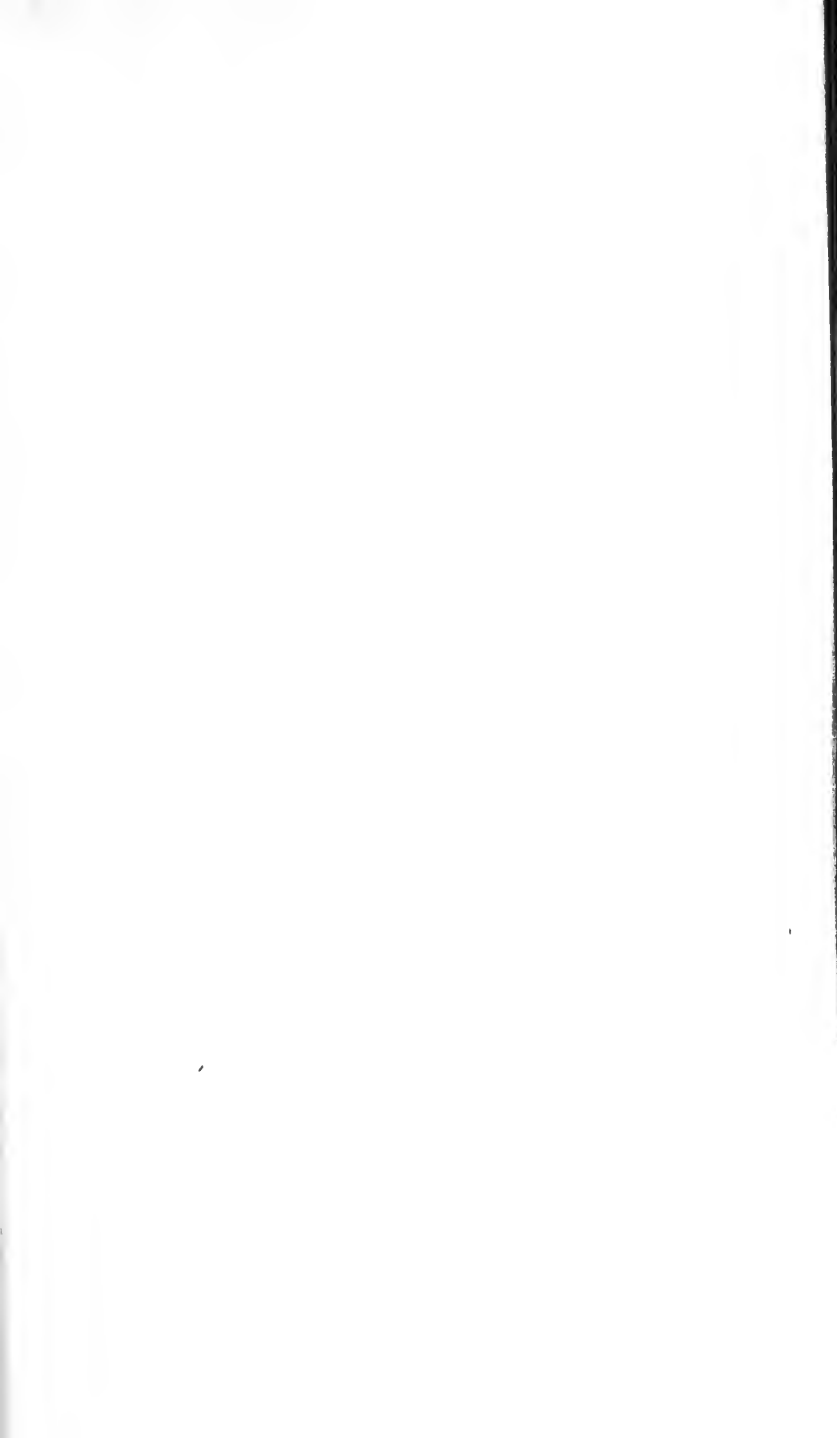


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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MORDAUNT.

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SKETCHES

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OF

LIFE, CHARACTERS, AND MANNERS.

IN

VARIOUS COUNTRIES;

INCLUDING THE

MEMOIRS

OF

A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF ZELUCO & EDWARD.

VOL. I.

562633

28.9.53

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

HOR.

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MORDAUNT.

LETTER I.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* Colonel
SOMMERS.

MY DEAR SOMMERS,

Vevay.

I FOUND your letter, as I expected, at the post-house at Bern, from whence I proceeded directly to Lausanne. You will not be surpris'd at my having made a short pilgrimage to this little town. You remember the person with whom I formerly *deviated from the common track* to this place. Poor ———! I could not refuse this tribute to thy memory.

I wandered yesterday among the mountains of this neighbourhood, more interesting to me from the recollections they excited, than even from the sublime beauties they ex-

hibited. It was late before I returned. As I passed the stable I heard Ben singing—

“Hearts of oak are our ships,

“Hearts of oak are our men,” &c.

I went to bed thinking of Old England, and passed the night so agreeably with certain friends in London, that I was exceedingly vexed, when I awaked this morning, to find myself in Vevay.

If the pleasing company in which I spent the night had not increased my impatience for setting out, I should have been tempted to a longer stay here, on purpose to witness the happiness of a young couple who are to be married within a few days.

The bridegroom is a stout young man, of the Pays de Vallais; the bride is niece to the landlord of the inn from whence I now write. In compliment, I suppose, to her husband, she has on this occasion adopted the dress of the Vallaisannes—Do you recollect it? A short tight jacket, with a petticoat of a different

colour, a little filk hat, smartly fixed to one side of the head, and ornamented with a bunch of ribbons. This appears rather ridiculous on some of the blowzy shepherdesses of the Alps; but is becoming on a handsome well-shaped woman, which this bride is to a remarkable degree. The landlord invited me to the marriage-entertainment: I declined this *with regret*; not that I had the least wish to invade the right of the bridegroom; for though I should have liked very much to be, for some time at least, actually him, I would not have usurped his place, had it been in my power, convinced as I am that her heart is entirely his. I hate as much to spoil the happiness of others as I love to be happy myself; and greater indications of felicity I never saw than in the countenances of this couple: I do not believe that he would exchange conditions with any king, nor she with any queen, in Europe; though they probably think that kings and queens are happier than all mankind except themselves.

