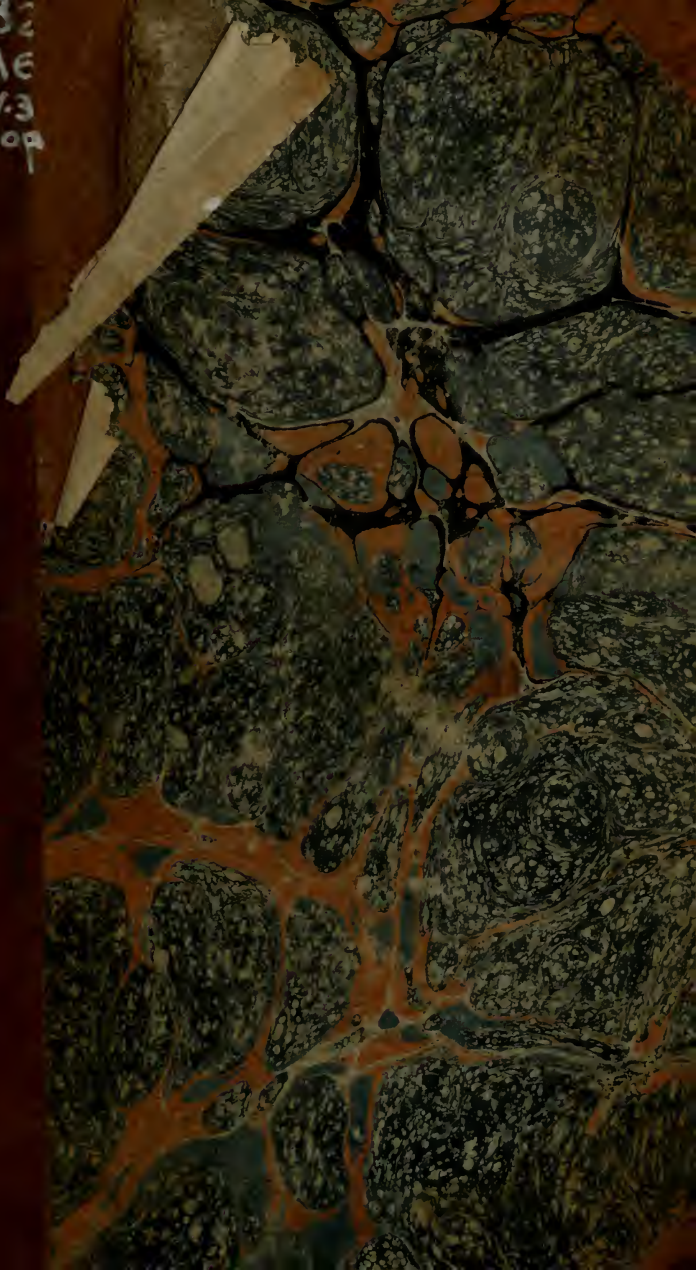


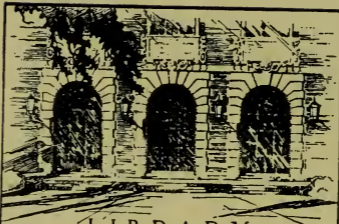
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MEMOIRS  
OF  
BRYAN PERDUE:

A NOVEL.

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BY  
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1805.

C. Mercier and Co. Printers,  
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MEMOIRS  
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CHAPTER I.

*A serious Question taken for granted:  
friendly Anxieties: Love not an irre-  
sistible Passion, or the Point argued;  
ludicrous Despair.*

YOUNG and ardent as I was, subject to all the inflammatory passions, delighting in whatever afforded food for the imagination, I had inevitably been a great reader, not only of poetry and plays, but, of romances, fairy tales, and novels. In almost all of these, I found the doctrine, that love is an irresistible

passion, either directly taught or admitted, as the principle on which the story was founded. I therefore took it for granted that the disease of my mind was unconquerable, and that Henrietta must be mine, or that some one of the tragical deaths of lovers must be my fate. For many months I had been gradually working myself up to a belief that she should and would be mine.

Henry, who had a sincere esteem for me, and on whom the distraction of mind in which he had last seen me made no little impression, finding I did not visit him and his beloved Marianne on an evening, as I had done lately, came to seek me.

The state of my mind was but too visible on my countenance. Henry, however, whose sagacity and delicacy were great, conferred as it were with his own mind, that he might discover



which way it might be possible to relieve me from my error, without personal appeal, or a contest of argument and intellect, in which it was more than probable that vanity and obstinacy would contribute to my injury, and confirm those false opinions which he wished to eradicate.

It very naturally happened that I inquired after his happiness, and spoke with a deep and feeling regret that others could not be as fortunate as himself. This gave rise to the following dialogue: in reply to my remark, Henry said——“ We are but ill judges of the happiness of others.”

“ Why do you make that observation? Are you not married to the woman on whom your love was so fixed that, without her, frenzy, death, or some strange misery, must have been your lot?”

“ I am married to the woman whom

I do and shall for ever love, and am much happier indeed than I deserve to be.”

“Pshaw! that is talking idly. Your friends are reconciled; nay they are as happy as you are yourself; they are rich, you have your establishment, are empowered honorably to maintain your wife and pursue your studies, and, if you can complain of unhappiness, well may I.”

“I did not: I meant only to say I am not so happy as I might have been; and that, during a certain period, my error gave me strong affliction, which, however well it might be deserved, required every effort to support.”

“You talk now at your ease.”

“You are a witness that I say nothing but the truth.”

“I do not mean to dispute the sincerity or the goodness of your heart; but, having obtained the woman you

loved, you will find it difficult to convince me that your sufferings, however real, were not rather the effect of caprice than of sound understanding."

"Do you then think that we owe nothing to the feelings of parents, who have devoted themselves to our happiness, who for a number of years have been unremittingly anxious for our welfare, and who, to the utmost of their knowledge and ability, have afforded us every source of instruction, and communicated every good within their power. If I do not understand this question, I understand nothing! Grant, however, that it were caprice; from the mistakes of caprice we are the most liable to suffer. Why did I so readily take upon me to assert, lovely and admirable though I have found my Marianne to be, that she was the only woman on earth who could make me happy?"

“The only one whom you knew: at least the only one perhaps whom you could hope to obtain: and you were fortunate enough to have her thrown as it were upon your mercy, and with the rare and exquisite enjoyment of being able to bestow happiness upon her whom your heart adored. Oh, that I had that power!”

“The blessing was indeed ineffable, and one that, while I have life, will give me transport to recollect! But to confirm one truth does not destroy another. The desire to make her mine was no less virtuous than it was delightful to my heart. I may, and I sincerely believe shall, be happier with her than I should have been with any other woman: still, however, so far as I supposed the happiness and utility of my life must be lost, were we to be separated, I was wrong; under the influence of violent passion, and unable to

recollect or perceive the truth. Virtuous and highly amiable though Marianne be, she is not the only virtuous and highly amiable woman on earth."

"But the only one, I say, whom perhaps you might ever be able to obtain."

"That is uncertain: but, suppose it true, it only happened to be my peculiar good fortune to meet with her. And suppose the power to obtain her had not been mine? Must I therefore have sunk under an imaginary loss? How many beautiful objects are there in the world, how many treasures, which for themselves men might desire, but which they do not, because they are sensible their desires would be vain! In romances, written perhaps with much imagination but with little moral feeling, it is the essence of a story that a knight-errant should fall in love with a princess. Men may read such ro-

mances till they think themselves permitted to fall in love with the first princess they may happen to see, or to hear described: but, in such a case, their fellow-citizens must always consider them as mad. I was not far from the same unhappy condition, when I refused to put the decision of my fate to my parents. Bryan [he affectionately took my hand and pressed it] my heart bleeds, when I recollect my own dishonest, undutiful, and unworthy behaviour!"

"Your feelings were very different before your marriage."

"They were strangely erroneous! For a man to say there is but one woman who is worthy of me, there is but one with whom I can be happy, or there is not another on earth possessed of so many perfections, is to be guilty of an absurd supposition with respect to himself, and to commit flagrant in-

justice on the female sex. That people before they marry should have a sincere and tender affection for each other, that their love should be founded on their mutual admiration of excellence, and that there should be a mutual preference of each other, is so just, that a virtuous marriage can scarcely be made without these requisites: but that any one should say I must have the person whom I now admire; or I never can admire any woman on earth, and shall be guilty of some folly, or indiscretion, is surely neither conformable to virtue nor to sound understanding. Should we not call the man absurd who, beholding a beautiful mansion and park, were to say 'that must be mine, or I shall be for ever wretched! I will continually lament, I will continually accuse, I know not whom or what, the world, the fates, my stars, or any other imagi-

nary phantom, or, if the owner do not give it me, I will cast myself into the water that ornaments his lawn, and punish him by putting an end to my own sufferings!' Would it not be as childish as if he were afterward to add, 'my wretched ghost shall haunt him after I am dead, to punish him for his injustice.' "



## CHAPTER II.

*The Self-willed hard to be convinced : the  
Capricious are prone to complain : a  
Master Passion : a Lover's nightly  
Ramble : the Resources of Imagina-  
tion : Love and a Vestal Virgin :  
Imagination can cheat itself.*

UNABLE to endure the strength of reasoning of Henry, the justice with which he asserted the general claims of women, and the dignity of man, and the ludicrous light in which he placed the opposite opinion, I suddenly interrupted him by exclaiming—  
“ Whether your arguments be true or false, I cannot endure them ! I see they are aimed at me, however you may apply them to yourself, and they do

but add to my wretchedness! I can and will think only in the way that I have so long thought, and in which all the world thinks except yourself."

"By no means: believe me, Bryan, you are mistaken. I have not invented this doctrine; it has been taught me: I never doubted of its truth, however I may have acted."

"Well, well! suffer me to act, and, as for my doubts, they are of little consequence."

Henry, finding he could produce no better effect, invited me first to take a calm moon-light walk, and afterward to sup and sit half an hour with him and Marianne. I complied, and this incident, friendly as Henry's intention was, did but furnish fresh food for complaint, accusation, and supposition of misery. The moment of child-birth approached for Marianne, and the attention and tenderness of Henry, the

sweet sympathy that reigned between them, and the even superior happiness of which I supposed myself to be forever robbed, were but like devilish engines in the hands of the torturer. Truly has it been said, that, *the mind is the sole seat of happiness.*

To how many expedients does this said mind of man resort, in order to rid itself of present sensations! Generally, when self-recollection most is wanted, it is absent; and the total want of it is the grand characteristic of folly. In vain I endeavoured to lose all sense of my griefs by dissipation, and at gaming houses! At that moment, I could not be dissipated; I could not game; I could create no desire either to win or lose, could feel no ambition, and had not the least craving, either for money or fame.

The season was winter, and, insensible to wet or cold, I was accustomed to pass the fore part of the night in

pacing under the windows of Henrietta. From that spot I should never have moved, while darkness could conceal me, had I not disdained altercation with the watchman, and shrunk from the thought that he might publish my imbecility to the sneers and mockery of the neighbourhood.

My experience at this period has induced me, since, deeply to reflect on the truth of my dear friend Henry's doctrine, and to feel how pernicious a maxim it is, to inculcate, among youth, that the passion of love is in its own nature irresistible. It becomes indeed irresistible, in sanguine and persevering minds, when once they are persuaded that this detestable doctrine is true: but men, alas, from their infancy, are nurtured in a variety of falsehoods, of which this is but one. They are even taught deception, by way of trick: whereas childhood, in particular, should

encounter nothing but open sincerity, and a clear and intelligible statement of facts. How sophisticated is the brain of man by the time that he becomes an adult!

For my own part, the image of Henrietta so continually was before me, and the dread that I should never embrace her and happiness was such torture to thought, that the only relief I could find was in haunting the places which I either knew or supposed she frequented. I had heard it was customary for the young ladies under Mrs. Vaughan to walk in Kensington gardens, and I never failed to walk there myself for hours every day.

I knew the pew in which she sat in St. George's church, Hanover-square, and whenever St. George's church was open, there I was to be found. The times when I knew that she and her companions were to be there, I hid myself in corners, that I might catch an occa-

sional ecstatic glance of the object of my adoration, without exposing myself to the taunts or the pity of her companions.

My eccentric regularity soon began to be noticed, by the pew-opener ; but an occasional half crown made her my very devoted humble servant.

I endeavoured to find out the tradesmen, with whom Henrietta dealt, that I might have the gratification, if possible, of making some trifling purchase at the same shops.

I literally verified the lovers' old assertion, of kissing the ground on which she trod ; at least the greensward path, in Kensington gardens, where I supposed she walked, which I frequently kissed with a strange infatuation.

One day, as I was passing a plaster-model shop, I saw the figure of a vestal virgin, which I immediately fancied was her exact resemblance. I hurried

into the shop, purchased it, took it in my arms, and, under the pretence of praising its antique and Grecian beauties, gave vent to my own imaginary raptures.

I then hurried home with it, for I would not have quitted it for kingdoms, most carefully guarding against passengers, and every accident that might injure my precious treasure. On any other occasion, my false pride would have risen in arms at being myself the porter of such luggage.

When at home, I placed it before me, traced in it all the sweet proportion, the simple graces, the chaste thoughts, and the divine beauties of Henrietta! I stood contemplating it in an undescribably melancholy ecstasy.

So entirely was I lost in imagination, that I began to converse with it, to utter my tender and passionate complaints, to ask most piteous questions,

to reason with it, and to implore compassion.

How excellently, and with what force of ridicule, did this trifling incident show the absurdity of the supposition, that love is irresistible; since the imagination could thus put the cheat upon itself, and, Henrietta not being present, could transfer all its raptures to plaster of Paris! It is concerning the due regulation of the fancy, and the various powers of the mind, that education ought principally to be employed.



## CHAPTER III.

*The odious Nature of Envy, and the supposed Injustice of Henrietta: Affections of Mind: a short Dialogue: an Event pleasing in itself but dreadful to me.*

WHILE my thoughts thus eternally dwelt on Henrietta, it was not possible that I should forget my hated rival, Lord Campion. How strangely perverse are the desires of men when under the influence of their odious passions! I hoped to find the man who dared to love Henrietta, and be my rival, the most disgusting of mortals. I would have willingly loaded him with ugliness, ridiculous folly, principles to be abhorred, and, briefly, with every bodily and mental deformity. The character that

I heard of him, happily, was the very reverse. Every person I questioned spoke in his praise, every inquiry I made redounded to his honor. I could fix on him no stain or blemish, and my heart sunk within me to find he was so good.

It was a still greater affliction to hear that he adored Henrietta; but the deepest and mortal sting was, that, in return, her affection was as pure and as ardent as his own. This was indeed a maddening thought: whenever it came over me, distraction possessed me wholly. Had she obeyed the dictates of cruel parents, my absurd romance then supposed, it might have been supportable; but that she could love any man, except he who had saved her from the raging flames, was, in my decision, injustice so hateful that it was not to be forgiven! Whenever it was recollected, not the person of Henrietta, but her conduct, was declared

hateful, and my thoughts were full of maledictions.

The various passions of my soul had each their turn to reign; while some corroded others seemed to sooth my heart. When I was walking where she had walked, or kneeling to pray where she had knelt to pray, milder emotions possessed me; when I addressed my vestal virgin, as if Henrietta were present, again my affections were soothed, and sometimes appeared to sympathize with those of the object to whom they were addressed.

One morning, passing my favorite church early, I unexpectedly found the doors open, and gladly entered. I was soon in the seat of Henrietta, kneeling on the cushion where I imagined she had knelt, and pretending to pray to the deity while thinking of her. I made her future happiness my prayer, and that thought gave me a

sweet tenderness of feeling that was delightful.

The pew-opener, however, no sooner saw me than I was disturbed: "she begged my pardon, but I must not stay there; she expected the bride and bridegroom every minute, and people, when they came to be married, were seldom behind their time."

My heart instantly took the alarm. "Why," said I eagerly, "do you want this particular pew?"

"Oh, because it is the family pew; it is the young lady's own seat who is to be the bride."

"Do you know the young lady?"

"To be sure I know her, Sir; she is a constant church-goer."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know that I ought to tell on such an occasion, but I can't refuse *you*, Sir. It is the beautiful Miss Saville."

I could ask no more ; the paleness of death came over me : the woman observed it, and I scarcely had strength to move from the pew.

The misery of mind into which this long succession of false imaginations had led me, and which I suffered at this moment, was too great ever to be forgotten ! Oh that my warning voice could for ever deter young people from falling into the same absurd and dangerous mistakes !

I had scarcely removed from the pew before I saw Mr. Saville enter the church, leading up the bride toward the altar, and followed by the well-formed, manly, and happy youth, who was to be the bridegroom. I had scarcely strength enough to shun being seen.

My head hanging, my limbs almost lifeless, the blood forsaking my heart, and my eyes swimming in tears, I left the church. I saw no more : I could

endure to see no more: I called a hackney coach, in this state was brought home, and, having entered my apartment, shut myself up and flung my body on the floor.

Of the length of time that I remained in this pitiable state I have no knowledge; and I make this relation purely to guard youth against the danger of encouraging the false idea that, if such or such a wish, which they may form, be not gratified, they themselves must inevitably be miserable. It is but too true that, by entertaining such notions, they do themselves create the necessity, and their misery indeed becomes inevitable. It is no less true that, in the nature of things, if they were not to entertain and cherish such extravagant opinions, the happiness of their lives would not depend on the gratification of them.

Like mountain torrents after violent

storms, a revulsion of the passions took place; despair and fury wholly possessed my mind, and I started up, in the moment of my frenzy, seized the poker, and dashed the figure of the vestal to pieces.

No sooner had I done it, than a momentary horror seized my soul! Whether it was Henrietta that I had thus struck, and demolished, or what it was, I had no distinct perception, but I stood petrified and aghast!

To this succeeded various other extravagances of the mind: penitence, accusation, reviling, hatred, despair, and finally lassitude, under which I once more sunk!

## CHAPTER IV.

*A common Perversity of Mind: the Sight of Happiness a Cause of Dissatisfaction: the Passions of Youth: petty Ambition: Reasons why I was admired: a Specimen of my poetical Efforts.*

FURTHER to describe the frenzy in which I indulged is unnecessary: passions so violent gradually cool, if they do not suddenly destroy. The common operation of the mind is, when hope is entirely lost, that it ceases to torment itself; or, for having lost this strange pleasure in one direction, it seeks a fresh source of misery by way of revenge.

This was exactly my case. Since I could not indulge what, under other circumstances, might have been the vir-



tuous passion of my heart, I determined to give a loose to those passions which justly deserve to be characterized as vicious. The house of Henry was neglected by me, and half forgotten: it brought no pleasant associations to my mind; I did not wish to witness his connubial happiness; I had no desire to view objects that must bring Henrietta, and all the warring passions, back to recollection; I had an aversion to listen to advice, to give an account of my conduct, or to be catechized.

The grand stimulus to good, and that which had put a partial restraint on irregular desires, was gone: I had no longer any hopes of Henrietta, I had no fears to disoblige her, and, since I had not been able to gain her affections by saving her life, nor by any other exertion of virtue, which accident might be said to have led me to the practice

of, the strength of the youthful passions, and the wildness of my imagination, which was great, had now but little curb.

This was the fatal period at which the spirit of my father began to work powerfully in me: gaming, drinking, and the company of improper women, I no longer considered as things to be avoided, but as blessings to be coveted, and the pleasures proper to youth.

Constitutionally, habitually, and from my mode of education, I was doomed to suffer strong passions: fortunately, I had a certain sense of rectitude, and strength of understanding, which, though they could not subject them, prevented them from being as mischievous as they otherwise undoubtedly must have been.

I associated with fools and knaves, for they were necessary to the gratifica-

tion of my desires; but I knew them to be such, and despised them, although I did not shun their practices.

At various intervals, I had the petty ambition to be various insignificant and worthless things: for a little while, I was a *bon vivant*, studied comic and bacchanalian songs, told stories, and, had not accidents intervened, should presently have advanced to the honor of being chosen president, perhaps, of all the drinking clubs that I frequented. I even wrote songs for myself, and claimed the proud distinctions of a wit and a poet, as well as of a man of humor.

