as comprehensible as algebra to a Highland piper, or rules of integrity to a chancellor of the exchequer. It might be denominated—"Chaos once again,"—"Confusion worse confounded,"—"Darkness visible;"—or any other appellation might be applied to it, which conveys the idea of an impenetrable phalanx of waving ideas, and irreconcileable discord. I don't know whether the reader can enter at all into my meaning;

on reviewing the sentence, I find some difficulty in making it intelligible to myself.

On the next day, I was alone with Sir Philip; my wound wore a more favourable appearance—my mind was somewhat more composed—and, withal, my father seemed in a better temper than usual, since the misunderstanding about Miss Diddle. "I'll try what I can do," says I to myself; so turning myself towards his chair, I began to cogitate in what way I should begin; when he saved me any farther trouble, by introducing the subject himself. "And of whom was it now, Henry," says he, "that you were thinking, when we conversed respecting Miss Diddle?" I had wound up my mind to a pitch of resolution, which fitted me for any thing. "Of Maria Parker, my dear sir," says I, without hesitation,

and continuing—"she is as amiable as she is beautiful."——" And as impudent as she is poor," retorted Sir Philip—" or she never would have dared to think of the son of Sir Philip Russel."

All my blood rushed into my face, and as it galloped through my veins, it boiled at such a confounded rate, that I thought it would have cooked me as completely as ever was cooked a boiled leg of mutton. I could not—I dared not venture to speak; for I knew if I did, I must have resented the insult; so I contented myself with gnashing my teeth, foaming at my mouth, distending my nostrils, knitting my brows, and clenching my hands.—I do not remember that I was ever in such a passion before. But the worst of all was, after I had adopted all those silent methods of working off my fury, that I found myself in

the very act of letting a long and loud groan escape from me, which had been a long time labouring up from my lungs; and this "long and loud groan" was still more unfortunately followed by an exclamation of "Good God!"

This was quite enough to irritate Sir Philip to the extremest degree; and certainly it was a very great proof of arrogance and undutifulness in me to groan and say "Good God!" but I was not in my sane mind at the moment, or I most assuredly should never have committed such a breach in my duty. He appeared to be quite as much reduced to his shifts as I was to conceal the extent of his passion: but, after a short pause, he continued—"I'll turn the insolent baggage into the street this moment for her presumption, and her aunt with her for encouraging a dispo-

sition so degradingly insulting to me and my family."

"Stop, sir," says I, as soon as I could make up my mind to speak, which was not until I saw him in the very act of ringing the bell for a servant to convey his commands to Mrs. Radcliffe. He rang the bell, and returned. "You have unjustly accused Mrs. Radcliffe and her niece, sir," I continued;—"they have both resisted my inclinations, in consequence of our inequality; and Maria has declared her resolution never to listen to me, unless your consent is previously obtained." Sir Philip's brow relinquished two or three wrinkles.—"And you have consented to give up all thoughts of this girl?" replied Sir Philip. The servant entered the apartment at this critical moment, when his master's phrenzy had somewhat subsided.—"I don't want you now," said Sir Philip, and the man made

his *exit*. My father repeated his expression, in the form of a question. "I have not, Sir Philip," said I, with a good deal of firmness; "nor can I for an instant imagine that you would either restrain and resist your son's inclinations on this subject, any more than you would force them into a channel contrary to his wishes."

I saw the moment was an unfavourable one, and that all my labour was lost. The expression of his eye informed me that I knew nothing at all about the matter, if I believed that he would not oppose my views. I never saw so much fury and resolution in his countenance. "You are mistaken, sir," says he; "you must either renounce this girl, or I will renounce you."—"May God renounce me when I do!" says I; and without giving him time to reply, I continued—"Is there, my dear father, a higher or

more illustrious trait in the female character than the virtue which, like a diamond of the first magnitude——." "Don't talk to me of diamonds of the first, magnitude, you ungrateful rascal," retorted Sir Philip—"as sure as the devil's a thief, you shall renounce this girl!" I remained obstinate, however; and Sir Philip grew more enraged, and quitted the apartment, determined to send Maria out of his house immediately. As he disappeared at one door, Maria entered at the other.

She was seeking her aunt, and not finding her, was about to return, when I called to her, and requested a moment's conversation. She drew near to me. I told her what had passed; intreated her not to forget my affection, which would, one day or another, triumph over all obstacles, and pressing a ring upon her finger, which contained

my hair, and which my father had given to me the evening before our misunderstanding on the subject of Miss Diddle; and which ring, as I afterwards understood, was intended to be presented by me to this very identical Miss Diddle. —I say, pressing this ring upon her finger, I embraced her, intreated her to leave some token of affection for me with her aunt, and we parted. My whole soul seemed to go with her.

On the next morning, Mrs. Radcliffe was brought into my apartment. I observed that her eyes had been overflowing; the traces of tears marked her cheeks. God forgive me for my thoughts at this moment, for they were by no means kindly disposed towards my father. I contemplated him as the author of many miseries yet unknown; and I began to suspect that I loved him less than I did two days since.

Mrs. Radcliffe felt for me, I saw it; and my love for her increased prodigiously. I asked her to relate to me the particulars of what had taken place since I saw her. She complied, and informed me that, when Sir Philip left me, he soon went to her apartment, where she was sitting in her bed, accompanied by Maria. He appeared to be violently agitated, and charged them with weaning away his son from his duty, and endeavouring to seduce his affections. It was in vain that Maria with tears asserted her innocence, and that Mrs. Radcliffe appealed to her past services as an instance of her fidelity; he was not to be pacified, until he had extorted from Maria an oath never to marry me without having previously obtained his consent to the union. The amiable girl consented to the required stipulation, and he immediately cooled on the business, and gave them the

cottage to which they were ordered to repair, on condition that they should confine themselves there, in order that I might have no opportunity to renew a connection so disagreeable to him.

"And will not Maria see me again?" I asked in an accent of desperation. Mrs. Radcliffe answered in the negative, adding—"She considers it most prudent, since she has taken the oath, to absent herself entirely from you, and to discountenance a passion which can only lead to your mutual misery." I know not what I answered; my head ached most violently; my brain was distracted; I was scarcely sensible of the presence of any one, for several minutes; but, when I became more composed, I found myself once again blessed with the presence of Maria. She had

passed the door, at the moment when I was so suddenly unmanned; and hearing her aunt give a faint scream, she had rushed into the room, and was now standing by my side. Her presence was a cordial to my spirits: I attempted not to shake her from her vow: I only asked her not to bestow her affection hastily; but to wait until I could bring about circumstances, more propitious to my wishes. She gave me hopes, I pressed her lips to mine. It was a degree of perfect bliss in the midst of misery.