Being now impatient to proceed on my journey, I set out pretty rapidly, but I had not got more than a couple of miles from Vevay when the axletree of my chaise broke, and with much difficulty it was dragged back to the inn, where I must be detained this day, and perhaps all to-morrow, before it can be repaired in such a manner as to stand the rest of my journey.

This very common accident, which every man who travels in a post-chaise may expect, put me so much out of temper that I could not enjoy the company of the happy couple at the inn; I preferred another ramble among the mountains, whose melancholy gloom would better accord with the unfociable humour in which I felt myself. I scrambled half way up the hill, which overhangs this little town: there stands the church in which the body of Ludlow was deposited. Had Gray written his Elegy in that church-yard, it would probably have been enriched with some stanzas descriptive of the sublime ob-

jects within his view ; from no spot could he have had a more wonderful prospect—I did not enjoy it long ; dark clouds gathered in the sky, and obscured the face of a morning which had arisen in brightness. This new incident, still more common than the former, brought back that ill-humour which the varied scenes in my view had begun to dissipate.—The horizon growing darker and darker, and the rain increasing every moment, I perceived the necessity of returning to the inn—I thought myself the most unlucky fellow on earth—“ The axletree to give way at a place where it could not be put to rights in less than two days ; and, to crown all, a confounded rain to come on and deprive me of the only resource I had left, how was I to get over to-morrow ! I should expire with *ennui* if I remained all day at the inn, and I should be drowned if I went out ; for as for the rain ceasing I was in too ill luck to have any hopes of that. ”

With such pleasing contemplations I de-

scended the hill pretty rapidly ; but before I had got quite to the bottom my foot slipped, and, in the effort I made to recover myself, my ankle received so violent a twist, that for some time I was unable to stand. After sitting on the ground till I was completely drenched with rain, by the assistance of two peasants who happened to pass, I was with difficulty brought to the inn. The pain was so acute, when I put my foot to the ground, that I had not the least doubt but some bone was broken ; the surgeon, however, assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand at the same time that it would be absolutely necessary for me to sit on a couch, with my leg in a horizontal position, until the inflammation and swelling are greatly abated ; and this could not be expected in less than eight or ten days.

As I had fretted so much at the idea of staying another day till the axletree was mended, you may think that the surgeon's declaration threw me entirely into despair. On the contrary, I was so glad to hear that no bone was

broken, that the idea of being fixed for ten days to a couch gave me no uneasiness. An hour before, I thought myself extremely unfortunate: now I considered myself in high good luck. What had happened to produce this happy change?—I had sprained my ankle, been soaked with rain, and was in acute pain.—What! shall I never be able to bear small misfortunes with equanimity till I am threatened with great ones? Could I not have retained my good humour just as well when my ankle was easy, and in its natural state, as now, when it is swelled, and exceedingly painful?—Certainly I could, if I had pleased.—Well, I am determined to please in future; I am determined to bear small disappointments, and trifling cross accidents, with as much composure of mind as I now find, by experience, I can support misfortunes of greater magnitude. Few people profit from the experience of others; I hope, however, to reap some benefit from my own—I shall be a philosopher at last.

In the midst of these meditations on my couch, I began to feel some symptoms of my old distemper—*ennui*. I called for books—there were none to be had. In this extremity I recollected that you often complain of the brevity of my epistles, and I recollected also that *your* company, my dear Sommers, had always proved an antidote against the distemper above mentioned; and being disabled from any new excursion among the mountains, I resolved to take a long ramble of a different nature, and to carry you with me.

Observe that I do not pretend to write for your amusement, but my own: I have no sweet Juliet to strew my couch with roses, as you had during great part of your long confinement. How I do honour that lovely woman! Had she been married to you before you were wounded, I should not have admired her so much: indeed I do not know which most to admire—you, for postponing the ceremony, after obtaining her long soli-

cited consent, and declaring her free from all engagement to you, when your regiment was ordered abroad; or she, who was ready to marry and make over her whole fortune to you before you went, and at your return, as I have been assured, declared "That she found she had been mistaken in thinking you completely graceful before you received the last wound; for the *balt* which that occasions had rendered you in her eyes the most graceful man in England."

Adieu! my dear colonel—I must pause here a little. Where I shall carry you when I resume the pen is not yet determined.

Yours ever most sincerely,

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER II.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

I HAVE often wondered, my dear Sommers, that the guardian-angels of man permitted that yawning fiend *Ennui* to crawl into this fair world—for people may abuse the world as they please ; but for my part, I find it a very pleasant world : not that I think, with Dr. Pangloss, that this is the best of all possible worlds ; but I must acknowledge, that I do think it far better, on the whole, than most of us deserve. Some people are extremely difficult to please in worlds as well as in every thing else. Indeed it often happens, that those who show most discontent have the least cause to do so. It would be difficult to discover, what right such grumbletonians have to a better world ; and, in the opinion of many, they run a risk,

at the first remove, of exchanging it for a worse.

Such people are pleased with nothing, from first to last. I am of a disposition, as you know, my friend, to be pleased with a great many things *at first*: the misery is, that few of them please me long, and almost all displease me at last. After enjoyment, they are apt to become flat and unprofitable: I sicken at the continued repetition; I am seized with a malady which I know not how to name—a kind of sleeping in the blood. Sir John Falstaff would have called it a whoreson tingling. Unless it is friendship, my dear Sommers, I do not know a single pleasure of which I have not become tired: and what is very lamentable, the pleasanter a pleasure is, the sooner I am apt to tire of it; and then it becomes a pain, or worse than pain, the source of *ennui*.