Full of youth and high spirits, with a prepossessing person, some claims of birth, which few of my associates could make, a flow of words, a tolerable sprinkling of knowledge, and a voice that had much music in it, no one will wonder that I was a favorite with the youthful of both sexes. I sung, I danc-

ed, I talked, and endeavored to revel in enjoyment, and repay myself for the deprivations which I imagined myself foolishly to have suffered.

Among the vanities I have mentioned, the most excusable one, if it ought to be called a vanity, was that of the juvenile efforts I made to become a poet. Had they been greater, I should have been more virtuous. He, that drinks deeply of the springs of Helicon, will find his gross and earthy humors evaporate. Of the following specimen I was vain, and considered it as having been produced in a happy moment :

#### BACCHANALIAN.

The glass like the globe shall go round,  
 While friends and good claret abound,  
 In spite of your grave preaching thinker ;  
 A good fellow means a good drinker :  
 When past three o'clock shall resound,  
 Should any one prudently sober be found,  
 We'll give him the nick-name of Skinker.

Old Noah, when lodg'd in his barge,  
Beheld himself floating at large,  
And view'd the wide waters around him,  
Yet hated that water should bound him:  
Men thought him shut up in the dark;  
Lord, Sir, if you had but stept into the ark,  
You floating in claret had found him.

The juice of the grape, all agree,  
Rejoices the jovial and free;  
Then, Bacchus, thou hero of fable,  
We'll tope with thee while we are able;  
For thou canst our sorrows dissolve,  
And therefore thy honors shall nightly de-  
volve

On the first that falls under the table.

## CHAPTER V.

*A Source of Revenue: A Recapitulation of the Arts of Gamesters: common Cant Phrases: Gamblers prey upon each other: the Snuff-box and the Faro Bank: the contemptible Nature of Gaming.*

MY allowance, as wages, whether it came wholly from Mr. Hazard or jointly from him and Mr. Saville I knew not, was liberal, but far less than my expenditure. It always had been so; and, to supply deficiencies, the gaming-table was my continual and my only resource.

To relate the successes and reverses of fortune, that I met with there, would afford the reader but little amusement, though it may instruct him to hear of some of the arts, that

are in common practice among gamblers, and may guard him against being entrapped himself. I do not pretend to be acquainted with half their tricks, for my experience was not of sufficient duration, nor was I ever thoroughly initiated. The lessons that I had received from my father were but what may be called the rudiments of the science.

Being continually on the watch for their prey, whenever gamblers hear of a youth, a young heir especially, or any man who has money, and has been seen at a gaming-table, they immediately begin to study how to ensnare their prey: they consult each other; one agrees to play with him, and suffer him to win, taking care that the sum shall not be large; others stimulate him by praise, and by betting on his head; and others again will pretend to dispute whether he can or cannot play so well

as some one of their own companions. I am now speaking of games of skill.

If they find that the person, whom they wish to pillage, has any knowledge of them, accompanied by a fear of their tricks and a sense of his danger, they call in some fresh associate, one of their fraternity, and generally one who they think can best assume the character that may most easily deceive. Thus the gambler will appear perhaps as a captain, a country squire, a sea officer flush of money, or any other which they suppose to be most eligible.

To this their associate they will pretend to be utter strangers, and, if he, whom they hope to strip, be inclined to be himself a rascal, if he could but learn the means, they will offer to join with him, under a pretence that they may mutually strip the false captain, or whatever their associate affects to



be. Their only object is to induce their well-feathered pigeon to play, and to stake his money: they then consider themselves as secure, and so they generally are.

*A well-feathered pigeon* is a cant phrase, common to gamblers, and signifies a person with money at command, and having a desire to game without any knowledge of the gamester's arts. To *pigeon* a man is to win, or rather to cheat him of, his money. To *pluck* him is another of their elegant figures. A *rook*, a *greek*, and a *blackleg*, are the most ordinary appellations to signify a gambler. A *flat* and a *sharp* are synonymous to a *pigeon* and a *rook*.

One of their common and highly dangerous arts is to play a match (at billiards or tennis especially) with each other, and to agree among themselves that he shall win by whom the most can be gained. This is a secret known

only to themselves; for a by-stander, who should even know them well, seldom knows all of them; and perhaps some fellow, genteely dressed and pretending to bet foolishly, is but placed there as a decoy. Any stranger that bets wagers in a common gaming place, contributes to pick his own pocket.

Deceit is so habitual to these fellows, and they find such pleasure in practising it successfully, that they do not in the least scruple to plunder each other. A gambler is himself never certain that the gambler, who pretends to be his most intimate friend, is not concerting schemes for his ruin: of this I have frequently been a witness.

One evening, a tradesman of supposed property, who was thought to have a strong passion for gaming, with the desire to practise all its rascalities, and therefore one who was certain to fall the prey of gamblers, came into a

room where they assembled, and was soon after followed by a couple of gamblers. One of them took from his pocket a tobacco or snuff-box, and asked the tradesman if he could open it? The latter looked at it, pretended to make several ineffectual trials, and handed it round that others might also try if they could be more successful.

The master of the house was of course a gambler, and it was put into his hands. He thought himself more than a match for the tradesman, and, after trying a little while, and thinking he perceived what the secret was, or expecting perhaps that the gambler who brought the box would discover it to him, he offered to bet the tradesman twenty guineas, on these conditions: they should each have the box in their possession fifteen minutes, and, if one succeeded in the opening of it and the

other failed, the former should be declared the winner.

The tradesman at first seemed to hesitate, examined the box again and again, said no, he found he could not do it, and then, suddenly appearing to take courage, offered to make the bet of twenty guineas a hundred.

The proposal was instantly accepted: the tradesman it was agreed should make the first trial, and he retired into a private room, accompanied by the landlord of the house and the gambler, who brought the box.

When ten of the fifteen minutes were elapsed, the tradesman pretended to be completely certain he could not perform the operation, and first made an offer of five guineas, then of ten, to be released from the bet.

The gambler, whose box it was, gave the landlord an encouraging sign, and

he consequently refused. Just, however, within the quarter of an hour, the tradesman exclaimed—"I have it!" and immediately presented the box open.

The landlord's turn to make the attempt now came: the same box was pretended to be given to him, and he himself soon began to doubt that he should lose. He prophesied truly: the quarter of an hour had elapsed, without any discovery made by him of the secret, and he was adjudged to have lost his hundred guineas, which he paid with a very reluctant and a very foolish air.

The money was scarcely out of his possession before he began to suspect he had been tricked. His suspicions were right: and the two gamblers, his supposed friends, had contrived this trick with the tradesman, who was allowed to share. They had procured

two boxes of similar appearance, the one of which might be opened, by certain secret arrangements; but the other, though it had the same apparent mechanism, could not.

Of this trick I was a witness. The landlord dared not take any legal redress, his own cheating arts were too notorious; and he was laughed at for having been so easily *pigeoned*. The brain of a gambler, if he be a cunning fellow, is continually exerting itself to contrive new modes of deceiving; or to profit by the old in some new way.

It is well known, to sober calculators, that the profits of persons, who keep EO tables, and the bank at Faro and *Rouge et Noir*, are great. Still, however, these bankers are obliged to be most carefully on their guard against one another, and especially against the people whom they employ.

At a fashionable Faro bank, then,

nightly kept in Pall-mall, a foreigner one night appeared, and had so great a run of fortune that he carried off twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

About a week afterward, he returned, staked higher than he had even done before, and took away a still larger sum.

It was strange! According to all calculation, this could not continue. He came however a third night, and fairly broke the bank!

The mystery was discovered, when it was too late: it was a concert between him and the dealer of the cards, although the dealer had a share himself in the bank, for they were seen sharing the money in the dark, under the walls of Lansdown-house.

If men could but be made sensible of the mad risk they run, when they encourage a spirit of gaming, if they were not blind to the narrow selfish-

ness, the odious passions to which it gives birth, the desire of gaining that which may be, and often is, the destruction of families, the hazard of being exposed to equal destruction themselves, and the contemptible and disgusting nature of such covetousness, did they I say but consider this, there would soon be no gamblers; for they could not long exist, were they deprived of the spoils of the unwary.



## CHAPTER VI.

*The End of writing these Memoirs : ●  
wise Sinner and a foolish Saint : beware  
of Evil : dangerous Temptations at the  
Playhouse : Origin of a Town Beauty :  
Anecdotes of Lord Loiter : his ludicrous  
Ambition, and absurd Vanity : an Intro-  
duction, and its dangerous Nature.*

THE pleasing purpose with which I began these memoirs was to preserve youth, if possible, from falling ignorantly into the many dangers though which I have passed ; and to induce the aged seriously to reflect on the means by which some of the great misfortunes of society may be lessened.

I have read of a youth, who, after having been most debauched, a reveler in all wickedness, nay a robber, an

infidel, and a blasphemer, was converted in his dying moments by a famed saint, a hermit of the desert; and his repentant soul was winged by angels to seats of bliss. The foe of man was greatly enraged at the loss of his prey, and, in cunning revenge, put evil thoughts into the holy hermit's mind, who reasoned thus with himself: "Shall a youth, who hath indulged in all the pleasures of the senses, and given unlimited sway to the worst passions of the soul, if he but repent, be thus at last joyfully received in heaven? Why do I fast, why wear sackcloth, why scourge my body, and daily strew my head with ashes? Let me enjoy myself like him, and afterward like him repent. He hath acted wisely, I like a fool."

Alas, it was then that the once wise and virtuous hermit became a fool! He indulged in vice, Satan obtained

permission to make him break his neck, and his soul was instantly hurried to the mansions of fire.

The moral of the tale is excellent ; it teaches the danger of supposing that men may securely sport with evil. There is no safety, no happiness to be found, but in virtue.

The experience of my youth fully taught me the truth of this maxim ; and my earnest desire is that others may learn it at a less expence.

Hitherto, the affection that I bore **Henrietta** had been too chaste to admit of thoughts, or the indulgence of desires, that were impure. This sweet affection being now rendered hopeless, and wanting better motives that should induce me to keep my passions in the same restraint, they were unfortunately indulged ; so that, not only the happiness of my life, but life itself, quickly became in danger.

To a youthful mind, imbued with the least love of literature, the stage is a most delightful source of amusement, and I was a great frequenter of the playhouse. The moral tendency of the dramatic art is excellent ; but there is no good unmixed with evil. As our theatres are at present conducted, one of their most serious and offensive evils is the constant presence of women, who, from various causes, have lost all sense of shame, and have devoted themselves to the gratification of the unbridled passions of the licentious.

While I had hopes of Henrietta, the attention which I paid to the performance, when I went to the theatre, and the delight that it afforded me, were sufficient to guard me against these women. I was afterward less happy, and, as my person and appearance attracted their notice, they exerted all their arts to gain my attention.

Those, who know the town, know also that these women are of various descriptions: some, who are the least vicious, devote themselves each to a single gallant; but it is seldom that they have virtue enough to be faithful to him: for virtue has little power, after vicious desires have been once indulged.

At this time, there was a kept woman of great note. Her origin was mean, as is indeed most frequently the case with such women; her mother was an orange-woman, and for a short time she had herself been employed in the sale of fruit at the playhouse. The charms of her person, however, soon attracted the attention of the profligate: she was soon seduced, and acquired the appropriate yet whimsical epithet of the Nonpareil; partly in allusion to her having sold fruit, but more emphati-

cally because of the beauty of her person.

She was rather tall than short, was of a perfect symmetry, of a sanguine complexion, with soft blue eyes, and a face that might indeed have been charming, but that it too visibly denoted her licentious thoughts and passions.

At this period, a person of the name of Lord Loiter made himself conspicuous, by his peculiarities. He aspired to the honor of being a fop, a man of fashion, and of being admired by, as well as an admirer of, the ladies.

By the ladies, I mean women in high keeping; for neither his manners nor his person entitled him to aspire to ladies of his own rank in life. He was little and deformed, yet always with the affectation of being the first to lead any extravagant fashion.

He particularly cultivated the acquaintance of handsome men, with whom he was ambitious to walk arm in arm, and exhibit his person in the most frequented streets round St. James's palace. His perking and pert manner seemed to claim a superiority, over the well formed and fine men with whom he contrived thus to contrast himself; and by this means he gave a double degree of ridicule to his person.

The Nonpareil was in keeping by this Lord Loiter: I had frequently seen them together, and they were mutually envied, admired, and satirized. I soon entertained the vicious desire of supplanting his lordship, for which indeed I was but too well qualified: I had but to offer myself to his notice, and the propensity which I have mentioned made it a certainty that he would rather covet than shun my acquaintance.

Accordingly, we soon became intimate, and I submitted to parade the streets with him arm in arm, and to listen to the conversation and remarks of vanity and folly in the extreme.

I observed that, whenever he heard one companion say to another, as they passed, "That's a fine young fellow! that's a handsome youth!" or phrases of the same signification, such was his conceit that he always applied them to himself. As follies like these, however, deserve little notice, except to laugh at, I mention them only as appertaining to what I have to relate.

Being too vain or too foolish to fear a rival, he readily, after a few intimations from me, agreed to introduce me to the Nonpareil; to obtain which introduction I had courted his acquaintance.

How little did I dream of the danger to which I exposed myself! How igno-



rant was I of the power of my own passions! To what misery did the indulgence of these passions directly tend! How blind was I to the events of futurity! It was not the last wrong step I took; but it led to the most fatal.

He that enters the career of vice, and foolishly imagines he can stop or turn from it whenever he shall please, is greatly and most dangerously mistaken.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*Temper of Mind: a Keeper a Dupe: my Conscience quieted: Degradation: Folly by Degrees loses its Fears: a Quarrel that excites to Revenge: a rash Action: how Men satirize themselves: Astonishment, a Challenge, and an Answer: a comic Sketch.*

UNFORTUNATELY for me, my mind was exactly in that state which was most adapted to infatuation. I had so long meditated on all the real and imaginary charms of woman, and had believed them all to center in perfection in my adored Henrietta, that to transfer them to another of the female sex was the inevitable consequence of becoming intimate with one, who had

real claims to superior beauty of person.

I was attentive to please and flatter the Nonpareil, and she soon gave me to understand that my assiduities were very far from being disagreeable.

The man who turns keeper, and imagines he shall meet with women of principle, who will be faithful to him just as long as his whim shall last, will very rarely, if ever, escape finding himself an egregious dupe. The vanity of Lord Loiter was indeed extreme, or he would cautiously have avoided introducing such a person as I was to his mistress.

I grant that I had, at first, some qualms of conscience, concerning the treachery of robbing a man of his mistress by a train of deceit; by pretending a kind of friendship for him, and by consenting to shut my eyes upon or flatter his follies. But of these qualms

I was soon cured by himself; for he did not scruple to relate the pretended tricks, of the same kind, that he had played others, the delight that he took in them, and the superiority of his own personal address, by which they were accomplished.

However, I wanted the means to maintain this extravagant woman myself, and therefore submitted to the degradation of suffering my pretended friend to keep her, while I was at first her secret favorite.

By degrees, our conduct became less reserved: I appeared openly with her, and every body, except this foolish lord, seemed to understand that the chief honors reserved for his lordship were those of discharging the lady's debts, and of gratifying as many of her extravagant caprices as he was willing and able.

The demands she made upon his

purse were so many, and so frequent, that they sometimes put the little lord in a passion. On a certain day, it happened that words grew high between them: his lordship threatened to put an end to the connection; and the lady, in order at once to prove her independence, beauty, and good breeding, snapped her finger in his face, and called him "a poor *hop o' my thumb-chap*, whom she despised."

A quarrel so serious could only be appeased by the most humble submission of his lordship; but the wound was then only skinned over, and not healed. Her revenge wanted a more open triumph, and for this purpose she stimulated me to break with his lordship, and take her immediately under my protection.

I had thus far proceeded too prosperously, in the road of folly, to be easily alarmed. The rashness in me,

to undertake to gratify the whims of such a woman, was extreme: yet I made little hesitation; a lodging was prepared, and she was taken away from his lordship, by me, in all the glory of open day.

To say nothing of the vice, tell me, good reader, which was the most absurd? Which the most deserving of utter contempt and ridicule, Lord Loiter or myself? The question in my opinion is easily resolved. Lord Loiter was a man of weak intellect, unfortunate in his person, and one who from his youth had been subject to the absurd flatteries that too frequently ruin the children of people of rank. In intellectual and bodily endowments, I was so greatly his superior that I had no excuse.

I forget: I had the most dangerous excuse on earth, that of example. Nothing can be a more bitter satire on the understanding of man, more derro-

gatory, or exhibit it in a more ludicrous point of view, than the practice of those vices that are most in vogue.

By his lordship, the blow was unexpected : he was thunderstruck ! Could the Nonpareil prefer me to him ? and could I so lightly forfeit the honor of his friendship ?

Unable to endure the raillery he had to encounter, he hurried down to Bath ; from which place he wrote me the following curious epistle :

“ SIR,

“ When I did you the favor to honor you with my acquaintance, I  
“ thought, Sir, that you must know,  
“ Sir, what was due to me, Sir ; which  
“ is a thing which I find you do not  
“ know, and so I must take the trouble to teach you, Sir ; which will  
“ happen in about three weeks time,  
“ when I return from Bath, to which

“ place I was advised to go by my  
“ physicians.

“ I am, Sir, yours, &c.”

This letter I immediately answered  
by the following :

“ I greatly respect the advice of your  
“ physicians, and admire the wisdom  
“ with which you preserve yourself  
“ from danger. Be it three weeks,  
“ three years, or three days, the satis-  
“ faction of hearing from you again  
“ will be so great, that I only wish  
“ you would kindly make the time as  
“ short as possible.

“ I am yours, &c.”

Looking back at events like these,  
I cannot but reflect, with astonishment,  
on the absurd quarrels of men, and the  
alacrity with which they risk and lose  
their lives.



With his lordship, as it happened, there was no danger. Like Hudibras, he understood the better part of valor: yet, willing also to preserve his honor inviolate, he afterward wrote to inform me that he had consulted his friends, and that they thought it did not become a person like him to take any further notice of a person like me. This was the purport of his letter, but he was careful in the use of his terms; apprehensive, no doubt, of the possibility that I might not be of quite so pacific a temper as himself.

When his lordship again made his appearance in London, he had the cunning to ward off laughter by pretending to laugh at himself; nay, he would willingly once more have made me his dangling intimate.

“Ha, ha, ha! Pon my honor,” said he, “you are a fine fellow, Perdue, you are up to a thing or two; and, for

the matter of that, I am quite up to such things myself; but, demmee, you took me at a nonplush, and I was very near making myself demmed ridiculous; for, do you know, I was once quite determined to call you out, which would not have been fair you know, for you're a fine mark: I could not have missed you, and you must be a demmed good shot if you hit me. Ha, ha, ha! I that had played so many such tricks myself, to be so taken in! Ha, ha, ha! I shall never forget how angry I was with you, Bryan, demmee."

## CHAPTER VIII.

*One Vice or Folly leads to many : the absurd Efforts of Vanity : Affairs at Home : Feelings toward Mr. Saville : Dangers supposed : a serious Question imperfectly discussed : when Arguments fail, Feelings decide : Dangers not to be avoided : a Letter in which Character may be traced.*

I MUST leave this trifling lord, and his childish folly : it is a picture that does not harmonize with the serious subject of my story. My folly greatly surpassed his, which excited only laughter : in proportion as my passions were stronger, they were more pernicious, and led to gloom, darkness, and danger.

The rash mistake, of consenting to

take the Nonpareil under my protection, inevitably led to the vicious practices against which, till this fatal period, I had maintained a partial struggle: in the arts of gaming all my hopes were now placed, and I began assiduously to cultivate the acquaintance, and study the tricks and modes of deceit, which I had previously brought myself to consider with contempt.