I saw no more of Maria nor of Mrs. Radcliffe after this interview. They left Hendon Park on the following day, and Sir Philip was the first to announce to me the news of their departure. I was prepared for it; and the recollection of Maria's behaviour at the last

had so exhilarated my spirits, that I received the information without any apparent anguish, although I certainly felt an inward pang. "And now, Henry," said my father, "I hope you will be prepared to accompany me, as soon as your wound is healed, to the metropolis, as I wish you immediately to set out on your tour of Europe." "Yes, sir," says I, and a pause ensued. My thoughts were wandering through a different channel, and two monosyllables were as much as he could expect. "You must think no more of this girl," he continued. "Yes, sir," says I. "Yes, sir!" said he, "what the devil's Yes, sir?" "Did I say Yes, sir?" says I. "Is the boy mad?" replied my father. "Sir!" says I, looking earnestly in his face. And thus ended our conversation, for Sir Philip bolted out of the room, like a bullet from a gun.

The bellows of the lungs (and we have certainly high authority for asserting that the lungs are worked by bellows) are generally put in motion by the presence and oscillation of the ideas which surround them; but there are certain times when these bellows operate of their own accord, and set the tongue to work, without the aid or privity of the ideas at all. This was exactly my case, when Sir Philip conversed with me; and fortunate it was for me that my ideas did not meddle with the business at all, for in that case, it is questionable, and perhaps it may be so with my readers also, whether I should have escaped so easily as I did. This proves to my satisfaction, that the ideas are sometimes too officious, and that they oftentimes obtrude themselves into notice, very much to the detriment of their possessors.

"But I will think of Maria!" said I to myself, when I found I was left alone; "and I will not only think of her, but I will one day or another take her to my arms; my bosom shall be her sanctuary from the storms of life; when she weeps I will kiss off her tears; and when she smiles, I will participate in her pleasures. She shall be the rose to ornament my youth, and the balsam to soothe my age. I will love her and cherish her, in spite of all opposition, and her affection shall be my reward!" I had worked myself up to such a pitch during this soliloquy, that I had risen perpendicularly in my bed, and I might have proceeded much longer, had not a blow, which I struck my head against the corner of the tester, put an abrupt end to my reverie. "'Twas a fit of enthusiasm!" says I, audibly, and with the utmost compo-

sure I laid me down to sleep, after adjusting my night-cap, which had been put a little out of order by the agitation into which I had hurried myself.

I have suffered my pen to move very leisurely through the events of the last few days; indeed, on a retrospect of the numerous pages I have devoted to them, I am half inclined to wonder how I have contrived to dwell so long upon them: they were interesting to me at the time, however; they are interesting to me now; and their interest will endure as long as life itself. But I will dip deeper in the ink hereafter, and put my quill into a canter, for I have much ground to go over, and unless I move with an accelerated motion, I shall be obliged, among my other duties, to pray that Heaven will endue

my reader with a few more scruples of patience than generally fall to their share.

The lapse of a fortnight sufficed to cure my wound, and to restore, in a very considerable degree, Sir Philip's usual good temper; if Maria had remained at Hendon Park, it is possible he might not have recovered his cheerfulness for twelvemonths. I suppose he fell into the common error of thinking, that, since he had removed the cause of his uneasiness, he had also obliterated the image of perfection from my mind. We are all very ready to deceive ourselves, and while we derive pleasure from deception, what ill natured cynic will dare to say that deception is altogether without its use. I wish to Heaven I could check this moralizing disposition of mine. I shall tire out some

readers with the length of variations, and it is two to one if the tenor of some of them does not disoblige many others.

My father was prepared to conduct me to the metropolis; and I had no inducement to render me particularly anxious for delay. I therefore made myself ready with all decent expedition; that is, as soon as I had prevailed upon my tailor to substitute some new apparel for the fine showy uniform to which I had been accustomed; and the morning fixed on for the commencement of my journey at length smiled on us. I went to my Lady Russel to take my leave; but, to my great surprise, I met her at the door of her apartment, habited in a travelling dress. "Mon Dieu!" says I, starting back with astonishment in my countenance. Her ladyship looked angry. I saw she was dis-

pleased, and, having had tolerable command over my wits since Maria had left us, I instantly added, " I was by no means prepared for this pleasure. I had anticipated a dull and tedious journey. How happy am I to find myself deceived!" It was but an awkward essay, and it was awkwardly delivered; but it produced the desired effect. Her ladyship looked very kindly on me, and extended her hand, desiring me to lead her to the breakfast room; adding —" Indeed, my dear Harry, you look the more interesting from your confinement." I pressed her hand to my lips, thanked her for her compliment, and conducted her down the stair-case.

It was a beautiful morning when we took our leave of Hendon Park; and as the carriage rolled beyond the boundaries of the lawn, I could not avoid casting a " lingering look behind," at

a spot which had been to me the scene of such complicated occurrences. I sighed, as the mansion gradually receded from my view, and fell into a fit of musing. Nay, do not start, gentle reader; my musings on this occasion I shall keep to myself. If you have penetration enough to guess at their nature, you are welcome to enjoy the fruits of your discrimination; if not, you must, for the present at least, remain altogether in the dark on the subject. I shall only tell you that the fit continued while we passed over a space of forty miles to the town where it was determined we should dine, and it had so completely occupied my mind, that I cannot tell, from any thing I saw, whether we had been driving over barren heaths or a fertile landscape. Those who know any thing of the country between Hendon Park and Durham, know more about it than I do.

About noon of the fourth day we came within sight of the metropolis. I should have felt tired to death with the length of my journey, had not the " pleasures of imagination" acted as an antidote to the tedium of such a protracted coach-imprisonment. The bustle and varied gaiety of the streets, however, broke the chain of my thoughts, and destroyed my moralizing mood. I had enough to do to stare about me, to wonder at what I saw, and a thousand other employments, in which, wonderful to relate, my mental and bodily faculties most heartily participated. After a residence of a few days, the novelty of the scene wore off, and my thoughts returned into their old channel. Maria reigned supreme.

If I were here to introduce all the *minutia* of a fashionable career, and to

dissertate on the follies, the dissipations, and the *et cetera* of the metropolis, I might easily fill up my volumes, and, after all, tell the reader nothing with which he has not been previously made acquainted, either by very woeful experience, or by an equally woeful perusal of the novels which assume to throw light on the subject. Besides, the amusements which presented themselves to my view, were not of sufficient importance to excite any interest in my mind; and I have made a vow (the reader may call to mind that I am given to swearing) only to dwell on topics which are, in some degree, interesting.

My father wished to hasten my departure to Dover, thinking, no doubt, that when once I was fairly landed in France, there would be little danger of my falling into the way of Maria. I certainly did

not feel anxious to leave my native country in such extreme haste ; as I had been eagerly expecting a reply from Mrs. Radcliffe to a letter which I had written her some days before. It came ; but its contents added to the pangs I had already felt at the separation betwixt us. Sir Philip had exacted a promise from her not to encourage nor permit any correspondence with me ; and the good old lady, after assuring me, that, to Maria, as well as herself, my happiness would ever be inexpressibly dear, recommended me to think only of my beloved girl as a friend whom circumstances and not inclination had snatched from me. I was more outrageous than ever on perusing this letter.—I refused to see any person, except my servant ; although more than once I was urged by my anger to go to Sir Philip, and upbraid him for his unfeeling behaviour. It was un-

feeling both towards his son, and two amiable females, whose only crime was their superiority to the rest of their sex! I say, it was unfeeling; and although I would be the first to vindicate my father from unjust aspersions, and to set out his virtues in the fairest array, I will never defend his conduct, on this occasion, to my Maria.