It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and fatiates.

But I am very sensible that the fault does

not lie in the world, but in myself: for how many worthy citizens of London have I known, who live snug and warm and comfortable, with no greater variety than their counting-house affords through the day; the club, consisting of the same company, and enlivened with the same jokes, every evening; and a country-house, on the road-side, for weekly excursions from Saturday till Monday, with the same wife to the end of the chapter.

Whereas all my enjoyments, even those of the highest flavour, soon terminate in insipidity, and I have no resource but in variety.

Sensible, therefore, of this capital fault in my constitution, I am determined to remain for ever a bachelor, in spite of the admonitions of my relations, and some very tempting offers made by my brother; for you cannot imagine how much he in particular is set on my marrying.

But why should I render a woman of

worth and sensibility unhappy? For, unless she were both, I should never think of her: and I know enough of myself to be convinced, that, were she an angel, I should repent my marriage in a month.

Has it not been always so with me? What situation have I ever been in, without wishing for a change? When at Eton, you remember how impatient I was to get to Oxford. I got there, and I thought it a paradise; and how very soon after did I find it a purgatory.

London then became the true paradise. How exultingly did I use to drive thither; and you must recollect, that after passing two riotous nights there, when I awakened you one morning at my return, you exclaimed—

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

If I was sick of Oxford even during the time you remained, I leave you to guess how much more so I became after you left it, on

obtaining your first commission. There, however, I was under the necessity of remaining a couple of years longer. I should never have been able to make out the last had I not fallen in love with Miss Pourvis, of that city, which renewed my taste for Ovid, and Horace, and Tibullus, and produced a variety of imitations by my muse, in praise of her beauty. What I particularly admired was her hair, which she wore in great splendor and profusion; and I might have continued her poet and admirer longer, had not a female cousin of hers, and her most confidential friend, assured me, that instead of twenty, the age that my mistress acknowledged, she really was within a few months of thirty, and that two thirds of her hair was false; to convince me of which, she contrived to loosen the cushion to which that portion was attached, and to whisk it entirely from her head, as if by accident, in a fit of romping.

The rape of this lock had very nearly cost

the malicious cousin dear, for my mistress's nails were as piercing as her eyes; but the incident cured me of my passion. I threw my sonnets to Lydia in the fire, and left the university the week following. After leaving Oxford, I lived above a year with my brother, partly in town, partly in the country. The town was remarkably dull. I don't remember that I ever had so strong a propensity to yawn as during the course of that winter, particularly when I went to a new comedy; for I have no relish for stage-tricks by any actor but Harlequin. I must acknowledge, however, that, during the very dullest part of the season, we were relieved by the laughter excited by one tragedy.

In the country, I became so fond of shooting and hunting, that, in spite of all my past experience, I thought I never should tire of them. When I began to be convinced of my mistake, I was informed that you had obtained leave of absence, and that you would accompany me to the continent. I can never forget the joy

I felt on that information.—The grand tour! Gracious Heaven, what happiness did my imagination anticipate! With what impatience rolled we on to Dover! How nauseated we the cross winds that prolonged our passage to Calais! How cursed the tall, lumbering postillions, stumbling bidets, broken roads, and breaking tackle, that retarded our arrival at Paris. We arrived at last—and, for a longer time than usual, the hours danced along more gaily than ever; for it must be confessed, that, before the revolution, Paris was a tolerably amusing place.

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy.

But when the cup is filled too often, the sparklings on the surface become fewer, and but a poor compensation for the nauseous dregs at the bottom. Besides, we could not always remain in France—it was absolutely necessary that we should proceed to Italy. Away we went. We traversed the Alps in very good spirits: we had efforts to make,

difficulties to overcome, and were in expectation of much enjoyment. Our hopes were not a little damped, however, by the uniformity and etiquette of Turin. I felt my old disease coming fast upon me, which obliged us to quit that place a fortnight sooner than we had previously resolved on; indeed there was no possibility of remaining after I had been detected in the act of yawning in the royal presence.

All the peculiar enjoyments of Italy were still before us; the music, the paintings, the sculpture, the antiquities. I fondly flattered myself that I should find such delight in some, or in all of these, as would entirely cure me of yawning; and I had the satisfaction of knowing, that whatever propensity I might retain for that offensive habit, I could be in no danger of relapsing into it in the presence of a crowned head until we arrived at Naples. As I contemplated the paintings of the great masters with real admiration, I began to imagine that I was somewhat of a

judge of that charming art; but after my return to England, having imprudently avowed a considerable degree of admiration for the works of certain artists of that country also, and what was still more provoking, of some who are still alive, I found that my judgment was held in contempt by connoisseurs: this was increased, no doubt, by my having been seized with my old habit of yawning, on one or two occasions, when some of those gentlemen were expatiating on the subject of painting.

The inimitable specimens of sculpture, of which Italy could at that time boast, afforded me very great delight; though I could not declare, as I have heard some do, that "I never could tire of contemplating them; and that the oftener I visited them, the more pleasure I received." Such people have greatly the advantage of me: unfortunately, the repetition of my visits diminished my enjoyment very sensibly; and had I continued them much longer, there is reason to fear that I should

have betrayed the same symptom of *ennui* in the presence of the Apollo of Belvidere which I had unfortunately exhibited in that of his Sardinian majesty.

I hardly think it possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, with more admiration and delight than I have done: yet the Alps, and the Vale of Arno, became, before I left them, Highgate-hill and Turnham-green to me.

I have also received much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself, become tiresome.