Having so beautiful a mistress, it was my vicious and childish pride to take every means that might exhibit her, and myself, to the public. Showing her in the boxes of the playhouse and the pit of the opera, gallanting her to Ranelagh, aping foolish characters with her at masquerades, mounting her and myself in hired phaetons, and jaunting with her to Richmond, Windsor, Salt-hill, and wherever we were weak enough to imagine pleasure could be found, were, altogether, such sources

of expence, as demanded a revenue very different from mine to support.

My state of existence was also essentially influenced by other events ; I mean the affairs of Mr. Hazard.

Immediately after my acquaintance with Lord Loiter, I discovered that Hazard had been gambling deeply in the stocks.

After the marriage of Henrietta, Mr. Saville had returned to reside abroad. My thoughts, concerning him, varied with the temper of my mind ; bitter at one moment, and at another more guarded and reasonable. I had served him at the risk of my life ! I had saved his child, my adored Henrietta, from the flames ! Nay, I had saved, what was perhaps more precious to him than his child, his strong box !

I had cherished, gradually, and at last with ardor, the hopes of meeting

that sweet reward which I was convinced I had more than deserved. My hopes were vain ; nay, I was given to understand, by everybody, that they were unreasonable.

For my own part, I held it to be indubitable that everybody was unjust ; and that, had the case been their own, their thoughts would have been very different. It could not be Henrietta that was to blame ; for she would certainly have loved me, had she been permitted. Of the truth of this I could not bring myself to entertain the least doubt.

Owing to his connection with Mr. Hazard, I now supposed the fortune of Mr. Saville to be in great danger. I was piqued as it were to make him again and essentially my debtor, to heap my favors upon him, and to be once more his protector in the hour of danger.

The obstacle was, that I had violent

doubts how far it became me to interfere. I was in the service of Hazard. If I gave any information to Mr. Saville, would it not be an act which the world would call treacherous? Ought I not rather to exert my utmost powers to preserve the house, to which my services were due? Should I not forfeit my character among merchants, my faith to Mr. Hazard, and my honor to the world, if I took any step by which that person might be endangered?

But what were the arguments on the contrary side? Was not Mr. Saville in reality a partner in the concern? Had I not by him been placed in the house? Had he not requested me to give him information, if I should become acquainted with any thing that greatly affected his interest? Hazard, a party as he was in the whole business, could not but suppose that Mr. Saville would naturally give me such a trust: would

not my silence be more treacherous to Mr. Saville than the contrary conduct would be to Hazard? For the latter, I had not the least personal regard: from Mr. Saville I had received protection, and favors, that ought not to be forgotten. They had been greatly overbalanced by the far superior benefits I had conferred upon him; of that there was no doubt, at least in my mind: but these mutual services did but the more demand that my faith toward him should be inviolable. Yet, to betray the house that I served——

I could not settle the pros and cons of this question at all to my satisfaction, and therefore, as people generally do in such cases, I suffered my feelings to act. To satisfy them I was willing to run all risks. “Beside, what,” said I, “are consequences to me? I will act as my heart dictates, and boldly face them all. I care not for the resentment of any



man, much less of Hazard. What respect have I for counting-houses and merchants? It was chance only that brought me acquainted with such things; and, though Fortune has frowned a while upon my youth, I was born a gentleman, and a gentleman I will be."

I know you must smile and despise such absurd vanities, my philosophical Sir: but I know too that you, dear Madam, will sigh and pity them; especially while, with a truly maternal heart, you exclaim—"Oh, how shall I preserve my dear and charming boy, lovely and witty as he is, from the dangers of youth."

Alas, Madam, they are dangers that must be passed; only let me entreat you to be careful, lest you yourself should sprinkle oil on the flame, and encourage it to rage.

I concluded the debate with my

conscience by writing the following letter to Mr. Saville :

“ SIR,

“ My thoughts are at present bewil-  
“ dered, for I do not thoroughly under-  
“ stand how it becomes me to act.  
“ I am in the house of Mr. Hazard, but  
“ I was placed in that house by you.  
“ Mr. Hazard understood, when he  
“ received me into it, that I was your  
“ friend.

“ You enjoined me then, as you have  
“ done since, to give you information, if  
“ I thought any thing went wrong in  
“ the house. In conformity with this  
“ desire, and without, as I should hope,  
“ doing any thing which can impeach  
“ my honor, I believe it to be incum-  
“ bent upon me to inform you that Mr.  
“ Hazard is a constant attendant in  
“ 'Change-alley; that he frequently spe-

“culates there to a great amount; and  
“that, in my opinion, it behoves persons,  
“who have any concerns in his hands,  
“to be very careful of themselves.

“I certainly, Sir, should not have  
“written this to any person on earth,  
“but you; and, if I have acted amiss,  
“I think it cannot but be attributed  
“to the zeal which I have *always*  
“shown to do you service, however  
“great the risk may have been to my-  
“self.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most obedient

“humble servant,

“BRYAN PERDUE.”

The haughty notions, the lurking pride, and the insinuation of injustice toward me, which the reader will easily trace in this letter, were all the result of those ideas which were ever uppermost in my mind, at this period, concerning myself.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Surprise, Fear, Rage, and Alarm: a busy Brain, and a Project: Reasons for Non-compliance: an unexpected Dialogue: various Passions in Motion, but Cunning prevails: a courageous Avowal, and a Recovery from Astonishment: a Quarrel avoided.*

THE consequence of this letter was such as might be expected: Mr. Saville immediately wrote to his solicitor, sent him a power of attorney, and required him to draw his money out of the concern of Hazard and Co.

This was indeed an unexpected and a severe blow on Hazard, and one which, if not warded, he considered as bringing inevitable ruin.

But he knew, though it should ap-

pear Mr. Saville did not, that the money which the latter had placed in the concern did, in reality, constitute him a partner; and that, should a bankruptcy ensue, Mr. Saville would be involved to the amount of his whole property, unless Mr. Saville, by any legal steps, could previously dissolve the partnership.

By the same post, that Mr. Saville wrote to his solicitor, he gave Hazard information of the step he had taken, with an account of the reasons that urged him to this conduct. The rage of Hazard, that Mr. Saville should have been informed of his gambling transactions in the Stock Exchange, was excessive, and his menaces were terrible. He would have the life of the scoundrel, if he could but discover him, by whom he had been thus betrayed! No man had ever heard of so villainous an action before! He foamed at the

mouth, stamped, uttered imprecations that were terrible, and was in a state little short of absolute madness.

I was not deficient in constitutional courage, and my spirit was high; yet at first I was terrified; and alarmed. I soon however recovered my recollection: I despised the man.

Well knowing the magnitude of the evil, the moment his passion cooled, his brain was busily at work to find the means by which it might be averted. His first step was to converse with me, in private, from the hope that I might have some influence with Mr. Saville, and that he, Hazard, could prevail on me to write to him, to prevent him from pursuing the measures he proposed.

Hazard wished me peremptorily to contradict the assertion, that he was a gambler in the alley, and to give Mr. Saville full assurance that the house

was in perfect safety. He gave me his honor I might conscientiously write thus, and assured me that I should render both Mr. Saville and him a service which would for ever be remembered: "substantially remembered, Mr. Purdue, substantially," he repeated.

The dilemma into which this proposal threw me was not so painful as it might be supposed. He had strongly excited my emotions, by his menaces, and by the violent and odious epithets that he had bestowed upon his supposed betrayer. It was with difficulty, then, that I restrained my roused and haughty spirit from openly declaring myself to be the person; and the proposal which he now made, that I should write what I knew to be falsehood, afforded me an opportunity to declare myself, which I gladly accepted. This brought on the following explanation:

"You desire me, Sir, to assure Mr.

Saville that you do not gamble in the stocks?"

"Certainly, that I do not gamble: buying a hundred or two, at such a price on such a day, is not gambling."

"And that, to my knowledge, the house is in perfect safety?"

"Yes, in perfect safety."

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, Sir, that this is what I cannot write."

"How do you mean?"

"Because, Sir, unfortunately, I know it is not true."

"How so, Sir? How can you know any such thing?"

"I know, Sir, that your dealings in the alley are to a very great and dangerous amount. I know too that you have been deceived in your calculations, and that, unless there be some sudden alteration in the stocks, you and the firm of the house will be in the



utmost danger. I likewise know, Sir, that Mr. Saville was, till very lately, unacquainted with these speculations, and that he disapproves them."

"Indeed! Do you know all that? It may be then, Sir, that you know more."

"I do; and I will tell you all I know."

"I shall be glad to hear."

"You are aware, Sir, that I am the friend of Mr. Saville."

"The dependant, you mean, Sir."

"I mean no such thing, Sir: I am not the dependant either of him or you, or any man on earth. I am willing to quit your house this instant, if you please. I have heard your violent threats, and the insulting language that you have held, and I heard them with surprise and pain."

"Are you speaking to me, Mr. Perdue?"

“Yes, to you, Mr. Hazard.”

“Insulting language?”

“What could be more insulting? Though not the dependant, Sir, of Mr. Saville, I was placed in your house by him, and, as you may well suppose, he seriously desired me to send him intelligence, if I should believe your house to be in danger.”

“You! You!”

“Why do you think it wonderful? The truth is, Sir, that I have always considered your house more or less in danger, since I have understood its concerns. However, till lately, I have been silent.”

“What then——?”

“Yes, Sir, I am the person whom you have so violently threatened, if you did but know him. You know him now, Sir. I have acted toward Mr. Saville as I thought it my duty, and as it became the trust that he had placed

in me. I have done nothing, Sir, which I fear to confess; and, that you may be convinced how few my fears are on this occasion, here, Sir, is a copy of the letter which I wrote to Mr. Saville."

Hazard knew not how to contain the rage which he feared to express.

"Upon my word, Mr. Perdue, you are a very extraordinary youth."

"Youth, Mr. Hazard?"

"A very-extraordinary gentleman indeed."

"Yes, Sir, I am a gentleman; and would have you remember that I expect to be so treated. Having received the information I have given, you will act as you please. For my part, I do not expect or wish to remain in your house."

"Very well, Mr. Perdue! very well. I see how it is! You have been placed

as a spy upon me! A breach of trust like this, I own, is unexpected."

"A breach of trust, Sir?"

"It will be thought so by every merchant in the city."

"If I had not informed Mr. Saville, I should have been guilty of a breach of trust; and indeed I have sometimes accused myself, for not having informed him sooner."

"Of what, Sir?"

"That I thought your speculations dangerous: however, I supposed he partly knew them, till I heard of your bargains on the Stock Exchange; and of these I was well convinced he was ignorant."

"How can you tell, Sir, that I have dealt to a disadvantage?"

"By the state of the stocks."

"Who can foresee future events?"

"I have not considered such subjects enough, Sir, to speak on them;

but, young as I am, I must know that the merchant, who risks the property of his house on *future events*, is a man whom everybody cannot but condemn; and his blame is the greater in proportion as he speculates with the property which is not his own."

"Very well, Mr. Perdue, I find you would willingly contribute to my ruin."

"I have no such desire, Sir. I only have wished that Mr. Saville might not be involved."

"Well, Sir, since you tell me that Mr. Saville required you to act as you have done, I can only say that I wish you had given me this information sooner. As it is, I must tell you, Sir, that you will find you have done him no service, and perhaps yourself no good."

"I have informed you, Sir, I do not wish to remain in your house."

“ If you were to leave it, Mr. Perdue, just now, and were to talk of me and my affairs in the city, you cannot but be aware of the mischief you might do me. You say you are a gentleman, and expect so to be treated: I hope you will remember what is due to a gentleman.”

“ I certainly shall, Sir; and, since you think there are reasons why I ought not at present to leave your house, I am willing to stay; presuming that you will not make it necessary for me to avow myself to the house the author of the letter to Mr. Saville, which, as far as concerns myself, I am very willing and ready to do.”

“ By no means, Mr. Perdue, by no means. I shall be silent, and I beg you to be the same. In a few days all will be decided.”

## CHAPTER X.

*Steps taken by Hazard: Mr. Saville appeased: youthful Transgressions: a Portrait: Goodness constitutional in the human Heart, and the strange Contradictions of Character: a Desideratum in Philosophy.*

INDEFATIGABLE in his efforts, whenever he found himself in danger, Hazard hastened to the solicitor of Mr. Saville, and soon convinced him that, should Mr. Saville draw his money out of the concern, it would be to his own certain ruin.

He likewise gave so plausible an account, of the affairs of the house, as to make it appear to be in no danger. The most bitter resentment lurked in

his heart, against me; but he pretended to excuse what I had done, as the act of a young man, who meant in reality to be grateful for the many favors he had received, but who had foolish and ridiculous notions concerning himself, which nothing but time and experience could cure.

The solicitor thought it prudent at least to write for further instructions, before he proceeded, and gave his promise so to do, to Hazard.

When Mr. Saville was informed of the situation in which he stood, he hastened immediately to the sea side, to embark for England, where he was detained a week by contrary winds; and in that interval, so capricious was Fortune, and so continually indebted to her was Hazard, a great public event changed the state of the stocks materially, so that, on settling day, he was a gainer by many thousand pounds. Had



not this event happened, his ruin would have been inevitable.

On his arrival, Mr. Saville not only found himself safe, but received dividends, on his money, with such a flattering account of the prosperous affairs of Hazard, from Hazard himself, that he was induced to continue the connection; though probably with the design to withdraw himself from it by degrees. He thanked me, for the information I had sent him, but in so cold and formal a manner as plainly to denote that he had been strongly prejudiced against me, by Hazard.

After settling his accounts in England, he returned to the continent, and I was deterred from quitting the house of Hazard by the pressing necessities of my own affairs, in consequence of the indulgence of licentious and vicious propensities.

How much to be pitied are many of

those persons, the youthful especially, who transgress against the rules that harmonize the world, and preserve the sacred bonds of society! How much is there to admire in many of the actions of those who are even the most depraved!

The Nonpareil had not only beauty, but many traits of character, that denoted virtuous inclination: her actions were entirely dissonant.

From the circumstances under which she was placed, and in imitation of what it is strange that she or any one should admire, she had carefully cultivated an angry, captious, and vulgar haughtiness. Her common expressions were such that I choose rather to hint at than to repeat them. *To spit in the fellow's face* was a very moderate and comparatively inoffensive phrase with her, when her anger was excited. The disgusting oaths, which she poured

forth in volleys, whenever she was irritated, were such as must have driven me from her, although I had been accustomed in early youth to listen to my father, and since his death to the imprecations of gamblers, whose company I had frequented, had I not been infatuated, by having transferred a virtuous passion, from a most lovely and virtuous object, to one who, alas, had many vices.

But I am firmly persuaded that goodness can never be wholly driven from the human heart. It is the necessity of man's nature to be good: he feels it so thoroughly that he delights in being good; and when, by perverse habits, he is led to be uncommonly wicked, he still by some false mode of reasoning convinces himself that what he does is right: or at least, that, if the world knew him as well as he thinks he knows himself, he would be found to be a very good man.

The Nonpareil could not endure the supposition that she was a vicious woman. She always eagerly listened to the scandalous tales that were propagated of the married, that she might by comparison justify herself, and triumph.

Her heart was full of compassion, and it was only the dissipation in which she lived, and the pleasures after which she hurried, that prevented her from spending her life in acts of charity. She was continually giving to, and begging for, those who told her a pitiful tale.

She had not the slightest conception of economy ; but neither had she the least touch of avarice. She would even talk of the wretchedness to which, she said she could foresee, she should some time or other be reduced, and would attempt to draw satirical pictures of the formal manner in which I

should hereafter pass her, arm in arm with my prudish ugly wife, without condescending to notice such a forlorn and beggarly wretch as she should be.

Soon after she left Lord Loiter, her mother was taken ill, and nothing could be more inconsistent than her conduct. She took care one day to see her well supplied, and the next would go out on a jaunt without remembering her, then burst into tears, which evidently flowed freely and naturally, because she had been so undutiful. This hour she would resolve never to leave her mother's bed-side, till she should recover: the next her mind would be wholly occupied on some new dress, or other folly that had taken her attention.

At one time it was thought her mother would die, and her grief was very great and unaffected: her joy was the same, when the danger was over; yet

she then neglected to see her during a whole fortnight.

The opposition of desire, and its contrary workings in the human mind, have been the study of philosophers in all ages: but it is strange that they have not better methodized these moral researches, since it may be doubted whether they are more understood, at present, than they were when Lycurgus and Solon were the legislators of the Greeks.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Consequences of the Gratification of Desire: vain Hopes: an Event that ought to have been foreseen: the mutual Dependence of Men: old Friends remembered: Regulations made by Mr. Saville: a dangerous Thought, and painful Debates: Temptation that cannot be resisted, accompanied by racking Doubts.*

AND now the crisis of my fate was fast approaching: the action on which my life was to hang, as by a thread, was brought on by the foolish and wicked gratification of vicious desires. Let no one hope that such desires can be indulged with impunity! Let no one imagine that he shall long escape!

Should he not be under the necessity of resorting to nefarious means to gratify his irregularities, they will themselves punish him; and, perhaps, by his being able to continue them, that punishment will be the greatest that the hand of man or nature can inflict. My career was short, but the peril of it was extreme.

I had rioted in pleasures, I had indulged the caprices of a licentious woman, I had loaded myself with debts, and hoped for supplies from resources that failed. I speak of the gaming-table. But I still flattered myself, day after day, that a lucky opportunity would offer, when I should be able to relieve myself from all my pressing necessities.

I waited in vain; the day did not come, and these necessities increased. My creditors lost their patience, for they had no confidence in a youth, who



was but a dependant, and of whose dissipation they heard new accounts every day.

Writs were taken out against me, I was soon in the custody of the sheriff's officers, and, being lodged in a lock-up house, I was there left to reflect on the consequences of the passions and indiscretions of youth. When I say youth, I mean only those who are unfortunate enough to indulge these passions.

Various were the ideas that suggested themselves to my mind. I now discovered that the independence, of which I had so impertinently vaunted, was nothing better than the phantom of vanity. I did not yet understand that men are all dependant on each other, no matter how great their property, their power, or their proud boasting may be; but I had a very afflicting conviction of how greatly I now lay at the mercy of men. In this dis-

ness, all my acquaintance were called to memory, and I was humble enough to ask myself whether none of them could be induced so far to compassionate my indiscretion as to become bail for me.

Henry Fairman, and his friends, were the first that I remembered; and I felt a confidence that by Henry I should not be refused, if I could only endure the pain of informing him of my disgraceful situation.

The power of Mrs. Vaughan I believed to be limited: beside, had I not already robbed her, as it were, of two hundred and fifty pounds? As for Frederic Vaughan, and his master, the uncle of Henry, I could not forget the serious lesson which I had already received, and hope there forsook me: it was soon dismissed from my thoughts.

In this my distress, Henrietta herself was not forgotten: yet, to have it

known by her husband, Lord Champion, that I was a prisoner, and to have the means by which I became so discussed, were ideas that could not long be endured: my spirit was deeply humbled, but it was not yet subdued.

I lamented, very sincerely, that Mr. Saville was not in England; for I thought it certain that he could not, with honor, and therefore would not, have refused to give me my liberty. This thought dwelt particularly on my mind, and it was this that chiefly encouraged me to commit the action which I am now about to relate.

Since the affair that last brought Mr. Saville to England, I mean the information that I had sent him of gambling in the alley, he had determined that all his accounts should pass through my hands; for, though Hazard had told a very plausible story, and had in some measure made it appear to

Saville that I had been too officious, yet, the latter thought it but prudent, since I was now acknowledged by both parties as a person proper to give Mr. Saville such information as I thought necessary, that I should have the opportunity so to do by the above means. Consequently, the money-bills, which Mr. Saville sent over, were addressed to me, that I might memorandum their amount, and that they might afterward be given to Hazard and entered in the books, as formerly. I was to keep a state of his account and end it monthly. This was a complete triumph over Hazard, but it was a short and a dangerous one.

Among the resources that recurred to my mind, this unfortunately was one. The amount of my debts was about four hundred and forty pounds, yet, so sanguine were my hopes, and so great my dependence on my own su-

periority at the gaming-table, that I entertained no doubt of my being soon able to discharge this sum.