I replied instantly to Mrs. Radcliffe's letter—it was an answer in the dictation of which love and indignation bore equal shares. I bitterly complained of Sir Philip, and treated every attempt to wean my affections from Maria as ineffectual. "Am I a child," said I, "that the nature of my affections is to be altered at the will and pleasure of another? Have I no feelings to gratify—no heart to palpitate with delight—no bosom to respond to the thrilling touch

of love? Am I but as an animated statue, fixed on a pivot, and liable to be turned to and fro at pleasure, by him who is possessed of the secret spring? I am neither a child nor a statue: I have feelings as men have them, and I have a resolution to pursue that which tends to my happiness, as a man ought to have."

I did not make this extract as a specimen of any thing very fine. It is neither my wish to astonish nor to delight those who may read it: I give it as affording an accurate portrait of the temper of mind in which I wrote: it was a letter, strong without violence, and calculated to impress upon those to whom it was addressed the firmest conviction of the rootedness and invariability of my feelings. I sent it on the next day, and I felt assured there was

no impropriety in my conduct, when I felt the pure glow of pleasure which warmed my heart, as I called to mind the expressions of unalterable affection which I had thus conveyed to Herefordshire.

I had a lock of Maria's hair in my hand. She had put it into my hand at our last interview. It was dearer to me than I can express. As I gazed on the unconscious token, I repeated to it the vows which I had previously made to heaven. There was nothing particular in the scene; nor would the circumstance have proved worthy of this important notice, but for the event to which it gave rise. I say, I had this lock in my hand: it is very probable I was in the act of pressing it to my lips, which I was frequently accustomed to do—when Sir Philip, who had entered

my room unperceived by me, as my thoughts were fully occupied, as well as all my bodily senses, in paying homage to this invaluable gift, passed his hand over my shoulder, and with a loud exclamation of anger, made a movement to snatch it from me. I was aware of his intention, however, before he had time to accomplish his purpose; and, starting from my chair with more rapidity than generally characterized my actions, I overturned my seat, which unfortunately struck him violently on the shins. Had I studied ever so much to feed his rage against me, I could not have succeeded more effectually. I perceived by his countenance, that it was attributed to my impudence, undutifulness, and malignity. He could not have spoken more plainly, had he selected the strongest language. His eyes told me enough!

There is no doubt, had I been in the perfect possession of all my faculties at this moment, that I should have instantly commenced a retreat, without waiting to see what the next circumstance would be. But really my wits were all suspended with dismay, when I saw Sir Philip dancing about the room, rubbing his shins, and displaying more agony in his countenance than a malefactor on the wheel; and it was surely enough to suspend the wits of any son who had inadvertently been guilty of such a mishap to his father. "Good God, sir!" says I. It was the second time I had said "Good God" to him in the course of my life, as the reader may, perhaps, recal to his recollection. The occasions, it is true, were somewhat different. In the first instance the expression escaped from me after he had wounded *my* feelings; in the second, it was uttered after

I had wounded *his*; and this proves to a demonstration that "Good God!" may be applied to very opposite purposes. I beg just to remind the reader that these ideas did not occur to me at the moment the accident took place—my mind was then, he may rest assured, in a very different disposition; but it is now ten years after this event, when the impressions made upon me by the sight of my father's angry countenance, have been nearly obliterated, and when time has cooled the ferment in my bosom—it is now, that I am enabled to sit down temperately, and relate circumstances which agitated me most strongly with a composure which it would have been unnatural, nay even impossible, to have displayed, while the interest and emotion which they created were at their height, and while it required the combined efforts of all the little wits I had to weather the storms which assailed me.

While Sir Philip was capering about the room, (I beg pardon for treating the matter so lightly,) he did not suffer his thoughts to be imprisoned in his bosom; and if every appellation which he in the height of his fury did me the honour to apply to me, had been merited by me, I dare say that very few men would have to boast of more numerous qualities of mind, or more varied nominal distinctions. I refrain from particularizing the epithets; they were such as most men in similar situations would have used, and in equal profusion. The greatest stoic which the world has ever produced, could not have borne such a blow on his shins patiently.

"I'll give myself no more trouble about you," cried Sir Philip, as soon as the pain of his hurt began to subside—"Not contented with insulting me with

your shameful obstinacy, you must also conspire against my life. Tell me instantly, sir, whose is the lock of hair to which you were paying such ardent devotions?" I was no longer disposed to equivocate; Sir Philip had been informed of my real sentiments respecting Maria, and I had no motive for concealment, since this disclosure had taken place. "Sir," says I, "I am grieved at the accident which has taken place. Be assured it was altogether inadvertent." "You lie, you rascal!" interrupted Sir Philip, rubbing his shins with both hands: "you lie, I tell you. But never mind: answer the question I asked you. I say, whose lock of hair—" I didn't suffer him to conclude the question a second time.—"Maria Parker's, sir," says I, in a respectful tone of voice. "And will you have the impudence to tell me so, after you have heard my de-

termination respecting that hussy?"—"Hussy, sir!" says I.—"Yes, Sir, hussy!" says he.—*I says, says I*—"With all due respect to you, sir, as my father, I think you might have found a name better suited for such an amiable girl." It was a very bold speech for me; but I had in many instances lately caught myself making bold speeches, without considering once what might be the consequences which would result from them, or how I should get through them.——

For instance, I was one evening sitting in a coffee-house.—"Sir," says a gentleman, addressing himself to me, "the Irish Catholics are a blood-thirsty set of villains, and our Government is right in keeping them under." Sir," says I, "you have been misinformed on the subject." Now, this was a very bold

reply to a stranger, and so it proved in its effects. "Blood and ouns!" says the stranger, (I didn't know the exact meaning of the expression at the time, but I have since understood it to be a very ungentlemanly oath;) "Blood and ouns!" says he, drawing himself two or three inches nearer me, "that is to say, I tell a lie. I'll have instant satisfaction!" I stared; for I was conscious I had no such an ill-bred intention as that imputed to me. Before I could reply, however, he handed me over a card, of which the following is an exact copy—

TIFFIN,

BUG-DESTROYER

TO

HIS MAJESTY.

No.....Street.

" Really, sir," says I, " I don't understand you, I have no occasion for a gentleman of your profession at present.— " Your card, sir!" says he—" you gave me the lie." I had never till now been called upon for a card; and as I was fresh from the country, it is not to be wondered at that I had neglected to provide myself with such a commodity. " I have no card," says I, " nor did I intend to give you the lie." My opponent was a man nearly six feet in height, and had as ruffianly an aspect to recommend him, as any one of his height in the metropolis. I was scarcely five feet five. Presuming upon this disparity, I suppose, he had thrown all the fury in his composition into his countenance, in order to strike terror into my bosom. I was not easily alarmed. I answered him in a mild but determined tone of voice; there was something in it which told him I knew

little of fear. Whether it was the result of his penetration, or in consequence of of my reply, I knew not, but on a sudden he dismissed the fury from his looks, and assuming an air of suavity, returned, —"That's an apology! very well, sir, as you seem conscious of your error, I'll look over it this time!" While I was endeavouring to digest this curious answer, in order to prepare something equally digestible in return, the gentleman disappeared. I had learnt from the occurrence something which was new to me before, namely, that in the modern acceptation of the phrases, to tell a man he had been misinformed, is to give him the lie, and to say that you had no intention to give him the lie, is to make an apology. I was determined never to speak so boldly again, lest I should fall into the hands of another bug-destroyer, and he should think proper to exercise his calling upon me.