The pleasing enthusiasm inspired by a sight of the remains of antiquity, and that most interesting part of the scenery of Italy which recalls to the memory the works and actions of those poets, philosophers, and heroes, we have always admired, was what lasted the longest: but so unhappily fleeting is every source of enjoyment with me, that even this failed at last; and, before we left Rome, I ascended from the old Forum to the Capitol with as little emotion as I ever walked up Ludgate-hill.

The post is just going to set out from Vevay. I close this packet, therefore, and send it to you; directly after which I shall commence another; for (prepare yourself for a great compliment) what else can I do?

Yours,

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER III.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAR SOMMERS,

Vevay.

I CONCLUDED my last with an honest confession, that I wrote because, in my present circumstances, it is my only resource against *ennui*. I will not be honest by halves. My reason for addressing my letters to you is just as selfish. To whom else could I write with that freedom, which alone can make writing agreeable? To what other person could I pour out my thoughts as they occur, without selecting words or arranging phrases? For, were I obliged to take that trouble, I well know—

That in the midst of hums and haws,
And fatal intervening pause *,

the foul fiend above mentioned would be ready to take hold of me, and put an end to my scribbling at once.

* Congreve.

I was preparing to leave Italy with as much impatience as I had entered it, when the arrival of the Comteffina from Madrid presented to my eyes a new object of admiration.

Urit grata protervitas,

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

In me tota ruens Venus

Cyprum deferuit.

Dazzled by her beauty, I mistook affectation for elegance, coquetry for *naïveté*, and *assumed* passion for real love. So completely was I intoxicated, that I was on the point of binding myself to her for life. To you, my dear Sommers, I owe, and I shall never forget the obligation, that I escaped the snares of that woman, the atrocity of whose mind became afterwards more manifest at Vienna. There I formed the resolution, to which I shall adhere most firmly, *never to marry*. I have been what is called in love twenty times since, and am now sure of myself.

Germany was a new scene—the German armies a fresh object of contemplation. I was eager to be a witness of the wonderful

precision to which military manœuvres have been brought in that country.

Soon after I had the misfortune to lose you, the duties of your profession calling you home : I regretted this the more, because, had you remained, I should have profited by your opinion on a subject which you have studied with peculiar attention.

Having formed an acquaintance, however, with officers in the service of most of the sovereign princes in Germany, I had opportunities of examining, pretty minutely, the grand military machine, supposed to be brought to such perfection in that country.

The great end and object of every government ought to be the happiness of the governed. We conceive the diffusion of happiness to be the grand purpose even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happiness in every government and institution, individual happiness ought to have a proper weight. I question much if this is the case in the sy-

stem of military discipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition at a review is brilliant to the eye; but an investigation of the springs on which its movements depend is most afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German service is subjected is not to be counted; and the various severities he must endure, before he can be brought to hold himself as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the agility of a harlequin, to bear restraint with the patience of a bramin, and to toss his firelock with the dexterity of a juggler, are inconceivable.

“ Poor fellows,” said I one day to an officer with whom I conversed, “ how unhappy is their condition !”

“ No,” said the officer, you are mistaken; “ it is not unhappy.”

“ No !” exclaimed I.

“ Not at all,” answered he; “ by no manner of means.”

“ Why, how many blows of a cane may an officer order the corporal to give a soldier for a fault in the exercise ? ”

“ Six,” said he ; “ he must not exceed six for one blunder.”

“ But a man may make several blunders in one field-day,” said I.

“ If he were to make twenty,” replied the officer, “ he would receive only six blows for each.”

“ How often are the soldiers upon duty ? ” said I.

“ They are very seldom off duty,” answered he ; “ but they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace.”

“ How do they employ the rest of their time ? ”

“ O, they are never at a loss for the employment of their time ; they have their firelock to furbish, their accoutrements to clean, and they must appear at the roll-calling night and morning. These different employments fill up most of their spare time,

and prevent them from spending their pay in gluttony and debauchery."

"They must repine sadly at so much constraint?"

"Quite the contrary," replied he; "they must never repine: they would be punished if they attempted to repine—besides, they know that their condition is never to be altered, which saves them from repining."

"Why this is as great a slavery as that of the negroes in our colonies, in my opinion!" exclaimed I.

"So it is in mine," said the officer.

"I thought you had denied that the soldiers were in slavery?" resumed I.

"Never," answered he; "I never could deny what is manifest. I denied that they were unhappy, indeed, which is a very different thing."

Notwithstanding the distinction made by this officer between slavery and unhappiness, I hope our countrymen, my dear Sommers, will always consider them as synonymous.

When we consider the object obtained by

all this caning and revolting severity, it seems most surprising that it should be continued: all that it produces is a greater degree of quickness in the manual exercise than would take place without it. Soldiers are punished an hundred times on account of some involuntary slip of their fingers for once on account of disobedience to officers, or neglect of any essential article of duty. That soldiers should be taught to handle their arms with dexterity, to wheel, to march, and preserve order in their ranks; and, above all, that they should be obedient and attentive, is absolutely necessary; but that they should perform certain motions half a second sooner or later is of no importance. That all the essential parts of military discipline are to be obtained without German severity is proved by the armies of other nations; by the respectable appearance at present made by the militia and fencible regiments of Great-Britain; and would, I am persuaded, be rendered still more manifest, if volunteer corps

were permitted to arm, which probably will be thought necessary, in case the French reject every fair offer of peace, and continue to threaten invasion. The permission of such corps would, in my opinion, have the very best effects; it would quiet every apprehension respecting public liberty: for what government would put arms in the hands of those it meant to enslave? It would put an end to all dread of invasion; for, on the almost incredible supposition that 50,000 French should elude the vigilance of the British navy, and land in England, what could they do against three or four hundred thousand armed Britons? If it can be supposed that the French could be victorious over such a force, it must at the same time be acknowledged that they deserve the island.