Still, however, the thought of a breach of trust, daring as my temper was, gave me a sudden shock the moment it occurred. The debates that took place in my mind were painful in the extreme, and the question remained undecided.

I had been in custody but a few hours, and was taken as I was going from the counting-house ; but, by good fortune, all had passed quietly, between the bailiff and myself. It was necessary I should send to know whether any letters from Mr. Saville were lying for me, brought by the foreign mail, that was just come in ; and the person whom I intrusted with this message was known, as being accustomed to go on my errands. He was cautioned by me to be strictly secret, and returned

with a letter, as indeed I expected he would.

It was from Mr. Saville, and contained money-bills, as usual. I looked them over with a bewildered mind, my thoughts distracted by the recollection of being a prisoner, by the dread that Hazard should discover me in this situation, by the immediate power which was put in my hands to relieve myself, and by confused excruciating doubts concerning what might be the result.

One of the bills was for five hundred pounds, drawn by a foreign merchant on the house of Turton, in London, with the indorsement of Mr. Saville. On this bill my thoughts kept fluctuating: should I make use of it, or should I not? Before money could be raised on it, I must endorse it myself. I knew but little of the law, and was ignorant what the full consequences might be:

yet, surely, with Mr. Saville, they could not exceed those of removing me from all confidence in his affairs? In that I saw but little terror; and that Hazard, especially, should discover me, in my present situation, was a thought not to be endured. My mind was on the rack, and I was determined to relieve my present sensations, whatever my future might be. In a word, I endorsed the bill, had it negociated, and relieved myself from the power of the sheriff's officer.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Retrospective Terrors and fatal Fears :  
Intelligence received : an Interval of  
anxious Suspense : a short but an im-  
pressive Dialogue : an Arrest, and a  
State of Horror : distracting Thoughts.*

No sooner had I taken this step than my mind was again in fresh torture. The uncertainty of what I had done was terrible, for I now began to recollect instances, not very dissimilar, that were adjudged to be forgery, and for which the persons, who committed these forgeries, were brought to public execution.

The horror of these doubts was almost insupportable, and the first step that I immediately took, which I hoped



would secure me from such dreadful consequences, was to write an account to Mr. Saville of what I had done, and acknowledge myself his debtor for the sum.

Previous to this, unluckily for me, Hazard had received intelligence of my whole course of dissipation; a narrative of which he had immediately written to Mr. Saville, to whom this narrative came the day after he had sent away the bills, which I had just received.

Alarmed, as he had good cause to be, by such an account, he instantly answered the letter of Hazard, and gave him information of the bills which he had last sent to me, all of which had been properly entered by me in the ledger, and delivered as usual to Hazard, except that on Turton, which I had applied to my own use.

I had but a short respite from prison,

and this was the interval of three days, previous to the arrival of the next foreign mail. This time was spent in a state of continual distraction of mind; first, in dreadful doubts concerning the act I had done, and next, in vague debates on what course I was to pursue. Could I continue to supply the extravagances of the Nonpareil? Of that I saw no possibility. Must I remain a clerk? That foolish question was presently driven from my mind, by the dreadful one of—Should I be allowed to live?

The foreign mail arrived, and Hazard entered the counting-house with the fatal letter in his hand, which gave him information of the bills I had last received. He called for the ledger; he looked it over; he turned to me: his eye darted terror! I stood aghast!

“Walk this way, Mr. Perdue, if you please,” said he, and went into the

parlour. My knees knocked together : I scarcely had the power to follow.

“ Where is the bill of five hundred pounds on Turton ? ”

I was silent.

“ Pray give me an answer, Mr. Perdue : have you not received such a bill ? ”

“ Yes, Sir. ”

“ Why is it not entered in the ledger ? What have you done with it ? ”

“ I have taken it, Sir, for my own use. ”

“ For your own use ! ”

“ Yes, Sir. ”

“ Your own use ! Without my knowledge or consent ! ”

“ I have made myself debtor for it to Mr. Saville. ”

“ You have made yourself debtor for it ! Is it put into circulation ? ”

“ Yes, Sir. ”

“Then you must have endorsed it?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He said not another word, but instantly took his hat and went out.

The paleness of my look, when I returned into the counting-house, was so visible, and my whole air was so unlike what had ever been seen in me before, that the question of “What is the matter?” was repeated, three or four times, without my being able to return an answer.

Many minutes had not passed before Mr. Hazard came back, attended by a proper officer, and, pointing to me, said—“That, Sir, is your prisoner.”

I was in some sort prepared for the event; I sat expecting it every moment; and yet, when it happened, I had not at first the power to move.

The clerks came round me, in surprise

and pity, and again repeated their inquiries, but without effect. I asked for a glass of wine, and as soon as I found myself sufficiently recovered, was taken before the sitting magistrate; by whom, according to the deposition of Mr. Hazard and my own avowal, I was committed to Newgate.

What was the dread, the horror, the bitterness of reflection, at the sight of these horrid walls! How often had I passed them, in the gayety of my heart, without once reflecting on the wretches within! or even so much as remembering there were such wretches! I was now become one of them myself! Ay, one of the most wretched! Not a debtor, but a criminal, destined to death!

How did all the past passions of my heart, even the love of Henrietta itself, appear trivial to that suffering of the soul which I now labored under!

Oh, how did I call to memory the wicked scenes through which I had lately passed, the absurd desires that I had so rashly gratified, and, as the cause of them, the pernicious principles which I had encouraged! I regarded them all with abhorrence! Never, till that hour, did my eyes appear to have been opened; and then, I had a full view of the dreadful horrors, which are the certain consequence of the indulgence of perverse desires, irregular appetites, and vicious passions.

Oh, misery! was it necessary that I should forfeit my life, make myself the scoff of men, and suffer public ignominy, nay infamy, under the hands of the common executioner, in order to prove a truth in itself so plain?

But such had been my infatuation! I had been led from indulgence to indulgence, from one wrong propensity

to another, and from vice to vice, till I was entangled, unawares, and had the full prospect before me of inevitable destruction.

Oh, thoughtless youth, remember this! remember it, I say, in time, and beware!

## CHAPTER XIII.

*The Reveries of a miserable Man: an absurd Cause of Hope: the Torments of guilty Sleep: the welcome Return of Day: a Visitor: the noble Feelings of Friendship.*

THROUGH the whole of the character of Hazard, there were strange contradictions: he appeared to be actuated toward me by the spirit of revenge, yet he applied in person to the keeper of the prison, that I might have an apartment to myself, and be allowed every necessary, for which he would be accountable. Was this from motives of humanity? or, was it to give his future proceedings a colorable pretext, that it might appear he had no



personal enmity? It is in vain that a man may say—"I will not harbour suspicions;" they come in his own despite: according to what he sees, he is obliged to judge. He ought not to say—"I will not harbour suspicions"—but, "I will not do injury, because I suspect." Hazard made himself suspected of seeking revenge, but he constantly asserted he acted only to promote the safety of society; and this, no doubt, he had satisfied his conscience was the truth.

Finding myself thus shut up in a solitary and almost naked apartment, without a friend to consult, without one human being to console me, rendered contemptible to all, censured by all, rejected and cut off from human intercourse, I sunk, like a dejected wretch, and sat motionless for several hours in horrid reverie. The images of past events were floating before me.

Contrasted with the picture of every thing that I had been, tormenting conjectures on what I might have been, and the dreadful certainty of what I was, assaulted me.

The sweet yet majestic form of my dear and loving lady mother was continually in my view: I heard her deep lamentations, and the bitter reproaches that she made my father, for having conducted his child thus to the gates of death and ignominy.

The mild and reverend figure of my governor and guardian, who had indeed been to me as a father, swam in the vision: while I deeply regretted that, by an untimely fate, he had been hurried from me. Had he lived, I had been protected, guarded against evil, and had never entered the walls of a prison, a declared malefactor. So at least I supposed; but the suppositions of man are often vain.

The accidents of my school days were all remembered, many of them with regret, but my early nefarious practices with abhorrence! I considered them as the clue that guided me to the prison-house, to infamy, and to death: for in death and infamy all my solutions ended.

Such was the weak and disordered state of my mind, that, the conjurer, and his dreadful prophecy, came fully to recollection: "There was a dangerous influence in my ruling star; it threatened my life; but, if I could escape, I should be a very fortunate person."

Absurd as I had always held such pretended prophecies to be, and vague and indefinite as these words were, such was the imbecile state of my mind, in this hour of conscious guilt, that I was willing to believe they afforded hope. If I could escape danger, I

should be a fortunate man! Ah, how childish is all human intellect, in the moments when it is confused! and, ah, how many are they!

Thus the night was passed: waking thoughts that tormented, perturbed dreams, dreadful night alarms, apprehensions from a scene that was strange and full of terrors, conjectures on the sufferings of death, suppositions of persons under all its agonies, and horrors such as men most abhor, were the tortures of my mind.

Daylight returned, and with it a partial relief. I made every effort to reconcile myself to my fate, resolving, if I must die, to betray no mean and cowardly spirit; and, if I lived, for ever hereafter to avoid and detest every thing that I believed to be vicious. This resolution was firm, and not to be shaken. It was made indeed almost at the very moment when I first sus-

pected the whole of my guilt, and every moment since had but given it additional strength.

With these thoughts possessing my soul, and affording me some consolation, I sat, half reconciled either to life or death, and eating my breakfast, when the jailor's man, who had brought it me, entered, and told me a gentleman wished to see me.

My spirits were instantly fluttered! If die I must, I wished rather as it were to die and never more be seen, of any human being by whom I once was known. My self-reproaches were sufficient; my heart shrunk from those of others. I was overwhelmed with shame, and would have concealed myself, and my guilt, even in the caves of nonentity. Why must I be disturbed? Why should I not be allowed to suffer death quietly? Now to molest me was

but to inflict needless misery. Such was the temper of my soul.

Recollecting myself a moment, something of a different picture, and of other possibilities, darted across my mind, and I desired the gentleman might come in.

But who was this visitor? Who could already know of my misery? Was he an offensive intruder? Did he seek to gratify an impertinent curiosity? Who could feel kindness or compassion for me, an abandoned wretch, a dissipated——

Oh, my heart! It was Henry Fairman! He flew to my arms, fell upon my neck, and sobbed several minutes before he could speak. He then could only utter—"Oh, Bryan!"

The tenderness of such friendship, and of such a friend, quite overcame me. That there should be a man on

earth, who could so dearly love a wretch like me, was pleasure and pain so mingled that language falls miserably short of expressing what my soul felt! Never was there a kinder human heart than that of Henry Fairman; nor was there ever one more noble!

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Inquiries of great Moment: a fruitless Search: Mercy begs in vain: another interesting Visitor, and another: a liberal and compassionate Letter, accompanied by friendly Advice.*

“WHAT can have brought you here, Bryan?”

“Do not ask me!”

“Is it what the newspapers affirm?”  
I hope in Heaven it is not!”

“What do they affirm?”

“That your crime is forgery——  
Your silence confirms my fears! It is the most fatal of crimes! By what strange means could you so forget yourself? I know your heart, Bryan! I know it is good! How could you thus



sport with your life ! Oh, what an excellent, what an exalted spirit has been overthrown, by vicious example and early accursed instruction ! Blessed be my father and mother ! I had else perhaps been much more mistaken ! Tell me your case ; state it fully ; conceal nothing. If there be power in pleading—— I am a fool, pray let me hear what you have to tell me.”

“ Among other bills, one of five hundred pounds came enclosed in a letter, from Mr. Saville to me, but on account of Hazard and Co.: I have endorsed it, and applied it to my own use.”

“ Is it in circulation ?”

“ It is.”

“ Who holds it ?”

“ I cannot say. I was in the hands of bailiffs, detainers were lodged against me, and I know not whether the sheriff's officer or some creditor took the bill.”

“Who caused you to be apprehended?”

“Mr. Hazard.”

“Mr. Saville is not in England?”

“No: but I wrote to him immediately, stating what I had done, and acknowledging myself his debtor.”

“That is something.”

“But not enough?”

“Give me instantly the address of the sheriff’s officer, in whose custody you were. If I can but recover the bill!”

“Who will pay the money?”

“Oh, ask not such a question! Life and five hundred pounds! And a life like yours! Nature destined you for great things; you have trifled with her precious gifts! Oh, may they be yet recovered!”

Henry took the address he desired me to write, flew from me, hastened with indefatigable zeal to the sheriff’s

officer, and from person to person, till he traced the bill, which was then in the hands of Hazard. The inquiries of Hazard had been more early, and scarcely less diligent, till he had the bill in his own possession.

To him Henry pleaded with an angel eloquence, but pleaded in vain: he offered to pay the money, but in vain: he cited my remarkable abilities, but in vain: my long services, but in vain: my family and orphan state, but in vain: the services I had rendered Mr. Saville, but, all, all in vain! "It was proper that the law should take its course." Hazard was deaf to every argument of reason, or compassion, and peremptory in his purpose.

Henry returned to the prison; but not till he had ordered a plain though cheerful dinner, nor till he had been home.

And what was his amiable kind pur-

pose in going home? The milk of human nature was in his heart, and he brought back the tender and affectionate Marianne!

He led her into the prison-room, and, the first glance she had of me, the burst of compassion which seized her was so great that she was immediately obliged to sink upon a chair. She struggled with it, she endeavoured to conceal it, for she well understood how it must harrow up my soul!

Having recovered herself, nothing could be more amiable, nothing more guarded, than her whole behaviour! though deeply embued with melancholy, she made it pleasant. The images that she brought to recollection were such as might revive the heart; at least any heart but such as mine then was. Yet, how powerfully did she take from the bitterness of affliction!

The noble pair dined and spent the afternoon with me: by their mutual solicitude, their sagacity and the tender humanity of their mind, for it was but one, they gave a grace to misery, and almost rendered it pleasing.

While they were thus using every amiable effort to give me tranquillity of heart, and inspire fortitude under suffering, while every sentence that they uttered breathed the most lively sense of rectitude and virtue, while I say thus sweetly conversing in the walls of a prison, we were interrupted by another visitor, who was announced.

I no longer imagined myself forlorn and forgotten, yet who could it be? It was Frederic Vaughan.

Finding Henry and Marianne with me, and well acquainted alike with their persons and their virtues, he soon and delicately caught the tone in which they spoke, and appeared to be not a

deploring, but a friendly visitor. He came no doubt dejected, and dejected in heart he certainly was; but he smiled, and would not appear so to be.

After a few minutes conversation, he took a letter from his pocket-book, saying, he came not only on his own account but on his mother's, who had written that letter to him; but, as it wholly related to me, he wished me to read it. It contained nothing, he hoped, which would greatly wound my feelings, but much of that which would heal.

Frederic gave the letter into my hand: I read it in silence; I could not have read it aloud. These were its contents:

“DEAR FREDERIC,

“I have passed a melancholy day; the image of Mr. Perdue has been continually swimming before me. What

will become of that fine-minded, that unfortunate, that mistaken youth? If you see any means of assisting him, for the love of Heaven let them not be neglected. Oh, I shall never forget his open and manly zeal in your behalf, and in the moment of your distress! I shall never forget it! And may he never want a friend, himself, who could so passionately be the friend of others! Consult with Mr. Fairman, your master: I no less depend on his charity than on his wisdom. If you can act yourself, use every possible exertion: though I own I see not how.

“I have neglected nothing: I hastened instantly to my dear Henrietta, now Lady Champion. Her consternation and her grief are inexpressible! Lord Champion is in the country, and on business of a serious nature, but she sent an express away for him in-

stantly. Nothing can exceed the charity of her heart, except the recollection that she owes her life to Mr. Perdue; and I believe that heart would break, if any thing fatal should happen to him: for never was gratitude stronger in a human bosom. From the moment I first knew her, it has always been the same: it equals even her extreme affection for Lord Campion.

“ The first moment you can be spared, hasten to your suffering friend: you may console him, at least: do not let him suppose he is forsaken. Let imprisonment be made comfortable to him, if possible. But I know your native goodness, my dear Frederic, and in that I securely rest.”

Frederic saw how greatly I was moved.

“ You should not, Sir, be surprised,”



said, he, "that everybody is deeply interested for you: appeal to your own heart, and you will guess what others must feel. My mother, you see, has mentioned my master, Mr. Fairman's uncle: he is a most excellent man, and it is scarcely possible to feel greater interest in your behalf than he does. 'Tell Mr. Perdue,' said he, 'I can promise, for my whole family, that nothing which can be done shall be neglected; for we are all convinced that Mr. Perdue has an excellent heart; and that, however mistaken as a youth, if he might but live, he will become a most excellent man. I now greatly blame myself for not having courted an intercourse with him, but my fears were powerful. I am sure he is not hardened in vice! The actions, which Henry has told me he has performed, all originate in such generous affections as cannot but finally make the man

that owns them highly virtuous. Were I not convinced, Frederic, of Mr. Bryan's decided propensity to goodness, I would send no such message.' "You therefore see," continued Frederic, "that you have firm friends. Oh, your life shall be saved! it shall be saved! Join with me, Mr. Fairman, and assure poor Bryan that his life shall be saved."

## CHAPTER XV.

*What is Humanity, and what is Justice?  
How Criminals ought to be treated:  
Jack Shepherd, and Eugene Aram: an  
Apostrophe to Kings and Legislators.*

MY friends indeed were kind and active, but my enemy was implacable! he considered it as his duty: I will not suffer a worse thought to enter my mind. If he were swayed by the recollection of an injury, which he supposed I had done him; he knew it not. Charity commands us so to hope. He thirsted not for the blood of man, but of a wretch, whom he deemed a proper and useful victim to the law. Such are the feelings which we are taught are necessary, to the safety of

society: why should I accuse Mr. Hazard of having feelings still worse, still more erroneous?

I mistake: more erroneous they could not be. The sacrifice of human victims is not the way to remove offence from the earth, but to create it. Never will men walk in safety, till better modes of correcting vice shall be practised.

How fortunate was I, in my imprisonment! I heard none of that blasphemy, which hardens the human heart! I had no intercourse with men, who stimulate each other to acts of dangerous atrocity, by the relation of their own wiles, their own successes, and the glory with which they were crowned! I was not excited first to inflame, and then to stupify, all the faculties of my soul, by repeated positions of inebriation; liquors that were grateful to the palate, but poisonous to

life and understanding! I was not exposed to the vulgar and odious ribaldry of extreme ignorance, educated in extreme wretchedness! I was surrounded by the enlightened, who gave me instruction, and the humane who stretched out the arm to save me; for mortal was the danger in which I stood!

Oh, that criminals might ever more have these advantages! Oh, that the watchful eye of wisdom, and the benignant hand of power, might henceforth and for ever be their protectors! Oh, that the guilty might be sent, like patients afflicted with dangerous disease, to hospitable mansions, that might be humanely constructed for their reception, and their reform!

How many men of enterprise and high faculty would then be preserved! What might the mind of Jack Shepherd have achieved, had its powers been directed to their proper end! He

was abandoned; he gloried in vice: alas! it was only because such was the stimulus that had been given him. Turn such miraculous powers to a different purpose, to the mighty ends of virtue, and what would they then have produced? How inestimable might have been the labors of Eugene Aram, that man of extraordinary attainments and stupendous faculties! Nay, how doubtful was his guilt! how doubtful even the crime for which he suffered! How easily are minds like these destroyed! but by whom shall they be restored?

While I am writing these memoirs, I cannot forget that I have been subjected to hang, by the neck, till I was dead! dead! dead! Dreadful and impolitic sentence! I dare boldly assert it, the whole tenor of my life shows that it was a life worth preserving. On you I call, oh kings and legislative

powers, not with an accusing voice, but with a heart swelling with hope! On you I call, in the name of the present and of future generations, to study how life may be preserved and vice corrected. Shrink not from the mighty task: it is worthy of the native and the highest dignity of man! Say not it is impossible to accomplish: ten thousand are the proofs that show the contrary! Deal not in human blood! trifle not in indolence, and cut off wretches, that are scarcely to be feared, only to rid yourselves of trouble and dine in quiet! It is not my voice, it is the voice of humanity, it is the voice, I say, of swarming generations, that adjures you.