I have only introduced this digression to prove that I was sometimes in the practice of making very bold speeches without thought; but it was not my case alone. "With all due respect to you, as my father, sir," says I, "I think you might have found a name better suited to such an amiable girl." It was once more applying a match to a mine. "Sir," says he, stamping as he spoke, "sirrah, I ought to say, I shall apply to her such a name as I choose, and I know none better fitted to her." "You will at least, sir, I hope, allow me the last privilege of leaving the room while you speak so disrespectfully of her!" As I said this, I coolly walked out of the apartment, before Sir Philip could sufficiently recover from his surprise to detain me.

I did not expect the matter to rest

here—shall I say more? I did not wish it! I resolved, when I had given time to Sir Philip's shins to get easy, and his temper to get cool, I resolved, I say, to renew the subject merely for the purpose of convincing him that my love for Maria was unalterable, and that, come what would, I would never pay those attentions to another, which, after what had passed between that amiable girl and myself, were only *her* due. I should have acted with duplicity had I acted otherwise; and I chose rather to incur the imputation of *unfilial* obstinacy, than that of hypocrisy. I knew that on my firmness at this moment might depend much, very much, perhaps the whole of my future happiness, and I had too much firmness in my disposition to hesitate under such circumstances.

Until the next day, however, I had

no opportunity to see Sir Philip alone. I met him at the meal times in company with Lady Russel, and some friends, (for we scarcely ever sat down to table, without being favoured with the presence of some half dozen fashionable acquaintances,) and even there he had some difficulty to master the violence of his feelings, when he was constrained to speak to me. The observations I made upon this behaviour did not greatly tend to raise my hopes as to the result of the explanations into which I had made up my mind to enter, on the first opportunity.

Sir Philip and I dined *tête-à-tête* on the following day, Lady Russell having gone to a party in the neighbourhood. During the whole of the meal, an unbroken silence was preserved on both sides. Now and then I stole a

glance at Sir Philip, but there was nothing encouraging in the contemplation of his visage. The cloth was removed; not a word passed. Sir Philip even omitted his customary "grace after meat," because he would not suffer me to hear his voice. The wine was placed on the table, and the servant withdrew. Sir Philip filled his glass; I followed his example, and, fixing my eyes on his countenance, "Your health, sir," says I. He attempted to sit still, but it was out of his power; and, after shifting his chair half a dozen times, he burst out, "I won't thank you! you don't wish it, you dog, you don't!" "As sincerely as I wish for my own, sir," says I; "and, indeed, more so, for since I have been so unfortunate as to offend you, my life is not the most enviable in the world." The tears rushed into

his eyes, in a moment: he became more uneasy; but as he endeavoured to conceal his emotion, he replied, "You don't care about offending me; you would kill me, if you dared, that you might marry this girl." "I am not capable of such conduct, sir," I replied. "May your life be continued as long you yourself continue to enjoy it, whatever my situation may be."

He could not resist any longer; his anger was melted down in a moment. Sir Philip had a heart superior to the hearts of the majority of mankind: it was as susceptible of amiable sensations, and of the tender weaknesses of nature, as any heart which ever came from the hands of the Creator. But his temper was violent, and he was unfortunately so bigoted to family pride, that his native goodness, surrounded

and concealed beneath such impenetrable dross, was hard to be found out. Even when he had done most to cross my hopes, and to set together by the ears all the vile passions in my bosom, I could not at intervals avoid making excuses for his conduct, and turning my eye to the brightest parts of his character. I believe he loved me with the truest affection, and I must have been most ungrateful not to love him in return.

"Well, well, Harry," said Sir Philip, "you must consent to forget this Maria Parker, and we shall then find no further cause of dispute. Had he required any other sacrifice at my hands, I could have freely made it; my heart was most kindly disposed towards him; but the instant he named the severe stipulation, all my affection for

him might have been comprised in a nutshell. It withered in a moment. I was too hurt to make a reply; the glass of wine which I held in my hand was half wasted upon the table; my eyes ran over: I felt a sickness within me; and, leaning back in my chair, I actually gasped for breath. Yet with all this visible emotion, I was not sensible of any excruciating excess of agony—my feelings, on the contrary, appeared to be entirely suspended; every faculty seemed to have made a pause in the exercise of its functions; my memory, my ideas, every thing, seemed to have caught the same infection.

Sir Philip saw my emotion, but he deemed it most politic to let it pass over without any apparent notice; and when I had somewhat recovered

myself, calling up considerable cheerfulness into his countenance, he refilled the glass which I had almost emptied, and endeavoured to turn the conversation to some more trivial subject. My sharp and incoherent answers, however, were too particular to remain unobserved. His tone gradually became less affectionate; he grew more reserved; until, at length wearied beyond endurance by my continued perverseness, he exclaimed—"Tell me, sir, what has caused this sudden change in your manners?"

"Sir," says I; and I gathered resolution after I had commenced—"were I to act hypocritically, you would despise me as much as I should despise myself. I should be altogether unworthy of your affection. I never can forget Maria Parker; as long as life

continues, her image must be dear to me beyond all other earthy objects; and the vows which I have made to Heaven must retain their force."— "Sir," says Sir Philip, interrupting me with his usual intemperance when we conversed on this subject, "you have surely not dared to insult Heaven with vows in opposition to the wishes of your father!" "If to place my happiness in the hands of Heaven be insulting," I replied, "I must plead guilty to the accusation. I have made those vows, which no earthly interference can dissolve; and if I cannot obtain Maria Parker, my hand shall never be given, in proof of affection, to another."

Until I had finished the sentence, Sir Philip had set silently, but no sooner did I make a pause, than he rose with vehemence from his chair, and, dashing

his glass to the floor, exclaimed—"As sure as the devil's a thief, a disobedient son is the greatest curse under heaven." I said not a word in answer to this exclamation: I considered that I had sufficiently illustrated my sentiments, and I determined to give him time to digest what I had said, before I ventured any further. Sir Philip had seated himself again, and fell into a musing posture. Frequently he sighed, stole a glance at me, then fixed his eyes on the table, or played with the decanter. How long this thoughtfulness continued I cannot precisely tell; nor have I been able, from that hour to this, accurately to discover the nature of it; the only explanation I have ever received has been derived from circumstances which may or may not have been originated in his mind at that moment. After some pause, however, Sir

Philip once more rose from his chair, and without speaking a word quitted the room.