It is very probable, my dear Colonel, that, as a military man, you may despise my ideas respecting discipline, and be surprised that I should have written a line on the subject: be pleased however to recollect, that in your

late letters, while you complain of the brevity of mine, you add, that you excuse me from communicating news, and desire that I may choose what subject I please, and send you my sentiments just as they occur. What struck me most while I was in Germany, and what perhaps is the most distinguishing feature in the national character, is the military discipline; and therefore I could not help saying something on that subject; though I was so much shocked with some parts of it, that, after a tour into Hungary, I returned to Paris at the beginning of August 1792, and was witness to scenes of such dreadful atrocity as might have made the most humane mind regret the want of German discipline in its utmost severity. Of these I shall say something in my next. Adieu!

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER IV.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

YOU have often hinted a desire of some detail of the occurrences at Paris while I was there last; I as often determined to indulge you, according to the terms of your request, *as soon as I should have leisure*, which however I was convinced would never happen till we should meet. Now I have leisure with a vengeance: indeed I have hardly any thing else but leisure, and can do nothing else but write. The subject, however, is not agreeable; yet, as you have chosen it, you shall have what recollections may chance to flow from my pen.

I am entirely of the opinion you express in the last letter I received from you, that "the massacre of the Protestants in the year 1572 was not more infamous than that of the

prisoners in 1792." Both proceeded from the premeditated wickedness of a few, and not the blind fury of the multitude, as the planners of the latter pretended. It may with as much justice be asserted, that the inhabitants of Paris rose and murdered their fellow-citizens in the night of St. Barthelemi, without the knowledge of Catharine and Charles, as that they slaughtered the prisoners in September without the instigation of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. The pretence for the one was religion, for the other liberty: the spirit of religion certainly prompted the one transaction just as much as that of liberty did the other. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the intrinsic value of real religion and true liberty, than that both have been cherished in all ages, by the worthiest part of mankind, in spite of all the dreadful crimes for which they have both been made pretexts.

I happened to be in the Rue St. Honoré when the head of the princess Lamballe was

carried to the Palais Royal—I shall never forget the countenance of the wretch who carried the pike. Some of our countrymen dined with the duke of Orleans that very day: one of them told me the same evening that he stood with him at the window when it passed; the duke said, “C’est la tête de madame de Lamballe—Je la reconnois par sa chevelure.”

All present were shocked at this horrid procession: madame Buffon turned quite pale, and seemed to be occupied with melancholy reflections as long as the company staid. It has often been asserted that the duke contrived the murder of the princess from avaricious motives.

From the idea I formed of his character during my short acquaintance, and from the account I have received from some who were in the habit of intimacy with him, I believe this is without foundation. His mind was more frivolous than atrocious: though incapable of elevation or any great virtuous exer-

tion, it seemed also incapable of plotting a deed of such enormous wickedness. He gained more from habit than avarice: and notwithstanding that the alterations made in the Palais Royal were generally imputed to his insatiable covetousness, I have been assured, by those who had opportunities of knowing the truth, that he was with difficulty led into that measure by the importunity of those who had expectations of gain by it. The crimes, as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the suggestion or impulse of others, rather than his own natural disposition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he possessed was caught in conversation; yet such was his natural quickness, that he often displayed an acuteness of observation, and a pleasantry in recounting, that approached to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he resembled in character his ancestor the Regent, who,

with all his profligacy, was indisputably a man of wit.

In like manner all the kings of France, who have shown great fondness for women, have been compared to Henry IV.; and all their ministers, of whatever character, to the duke of Sully, and were never told that they had lost the resemblance until they lost the royal favour.

Though the duke of Orleans talked with plausibility, he had no fixed opinions; so that, after supporting a particular argument one day, it was not unusual to hear him speak next day in the opposite sense with equal plausibility. He never had the least taste for reading of any kind; the most amusing or interesting narrative could not allure him to take that trouble. Though he passed his life in debauchery, he had not patience to peruse even those licentious books where such scenes are described. An intimate companion of his assured me, that happening to make men-

tion of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, it appeared that the duke never had read it, though written by his favourite La Clos, and descriptive of scenes highly to his fancy.

He was as devoid of ambition as of a taste for letters, but was seduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; and falling afterwards into the government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to measures of cruelty by terror. The shocking vote he gave in the convention was not prompted by revenge, or a wish to take away the king's life, but merely to save his own; which, however, it did not save; for he was afterwards dragged to the guillotine by the very monsters who had forced him to vote for the death of the king.

What may be thought the most singular part of his story is, that he died with a degree of firmness far superior to what he had ever displayed in the course of his life. Those who conducted him to execution

made the cart stop before the gate of his own palace, the scene of his former magnificence and pleasure. This was done, no doubt, from a refinement in cruelty, that his anguish might be rendered more acute by the recollection of what he was going to be deprived of for ever. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any symptom of sorrow or emotion; he seemed no way affected by the shouts and insults of the most brutal of all mobs; he retained the same air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and submitted to the executioner without a complaint or a sigh.

The duke of Orleans well deserved his fate, on account of his crimes against his sovereign and his country, but not from the men who had driven him to those crimes, and whose power was in a great measure the purchase of his money. The justice which was that day executed on him was, in those who brought him to the scaffold, the height of injustice and villany.

From the moment I seized the pen, my dear Sommers, I determined to allow my fancy to range where it pleased without method or control.

When I began this letter I thought no more of the duke of Orleans than of Sardanapalus. You may think I have dwelt too long on a character so worthless: though worthless, however, there are traits of striking peculiarity in it. Whatever relates to human nature, and tends to develop character, is interesting to me: besides, when a man of great ambition, wickedness, and strength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepest dye to attain his objects, it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more useful reflections, to show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness. I think I have heard some persons ex-

press surprise and horror at the guilt of the duke of Orleans, whose character essentially resembled his, and who, in similar situations, would have acted as he did in all respects, except in the firmness with which he met death: that indeed forms such a contrast with the rest of his *own* character as is not easy to account for.