It was to this end, good reader, that these memoirs were written: it was to give the little aid, which an individual can give, toward producing a purpose that is no less glorious than benevolent.

Accuse me not therefore of interrupting my memoirs, because you are impatient: their worth would be trifling indeed, the amusement of an hour, that might have been better spent, did they not aim at a higher end than merely to amuse.



## CHAPTER XVI.

*The Proceedings of Lord Campion and Henrietta: Inquiries of a legal Nature: the Letter of Attorney and the Key: a vain Search, and a cautious implacable Enemy: more Questions, and the apparent Miracle explained.*

THE next visit that Henry Fairman paid me was interesting in several points.

He brought me intelligence that Lord Campion, on the receipt of Henrietta's letter, had returned immediately to town; that, knowing Henry was not only my friend but had already obtained great legal reputation, he had been with him, and had expressed a

most honorable and almost racking anxiety in my behalf; that Henrietta herself could not remember the protection I had given her with a more lively zeal and gratitude; and that her husband had pledged his honor no effort, on his part, should be spared, in order to save my life.

Henry then proceeded to interrogate me on a question, as he told me, of the utmost consequence.

“Pray, were you accustomed to endorse bills in behalf of the house of Hazard and Co.?”

“It was my common practice, when Mr. Hazard was out of town.”

“By what authority?”

“His own desire.”

“But you entered the sum, or sums, and brought them to account?”

“Always.”

“And immediately?”

“Yes.”

“Had you no written authority for this purpose from Mr. Hazard? The question is essential.”

“Yes.”

“A procuration or power of attorney?”

“Yes.”

“Where is it?”

“Among my papers in my counting-house desk.”

“Did you leave that desk open?”

“Never: the key of it is now in my box.”

“Let me have that key immediately, and write a note to authorize me to open the desk and take the procuration, with any other papers that belong to you. I am glad the key of your desk in the counting-house is in your possession, and especially that you had a written authority given you to endorse bills.”

I gave Henry the key and the written note, which he desired, and he hurried away to the house of Hazard, showed his authority, and immediately went and opened my desk.

How great was his astonishment and consternation, when he could not find the power of attorney, that had been given me. He inquired for Mr. Hazard, but he was gone out of town, and was not expected home again for some time. Henry feared that his absence was intentional; for he heard, from the clerks, that he had openly declared his determination to make me a public example: it was requisite to commerce and the safety of merchants.

Henry returned, again to question me—whether I was certain that a procuration had been given me? or, rather, whether it had never been taken from me again by Hazard?

To these questions I could truly and positively answer yes, and no: and, with respect to the paper having been taken from my desk, after recollecting myself, I could easily account for a thing which otherwise appeared to be impossible. There was in the counting-house a set of locks, all on the same construction, but each with an increasing number of wards; so that a separate key was necessary to each, but there was a master-key to the whole; and this master-key was kept in his own possession, by Mr. Hazard.

That he should thus, as I may say surreptitiously, deprive me of the means of defence, which the procuration might have afforded, was a certain proof of his determination to bring me to condign punishment. I considered my life as lost.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Letters written in vain: the Behaviour of a wanton Woman: the Approach of the dreadful Day, and the assiduous Cares of a generous Friend: a Union of Sentiments in Behalf of Humanity: a mournful Evening rendered delightful.*

MY enemy and my friends were both uncommonly active. By Hazard, a letter had been written to Mr. Savi-ville, immediately, to inform him of the forgery I had committed, of my imprisonment, and of the necessity there was that a crime of this kind should never be suffered to escape unpunished. The style of his letter was exaggerated, and such as could not but tend to produce the effect he desired.

Henrietta, on the contrary, joined with Lord Campion to write, in the most pressing manner, and with every endeavour to move the affections of her father. She made a recapitulation of all that the family was indebted to me; the protection I gave her; the saving of Mr. Saville's papers; the worthy acts that they had heard of me; whatever might tend to move the heart to mercy, was pathetically and urgently repeated.

I relate these facts to show what were the characters of the men, for neither of the letters produced their intended effect. Mr. Saville was at this time in a fever, and delirious; nor did he recover soon enough for his interference to have any effect.

And what, in this situation, was the behaviour of the woman, to please whom I had brought myself into this dreadful predicament? It was that

which ought always to be expected from women like her. I acknowledge she had a heart that might have been highly virtuous; but of what avail was it to me in the hour of my distress?

Such was her habitual levity, that, what she purposed one moment she forgot the next. Such was her cowardice, that, she feared to have any knowledge of a person, who was in such imminent danger of being brought to public execution, lest she should be implicated in his guilt. She had neither the courage, the perseverance, nor the desire, to make any inquiries, concerning either me or my affairs, now that she saw I was not qualified to be the keeper of an extravagant woman, and which fact indeed she had long suspected.

She took exactly the course that best could paint the worthless prin-



ciples which she had acquired: she returned to Lord Loiter, and he, in his own weak opinion, again appeared triumphant, in the regions of debauchery.

Let no man hope to find a friend in the dens of vice! Let him hold himself fortunate, if he escape their treacherous darkness!

And now the awful, the dreadful day approached! Oh, what anxiety did it inspire! How indefatigable, in every possible direction and in every humane attempt, was the noble-minded Henry!

The solicitor, that he employed, was a gentleman on whom he could depend, yet, lest any slip of human frailty, any forgetfulness of the memory, any mistake in judgment might escape him, Henry consulted with him daily. Every being was subpœnaed, by whom he thought my acquittal might possi-

bly be favored. The fairest accounts were circulated, by him, of my character, my abilities, and every thing to my advantage that could be said. My birth was not forgotten, nor those actions that contributed to show the virtuous propensities which had first made him my friend. Mortal man could not act with greater zeal.

He had interested his family, no less than himself: they could not oppose the power of the law, but whatever else could be done they were eager to perform.

Lord Campion, acting in concert with Henrietta, sent daily to the prison; and every day his messenger brought something that denoted kindness, which was always delivered in terms of no less respect than if I had been his brother.

Henrietta, in this as in every respect, conducted herself with angelic

purity of heart, and propriety of manner. How deeply did she grieve, that she could do no more.

I need not inform the reader that Frederic Vaughan, and his excellent mother, joined in these endeavours: Frederic came to me frequently.

Thus, if I must die, never was the rugged path of death made more smooth, or flattering to the heart of man. I was resigned to my fate. There was a joy, a heart-felt satisfaction, in my present state, though a prisoner, such as I had never known before: but, ah, still I was a malefactor! still I was one of whom it could be for ever said—"that man has committed a crime, for which he might have been hanged."

The abilities of Henry were acknowledged to be superior to those of any man at the bar, of what is called *his standing*. He did not usually prac-

tise in the criminal courts, but he well understood the penal statutes, and had perseveringly studied my case. In conversing with me, he had continually made notes, of such things as had casually started to his mind, as well from my words as from recollection.

Such however was his delicacy, that, though he feared lest my life should be committed to other persons, he asked me at first what counsel I wished? and I as readily answered —“ my life cannot be so safe with any one, as with yourself !”

The evening previous to the trial, he came and supped with me; and, though he avowed no such purpose, it was evident that his whole attention was employed to inspire me with fortitude, and give me equanimity of mind, to support the awful scene of the following day. He spoke, as it were casually, of life

and death, as things to which all men are subject, and to which all men of superior minds cheerfully submit.

He described men as erring, not from the mistaken notion of native wickedness of heart, but, from the adventitious circumstances which gradually lead them to err. Education, he said, was not to be estimated by any instructions that an individual had the power to afford, however excellent they might be; but by the whole of the circumstances under which a man has existed.

And here he acknowledged how supremely fortunate the circumstances of his education had been. To be the son, he said, of a family of order and economy, where knowledge, honesty, and liberality of heart, were combined, was a blessing to the individual, and to the world.

His conversation soothed the soul.

Never, not even when reading the best of authors, did I spend a more philosophic evening.

His kindness went further: Marianne, he said, would have accompanied him most willingly, and he would most willingly have brought her, but that he feared lest her too amiable sensibility might produce an effect debilitating to the mind, which ought on such occasions so to be secure of itself as to have all its powers at full command.

He further added, that Henrietta and Lord Champion had refrained from visiting me, only from motives of the most kind and delicate nature, and such as in all probability had already suggested themselves to my imagination.

He staid with me to the last minute, while the prison gates remained open; but, when he left me, maugre every

effort that he had made to steel my mind and his own, a burst of passion seized him, which he could only restrain by turning himself for a minute away. "Good night, Bryan," said he, "good night. Let your sleep, your dreams, and your waking thoughts, be calm." He spoke, and hurried away.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*The awful Morning: an alarming Example: Compassion that was unexpected: Feelings not to be controlled: Solemnity that made the Heart shudder: the Indictment: the dreadful Assailant, and the noble Defender: Witnesses heard: the Prosecutor cross-questioned: a Pleader whose Words and Tears are irresistible.*

THE morning came, the fearful morning of the day, that was to decide on life, or death. I was early awake, and the gloomy clouds seemed to hang heavily, as if averse to cheering hope. On the eve, a poor prisoner had been found guilty, death; and his crime, I thought, compared to mine, was, alas!



but little: it was a breach of trust, it is true, but the sum was small; mine was large, and beside it was forgery!

When thus assailed, who can command the affections? Every thing appeared to wear tenfold solemnity! The look of the rude jailor, who brought my breakfast, was marked with melancholy: it told me what he thought: it were pity such a youth *must die!*

In half an hour he returned. "You have not *eat* your breakfast, Sir. Pray eat! You had better eat!"—I could make no answer, he spoke in so mournful a tone. I looked at him: What is so affecting as melting roughness?

"Is the court sitting?"

"It has been crowded ever since seven o'clock."

"Indeed?"

"It is full of gentry."

"Are the judges come?"

“They are robing. You had better eat; my master is coming, and we must go.”

Violent spasms in the loins seized me: I was unable for a little while to rise. Oh, how I struggled to conquer associations, which were so violent in their assault that I feared they should deprive me of manhood.

I recovered, the chief jailor entered, and I followed him, with two sturdy jail-keepers at my heels. I had no inclination to escape.

I was dressed in a mourning suit; my hair in the fashion of the times, but modest: my youth, my deportment, and my figure, produced such an effect upon the court that there was a universal murmur. All eyes were fixed upon me: the number of ladies was extraordinary, and their white handkerchiefs, waving through the air to their eyes, almost all at the same in-

stant, had an effect that was truly tragical. It was not for feigned misfortunes that they wept.

The judge and all the bench were moved; and time was allowed me to recover.

I scarcely dared look the least askance, but my eye was keen, and I discovered all the friends, whom I personally knew: the family of the Fairmans; I knew them by the uncle, and by the presence of Mrs. Vaughan and Frederic: not far from them sat Lord Champion and the mournful Henrietta; her tears were continual; and on the opposite side curiosity had brought thither the cause of my disgrace, with that poor insignificant creature, Lord Loiter, by her side. Vice blushes not to show itself in churches or on the judgment-seat.

The indictment was read, and I was called upon, by the clerk of the court,

to hold up my hand, at the bar of justice, and plead: guilty, or not guilty?

My tongue would willingly have confessed my guilt, but I was well prepared, for this awful moment, by Henry: he had convinced me that to plead guilty would have been falsehood; for it would have been to acknowledge that the life of man ought to be taken away by man, which he brought the most powerful arguments to prove ought never to be, even in the most extreme cases, and when murder itself had been perpetrated. I therefore feebly answered—Not guilty.

The opening of the prosecution was terrible: it appeared as if the person, who made it, had exhausted imagination to turn the crime I had committed into the most dangerous, revolting, and inflammatory, of human offences. He ended with a plea for his humanity, purporting that such was the cruel nature

of the duty, he had to perform, to society and the law.

In reality, he followed but the common routine, and was not impelled by any personal malice. Still, it must be observed, that lawyers, taking different sides, appear to be stimulated, like heroes in the field of blood, each contending for victory, and as if eternal disgrace would be the lot of the conquered. I shuddered, while I listened, to imagine I had been so very wicked.

Henry, though young and taking the lead as my counsel, was so well beloved, and had been so anxious in every step of the proceeding, that he was supported by the ablest men in the law. His reply was as dignified as it was pathetic. He made no attempt to lessen the nature of the crime of forgery. Neither did he breathe a word of those humane principles, which he secretly maintain-

ed, concerning the sacred nature of the life of man: for he knew that such doctrine would not, could not, be listened to in a court of law; but that, on the contrary, it would there injure my cause.

The pathos of his elocution consisted in the brief, the strong, the affecting history which he gave of my life; the picture that he drew of the humane, the disinterested, the intrepid proofs that I had given of virtue. All eyes were turned upon me: all hearts were moved. Henry himself sobbed, and was unable awhile to proceed. Coming to the legal part, he informed the court that he had no doubt he should be able to prove I had not committed the crime of which I stood accused. Having concluded, the witnesses for the prosecution were called: the chief of them was the prosecutor himself, Hazard; and every care had been taken to prove

the endorsement, by the hand writing, the course of circulation into which the bill had been put, and each necessary step to substantiate the crime of forgery.

My fate appeared inevitable: the profound silence of the whole court, the deep gloom that sat on every countenance, the sigh that occasionally escaped, these, and every incident, denoted the general opinion to be that I must suffer.

Henry however rose, with a firm and cheering tone of voice, modest and respectful, but not to be shaken. He began by cross-questioning Mr. Hazard.

“Has not the prisoner, Mr. Perdue, been in the constant habit, Sir, of endorsing the bills of Mr. Saville for your house?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Had you not granted Mr. Perdue a

procuration, or letter of attorney, giving him your authority for that purpose ?”

“ Let him produce that procuration.”

“ I ask you a plain question, Mr. Hazard ; and I ask it with the feelings of humanity, of which I hope you are not destitute ; did you, or did you not, grant him a procuration ?”

“ I did, but I took it from him again.”

“ Not from *him*, Mr. Hazard ; you took it from *his desk*, of which you have a master-key.”

“ When did I take it, Sir ?”

“ That you best know, Mr. Hazard ; but the prisoner left it there the day that he was arrested, and when he gave me his key, that I might take it into my possession, it was gone.”

Hazard slunk from the stand appropriated to witnesses, where he stood



elevated, and hung down his head, endeavoring to conceal himself from the eyes of the whole court, that were turned in search of him.

Again there was a general murmur.

Henry then proceeded: he called witnesses to my character, all of whom spoke of me with a kindness and an ardor that showed how interested they were in my fate: but when the name of Lady Champion was pronounced, when the half-fainting, half-hoping, the interesting, the beautiful Henrietta appeared, all was silent admiration that approached astonishment!

Her voice was almost choked; her eyes were swimming; the tears streamed from them in rivulets; the whole bench, the whole court, encouraged her.

At length the picture that she drew of the dreadful conflagration, and of the still more dreadful state in which she

found herself, waked in horror from her sleep, with certain destruction before her eyes, the flames increasing round her, she falling senseless to the floor, smothered with smoke, and snatched from an untimely death, in a moment, by me, at the risk of my own life—all this, I say, repeated with sobs and tears, articulated with difficulty, yet so as to be plainly heard, produced a scene so affecting that angels must have wept! It was an angel that spoke. Every creature sobbed in sympathy. I thought I heard the persecuting Hazard the loudest among them. But such is man: he is inconsistent, because he is but half instructed.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*The Trial continued, and the unabating Ardor of Friendship: a dreadful Reply: the near Approach of the solemn Moment: the Summing-up: Instructions to the Jury, and the Acquittal: an awful and a memorable Day.*

THE witnesses having all been heard, Henry once more addressed himself to the court. It was in a truly masterly manner that he appealed to the jury and the bench, stating every circumstance in my favour, appealing as well to their justice as to their humanity, showing that not only rectitude but the letter of the law were in my favour; neglecting nothing, profiting by every thing, and particularly working upon

that general sympathy which prevailed through the whole court in my behalf.

When he sat down, every person seemed to be convinced that I was no longer in danger.

The counsel for the prosecution rose: it was supposed he could have nothing to say, but every mind was astonished as he proceeded; every heart was afflicted at the accusations that he made; and, while he discoursed on the certainty of my guilt, the flagrancy and the dangerous effects to society should it escape unpunished, the palpitating bosoms of the hearers did not merely imagine my case was again thrown back into perilous doubt, but that, since all this was so undeniably true, their former hopes of my escape were absolutely false and chimerical.

And now the solemn moment approached: the judge took his note-

book, to sum up the evidence: he stated, with great perspicuity, the substance of all that had been deposed. He then addressed the jurors. The moment was awful. He began with stating the heinous nature of the crime, its dangerous tendency to society, and its moral delinquency. This he considered to be so great, that the mercantile affairs of men could no longer be carried on in safety, should culprits, who were proved to have committed the crime of forgery, be suffered to escape. As he spoke, the sentence of death seemed to be pronounced.

He then adverted to my moral character: "it gave him," he said, "the highest pleasure to see persons so respectable, so undoubted for their veracity, so high in rank, so humane of heart, and so interesting in their whole demeanor, come forward thus publicly to relate actions of me which did me

“ honor, greater than he could de-  
“ scribe.”

Again my heart, and the hearts of all, began to hope.

“ But all this,” he said, “ however  
“ excellent, however true, had no  
“ weight in the eye of the law. The  
“ jury must remember it, no otherwise  
“ than as it affected matter of fact.

“ There was, however, a legal point  
“ which it became the jury to take  
“ into very serious consideration ; and  
“ that was the power of attorney, that  
“ had been granted me. That it had  
“ been granted, Mr. Hazard himself al-  
“ lowed; and that it had also been in the  
“ possession of the prisoner, when he  
“ endorsed the bill for which he stood  
“ arraigned, had not been disproved.  
“ Consequently, the bill had been en-  
“ dorsed under a legal power, though it  
“ could not be denied that the pri-  
“ soner had been guilty of a flagrant

“breach of trust. But the crime, for  
“which he stood indicted, was for-  
“gery; and, from the evidence that  
“had been adduced, the law required,  
“that a verdict should be found in  
“favor of the prisoner.”

Suspense was revived in the whole court; every heart was palpitating with hope; every eye was turned toward the jury.

The judge further added, in extenuation, “that a tender had been made  
“of the money, and that it had been re-  
“fused, with great propriety indeed,” his lordship said, “by the prosecutor,  
“who too well understood his duty  
“to the public to screen, what he  
“then considered as, an act of for-  
“gery.”

And now came the moment that was to be fatal, or that was to acquit. The jury were called upon. After

what his lordship had said, they thought it not necessary to leave their box. They delighted in their task: the impression, that Henry and Henrietta had made, was too deep for it to be easily effaced. They did not hesitate a minute: the whisper among them went round, and the foreman cheerfully pronounced—NOT GUILTY!

Then it was indeed that the tears began to flow! but they were tears of joy. They were precious tears, for they washed my heart pure. Oh, that all trials were conducted like mine!

But, Henrietta! what were her emotions? I cannot describe them; they must be imagined.

I was liberated: every friend flocked round me, and who among them was the first in my arms, and the nearest to my heart? It was Henry Fairman.



Oh, memorable day! never to be erased from the tablets of recollection! How does it happen that the life of man is made, as it were, but a common traffic, or business, that must be gone through expeditiously, for there is more of the same kind to be done? Instead of the solemn scene, that should impress the mind, not only of the erring wretch, who stands arraigned, but of every auditor, with the importance of our moral duties, their relations to and dependence on each other, the beneficent consequences to which, when fulfilled, they lead, the fatal effects of either forgetting or mistaking them, the general happiness that results to man when he is virtuous, and the horrors that overtake the guilty; instead, I say, of this solemnity, this conviction, this awful lesson being taught, the whole passes over like business, that

must be done ere men can dine! If death be necessary, the death of a criminal should cause the tears of a nation!