I was thus left alone to meditate on the singularity of this behaviour, which I endeavoured vainly to penetrate. There could be no doubt that something of an important complexion was passing through his mind; and it was quite as certain, that I was the subject of his thoughts; but, beyond this, all was darkness and perplexity. A thousand ideas suggested themselves to my imagination, but every one seemed, at the best, unsatisfactory. I would have given every thing I possessed to have fathomed the mystery, for I could not divest myself of the apprehension that he might entertain designs against the peace and happiness of Maria. "But I will watch over her," says I to my-

self, "while I have life, and, when I see danger approaching her, like her guardian angel, I will interpose to preserve her." It was well that this soliloquy was entirely mental, for I had not finished it when Crampwell entered the room. Such an interruption was rather unusual, and I had no doubt, from the moment he appeared, that his visit was connected with Sir Philip's thoughtfulness.

I was not deceived; at least, I imagined I was right; for he informed me that he had just received orders from my father to prepare himself and me for our departure on the following morning. "'Tis a sudden resolution," says I. "It is, sir," says Crampwell, "and I know not how to account for it." "But I do," says I; for I had no doubt on my mind that it was in consequence

of the unshaken obstinacy I had displayed during the scene which had taken place since dinner.

I certainly had entertained a very strong wish and intention to see Maria previously to our departure; I had even gone so far as to make the arrangements in my mind for that purpose. But it was now impracticable; and nothing remained but to write, and repeat the assurance I had before conveyed to her. Accordingly, after I had taken leave of Sir Philip, I determined to devote part of the night to this purpose.

About an hour before my customary time of retirement, Sir Philip sent for me. His behaviour was less unkind than I had anticipated. He carefully abstained from the slightest allusion

to the subject which had proved so fatal to our good understanding; and we parted apparently on good terms. Lady Russel seemed really affected at my departure, and gave me her miniature set in pearls. "I will keep it," says I, "and that sacred;" pressing it to my lips. Her ladyship shed tears as she put her arms round my neck, and embraced me. I thought it a favourable moment: I knew her influence over Sir Philip was unbounded; and, immediately opening my whole soul to her on the subject of Maria, I intreated her intercession.

"'Tis but a boyish passion," replied her Ladyship, "and an absence of a few weeks, and other faces, will entirely obliterate it."—"No time nor change of objects can obliterate those impressions which are imprinted on the heart;" I

replied." "You may think differently, my dear Harry, six months hence," answered her ladyship. I shook my head, sorrowfully: I thought her ladyship treated the subject too lightly, and sported with my feelings; for there was a smile of incredulousness playing on her countenance as she spoke. She saw that I was distressed, and her face instantly assumed a more serious appearance. "Well, my dearboy," says she, in a tone which I shall never forget, "should I live to the age of old Parr, if you should continue in the same mind on your return, I will intercede for you." Never was music sweeter to the ear which had just escaped from the trammels of deafness. My conscience struck me violently: I threw myself into her arms; she clasped me to her bosom. How could I till now have

remained insensible to the merits of such a mother!

When I returned to my own room, my mind was a perfect chaos of delight. What an interesting event to disclose to Maria! I was full of the subject, and instantly sat down to give being to my thoughts. My letter was full of animation and hope; not a gloomy sentiment was to be found in it. "If you love me, my Maria," said I, "you will participate in the pleasure I feel—you will unite with me in joyous anticipations of future felicity—you will banish sorrow, and give a loose to hope. Be assured that, though I must traverse remote climates before I can have the felicity of again beholding you, "my heart, untravelled," will remain in the cottage which contains my earthly hope, and all of joy which I can taste under heaven."

The first glimmerings of the dawn visited my apartment before I had sealed up my packet. I had but a few hours to spare. I threw myself on my bed, but my thoughts returned to Maria; I was too delightfully occupied to sleep; and when Bertrand, the domestic who was to accompany me, entered my room to rouse me for my journey, I had not composed myself to forgetfulness. "Sir," says he, "'tis seven o'clock, and the coach sets out at eight." The summons was quickly obeyed; I rose, dressed myself, and, having dispatched Bertrand to the post-office with the packet for Maria, I found myself prepared for my journey.

While the reader imagines that I am travelling from London to Dover, as I can possively assure him that, during that space of time, nothing befel me

beyond the events which usually fall to the lot of travellers—I say, while he imagines this, I may have time to muse and moralize a little. "Here am I going," says I to myself, "to visit foreign countries, as other young men of family and fashion do, while I might have staid at home, and, with greater advantage to myself, have become a proficient in the internal knowledge of my native land." "True," says I again, "but how should I have been able to mix in the fashionable circles, and to cut a figure in society, if I had not been abroad, that I might hold a gaping circle in silent astonishment, while, on my return, I should recite wonderful tales of prodigies which I had never seen; dissertate on the nature of laws and customs which I had never studied; and draw comparisons between the manners of the polished French and

the boorish English? Oh!" I continued, "the advantage of a foreign tour can be no longer dubious; no young man of breeding can expect to be received into genteel company until he has obtained a touch of the licentious levity of France, of the narrow cunning of Italy, of the dark jealousy of Spain, and of the indolent apathy of Holland. A mixture of all these exotic qualities must surely be preferable to the indigenous and old-fashioned honesty, and the native steadiness and candour, which are to be found in England."

I had just satisfied myself of the propriety of visiting foreign countries, having been interrupted several times by the necessary operations of eating and changing, and by the superfluous variations occasioned by the janglings

of a quaker and his wife, who occupied the opposite seat of the coach, and which frequently carried my thoughts, almost imperceptibly, into a different train—I say, I had just satisfied myself of the propriety of visiting foreign countries, when the disciple of the broad brims, who sat before me, put an end to my cogitations, by exclaiming—"Rachel, the end of our journey appeareth in view!" "Doth it, Ephraim?" responded the precise rib; and there ended the dialogue. I could not reconcile myself again to a fit of musing; so I determined to enter into conversation with Ephraim, until we reached the inn.

"Sir," says I. The quaker placed his thumbs in a twirling attitude, and called up such a quaint expression into the form and features of his counte-

nance, that it had well nigh proved fatal to my gravity. I could not venture to proceed until I had gazed earnestly upon him a few moments, to accustom myself to his visage. "Sir," I says at last, just as he was relapsing into his former inattentive position, "at what inn do you mean to stop in Dover to night?" I had previously understood that this loquacious pair was about to proceed to France. "Friend," says he, "we shall tarry wherever the vehicles tarries!" "And by what packet do you mean to go to the continent?" returned I. "By the first which goeth," responded Ephraim. "If the weather doth not prove unfavourable, thou should'st have said," interrupted Rachel. "I spake as it became me, and thou didst commit evil in rebuking me," retorted Ephraim. I was fearful that a serious altercation would

ensue, as I saw a frown gathering on Rachel's countenance. I therefore thought it right to interfere. "We shall be happy to accompany you, as it is my wish to take advantage of the first opportunity." "Thy manner pleaseth me, friend, and we will remain together during the morrow." "If it is agreeable to your lady," I responded. "That which pleaseth me, ought to impart satisfaction to her," said Ephraim. Rachel knitted her brows, but said nothing; and soon afterwards we alighted.