His fate might however have been foreseen from the time that the name of Egalité was imposed upon him. Egalité was the cry of the populace when I was at Paris; and dreadful were the effects which that misconceived term had on the minds of the multitude. In vain did Vergniaud, by far the most eloquent man in the national assembly, explain its true import, and warn them of the horrid consequence of taking it in the sense in which Marat wished it to be understood: “Un tyran de l’antiquité,” exclaimed Vergniaud, “avait un lit de fer, sur lequel il faisait étendre ses victimes, mutilant celles qui étaient plus grandes que le lit; disloquant celles qui

l'étaient moins pour leur faire atteindre le niveau. Ce tyran aimait l'égalité, et voilà celle des tyrans qui nous déchirent par leur fureurs.

L'égalité pour l'homme social n'est que celle des droits : elle n'est pas plus celle de fortunes, que celle des tailles, celle des forces, de l'esprit, de l'activité, de l'industrie, et du travail *."

Though neither Robespierre himself, nor the most outrageous mountaineer of his faction, ever publicly disputed this kind of explanation ; yet what the lower orders of so-

* A tyrant of antiquity ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron ; stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall ; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality : and such is the equality which the tyrants who now torture us with their mad decrees would subject us to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society but that of rights ; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, of activity or industry.

ciety meant, when they roared for equality, certainly was that they should be put on a footing with the rich, not that the poorest should be put on a level with them.

At the commencement of the revolution, when men of candour in every country of Europe wished well to it, because they thought it would confine the power of the monarch within just limits, and might favour the cause of rational freedom all over the world, certain individuals, of the highest orders in France, gave proofs of their disinterestedness by the sacrifices they made with a view to the general good, which those of the middle or inferior orders, with all their patriotic declamations, could not do.—By the middle order I do not mean the Robespierres, the Marats, the Dantons, the La Croix, the Couthons, or any of that horrid gang, who seem to have been solely prompted by the spirits of ambition, rapacity, and vengeance; but I do mean the party of the Gironde, which

is generally allowed to have been the most enlightened, the most moderate, and the best intentioned: few of them had any sacrifice in the article of fortune to make; they had little or nothing to lose by the revolution, except their lives indeed, which most of their leaders lost accordingly.

Almost the only thing that pleased me during my residence at Paris at that period was the éloquence of Vergniaud, which made so deep an impression on my memory, that I remember many passages of his speeches: in one particularly, in answer to a destructive motion of Robespierre, he made the following observation, which the subsequent events of the revolution have often recalled to my remembrance:—"Vous vaincrez vos ennemis—je le crois; mais la nation fatiguée des dissensions, mais la France, épuisée par les efforts faits pour vaincre ses ennemis extérieurs, déchirée par les factions, sera encore épuisée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il aura fallu tirer de son sein et craignez qu'elle

ne ressemble à ces antiques monumens qu'on retrouve en Egypte. L'étranger, qui les aperçoit, s'étonne de leur grandeur; s'il y pénètre, qu'y trouve-t-il? — des cendres inanimées, et le silence des tombeaux *.”

Robespierre hastened to fulfil this prophecy: at his instigation, a deputation from two of the sections of Paris brought to the bar of the convention a petition for a decree of accusation against twenty-two members, of which number Vergniaud was one. In his speech on that occasion he makes the following lively and prophetic observation:—
 “ Il est permis de craindre que la révolution, comme Saturne, dévorant successivement tous ses enfans, n'engendre enfin le

* You say, you will conquer your enemies: I am convinced you will—but France, exhausted by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, must be brought to ruin; and may be compared to those ancient monuments to be seen in Egypt. The stranger, beholding them at a distance, is astonished at their grandeur; but if he enters them, what does he find?—inanimated ashes, and the silence of the tomb.

despotisme avec les calamités qui l'accompagnent *."

This last remark of Vergniaud brings to my recollection a curious fally of Tom Travers, who, knowing my intention of returning by Paris, came and met me, though he never liked the French, and particularly abhorred their proceedings at that time.

We happened to dine in company with two of our countrymen, and several of the deputies to the convention: one of the latter, who was a physician, told a story, with a little variation, which I had often heard before, of a French student of medicine, who had lodged in the same house in London with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids that were presented to him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered in her ear—"For God's sake,

* There is reason to dread that the revolution, having, like Saturn, devoured its own children, will at last produce despotism and the calamities that accompany it.

bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please!"

The woman indulged him in his request: he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered.

The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal:

A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever!

On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died: on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat:

N. B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman!

Some time after, the prediction of Vergniaud being mentioned, the deputy who had told the story said "he hoped it would prove false, and that the French revolution would prove as beneficial to France as the revolution in the year 1688 had done to England.

“ J'en doute *,” said Travers, abruptly, and in a pretty loud voice.

“ Et pourquoi donc, Monsieur † ?” said the deputy.

“ Parceque,” answered Travers, “ une révolution ressemble un peu a un hareng fallé, qui s'accorde mieux avec notre constitution qu'avec la votre : aussi y-a-t-il une grande différence entre un Anglais et un Français ‡.”

“ Une très-grande différence, assurément § !” rejoined the Frenchman.

Travers, who did not relish the ironical air with which the deputy said this, exclaimed, in an angry tone—“ Qu'entendez-vous dire par la, Monsieur || ?”

The Frenchman, thinking he had as much

* I doubt it.

† Wherefore do you doubt it?

‡ Because a revolution is a little like a salt herring, which agrees better with our constitution than with yours : and besides, there is a great difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman.