## CHAPTER XX.

*An Evil removed: another that cannot be cured: beware of yielding to Evil: the Worm that never-dies: Arguments that are kind, but ineffectual: the World never forgets.*

How great was the load that was this day removed from my mind! I had prepared myself to meet public execution, as an evil that was inevitable: an evil which my own guilty conduct had thus brought upon me, in the flower and prime of youth. I was snatched from this deplorable catastrophe by the ardent zeal, the unremitting exertions, of friendship too great to be expected from man! I lived, I breath-

ed again, the world was again before me, free for the trial of my talents!

Ah, no! The world to me, alas, was no longer what it had been! I could no longer walk erect and hail the liberal air in open day and unabashed. Every human being, that seemed to eye me, looked reproaches, and uttered language killing to the heart! "Behold that fellow! see how he hangs his head! He was tried at the Old Bailey, and narrowly escaped the halter!"

Oh, man, trifle not with integrity! Be pure of hand and heart! Beware of the downcast countenance, the conscious and everlasting presence of guilt, the self-upbraidings that can never be appeased! Think you they have been forgotten by me? Rash and misguided mortal! they will haunt me on my death-bed! Do you know them and

me? Remind me not of them: if you have human pity, spare me! My own reminiscence is sufficient!

Why do I thus torment myself with vain fears? We have no personal knowledge of each other; we have no intercourse; but, if we had, and you with rude malignity were to—— Enough! The thought is distraction!

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Alas, from my school days, I had forsaken the sweet and delightful paths of innocence. Now, being roused at length to an utter abhorrence of the vices I had practised, and to a full sense and burning love of virtue, how did I shrink from the recollection of myself! Think not I add one shade beyond the simple truth:

Words cannot convey the anguish of my mind. Words cannot describe what I feel, whenever this subject intrudes it.

self. At such times, I own, I suspect myself of weakness. My only refuge against this evil is an endeavor to remember the moral atonement I since have made.

Meditations, like these, have haunted me through life. At a moment when I was in the midst of them, their bitterness being then new and extreme, the following dialogue passed between Henry and myself:

“ You do not seem happy, Bryan ? ”

“ Happy ? How can I be happy ? ”

“ Nay, you well understand the means : every thing you say convinces me that you are now no more in danger of being vicious. ”

“ And every thing I hear and perceive convinces *me* I can never regain the precious jewel I have lost. ”

“ What jewel do you mean ? ”

“ Self-respect. The man, who is shunned by the world, because he is too

virtuous for the world, walks like an earthly deity in open day, smiling benignantly on those beneath him: but he whom the world avoids, because he is too much below the common the vulgar standard of virtue, is indeed a pitiable being! especially, when he has a full consciousness that the contempt of the world is just!"

"I never wished you to palliate and conceal your mistakes from yourself; but you should not look only at one side of your character: you should remember the good that you have done, and the much more consistent good which I have no doubt you will do."

"Be assured I will! yes, be assured! but that which is past is irrevocable: the brand of shame never can be removed from my forehead; it is fixed! I never have been accustomed to fear the inquiring eye of man; but now I shrink from it, as from the searching fire.

Nay, the curiosity of childhood intimidates, and makes me conscious of who and what I am."

"Not of what you are, but of what you have been. From occasions like these the noblest fortitude takes birth. Have the courage to meet inquiry boldly: be as frank with the world as you are with your own heart, and, whenever accused, whether in word or look, arm yourself with the shield of truth, and meet your accuser: dare him to catalogue your crimes; not because you glory in them, or would defend them; but, because you are ready to prove, in word and act, that you hate them more heartily than he does."

"Never shall I attain such effrontery."

"How can you call it by so improper a name! it is nothing less than moral dignity. Effrontery belongs to him who unblushingly continues in the prac"



tice of vice ; not to him who forsakes and abhors it."

" To you, Henry, I stand gratefully and joyfully indebted for my life : for your principles I have always had the highest respect, though I had not the virtue to practise them ; henceforth I am determined not only to venerate but to make them the rule of my conduct : but, in matters of feeling and opinion, the best of men cannot avoid to differ. Will it ever be forgotten that I have been a malefactor ? Can I forget it myself ?"

" Not as a thing that has happened ; but, as a subject of personal disgrace, yes : nay, like the mass of dark in a picture, it will make your future virtues more luminous and delightful !"

" The world knows no such nice distinctions : it does not reason, but it feels, it remembers, it relates. The tale never dies !"

Our dialogue ended as disputes on subjects of opinion generally do; each maintained his own. I thought Henry no judge of what every guilty man, like me, must feel; but he undoubtedly had the most just and noble view of the question. He who has done wrong ought to acquire the fortitude to meet reproach with open avowal, expressing his abhorrence of that wrong, and his determination to commit it no more.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*An unexpected Resolution: an Elopement to France: my Change of Name: the Value of Human Life: monastic Happiness: a sincere, but short Friendship.*

So strongly did the feelings, which I have recapitulated, prey upon my mind, that their effervescence produced a resolution no less strange than unexpected. My father was of the protestant, and my dear and loving lady mother of the catholic, faith: I had been bred in the former, but, from my affection to her, I was most inclined to the latter; and, that I might effectually and for ever be secured from the world and reproach, I conceived the

thought of becoming a monk, and burying myself in a monastery.

It was while I was in prison that I first conceived this idea, which I purposed to execute, if I should be so fortunate as to escape. In the agitation of the moment, it had afterward been nearly forgotten; but, being now once more at liberty, and finding myself a frequent object of public curiosity, it recurred with great additional force.

I knew this scheme would be opposed by Henry, were he consulted; and, as I considered myself to be the best judge of my own feelings, and of what might relieve them, I resolved not to inform him of my design, but secretly to abscond. I reconciled myself to the unkindness of the act, by convincing my mind that, since I was fully determined, this mode would give him the least pain.

From what has been seen of my cha-

racter, particularly of its haughtiness, quick sensibility, and self-confidence, no one will be surprised to hear I put this plan in immediate execution. I hastened to Dover, embarked on board the first packet that sailed, was favored by a fair wind, and within two hours and a half, after I had quitted the territories of England, was landed on the shores of France.

Now it was that I changed my name, to that which I still bear, Bryan Perdue, and by which I am only known to the reader. When I have said that such or such a person, in the foregoing part of my memoirs, has addressed me by this name, I have simply made it a substitute for that which I then bore, and of which I wish the world to be ignorant. To be obliged thus to change my name was but a small comparative evil, among the

very serious ones to which the man whose vices make him wish to conceal himself is subjected. Yet to imagine, "Mr. Bryan Perdue; alias Mr. ——" Oh how I hate an alias!

I have likewise avoided to name places, capital cities excepted, or such as could not lead to a discovery of my person.

Here, too, I shall take occasion to mention that, had I written merely for the amusement of my readers, I would have concluded my story with my trial: but I flatter myself that the purpose of it was much more noble than that of mere amusement; the principal end of writing it being to demonstrate, by my own example, and to call to recollection, by the example of others, how serious an act it is to take away the life of man! and how possible it is for one, who may

have been highly criminal, to become still more highly useful. Something concerning my future utility to society is what I have now to relate.

After I had taken the proper steps, I was admitted into a monastery in France, there to begin my noviciate. This monastery contained every thing, which I at first imagined I should desire : it was provided with an excellent library, stood in a retired place, had within itself all the means of satisfying the real wants of humanity, and afforded me the means to spend a life of contrition and instruction.

Alas, how versatile are the wishes of man ! How inadequate are his plans, to attain that happiness of which, while forming them, he does not suffer himself to doubt ! I did not remain quite a year, in this asylum : that year, however, was most profitably spent. I was truly contrite, and, being only

diverted from my studies by my religious duties, my progress in knowledge was great.

Among the fathers, there was one of great virtue, and learning ; and, finding the propensities which he so ardently loved and admired strong in me, he became my companion, my friend, and my instructor. Unfortunately, however, when I had remained at the monastery eight months, he was sent by his superior on a mission to Rome, there to remain no one could tell what length of time.

He being gone, his brethren in general were far indeed from the kind of men which my enthusiasm had pictured : namely, a company of holy fathers, devoted to God, and his religion. They had much of the terrestrial, and but little of the heavenly in their frame. They were regular attendants at mass, and vespers : all the routine of prescribed



forms was observed ; but they were no less regularly attentive to eating and drinking. The first appeared to be nothing better than a mechanical habit ; while to gormandize, and to be utterly useless, were evidently the whole for which they lived. I know not whether I dare affirm that, when my friend was gone, there was not one exception left among them ; but I can truly say I knew of none. Their society afforded me no pleasure, but often gave me great disgust. None of that elasticity of mind, in which I delighted, could I discover among them ; but traits that led me to suppose they indulged in private vices. That this suspicion was true, with respect to some of them, I soon had occasion to be convinced.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Men are but Men: a new Temptation easily resisted: odious Hypocrisy: Considerations that prevail: my Departure, and Intentions: an Inn, and a Person whom I strangely suspect: the Arrival of Travellers.*

I HAD not sufficiently reflected on the nature and powers of man to know that few of his species are capable even of conceiving, much less of practising, the sublime duties to which the religious orders, male and female, pretend. I was not at that time aware that, in monasteries and convents as in the world, few and rare are those who can attain the heights of virtue; and that, in each of them, nothing is more easy than to find such as have not the

power to resist the many infirmities to which man is heir.

Among the fathers, there was one who had long continued to endeavour to ingratiate himself with me. As I disliked the man, his appearance, his conversation, and his manners, I had uniformly suffered him to perceive that I was averse to his society.

One day, however, having taken occasion to do me some little favor, I returned him thanks, and we fell into conversation, which became more familiar than was customary between us. He ventured at last to drop hints, which greatly excited my curiosity; for the gratification of which I suppressed my sentiments, for a time, and suffered him to proceed.

He began with reminding me of the convent in the neighbourhood, where he told me there were some exceedingly agreeable women, with the company of

whom he was persuaded I should be pleased. I asked how that could happen? since, I understood, that, except the father-confessor, no man was permitted to pass *la grille*; and, that, except their relations, few men were suffered to converse with them in the *parloir*?

“ Oh,” replied he, “ there are ways and means: they are not so very strict as you suppose, nor so fearful of the company and conversation of a man. I know more than one good-natured girl, among them, who is very sorry for being a nun; and, if you had an inclination, I could soon bring you acquainted.”

I had, since my imprisonment, cultivated within myself too strong an abhorrence of vice, in general, to listen patiently to moral turpitude of so flagrant a nature as that, in which he was endeavouring to involve me. “ I am in my noviciate,” said I, “ and have yet made

no vows of celibacy; but they have. Nay, if they had not——Whatever your meaning may be, father, is best known to your own heart; but your discourse is of so diabolical a nature that I can listen to it no longer.”

I turned from him, and he followed, talking, and pretending that what he had said was to try how far I could endure temptation; adding, that he rejoiced, with a truly Christian heart, that I was so well fitted for the holy functions I was about to embrace. This ready hypocrisy did but increase my detestation of the action, and of the man.

Previous to this event, I had been seriously questioning myself, whether it would be either prudent or virtuous to immure myself for life, in walls like these, in the society of men whom I was much more inclined to despise than to esteem? I came among them, hoping to admire, to imitate, and to

attain heavenly perfection, similar to their own. Except the prayers that they repeated, and the ceremonies they performed, I could discover nothing in them that was not basely mundane; and this new incident so roused my indignation, and my dislike, that I determined immediately to leave them.

It would be vain to relate the trifling incidents relative to my departure, and the manner of it: let it suffice therefore to know that, having quitted the monkish costume, I passed through Paris, with an intention to return to England. No longer hoping for any resource from a monastic life, I had now to consider how I must exert my faculties for my support? and the mode that suggested itself, as the most easy and certain, was to become a mercantile clerk in some foreign house, that traded with London, and which Henry Fairman, by the means of his

father, could easily procure for me. My dislike to live in England, where I was known, was not in the least diminished.

The state of my finances was so low that I was obliged to walk the journey; but my health and activity were such that this was a trifling inconvenience.

After travelling two days, I rested at a small inn, intending to remain there all night. Among the persons that I saw, loitering and hovering about, was one who particularly attracted my notice. Whether he did or did not belong to the inn, I could not discover; but I thought his appearance and physiognomy very remarkable.

It was not any striking peculiarity in the dress, but in the figure altogether, that caught my eye. His complexion was of a dark sallow; his face of more than a common length, and

lean: his cheek bones were high; his nose was long, and very large, with a sharp point, and hooked bridge; his eyes were black, overhung by his bushy eyebrows; and his look was scowling and ferocious.

The fancy seized me, and I imagined him concealed in my bedchamber; come there as a midnight murderer; and, had I not been a foot traveller and poor, I should actually have persuaded myself such an event was probable, so strongly had his manner, look, and words, worked upon my mind.

During an hour and a half, before I went to bed, my eye had followed him, my ear had listened to his rough voice and repeated oaths, while I imaged to myself banditti, dark caverns, assassins, bravoës, and every similar horror of which I had heard or read, and thinking him the perpetrator or the accomplice of them all.



Just as I had mounted to my chamber, I heard the loud cracking of the whips of postillions, and knew that guests were coming. As they approached, I listened, for it was now dark, and thought I heard an English phrase or two. The travellers alighted, and entered the inn, and, partly from curiosity, partly from a restlessness, which remained on my mind concerning the man I had been remarking, I determined to go down and satisfy myself more concerning them. I ejaculated to myself—"Heaven preserve them, during a night so dark, from this dark man!" The supposition, that they might be English, increased the fervor of the prayer.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*A Conference overheard, and my Fears confirmed: a sudden Resolution, and a Meeting that was wholly unexpected: kind Reproaches: Apologies that were sincere, and mutual Explanations.*

MY doubts and fears appeared to be wild, nay little short of absurd; but, in warm minds, strong suspicions, being once excited, are not easily appeased, till ended by conviction on the one side or the other.

Having descended, I was very desirous to know whether the travellers were or were not English? For this purpose, I inquired of the landlady, and was told that they were. My anxiety was now

greatly increased, especially when I saw the man, of whom I had entertained so many dark thoughts, conferring with the postillions, who were to drive the next stage.

They had a lantern, and I was fearful of being seen ; but I stole as near to them as I durst, in order to listen. I perfectly understood the French language, but they spoke low ; however, the substance of what I gathered from their conversation was, that they had purposely damaged the axletree of the carriage ; that, by suddenly turning, they could make it break down when they pleased ; that they would take care this accident should happen at a certain place, not quite a league distant ; that they would give three cracks with the whip, and that this fellow, whom I suspected, should then come up, and, under the pretence of helping, should purloin a casket,

which they observed the travellers always took out of the carriage when they alighted. I also thought I heard the word *assassiner*, to murder; but of this I was not certain.

Alarmed as I was, I congratulated myself on my own sagacity. I had but too accurately read villainy in the face of the fellow, whom I suspected.

My resolution was soon taken, which was immediately to inform the travellers of their danger.

For this purpose, without any ceremony, I entered their apartment; but how extreme was my surprise, to find that these travellers were neither more nor less than Henry Fairman and Lord Campion. I cannot express the mutual feelings of the parties, especially of myself and Henry.

However, there was no time to be lost; and I immediately informed them of the cause that happened now

to bring us together. They were astonished at what they heard: lights were called for, the axletree was examined, and we found all that was expected: it had been so damaged that the travellers refused absolutely to proceed, till it was made secure.

The embarrassment was the greater because the guilty wretches, when they found themselves discovered, had instantly absconded, and assistants were wanting. At length, the damage was repaired. The people, who kept the inn, were effectually alarmed; though there was every reason to believe, from their manner, they were innocent, and other postillions were procured.

Having reasoned not a little on the strangeness of my suspicions, which yet had occasioned their safety, and on the oddness of the accident altogether, Henry and Lord Campion told me the purport of their journey. Mr. Saville,

Senior, was in the south of France, in a deep decline after the severe fever which he had while I was in prison; my quondam companion, his son George, was seeking his pleasures in Naples; and his father had sent for Lord Campion, to make certain legal arrangements, before his death. Lord Campion had wisely chosen Henry, as his assistant, companion, and friend, on the journey; and the casket, which the villains had conceived to be so rich a prize, contained nothing but writings, valuable to the owner, but worthless to others.

After no little opposition, on my part, I was finally prevailed upon to go back with them as far as Paris, and wait at that city till their return; or at least till the return of Henry, whose professional duties, at home, would not suffer him to be absent very long.

Kind, and therefore severe, were the

reproaches that Henry made me, for leaving England, so precipitately, without consulting my friends. Human being could scarcely feel more gratefully and warmly, than I did, how much Henry deserved the dearest place in my heart.

When I first entered France, I wrote to him, it is true; but it was merely to inform him of my life and health, to reason on the impossibility of remaining an object of contempt to the curious in London, and to say that, in time, he should know more; but not till I had made full proof of the plan which I had adopted, and which I sincerely believed, at that time, was, better than any other, calculated to promote the happiness to which, hitherto, I had been a stranger. In this letter, however, I gave him every assurance that my heart was fully bent on the pursuit of virtue; and that he would never,

hereafter, be disgraced by the kindness he had shown me, the good he had done, nor the friendship with which I had been honored by him.

I now gave him a brief history of what had passed, since we parted, and frankly avowed that I had formed pictures, in my imagination, which I had found to be fallacious; and that I wished no longer to seclude myself from the world, but much rather to take an active part in its affairs, such as I had convinced myself it became every man to take, and him most who had the most activity of body and mind.

To this doctrine Henry very cordially assented, and told me that, at the time when I left England, he was negotiating a situation for me, such as I might honorably fill, in one of our West India islands; and that he only forbore to mention it because the busi-



ness was not thoroughly arranged. Since my aversion to reside in England still continued, a post like this, he said, might again be found; for which the numerous correspondents of his father would soon furnish an occasion.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*A Word concerning Lady Campion: the National Library one of the chief Pleasures of Paris: a new Plan of Life, and object of Study: good Instructions given by good Men: humane Advice received from a true Sage.*

THE reader is perhaps surprised to suppose that the affectionate Lady Campion—I determined, at this period, never to call her Henrietta any more; not even in thought, except by inadvertence: there was something in the association that was not right.—The reader, I say, doubtless expected to find so true and dear a wife in company with her lord. What could have been

more delightful; especially when on a visit to a declining father?

Very true: but she had a sacred duty to fulfil at home; an infant, at the breast, whose health and happiness she would intrust to no stranger, and whose strength was judged inadequate to such a journey; as was likewise that of Lady Campion herself, she had so lately become a mother.

I remained at Paris till the return of Henry, and spent my time there very agreeably. There is much to see, much to admire, and much to deplore, in that famous city: to me, however, there was one object particularly delightful; and that was the royal, now called the national, library; if it have not again changed its title. This is indeed a liberal, a most important, institution; inexhaustible in its sources of knowledge, and equally free to the native or the stranger.

Here I passed much of my time, and made many researches; feeling no little regret that my stay was so short.

Having returned with Henry to London, I there kept myself concealed, desirous of none of its pleasures, but rather dreading to meet those who ran the circle of them, and of whose company I had been so ambitious. The zeal of Henry, and the kindness of his friends, soon found a situation for me, and such a one as I had no right to hope I should now obtain: it was to go to the island of Jamaica, as an overseer or manager of a large estate

This is an office of no mean trust, and the conviction of Henry and of his friends was firm, that the reformation of my heart was effectual; otherwise, neither he nor they would have contributed so to place me.

The owner of the estate, which it was proposed that I should manage, was a Mr. Hammond; whose property and affairs, in England, would not suffer him to superintend his West Indian concerns. The returns, which he had lately received from them, were very inadequate to what he had a right to expect, and to those that had formerly been received. On inquiry, he had discovered his overseer had been equally guilty of speculation and neglect, which were the reasons that he had been discarded.

I now very assiduously endeavoured, both by the aid of books and inquiry, to inform myself concerning the duties which I was about to undertake. The chief of them were represented to be those of seeing that the plantations were properly tilled, the produce none of it wasted, each part of it applied to its fit purpose, and the whole

judiciously prepared and seasonably brought to market.