The morning was hazy; the sea ran high, and the wind blew in shore. "It will not do to-day, sir," says an old pilot of whom I had enquired whether a packet would sail during the day. I returned in a meditative mood, and found Crampwell engaged in a very loud and strong

debate with the quaker and his rib on the practice of smoking, my tutor having, as was his usual custom, taken his pipe after I had set out on my walk. "It is a pleasant way of spending an hour, sir," says Crampwell, addressing himself to the quaker, "and I have never repented taking to it." "Humph!" says Ephraim, who seemed more inclined to shun than to court a controversy. "Do you smoke, sir?" asked Crampwell, who was determined not to suffer him to escape so easily. The quaker shrugged up his shoulders; it was a silent way of exclaiming—"Good God!"—"No, friend," says he, after a long pause, while Crampwell smoked at least half a dozen whiffs.—"I count it amongst the wickednesses of the times."

Crampwell was thunderstruck; it was the first time he had heard that smoking

was accounted criminal. He laid his pipe down on the table. "Did I understand you right, sir?" said he, as soon as he could collect his thoughts sufficiently. "I spoke in the most simple language, friend," returned Ephraim; "would'st thou that I should repeat my words?" Crampwell answered in the affirmative. "I hold it a vice," replied the quaker, elevating his voice, as though he was resolved not to be again misunderstood. "How do you make it out to be a vice?" asked Crampwell. The Quaker placed himself in a speaking attitude; it was the operation of some minutes. "Friend," says he, as soon as he had fixed himself to his mind, "I will tell thee. It is an evil habit, because it leadeth to drinking." Crampwell, who had resumed his pipe, once more laid it down, to interrupt the orator. "Your position is wrong, sir; for

I never drink while I smoke." "That may be, friend," says Rachel, "but Ephraim spoke of the general tendency of this monstrous habit." Crampwell was silenced, and Ephraim, after casting a look of approbation on his wife, continued, "It is also an idle custom, inasmuch as it doth lead men to throw away time which ought to be devoted to other purposes." "That is wrong again," interrupted Crampwell again, "for I never smoke but a single pipe at once, and I study while I smoke." Ephraim made a short pause. Rachel was just on the point of interposing again, when her husband recommenced, "It is a habit which savours of conformity to the world, and, driving good thoughts out of the head, it filleth it with—" "Smoke," interrupted Rachel. Ephraim did not seem to relish this conclusion; it probably did not exactly convey his meaning.

Crampwell had finished his pipe, at this part of the discussion, and, having emptied the ashes, he took up the debate. "I'll tell you what, my friends," says he, "I am a very little eater and drinker; but I enjoy my pipe, which serves me as a substitute. Now you are both hearty eaters, and let me ask you which is better, in these scarce times, to eat a great deal, or by smoking a pipe now and then to do with less bread, and leave your portion of this valuable necessary for some poorer member of society?" Ephraim made no reply: Rachel was silent; and Crampwell, who never knew when to stop, proceeded. "While I was smoking my pipe, I smoked your intention; but let me tell you, there is more spirit in my pipe than in your noddle." This irreverent method of speaking rouzed all the anger which was in the Quaker's

composition. "Thou art a profane young man," says he, elevating his voice much above its usual pitch: "I say, thou art profane, and there is wickedness in thee." "Yea, very much wickedness," continued Rachel. Crampwell was not of a quarrelsome turn; but, to use his own expression, he had never any objection to quiz a puritan; and he was just on the point of pursuing his favorite diversion to the annoyance of the starched pair, when my entrance put an end to the argument.

"I fancy, sir, we must content ourselves to spend one day more in England," says I, addressing myself to the Quaker. He might have given his answer to the winds with as much effect as to me, for the idea of leaving England brought with it the idea of leaving one who was in England; and, in an

instant her image stood before "my mind's eye," as beautiful and as interesting as when she gave me hope. I was unconscious that I had uttered a word: I knew not that any one was present; my thoughts were too tyrannical to be restrained, and in my fit of absence I exclaimed aloud, "To-morrow, and the ocean will divide me from my love!" The sound of my own voice recalled my scattered senses. I started, looked round me in dismay, and saw Ephraim, Rachel, and Crampwell, looking at me, the former with a gaze of mingled pity and alarm, and the latter with strange wonder in his countenance. I inwardly cursed my own stupidity and folly for suffering my feelings so far to get the better of my reason as to place me in such an awkward predicament. "I beg your pardon," says I, as soon as I could find my wits, "my

thoughts were wandering back to those I have left behind me. I was not conscious of the impropriety I was committing, until it was too late to check myself." "There needeth no apology, friend," returned Ephraim; "there remaineth no doubt on my mind that thy thoughts were most pleasantly engaged." —"My remembrance," says Rachel, "travelleth back to the time when I gave way to similar reflections."— "Humph!" says Crampwell, in a low voice, "I never heard much of this love before."

Crampwell's reply made more impression in my mind than either of the others. I had, until now, carefully kept from him the slightest intimation of my affection for Maria. But all my precautions were now rendered unavailing. I had betrayed that I was

in love, and I knew very well that the remaining part of the secret was much more easy to be discovered. I was never much more out of humour with myself; "and yet," says I to myself, on reflection, "why should I so lament at the communication of a circumstance, which is known to every one else:" Crampwell would, probably, have discovered it by my letters, for I had promised to Maria, to write to her from every town after I had quitted England; and it was most likely, from the frequency of my epistles, that he might have been led to form some suspicions of the truth. I generally was pretty happy in bringing about a reconciliation, after I had quarreled with myself; but whether this success arose from any particular excellence in my art of peace-making; or whether it was solely attributable to the amiable dispositions

of the belligerent parties, I do not pretend to decide. On this occasion I was almost tempted to go immediately aside with Crampwell, and tell him the whole of my secret. "Thou art a fool," says Discretion; "it will be time enough to do this when he finds out the whole, and begins the subject of his own accord." I listened very attentively to the end of the expression, and, feeling its propriety, I determined to follow it. Who will censure me for rendering such ready obedience to Discretion?"

After dinner, the wind varied, and Bertrand brought in the captain of a packet which was on the point of sailing. We struck the bargain with him. "When wilt thou sail?" asked Ephraim. "In half an hour, my old commodore," says the sailor, "so bear a hand, and get your luggage on board."—"Thou shouldst

speak in simple language, friend," says Rachel. "Why damn it, so I do!" retorted the tar.—"And without swearing, friend," interrupted Ephraim. "I couldn't live without swearing, my old boy," returned the captain, turning on his heel, and, taking up a portmanteau which belonged to the quaker, he walked out of the room, followed by Bertrand, with two or three of the trunks belonging to me.