§ A very great difference, indeed !

|| What do you mean to say by that, Sir ?

reason to be angry as Travers, replied in the same tone :

“ J’entends dire, qu’il y a, Comme vous le dites vous même, une grande, et très-grande différence * !”

Seeing them likely to quarrel, I interfered, saying—“ Ne vous échauffez donc pas tant, Messieurs ; où, si vous voulez absolument avoir un querelle, que ce soit pour un autre raison que celle d’être l’un et l’autre du même avis †.”

This put the two disputants in better humour ; and it was evident enough, that the whole company, French as well as English, were fully satisfied that it should be received as an indisputable truth, that there is a great difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen.

* I mean to say, what you yourself have already said, That there is a great—ay, and a very great difference, between them.

† Don’t be so violent ; or, if you are determined to quarrel, let it be on some other account than because you are both of one opinion.

This is the only time in which I ever found so many individuals of those two nations of the same way of thinking.

Adieu !

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER V.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

W HATEVER difference there may be between the British natural character and the French, I am convinced there is not a greater than between France as it now is, and as it formerly was.

Instead of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taste, and even the absurdities of whose inhabitants afforded instruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the rest of Europe, Paris seems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devastation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation so fond of amusement and pleasantries would have been the abode of so much misery?

It were to be wished, that France could, with truth, say to the rest of Europe what Scarron, the husband of madame Maintenon, said to his relations, weeping round his death-bed:—"I shall never make you weep so much as I have made you laugh."

That France herself has as much reason to weep as any other country is no great consolation.

The choice of members for the national convention gives no favourable idea of so very popular an election. What share of learning, eloquence, taste and humanity existed in that assembly almost exclusively belonged to the party which went under the name of the Gironde. This party seemed to have the lead for some time in the convention; but they were soon overset by the furious faction of the Mountain, supported by the Jacobin clubs and the ruffians of the suburbs.

At the time when the twenty-one mem-

bers of the Gironde were executed, the whole nation of France were under the absolute dominion of the Jacobin society of Paris; for the national convention durst not then disobey the mandates of the *conseil général de la commune*; which, on its part, was equally obedient to the decrees, however furious, of that society, which had been abandoned by all who possessed any share of moderation; and was composed entirely of ignorant, brutal enthusiasts, prompted by a few wicked and ambitious men.

Nothing could be more absurd than the accusation brought against the Girondists; namely, that they conspired to restore the monarchy: and their having opposed the execution of the king, was urged as a clear proof of the accusation.

They were also accused of federalism: the import of which their judges themselves did not understand. When one of them was asked what it meant, he said "He was no

grammarians, but that it *sounded* like a very heinous crime."

The crimes, which might with justice have been stated against Brissot and the Girondists, were, their having overthrown the constitution which they had sworn to support, and their having calumniated the king, in order to render monarchy odious to the nation, and to pave the way to a republican form of government.

That measure, however, was precipitated on them sooner than they expected, by Colot d'Herbois, who was not of their party, and who afterwards became one of their greatest enemies. What could be a greater proof of the levity of the national convention than their decreeing a republican form of government, on the first day of their meeting, at the motion of a man unknown before to the public, except as a very indifferent actor.

To give France the name of a republic is soon done: to communicate to Frenchmen

the character suitable to republicans will be found more difficult. One great objection stated by them against monarchy is, that the sovereign may be an infant, and of course kept under tutelage; but they have found, by sad experience, that their *peuple souverain* is always an infant, and requires to be always under tutelage. They have also found, that converting the monarchy into a republic, though it for a short time pleased the vanity, never relieved the misery of the people of France itself, yet it has proved a fruitful source of misery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulsive disorder, which some people imagined might have been useful to France, by removing other complaints to which her constitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who stood in no need of so violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around

France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and so have cut off all intercourse with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own disorders as they best could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulsions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If however the French broke over the line by force, as many assert, or if other nations interfered with the sole view of curing the disorders of France, as they themselves declared, the interference must be acknowledged to have been necessary in the first case, and most generous in the second.

Whether leaving the French entirely to themselves would have precluded any of the calamities of Europe can never be perfectly determined; but the civil war, which it is probable foreign interference prevented, could not have surpassed in horrors those which have occurred in the progress of the revolution.—horrors which have disgraced

the cause of liberty all over Europe, and diminished the aversion to arbitrary power, even in England.—When two calamities threaten, terror of the most savage and most impending is apt to disperse all thought of the other.

It is indeed as surprising, that the dreadful executions, which began with the murder of the king, and continued for fifteen months, should have been quietly beheld, in a metropolis like Paris, as that they should ever have been decreed.

If, to account for this, it is alleged, that the spirit of loyalty was at that period much cooled in the breasts of the Parisians, it must also be granted that the spirit of republicanism seems to have been in the same state some months after, when twenty-one members of the Gironde party were beheld, with equal coolness, carried to execution through the streets of that capital, with whose inhabitants they had lately been so popular. But what is still more astonishing (for those

inhabitants may have been persuaded, in the first instance, that their mild and merciful king was a tyrant; and, in the second, that the Girondists were traitors;—but what, I say, is still more astonishing, and revolts the heart of man, is, that the Parisians should, with equal passiveness, have beheld *women* treated in the same barbarous manner; that, unmoved by all the sufferings of the unfortunate queen, they could bear to see her dragged, with every mark of indignity, to the scaffold; and that, contrary to the dictates of common sense as well as common humanity, and without the shadow of political interest, they could bear to see the pious, inoffensive, unassuming princess Elizabeth, dragged to the same scaffold.

There is something inexplicable, as well as atrocious, in the character of this Robespierre: he does not seem to have been actuated by the same motives which are generally supposed to have influenced other monsters of cruelty.