With respect to the tillage, there were persons, on the estate, who thoroughly understood its nature. The sugar-cane was the staple article that was cultivated; the management of it was known, and my task would be to see that all the persons employed did their duty. For this I was to be allowed, as was the custom, a per centage, that would sufficiently repay the trouble I should have to take.

All these things were discussed in the company of Henry and his venerable father, from whom I received very salutary advice, and instructions that were essential.

It was thus my happy fortune to fall into the society of men, whose excellence I know not how better to express than by calling them angels! The uncle of Henry I had every cause to re-

vere and love, for his endeavours especially to restore me to my own good opinion, as the following fragment of a conversation will tend to prove :

“ You know,” Mr. Perdue, “ that I once cautioned my nephew against your company. He replied, whenever we conversed on the subject, that you had generous and even highly virtuous propensities, which would finally prevail.”

“ He was more kind than I deserved.”

“ By no means. I now applaud his sagacity. The excellence both of your heart and understanding was particularly seen, in actions which cautious and prudent people would have called rash. Frederic Vaughan, our whole family, and Henry himself in particular, have very high obligations to you.”

“ What then, Sir, have I to Henry?”

“The duties of men are reciprocal: the weak frequently find occasion to protect and save the strong. Everlasting shame be to the strong, whenever they oppress the weak.”

“Amen, and with all my heart!”

“I rejoice to hear you say this so feelingly. You are going among a depressed race, who have strength of body but are ignorant, and therefore treated little better than beasts of burden. It is the humanity, which I have remarked in you, that made me willingly contribute to place you in the situation you are to fill. None but men who have human feelings should so be placed, for you will perhaps have to superintend others who truly deserve the epithet of brutal.”

“The negroes, I am told, have many bad propensities?”

“That some have such I am well aware; but the means taken for their



cure tend only to their increase. Severity of punishment teaches enormity of crime. The wretch, who could not resist a little temptation, will be impelled by extreme fear to lie, rob, and even to murder: whereas, were trifling faults repressed by imperceptible correction, by making them rather inconvenient than dreadful, trifling faults themselves would be rarely committed, and would gradually become less. Shame is tenfold more effective, in removing evil, than scourging whips. Habits of honest and honorable feeling, and with them a strong sense of shame, are easy to be cultivated. To a sagacious mind, incidents will daily arise, by which these things may be taught; and to this part of your duty I have no affected but a real persuasion, you will pay that high regard which it deserves."

" You do not know, Sir, how great

a consolation it is to think that men should once more put trust in me. I will willingly die in the discharge of my duties! I might have died—  
Oh Henry.”

I rushed into his arms, for he was present: my feelings suddenly overcame me, and this put an end to the conversation; but the best of principles, and in the clearest and most convincing manner, were continually upon the lips of Henry's uncle. He was a man whom I never saw equalled, except by his nephew.

Fie! fie! This is unjust! Can I forget my guardian governor, and my honest noble-minded vicar? The world contains many, who are truly great and good; or what would become of the feeble?

## CHAPTER XXV.

*True Friends: Liberality well understood:  
 an animating Exhortation: it is Pain  
 to separate: the vast Atlantic: the  
 Mariner: Meditations: a Sight of  
 Land.*

NOTHING could exceed the liberality and the zeal with which my friends contributed not only to confirm me in virtue, but to leave me no pretence for being vicious: Lord and Lady Champion insisted upon furnishing me with every necessary of clothes, provisions, passage-money, and stock for my voyage, which they performed with a bounteous hand.

Henry, who loved and cherished my propensity to literature, supplied me

with a most excellent selection of books, both in science and the belles-lettres. The delight and the utility which these books, through my whole life, have afforded me, and the sweet associations of friendship which, till the hour that I die, will ever be connected with them, are pleasures such as can only be imagined.

His uncle, no less provident, sagacious, and kind, made me a present of some excellent and expensive mathematical instruments: among them were a powerful telescope and microscope, an air-pump, and an electrical machine.

Nor was this present made without reference to future utility of a peculiar kind. "You will find occasion," said he, "not only to instruct yourself, but to diffuse knowledge, encourage its pursuit, and still more, perhaps, by over-awing, to correct the superstitious follies

of ignorance." He spoke with a prophetic spirit, especially of the last.

The father of Henry was no less generous; it was he who had procured me the office I was to fill; and he wrote to correspondents, in Jamaica, by whom, at his expence, every thing was there prepared for my comfortable reception. I was indeed a most fortunate man.

The idea, which Henry endeavoured continually to keep in my view, was that of my future utility. "The more good you can do," said he, "Bryan, the more virtuous the example you set, and the higher your attainments, by which you may contribute to the promotion of knowledge, which is the only means of promoting pure morality, the more you will prove the point which lies nearest to my heart: that of demonstrating, to mankind, the danger they are in of

cutting off one of their most valuable members, when they pretend legally to take away the life of a criminal. Labor in this noble cause, my friend, with all the zeal that it deserves: let that zeal be unabating, and end only with your life! Remember the glorious nature of the undertaking! But I know you do remember it: I know you cannot forget that, by this means, your own happiness will be secured, permanent, and great!" In every thing that Henry said or did, his lovely, his admirable Marianne sympathized with no less ardor than sweetness of affection. I was the inmate of his bosom, and she lived and breathed but in him. I too had been the first means of relieving her mind from distress, which love and virtue had rendered almost insupportable, while her marriage remained concealed: thus, I was endeared to her;

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no person on earth perhaps so much, except her mother and her adored Henry.

Could I quit friends like these unmoved, or can I describe what our mutual feelings were when we parted?

I drop the curtain: it is to conceal England from me for many years. The sails are spread, that waft me to seek new connections, to behold new scenes, and to accustom myself to different manners.

I had lately crossed the narrow channel that separates France and England; but land was then scarcely, if ever, out of sight; yet even the straits of the British Channel, when I first passed them, appeared to me a huge expanse of waters. Behold me now launched on the bosom of the vast Atlantic, ploughing the ocean that may be called endless, remaining several weeks with no other view but a grey infinite of waters,

they suggesting ideas of eternal separation from the world, and of magnitude that fearfully combined itself with desolate thoughts.

Such and many more are the ideas that multiply themselves, in the mind of man, when he first beholds the dreary, bleak, and never ending uniformity of sky and water. Should he venture to give these ideas words, with what contempt and ridicule are they treated by the mariner, whose small ship is to him a world; and who thinks the world itself, that ship excepted, is of little worth, but as it affords him opportunity of trading, or of visiting its various parts! Unless they blow a hurricane, the howling of winds does but whistle him to rest; and the rocking waves are his accustomed and pleasant cradle.

My constitution was strong, and after the first week I had entirely con-



quered that sea sickness, which, while it is present, is a most irksome, violent, and fatiguing disease. Day after day I spent in meditating on recent events, and on others long passed. On the strange mixture both of birth and fortune that had attended me ; on the perversity of my father, to which I attributed my own fatal mistakes ; on the angelic virtues of my dear and loving lady mother, and my benevolent governor ; on the better fortune, which, from her birth, she might have expected, and the little avail which birth was of to man, unless its advantages were prudently enjoyed ; on the harm, rather than good, that it had done to me, by inspiring me with self-sufficiency, pride, and imprudence ; on the absurdity of those prejudices, which suppose that the word gentleman will be of any avail to the foolish, the impotent, and the vicious ; and particu-

larly on the ignominious death which I had so lately and so narrowly escaped.

Think not that my friends were forgotten, their rare endowments, or their noble virtues. Oh, no! sweet was the remembrance of them, and therefore the more dreary was the scene.

It changed, at length; the sailors began to talk of land, and pointed to something like moats in the air, to which they gave name and local habitation, saying they were this island and that, till Jamaica itself came in view.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*A Negro Market : new Scenery : Hospitality of these Countries : a marking Contrast : Opinions every where differ : Negro Games and Management : Ignorance, supposed Perversity, and Inaptitude of the Negro Race.*

WHEN I landed at Kingston, it happened to be on a market day; and the negroes had brought their vegetables, pigs, poultry, and other wares, thither for sale. The sight of so great a number of them, mixed with the creoles, or people of color, and the white, had a novelty which made a strong impression upon me. This was strengthened by their strange jargon, or broken English, and by many things

which I thought fantastic in their manners.

I have not leisure to relate trifling events; my business was to repair immediately to my station. Here I found a house, fitted up for me, adjoining to the sugar manufactory, with a negro village in view. The scenery, the vegetation, the trees, the whole aspect of the country was foreign to me: but the mind is plastic, and they were impressions to which I soon became accustomed; beside that the business on which I was employed contributed to take my attention from them.

I thought it my duty to make every inquiry, concerning the management of the estate, and of the negroes and white people that were to be under my government. The father of Henry, who had foreseen most of my difficulties, had given me letters of recommendation to several planters, and

among them one to the owner of an adjoining plantation.

These letters I delivered, and was entertained, by each of the planters, with a hospitality which is peculiar to countries that are but thinly inhabited: for the great majority of the inhabitants of American islands are negroes, and they have ever ranked as but one degree above beasts of burden.

The habitations of these planters in general, viewing them without, were far indeed from magnificent: the sumptuosity therefore of their dinners, the number of their black attendants, and the richness of their furniture, formed the greater contrast, and did but the more surprise. They were in general friendly and communicative; but I soon perceived their characters varied as much with each other as their general manners did from those of England.

So eager was I to fulfil my duties,

that, my questions to them were chiefly such as I thought might draw forth information. On their mode of agriculture I found them to vary but little; but, with respect to the treatment and whole management of slaves, they differed essentially; and their differences corresponded, either, with their habits of temper, or, with their information and power of intellect. I almost uniformly found that the persons who had the most knowledge had the most humane principles.

My inquiries into the affairs of the Hammond plantation, which I was to govern, were unwearied. The negroes are usually divided into gangs, of which there are three, and the most essential gang consists of those who labor the hardest. To superintend these gangs white people are employed; and under them it is customary to have black drivers. The word itself suggests odi-

ous ideas, which facts do but too frequently realize.

In my conversations with the chief superintendant, I found it to be his conviction, in which he was seconded by all the whites, that the negro race were too brutal and ignorant to be capable of being treated like Christians. That was his term. The superintendant had no very elevated ideas of virtue, yet he gave a strong picture of the lying, thieving, and salacious habits of the blacks, which the whip, he said, could not wash out of them. I replied—"that my own observation had already partly informed me of their faults; but that I hoped there were better modes of correction to be found than the whip." To this he answered—"People coming first from England fell most of them into that mistake, but that I should soon alter my opinion

They are, said he, a cowardly, deceitful, and very dangerous crew."

"How happens it then that so many thousands of them are kept in due subordination, by the few white men who are their owners?"

This question he solved by saying it was the superior nature of the whites.

"You surely mean their superior knowledge," retorted I, "and it is by teaching some small portion of this knowledge that we ought to endeavour to humanize the negro."

"They will neither learn their prayers, their catechism, their alphabet, nor any thing else that is good."

"These things cannot be learned, except to be parroted, but by people who have previous information. Moral knowledge, among the lower orders of mankind, consists rather in actions than in words. By their mode of act-



ing their mode of speaking will soon be governed; and we must endeavour to teach our negroes to reform their actions."

" You may try, Sir, but it won't do. I have tried long enough, myself, and I think I know something of the matter."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*The Sagacity of Doubting : good Effects of Assiduity : Advice to Governors and Lawgivers, great and small : the Negro Character : the Way to make the governed useful and happy : the Difficulty of Self-government : mistaken Tricks of Education.*

THE self-sufficiency of experience is great, in all men; and it is the greatest in those who have not the sagacity to doubt. We continually hear that facts are facts: but nothing can be more certain than that facts vary accordingly as they are combined.

The plantation had been ill conducted, I was sent thither that its condition might be improved, yet I myself was

obliged to be dependant on the experience of other men.

Two years, however, had not passed away before I had become thoroughly acquainted with the general state of affairs, and the management of the concern. My assiduity was so great that it gained me much admiration, and I was happy enough to be held in very general esteem.

Luckily, considering my youth, my mind was stored with the best of advice. The uncle of Henry had very seriously, and frequently, cautioned me on the nature and progress of reform.

“Do not begin,” said he, “with a rash and fatal zeal, to make all things perfect at once; for, if you do, you will be certain to produce mischief. Tread cautiously, step by step; examine which abuses the whites and slaves mutually agree in disliking, and let them first be remedied.

“ Proceed afterward with others, but let your progress, if possible, be imperceptible.

“ Say nothing which would shock the prejudices you have to encounter; and let the means to eradicate these prejudices be mild, gentle, and not suspected by the persons on whom they act. The rules, by which a wise man, or a wise people, might be governed, would be unintelligible to the more ignorant.

“ Above all things, beware of yielding to the effervescence of enthusiasm, or to the rashness of anger: you will then scarcely be in danger of exciting the angry passions of others, how much soever some few may silently dislike, and even hate you.

“ Maxims like these have been always found equally necessary to the government of kingdoms and of individuals. Reformation must be the slow and

gradual work of time ; but it becomes proportionally more easy, and rapid, as the number of the persons to be reformed is small. In three years, you may effect that, on a plantation, which would perhaps require three hundred in a kingdom.”

This kind of discourse I heard from him too often for it to be forgotten.

The negroes have their virtues, and their vices: they are of different nations, and different habits. The *Koromantyn* negro is bold, and ferocious; the *Papaw* docile, and well disposed; the *Éboe* timid, and desponding; the *Whidah* slender, slightly, of a shining black skin, and mild, honest, and teachable.

They all of them venerate and contribute to support old age; but they are thievish, libidinous, so insincere that it is difficult to get a direct answer from them, and so tyrannical that their

very dogs are seen to be the slaves of slaves.

To improve them, it was necessary to become their friend, and protector. What office can be more delightful than to protect, instruct, and be the friend of the weak? To gain their affections, I made it an unerring rule to notice, and praise, every thing in them which could in the least deserve praise; and to reason with them, mildly, referring them to their own judgment, on things which were either flagrantly wrong, or which I wished them to amend.

I encouraged the spirit of emulation, yet carefully avoided to raise envy, or excite jealousy, of each others good qualities: when I named a fellow negro, as an example for another to imitate, I was careful to tell the latter that he might perhaps do better still.

The negroes are very loquacious, and have great vanity, when they

find occasion to make personal set speeches, of which they are very fond. Where there is vanity, and a thirst of praise, there are always the materials of virtue. I encouraged their vaunting, when it was either innocent or laudable, and freely allowed that they had a right to boast of their good actions: which is but the simple truth.

For trifling degrees of excellence, I instituted trifling rewards, which were always bestowed with commendation; and, for greater exertions, the prize was increased.

I carefully myself inspected their habitations, and by presents, which were of great use and small expence, gradually increased their comforts.

I encouraged them in the tillage of their provision grounds, and endeavoured to make them considered entirely as their own property; which in fact, and by usage, they generally

are; at least on the estates of the planters who have any liberality of sentiment. Of ground provisions, in case of scarcity, I was very careful to be plentifully stocked.

When I saw them helping the aged, or forming friendships and doing favors to fellow countrymen, or shipmates, I never failed to give them that encouragement which such actions deserve.

Whenever I remarked them guilty of brutality to each other, I mildly reasoned with them, by describing what their sufferings would be if I, who had so much power over them all, were not more merciful: and, if just complaints were brought me, I was very careful to inquire into them, and cause them to be redressed; but always with as much mildness as possible, and with an endeavour to pacify the heated mind of the person who had



suffered wrong by generous sentiments and kind expressions, and by pointing out how noble it would be to act with mutual forgiveness and compassion.

I had much to conquer in myself, that I might be brought into an equal and proper temper to act thus. Sallies of forgetfulness escaped me, but to these they had been so much accustomed that they were not thought strange; while my character for being a humane and a remarkably sagacious manager daily increased among them, till I became both highly beloved and no less admired. They used to boast over the negroes of other plantations, how much better their *massa* was, and what great things he could do.

There were two circumstances to which I was particularly attentive: the first was, to correct and guard against the brutality of the drivers; and the second to deal with them by direct and

open means. I had been made well aware of an error, which is very prevalent in society, and chiefly in the education of children: that is, by some deception, some cunning contrivance, to trick them into doing good. The evil thus taught is much greater than any good that can be effected. Artifice made no part of my little code: I discouraged it in person, word, and deed: my dealings and my actions were all open, direct, and sincere.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Excellent Morality of the Quakers : the Family of a Friend : a strange Malady : the Necromancy of Obi, and its Effects : an Obi Sorceress : the Enchantments of modern Times, and the Amazement of Ignorance.*

IN the progress of my agricultural studies, the owner of the adjoining plantation, to whom, as I have already mentioned, I had a recommendatory letter, was very useful. He and his family were quakers ; however, he had little of the prejudices of a sectary, with a sincere admiration of that humanizing moral system which has rendered the quakers so justly admired and renowned.

On my arrival in the island, his family consisted of himself, his wife, and his daughter; but his wife was at that time in a slow decline, and died within a year. His daughter then became his housekeeper and chief companion. At the decease of her mother, she was in her fifteenth year; but her education had been such that she was thoroughly capable of managing the household concerns.

The women of Jamaica are remarkable, when good, for their mild and domestic virtues, and for a languor which, when it does not amount to indolence, gives them sweetness and most endearing sympathetic affections. The name of my quaker friend was Richard Palmer, and that of his daughter was Rachel. She was too youthful for languor yet to be perceptible, but it might be partly foreseen in her modest timidity.

I had been in the island two years, and upward, when a misfortune befel my friend, Palmer: a strange mortality appeared among his negroes, and such as seemed to defy medical aid, and research. Seven female and four stout male slaves had died in the course of a few months, and he saw others whose appearance, hue, and desponding air showed they were rapidly on the decline.

From the strange tales that I had heard, and from the symptoms that agreed with them in the diseased negroes, my thoughts were fortunately directed to the true source of the malady: *Obi* had been *set for them*. The evil, however ridiculous it might be thought, was alarming.

That such of you, my good readers, as have not heard of this strange superstition, may understand it, I quote the fol-

lowing account of it from Edwards's History of the West Indies.

“ When a negro is robbed of a fowl, or a hog, he applies directly to the Obeah-man or woman ; it is then made known, among his fellow blacks, that *Obi is set* for the thief ; as soon as the latter hears the dreadful news, his terrified imagination begins to work : no resource is left, but in the superior skill of some more eminent Obeah-man. Should he still fancy himself affected, sleep, appetite, and cheerfulness, forsake him ; his features wear the settled gloom of despondency ; dirt, or any other unwholesome substance, becomes his only food, he contracts a morbid habit of body, and gradually sinks into the grave.

“ The *Obi* is usually composed of a farrago of materials, most of which are enumerated in the Jamaica law, passed

in 1760: namely, blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, broken bottles, grave-dirt, and eggshells."

The superstitious negro is too much terrified to communicate his sufferings: were he to be so daring, he imagines the evil would be more dreadful. Having once suspected the malady that carried off my friend's slaves, we soon discovered these suspicions to be true.

I have before mentioned the mathematical instruments, with which I was furnished, when I left England. Since my residence in Jamaica, my leisure hours had been enthusiastically devoted to reading, and philosophical experiments; and I had found opportunities to increase my apparatus.

I had already acquired, among the negroes, a character both for intrepidity and knowledge, superior even to all other white men: they regarded me

with no less awe than respect ; I had shown myself their prudent legislator, their true friend, and their kind master ; and, by the reports of those who witnessed while they aided in my philosophical researches, I was considered as a wise and a wonderful *massa*.

By diligent search, we obtained information of who it was that practised *obi*. Among better informed people, haggard old women have been the terror of the simple : an old negro woman, of an almost horrid aspect, but, although she was eighty, of extraordinary bodily faculties, had put *obi* upon several of the negroes. It was a lucrative trade, and her chief stimulus was avarice.