The captain's profaneness appeared to have made much impression on the quakers, particularly on Rachel, who carried her abhorrence to such lengths, as even to declare that she would not trust herself in his vessel, a resolution which gave evident alarm to Ephraim, who was anxious to expedite their departure. "Tut, ma'am," says Crampwell," why need you trouble yourself

whether the captain swears or prays? your goodness will more than compensate for any sinfulness of his."—Crampwell was by no means a favourite since the affair of the morning's discussion; Ephraim and Rachel, whenever they looked at him, showed symptoms of disapprobation; but this religious compliment worked a wonderful effect upon the stiff lady. She even viewed Crampwell with complacency, as she replied—"Young man, thou dost think more highly of me than I deserve." "Yea, verily, doth he," said Ephraim. No reply was made to this remark; but Rachel suffered her scruples to be overcome, and we were soon seated in the cabin of the packet.

Unfortunately for the peace of the passengers, Ephraim and Rachel fell into a theological dispute, in which both so ob-

stinately maintained their arguments, and that in such a vociferous tone of voice, that I was fain to escape from the discord, by ascending, and seating myself on the deck.

The afternoon was serene and clear: the mist was dispersed: and the sun as it majestically rode down the heavens, threw its golden tints on the billows, and added richness to the natural beauty of the scene. The cliffs of Albion, on the one side, gradually receding, and the coast of France on the other, rapidly nearing us, added interest to the scene. "Farewell, ye native landscapes!" says I to myself—"the seat of beauty and virtue; ye teem with a delight to my bosom superior to any which the verdant vallies of France can afford—ye are dearer to my soul than the gardens of Montpelier, or the vineyards

of Burgundy. The pang which I feel on parting from you, can only be equalled by the pleasure I shall derive from beholding you again." I should have continued much longer; but I was interrupted in the midst of my secret ejaculations by Crampwell, who came upon deck to allure me back with the assurance that Ephraim and Rachel had ceased to jar.

Amongst the passengers was a French lady, whose dress, manners, and conversation, bespoke her nobility. I had scarcely observed her when I first entered the cabin, but on my return with Crampwell, I could not avoid noticing her. The room was full, and my entrance causing some confusion, she let fall her fan. I stepped forward, and took it up. In handing it to her, the vessel suddenly reeled, threw me forwards, and

my head fell on the lady's shoulder. I was confused, and attempted something like an apology. " 'Twas not thy fault, friend," said Ephraim. " There was no need of an apology, Monsieur," returned the lady in the sweetest tone imaginable, while a smile played on her countenance. She extended her hand to me, according to the French manner; politeness demanded that I should take it; but, when I had got hold of it, I knew no more what to do with it than if it had been the vessel's helm. I was ignorant of the etiquette on such occasions. I had not yet visited France; but I thought if I kissed it, I could not do any harm. I did so; she instantly withdrew it, with a rebuke in her countenance; but at the same time made room for me to sit beside her. I did not seem to notice the frown, but took my seat without hesitation.

"I regret, Monsieur, that we had not the pleasure of your company earlier," says the lady, after she had given herself time to recover from her *flustration*. "The regret is reciprocal," returned I, "but I was not aware of the loss I sustained during my absence." I don't know how I got through it; it had the turn and air of a compliment, but it wanted grace to make it a passable one. I hardly knew myself what I meant by it. It was taken better than it was offered. The lady laid her hand upon mine: it really was a dangerous experiment, after the blunder I had just before committed. I did not dare to repeat my compliment: to avoid the temptation, therefore, I withdrew my hand. It certainly was not a very polite movement; I will go farther, it was rude; but I did it very innocently.

The lady seemed confounded by my strange behaviour; I ventured to look at her; our eyes met; there was an expression of resentment in her's which redoubled my perplexity: I cast mine to the ground. All this was done in silence, and did not occupy the space of thirty seconds. Ephraim was the only person in the company who noticed my distress; had he been blind or tongue-tied, I might have escaped an increase of it. "Friend," says he, "thou seemest to be in a strange way." If I was confounded before this expression, what must I have been afterwards, when every one gazed on me at the same moment, to find out the strange way I was in? I dare say Ephraim meant kindly; I cannot doubt the sincerity of his intentions; but it was not the first time that kind motives had taken a most unkindly method to display themselves.

I stole another glance at my fair companion in perplexity—it did not diminish my agitation.—" Madame," says I to myself, " Ephraim might with truth have extended his remark to you."

But I was all this time sinking deeper in the mire. Ephraim listened for my answer; and every one in the cabin, the lady excepted, seemed to be on the tiptoe of expectation. It was necessary to say something. I tried to laugh; but I question very much whether the essay showed more of pleasure or of affliction. It would not do to trust in this effort: so summoning up all the spirits and wits I had at my command, I replied—" Only a mere trifle, sir; a sort of discomposure—that is, of painful—" I don't know how the devil I should have got through.—I had begun awkwardly—I had not mended in my progress—and

I dare say the conclusion would have been fatal to my credit, but at this very critical moment, the vessel made such a confounded heave, that we were all suddenly jerked from our seats. The French lady fell upon me, on one side, and Rachel on the other. Ephraim was stretched in the middle of the cabin; and Crampwell was thrown across him. The chain of my dilemma was broken—it was a blessed shock!

The mutual condolences which passed, after every one had returned to their seats, and the examination of the diversified bruises of the various performers in this tragi-comic pantomime, completely banished the remembrance of the late perplexity. My fair companion had, as I presumed, sustained no injury; but, for the soul of me, I dared not to make a single enquiry;—I

was fearful lest the slightest notice should revive the circumstance. Ephraim was too much occupied in endeavouring to stop the bleeding of his nose, and Rachel in rubbing her forehead, which was slightly marked, to think any more of me or my companion. "It surely was an interference of Providence," says I to myself.

I could have wished much to make my peace with my new acquaintance. The fan, which at first led to our acquaintance, had, during the late confusion, dropped on the floor between us. "It may serve me a good turn again," says I myself. I did not trouble myself about it immediately—I had formed my plans more deeply.—Presently, she put down her hand to search for it—the evening was setting in, and the cabin was growing dark;—

this was the favourable instant. I followed her example in silence—our hands met—mine grasped hers—it was a squeeze of reconciliation—she did not attempt to extricate it. "Worse and worse," says I to myself; "what the devil shall I do now?" I certainly had no intention to carry matters to such a height. A pressure, *en passant*, was all I had expected or wished.

It was too late, however, to complain. I had sought the lady's kind offices, and it was but right to receive them with due respect and becoming gratitude. "But why the deuce doesn't she extricate her hand," says I to myself. An Englishwoman, had she meant ever so affectionately to a stranger, would not have suffered him to retain her hand. "True," says I again, "but Englishwomen are cold, phlegmatic beings, nothing

like your light, lively, warm French ladies." The contrast was striking; but I wanted an example to oppose to my forward companion: Maria suggested herself to me. "What!" says I to myself, so vehemently as almost to amount to a whisper; "compare the modest, lovely Maria to this French———." I didn't stop to finish the expression, but, with a sort of a jerk, almost amounting to an indication of disgust. I let go the hand I had held till now. The uncommon rudeness of the movement never occurred to me, until I was too late to check it. "Good God!" says I to myself, "this is the second offence. I will never attempt to be gallant any more."