We repaired to her hut, forced open the door, and saw the inside roof of thatch, and every crevice of the walls, stuffed with rags, feathers, bones of cats, their skulls, teeth, and claws,



with glass beads, egg-shells, and a viscous substance to unite them all. A large jar was found, under her bed, containing balls made of earth and these materials; and in other parts little bags, likewise stuffed with similar articles.

It was determined immediately to burn the house, and all it contained; which, though it terrified the negroes at first, entirely relieved them from their fears, as the old woman was banished by law from the island.

Still further to convince them that we were too powerful to fear those who practised obi, and to encourage them in future to apply to the white men for relief, I prepared my philosophical apparatus, and summoned the negroes of the two plantations to assemble, that they might be convinced of the power of the white men. That their minds might be progressive in astonishment, I

began with exhibiting the phenomena of the microscope; taking care to inform them that what they saw was trifling, compared to that which was soon to be seen.

I next displayed some of the effects produced by the air-pump, by putting mice and birds under the receiver, leaving them there apparently lifeless, recovering them at pleasure, and finally, at the desire of the wondering spectators, by killing the mice.

These experiments were followed by the phenomena of electricity. I first exhibited some of the pleasant effects produced by the sparks. I had several electrical plates, on which various figures were engraved: words on one, a tree on another, and a superb temple on a third. I could illuminate them at pleasure, and for any length of time; and the astonishment they excited was great: but it was increased

to terror, when I began by giving them slight shocks, afterward others that were very severe, and at last showing them that even their lives were in my power, by killing an animal, which was brought for that purpose. It was a diseased pig, that must otherwise have been killed.

I concluded the exhibition with the, to them, strange effects of the magic lantern. They were told to withdraw for a few minutes: the apartment was made entirely dark, and they were then ordered to return. Means were taken to make the darkness inspire terror. Several optical experiments were first exhibited; and then, in total darkness, fantastic figures, in a blaze of light, began to appear, dance, perform antics, and vanish at command. I then made the visionary monsters fight; and, in this contention, the very figure of the old negro woman, whom they had so

much dreaded, rushed among them. The cry of the negroes was general! "Dere she be! Dere be Sheba!" The other illumined and terrific figures mocked and seemed to spurn her, while she endeavoured to escape; and, at last, a most hideous figure suddenly appeared, seized her, and bore her off in seeming flashes of fire.

Thus, by the innocent exhibition of these phenomena, the mental terrors of the poor negroes were subdued; while my power was the theme of amazement, and my authority wonderfully increased.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Feminine Sweetness and Compassion: Symptoms of Love: Happiness given and received: a Wish ungratified: a new Proprietor, and his Appearance in Jamaica: mutual Surprise: former Dislike changed to sincere Friendship.*

THE fair and innocent Rachel asked her father, in pure compassion of heart, when she heard the negroes were to be assembled, and extraordinary proceedings were to take place, of which I was to be the chief director—"What, father, is Mr. Perdue going to do to the poor negroes? I hope it is nothing cruel! Mr. Perdue cannot be guilty of inhumanity, I am sure he cannot! If he

could, if he does, I shall never again be happy!"

"Why so, child?"

"I never shall! I never shall!"

"Do not frighten thyself. Didst thou ever see him cruel?"

"Oh, never! never!"

She was present at the exhibition, with other young friends and neighbours, who had been previously informed of what they were to expect: their surprise however was great; but the innocence and mute astonishment of Rachel even affected the heart, it was so simple, yet so expressive and intelligent.

I own I had long taken delight in her company, but was surprised and discouraged, in my growing kindness, by observing, that the moment we were alone she became silent, seemed oppressed, and under constraint; and that

she appeared to shun me on such occasions. Her young companions showed no such antipathies: they rather courted opportunities, which, as none of them greatly pleased me, I avoided.

The months rolled on, and I was made happy by the happiness which I found I could confer upon others, by my studies, and the acquirement of fresh books and fresh knowledge, and particularly by the delightful correspondence, which I carefully maintained, with my friends in England, of whom Henry Fairman was ever the dearest to my bosom. Oh, how grateful, how encouraging was the approbation which he never failed to give, in all the strong language of a feeling heart and a delighted mind! Our literary communications were also mutually beneficial and amusing.

I must confess, however, that I cherished a secret wish, which was that

the lovely Rachel could have that same kindness for me to which I felt my affections swayed. Gentle and sympathetic as I knew her heart to be, and also knowing myself to be truly respected by her father, I reflected with surprise, as well as with some little vexation, which almost amounted to resentment, that I could be so overlooked, by a young woman of such good understanding and gentleness of manners.

Toward the latter end of the third year of my management, an unexpected change took place: information was sent to me, by Mr. Hammond, that he had sold his plantation, in Jamaica, to Lord Aberdeen; and whether his lordship would have need of a manager was a thing of which he was ignorant. He added, that he had but done me justice, in giving me the high character, to his lordship, which my conduct had deserved. Lord Aberdeen, he said,



intended to come immediately to Jamaica, and visit the property himself; and he would then, no doubt, be convinced how much it was his interest to maintain me in my present employment.

Before the arrival of this letter, various offers had been made me to become attorney to other estates; and two of these I had accepted, as my avocations would not then by any means be toilsome. I was therefore under no apprehensions, concerning the proceedings of Lord Aberdeen.

About a month after this intelligence had been sent me, on my return from a journey up the country, I was informed of the arrival of his lordship, and of the diligence with which his inquiries had already been made. He had expressed great satisfaction at the order and appearance of things; and the number of his questions, and the

accuracy of his researches, had shown that he had not testified his approbation till he was first convinced it was due.

Business, or pleasure, had taken him back to Kingston; and from that place he wrote to me, desiring that I would immediately give him the meeting.

Thither accordingly I went, and inquired for him at the place to which I was directed; but he had that morning gone on a party of pleasure: he was however to return at night. From conversation, I found that he was considered as a liberal-minded but a shrewd man, and of a character such as might be expected from the diligence of his inquiries at the plantation.

In the evening, he returned, we were introduced to each other; we both looked with astonishment, the names were alike strange to both, but not the persons. Lord Aberdeen was my old school-fellow, Alexander Gordon.

The meeting gave us mutual pleasure. No man could more sincerely rejoice to have heard my praise, and to see my effectual reformation. Severe as I had thought him, as a school-fellow, I found him to be a thoroughly well-informed and well-disposed man; one who, when he inquired after evil, only wished to have it corrected; and, when he discovered good, was no less desirous that it should meet its reward.

I ingenuously related to him the adventures of my life, and bitterly deplored the errors which led to the crime that I could, and can, not ever forget. He listened to my narrative with a generous and affecting sympathy. I many years afterward continued to manage his estate, and am proud to declare him a most worthy gentleman.

His friendship for, and intimacy with, both his favorite school-fellows still

continued, and the very favorable account, which he received of me at Jamaica, he amply communicated to them, and added no little eulogium from his own remarks. It was a pleasure to him to declare, to those who knew my history, that, whatever the wrong might be which I had done, I used every endeavour of a man to make full compensation.

He remained in Jamaica about three months, and was highly delighted; with the inhabitants much, but still more with the beautiful and the sublime scenery that island affords: its bright green herbage, its aromatic groves, its variety of climate, its abundant waters, rivers, brooks, and cascades, and its stupendous mountains.

## CHAPTER XXX.

*One more Event: the Progress of Love: Appearances that perplex: powerful Fears: Sickness instead of Sorrow brings Joy: more Reserve: a very interesting Dialogue.*

AFTER my return to the paths of virtue, my days passed away in peace, unchequered by any remarkable events. The lives of the tranquil and the good are in general but little distinguished, except by their philanthropic and social virtues; and these are supposed to be so natural to man, that they pass almost unobserved. There is but one more event in my life the relation of which I shall commit to these memoirs.

The incident of which I speak relates to Rachel, for whom my secret af-

fections were daily increasing. So greatly were her propensities, habits, and amiable qualities, in unison with my own desires, and so proper were they to render a husband and a family happy, that it was impossible daily to see them and not to admire their possessor.

There was however such reserve in her conduct, toward me, that I sometimes grieved to think myself not more agreeable to the only woman on earth, now, for whom I felt an affection. Love, when it is duly tempered by the understanding, and does not run into any of the wild extravagances, without which weak people imagine it cannot exist, is the most delightful affection of the heart; and, when it becomes mutual, when its sweet sympathies are all felt, it is then in its most pure and ecstatic state.

The emotions which I thought I dis-

covered in Rachel, were to me so enigmatical that I knew not how I ought to act. At one moment, I thought her wholly averse to my company; at another I imagined her even secretly pining, that I did not more openly pay my addresses to her. From my youth, I have experienced a haughtiness of mind, which has led me to regard all personal but concealed injustice with silent indignation. From Rachel, I could not endure to think of a refusal: my heart recoiled, and I shrunk from it, as from a thing that must be resented, and that would for ever cut me off from the family. At one time I conceived favorable hopes; at another, I was convinced they were absurd and impossible, and my spirit was daunted.

While my mind was in this fluctuating state, I had occasion to make a journey up the mountains. Confiding in my manly vigor, and foolishly despising

the customary precautions, the change of climate, which as you ascend is very sudden and extraordinary, gave me so severe a cold that a dangerous fever was the consequence.

The alarm that this gave to my friend, the quaker, and still more as I afterward heard to Rachel, was very serious. The intercessions of Rachel to her father were not to be resisted: they dared not have me removed to their own house; but her feelings were half-distracted, and could not be appeased, till her father permitted her to come herself and be my nurse. His meaning was, and she consented, in words, only to superintend my nurses; but her anxiety was so great that she never quitted my bed side, except when obliged by circumstances, or by force, lest she should injure her own health, by her endeavours to recover mine.



These endeavours were successful, and my affections were indeed deeply moved, when the delirium which the fever had occasioned was gone, and I beheld the lovely Rachel sitting continually by my bed side, attentive to every thing that could give me ease, administering with no less ardor than gentleness and propriety to the smallest of my wants, and expressing the pure emotions of her heart without disguise.

My love then began to take firmer hope, and to acquire strength greater than any I had before experienced; but, as my health returned and danger disappeared, she became gradually more reserved, till she entirely resumed her former manner. She did not however leave me till all danger was over, and I began to recover my strength: and the day that she went she wrote down the most careful instructions to my negro attendants, with a strict

charge to give her immediate information should they suppose there was the least change for the worse.

When I was perfectly recovered, my usual visits to the house of my friend were repeated. In Rachel I observed a visible melancholy, an oppression of mind, and, as I anxiously feared, a decline of health. Still her reserve toward me was maintained, though I continually imagined it was with a struggle. I was fully convinced that something was laboring in her mind, and I own that the flatteries of hope sometimes told me I was the subject.

Her father laid her under no constraint; still, however, I perceived she had her maidenly fears, and I privately requested her to go with me to the pimento walk, for that I had some questions of a very serious nature to ask her. After many entreaties, she fetched a deep sigh and said—"Bryan, thou art

a good young man; there can be no harm in thy company: I will go."

The pimento walk was a delightful aromatic grove of allspice: the evening was serene and genial, and the bright and variegated plumage of the feathered race, to my pleased and softened sense, appeared unusually beautiful. We conversed a while on anything idly, nothing to the purpose, and both, tremblingly alive, fearing and hoping what might be in each others thoughts. At length I took courage and began:

"Rachel, I have lately been very much alarmed?"

"Hast thou! By what?"

"By you."

"By me, Bryan? What hast thou seen me do that is wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, except——"

"Except what, Bryan?"

"I fear you silently grieve."

She sighed——"Perhaps I have cause."

“ What cause can you have ? ”

“ That I am a weak maiden. ”

“ Nay, do not say that. ”

“ Yes, I am ! ”

“ Which way ? ”

“ I shame to know my weakness. I can struggle with it no longer. I wish I could die. ”

“ Die, Rachel ? ”

“ I many many times thought I would die or conquer, and now at last I let thee see my weakness. ”—The tears flowed from her eyes.

“ Oh, lovely Rachel, did you know how it grieves me to see you weep ! ”

“ It is unkind of thee, Bryan, to use flattering words : thou knowest too well how they deceive. ”

“ If there be truth, Rachel, in the heart of man, I would rather die than be guilty of deceit : and, were I to deceive such sweet innocence as yours, I should deserve the contempt of every man on earth. ”

“ I know thy upright heart : that is one great reason.”

“ For what ?”

“ I never can be good enough ! No, do all I can, I never can hope it !”

“ Not good enough ! What do you mean ? Good enough for what, or whom ?”

“ Thou knowest too well.”

“ No, by my soul ! It cannot be me you mean ?”

“ Cannot it ! I tell thee, Bryan, I never can deserve thee.”

“ Not deserve ! Not good enough for me ! It is I that cannot deserve ! No, not were I an angel !”

“ Thou too art a catholic, and I am a quaker.”

“ Oh, Rachel, speak ! By every thing that we both revere, I request you to speak. Can you love me ?”

She suddenly hid her face with her hands—“ I must not tell. Oh, Bryan !”

—She clasped my arm in an agony that had something in it ecstatic, and drooped her head.

“Lovely creature!—Nay, look up.”

“I dare not!—thou wilt upbraid me for my weakness! Thou wilt despise me!”

“My soul adores thee, Rachel! Oh, wilt thou be mine! Wilt thou be the wife of my heart? Dost thou love me?”

“I can hold no longer—Love thee! With heart and soul! Better than life! Better than—God forgive me! ay, better than my father!”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

*A bridal Banquet : the rich Productions of  
Jamaica, and Negro Festivity.*

AMONG the numerous incidents of life, there are some, both of pleasure and of pain, that dwell upon the mind with peculiar force. Mine were many of them indeed remarkable ; and yet, among them all, including even the tender friendship of Henry, perhaps there was not one that could equal, and certainly none that could exceed, this, in the delicious rapture that it gave me. Oh, with what light hearts did we return, to seek him whom we hoped was soon to be our common father !

Yet human bliss is never perfect, and the fears of Rachel sometimes almost overcame her, lest her father should ob-

ject the difference of religion, and be utterly averse to our union. In vain did I assure her, that, I should hold it criminal to practise any constraint upon her religious sentiments; and that it became us both sacredly to perform every duty, and every rite, which we in our conscience should conceive to be sacred; each according to the faith that was held by each.

Our worthy father and friend, however, when his consent was asked, made not a single objection: he thought entirely with me, and took joy to his heart, in the future happiness which he prophesied his daughter and his friend were to possess.

The wedding-day was soon fixed, and, that every heart over which we had power might partake of our felicity, a holiday was given to the negroes of both the plantations; and the pleasure that they testified, when they heard



of this festivity, can be only imagined by those who are acquainted with their habits, tempers, and warmth of character.

Early on the bridal day, the conch that summoned them was sounded: cheerfully they obeyed its summons! all hands were alert! all hearts bounded with pleasure that overflowed. The preparations within doors and without began, and the scene was delightful.

I turned the attention of the timid the sympathetic Rachel to all that was going forward; and, by this diversion of her thoughts, gave them unexpected relief: they were else too busy with her lovely frame, too full of anxiety, too much absorbed by her various hopes and fears.

As I myself greatly delighted in all the productions of nature, and as I had negroes who, from proper instruction, had become very expert, each in his

different way, this festival was honored with dishes unknown to English epicures. I mean not to insinuate that I was an epicure myself; it was a passion that I held in contempt; but, on such occasions, the human heart delights in abundance and variety. On this day, beside the rich tortoise and edible guana, we had the mountain crab, the ring-tailed pigeon, and the jirked hog; dishes with which the appetite of Apicius would never have been sated.

Still more numerous were the delicious fruits, with which the tables were loaded. On them were seen the wild mammee, the tamarind, the papaw, the cocoa-nut, star-apple, grenadilla, and avocado pear; the grape, the melon, fig, and pomegranate, with others too numerous to mention, the pineapple excepted, of which exquisite fruit there was no scarcity, for, deli-

cious as it is, it sometimes grows even on the hedges of the island.

In strong liquors, only, were the negroes under any restraint; and of these, for once, they had sufficient for the use though not for the abuse of banquetting.

Their mirth was great, their clothing was gaudy, and their tongues and legs appeared to be incapable of feeling weariness. In the West India islands only are such scenes of merriment to be found. Their dances, I confess, were not always such as I would willingly have had my lovely Rachel witness: but their spirits were raised, they thought them appropriate to the day, and who could resolve to molest their mirth?

We showed them something of our disapprobation, by turning our backs upon them; and that, though we said nothing to each other, I could perceive

we all did reluctantly. Human feelings love to be in unison, and take no pleasure in being disturbed. Our hint was understood, and their transports became better accommodated to what they supposed to be our prejudices. All was mirth and harmony : in happiness the day began, and in happiness it ended.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*The Conclusion.*

THE purpose for which I wrote these memoirs is attained; not as well as I could wish, certainly, but as well as my present powers would permit. I have nothing more to narrate, except to give a brief abstract, or summary, such as can be conveyed in a few words.

I continued to reside many years in Jamaica, with my affectionate Rachel, and in that sweet harmony which, alas, is not so frequently found, between man and wife, as might be desired. Of our children, I shall only say, that, they were the delight of our hearts; for we took every parental care to give them those habits, those affec-

tions, those moral principles, which, while they made us happy, have rendered them no less virtuous than admired.

Our worldly thrift was more than equal to all our wants: our dear parent, the father of Rachel, made liberal contributions, while he lived; and, at his death, in ripe old age, left us his wealth, and his blessing.

While abroad, I maintained a continual correspondence with Henry Fairman: and he, his adored Marianne, his uncle, and his father (till the decease of the two latter) testified every generous approbation of my conduct, and most heartily rejoiced that accident had made them the instruments, first of my safety, and afterward of my prosperity.

With Lord and Lady Campion, though I had no direct communication, I had the honor to live in high esteem;

and, had I needed their assistance, it would have been liberally bestowed: but, it may be well supposed, my high spirit being remembered, that the favors I had already received were amply returned, and to every one. This fortunately my situation in Jamaica gave me the opportunity to perform with delicacy.

Long before the decease of his amiable mother, Frederick Vaughan became the respectable successor of his friend and master; and she had the high satisfaction to witness his worldly prosperity, and his private virtues.

The elder Mr. Saville died as related; and the fashionable dissipation of Lady Jane did not suffer her long to survive him. Of Mr. George Saville, I have nothing to say, but that he is a man like those who live and die, and are no more remembered. My two school-fellows, Sir Patrick M'Neale and Lord Aber-

deen, are each an honor to his station; and that is giving them no small praise.

My dear Rachel, while I am writing I now hear her voice, continues to be the cheerful and ever amiable partner of my happiness; and, as it gave me great satisfaction, so I hope it will give the reader, to hear that my honest-hearted and most worthy friend, the vicar, has lately been thoroughly reconciled to his mistaken parishioners. They no longer consider him as an infidel, one of those dangerous and rash reformers, who would reverse all things, and destroy ancient order to substitute desolating anarchy. It is the increase, the improvement of order, for which his undisguised and virtuous heart has ever panted.

For myself, I am devoted to my books, my studies, and my reveries. I acknowledge that my brain abounds



in them : they daily give me hopes that I shall yet perform some service to the world, more effectually to demonstrate the value of that life which was so providentially saved, and which, in the opinion of many, ought to have been so unrelentingly sacrificed.

There are many good and kind hearted men that hold such maxims strongly in doubt : they think, with me, that human life, while there remains power either of mind or body, is ever a thing of high value : they hold in horror that philosophy which would fallaciously endeavour to prove that man is the destined and everlasting victim of his ignorance, and his vices ; of war, plague, famine, and every other dreadful curse, by which the earth is scourged : they think that proper receptacles, for the diseased in mind, are even more highly necessary, and should, alas, at present, be no less numerous, than for the dis-

eased in body. If these memoirs have in any manner contributed to diffuse this philanthropic doctrine, then will the purpose for which they are written be grateful to memory.

THE END.

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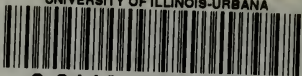
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