I had not much time, however to brood over this new breach of good breeding, before the captain entered the

cabin, and congratulated us on our entrance into the port of Calais. "In a few moments," says he, "we shall come to an anchor." The communication was extremely agreeable to me; for I was heartily tired of my voyage; not that I disliked the water, or the vessel, or the company—no, it was none of these; but I had committed so many follies during the passage, and had rendered myself so ridiculous in my own estimation, that I was anxious to get into new company, and to begin a new career. In a few minutes, we came to anchor.

Whoever sets out on a continental tour, must, or at least ought to be, well-stored with patience of every description; for, if he expects to meet with the same quantum of attention and civility as in England, he will find himself

mightily deceived. He has no business to move out of his own country, unless he can make up his mind to pay extravagantly for miserable accommodations; to restrain his wants until it suits the will and the convenience of those around him to contribute to their removal; and to put up with every insult which flippant ignorance may think proper to afford him. All this I had heard from many mouths, and read in many books, before it entered into my head to pay a visit to any country beyond my own; but I was doomed to discover the truth of the statement before I had set a foot on shore.

"Monsieur, vat luggage is yours?" asked a sorry-looking fellow, who advanced beyond a crowd of mendicant rascals that lined the shore. I pointed to the boxes which Bertrand had piled

on the deck. "Begar, all dat!" cried the puny *garçon*, for he was but a boy in appearance; and before I had time to make a reply, he was out of hearing. "Stay, Monsieur," said the French lady, laying her hand, (the very same identical hand which had caused me so much trouble already)—"Stay, Monsieur," says she, laying this hand familiarly on my left arm; "you are not acquainted with the customs of our country." "You are too good, Madam, to teach them to me," said I, laying my right hand upon her's. I I dare say she thought I was going to be rude again, for she instantly withdrew her hand. I could swear that my face was as red as scarlet, but I said not a word—nothing like an apology for the past—nothing like an assurance or the future. There was nothing particular in her look or manner, as she

made the movement; they were both perfectly unembarrassed. "What inconsistent, unreasonable creatures we are," says I to myself; "one moment we censure the sex for levity; another, we condemn their reserve."

The lady, who had advanced a few paces before me, had by this time returned with two stout men. "These, Monsieur," says she, "assisted by your servant, and a sailor, will be sufficient to carry our trunks to the hotel d'Angleterre—it is scarcely a hundred steps from the quay."—"And do you go to the hotel d'Angleterre, madam?" asked I. "You shall conduct me thither," says she, putting her arm within mine. "Good God," says I to myself—"into what sort of hands have I fallen!" There was no alternative; the men had hoisted the luggage on their shoulders. "To the

hotel d'Angleterre!" cried the lady, and they were already on the road. "Tis a bad house," says I to myself; "or the the ladies of France are astonishingly kind in their conduct to strangers." I turned round, to see if any one was near me. Rachel and Crampwell were in close conversation, while Ephraim regarded me with a serious look. "Beware, friend; thou art in danger," says he, shaking his head. "To the hotel d'Angleterre!" says I, in an audible voice. There was no time for any further delay; I suffered myself to be moved forward, and we soon reached the hotel.

The lady's right arm was passed through my left, and her hand was pressed against my bosom. I was uneasy, for I was aware that the pressure was not accidental. My heart palpitated

to an excess. I felt much alarmed— "Would to God," says I to myself, "that I out of this woman's company!" She appeared to be acquainted with my disorder, and determined to increase it. "You seem agitated, Monsieur," says she, placing her hand more closely against my bosom. "God God!" says I.

"Mon Dieu! monsieur," replied the lady with unusual quickness, "are you unwell?" The question recalled me to my senses. We had reached the door of the hotel. The sight of Crampwell close at my heels relieved me. I answered in the negative.

"What stay do you make in Calais, madam?" I asked, as we seated ourselves in a roomy apartment. "I shall set out for Paris to-morrow morning, mon-

sieur," she replied; "do you travel that way?" "Which way, madam?" says I; for instead of paying attention to her answer, I had been engaged in enquiring of myself what evil dæmon tempted me to ask such a question, since I would have died, or returned, rather than have her company any further. "Which way, madam?" says I.—"Which way, monsieur!" says she, "why to Paris to be sure." "Really, madam," says I, "I wish I were not obliged to go by way of Amiens." This was one of my bold speeches, for I knew no more whether Amiens lay in the direct road to Paris or not, than I did of the situation and manners of the man in the moon. Unfortunately, I was wrong.—"Amiens," says she, smiling; "why that lies directly in the road." If I had called to mind a few circumstances which had escaped

from my memory, I might have known that Amiens did lie in the road; but I was determined to put on as good a face as possible. "Amiens, madam, did I say?" says I—"why, God bless me, I meant Boulogne." "There is some difference, monsieur;" says she, "I can no longer hope for the pleasure of you company."

My heart bounded with extasy on hearing this reply. "She may not, after all, be so bad as my fears have represented her." I upbraided myself for the illiberality I had evinced towards her, and determined to compensate for my rudeness by unbounded acts of future politeness. I attempted to carry my resolution into immediate effect, but I found myself so completely out of my element, that I was glad to plead a severe head-ach as an excuse for an early retirement.

" Is The French lady gone yet, Bertrand?" says I, when my servant called me in the morning. " No, sir," says he; "she is waiting breakfast for you." " The devil!" says I, rising, and putting on one stocking; and in my haste to account for this strange conduct on the part of my fair companion, I fell into a fit of musing. " Will your honor please to put on your other stocking," says Bertrand, after waiting half an hour to give me time to proceed. I made no reply, but ventured a little further; when I was stopped again by a second meditation, which might have lasted much longer than the former, had not Bertrand once more reminded me that the lady waited breakfast for me.

We were alone at breakfast; but it was nearly a silent one—my thoughts had wandered back to my native land

and to Maria; and my companion, probably too much vexed by my taciturnity to endeavour to win back my ideas, was engaged in calculating how many drams of stupidity Dame Nature had mixed up in the essence of my existence. What was the result, however, I cannot possibly tell: had I been inclined to make the inquiry, the opportunity was not allowed me, for the waiter appeared to acquaint the lady that the chaise was waiting for her.

She rose, and made a distant courtesy. "I will conduct you to the chaise, madame," says I, catching up my hat in one hand, as I took her proffered hand in the other. We walked to the door before a word passed between us.—"You live in Paris, madam, I presume?" says I. "I do, Monsieur," says she. "We may meet again, perhaps,"

returned I. " I trust we shall," replied she. I felt no terrors now; a step more, and I should not see her again, consequently there was no danger.—" May I ask," says I, " for whom I shall enquire when I reach Paris?" Her hand rested on my shoulder; I felt it tremble: we were at the chaise door—the step was down. I approached my lips nearer to her ear, to repeat my question. She saw the movement, and inclined herself to meet me: by some accident, her foot slipped, she fell into my arms, and my lips touched her cheek. She recovered herself in a moment, sprang into the chaise, and leaving a folded paper in my hand, as she bad me adieu, exclaimed —" that will inform you of my residence." At the same moment the postilion gave his horse the lash, and the chaise drove out of the yard.

END OF VOL. I.

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