The usual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men possessed of unlimited power, are, the fear of being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and sometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture. The common motives to deeds of cruelty in men in private life are, jealousy, revenge, covetousness, and ambition: but Robespierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never present at an execution, was never in love—yet he extended the most horrid acts of cruelty to thousands, who stood not in the way of his ambition, and continued them after his ambition was satisfied, and his power quietly submitted to. Wicked politicians often use religion as a cover for crimes, without any sentiment of religion in their heart: this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty peculiarly against those who showed a reverence for Christianity. Enthusiasts are capable of criminal actions, without any sentiment of

wickedness in their heart : though Robespierre was thought an enthusiast, this could not be said of him. Could any human creature, without the most wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power lasted, exercise more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exercised in the same space of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thousands of men, women, and even children, of all ranks, were confined in loathsome prisons, treated with the most shocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thousands of inoffensive peasants, who did not understand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire ; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into inclosures, to be torn in pieces by grape-shot ; and many of his own most intimate acquaintance, not only those who were of a different party, and opposed his horrid cruelty, but those

who had long aided and supported him in his plans of bloodshed and devastation, he sent, on the first appearance of disapprobation of his measures, without remorse, to the guillotine : and what seems as singular and unaccountable as all that has been enumerated is, that a spirited people, excited by enthusiasm for liberty, should, while their enthusiasm was at the height, have quietly submitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obscure, canting, capricious madman, though exercised with more wanton cruelty than had been ever displayed by the most despotic of their monarchs.

You may again accuse me of dwelling on a man of a wicked character : but, remember you requested me to write of the French revolution, in passing over that ground, without seeking characters of *such dislike*, as Falstaff says of Worcester's rebellion—*They lay in the way, and I find them.*

But, after all, I must confess that every

species of singularity of character is attractive to me; and what character was ever so horribly singular as that of Robespierre?

He seems to have relied so entirely on the efficacy of terror, for confirming his despotism and securing his power, that he was at little pains to suppress certain literary productions, which, by creating a strong sympathy in favour of the oppressed, tend to rouse indignation against the oppressor: perhaps he fell a sacrifice, at last, to this security.

Poetry is a very powerful instrument of this nature. Even popular songs, with but a very small portion of poetical merit, have been known to produce an important effect. Many songs in honour of certain victims of Robespierre's cruelty, and elegies lamenting their fate, were circulated in Paris during his bloody reign.

A poetry of a different kind, and more congenial with the spirit of the French revolution, has lately been introduced into France from Germany. Several German

plays have been translated, and were acted to crowded audiences, about this time, at Paris: they are a kind of tragi-comedies, in which men in desperate situations, and of daring and wicked characters, are introduced speaking appropriate language. The hero declaims virtuously, and acts criminally: their drift is to show that murder, robbery, and other crimes, which in the vulgar opinion are committed by consummate villains only, may be committed by the most benevolent, generous, and heroic people on earth. It appeared, from the applause, that this moral was relished by many of the audience. It must indeed have been peculiarly flattering to those patriots who cleared the prisons in September 1792.

Some of the German ballads have also been translated: they are generally founded on nursery-tales of apparitions, animated skeletons, raw heads, and bloody bones. I have heard of one poetical romance, that is very much admired: it records the adventures of

a demon of the feminine gender, who, about three hundred years ago, was permitted to try her fortune in the capital of Bohemia, and to assume any shape she pleased.

As the seduction of men was her object, she chose the form of a beautiful woman; and, according to the ballad, she was very successful. It was no unusual stratagem of hers to tempt men to commit crimes, for which they were imprisoned; and then, conveying herself through the key-hole, to tempt them to mortgage their soul to Satan, in order to obtain their liberty; which they no sooner did, than, the roof of the prison rising to infernal music, the deluded miscreant was conveyed several leagues through the air, and then dashed against some desert rock, or dropped into the sea and never more heard of.

In this romance there is a pathetic account of a rendezvous which she gave to one young man; and, at the instant in which he imagined that she was yielding to his embraces,

she was metamorphosed into a skeleton, and he found a parcel of naked bones in his arms.

The author of the ballad declares, that to describe the surprize and disappointment of this young man is beyond his ability ; but that all, to whom the same adventure has happened, will have a just idea of them.

He then proceeds to record, that this demon might have extended her seductions to a greater number than she did had it not been for a sulphureous smell, which she could not entirely divest herself of, and which she found it difficult to overcome, even for a short time, by all the perfumes and essences she used. On this account, however much she pleased at first sight, none could endure a lasting attachment to her ; until a young Scottish nobleman, in passing through Prague on his way to Vienna, was so fascinated with her beauty, and so little annoyed with her smell, that he intended to have taken her into keeping, had not his valet, an old

Highlander, who had travelled with his father, and was endowed with the second sight, assured his lordship, that, in spite of her beauty, his mistress was a devil.

This blasted her reputation so effectually, that she was obliged to fly from Prague, and was never heard of since till the publication of the ballad in question.

I am, my dear Sommers,

Very sincerely, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VI.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

IN my last I was led by the German ballads and romances from the tyranny of Robespierre and the numberless executions he ordered, many of which were as contrary to prudence or policy as to humanity. On what principle, then, are we to account for them?

Is it possible to conceive that many of the executions were ordered from no other view than to gratify the taste which the mob of all nations have for scenes of that kind? It must be remembered, that those who always influenced in the Jacobin society, and often controlled in the general counsel of the commune, some who were even created judges in their horrid tribunals, were literally mob, and had the same taste with their brethren. This taste for executions and bloody spectacles

of all kinds increases by being gratified, as is confirmed by common observation, and was proved in the instance of the populace of ancient Rome, to whom the sanguinary scenes of the amphitheatre, from an occasional gratification, became almost a necessary of life; and who preferred the fight of gladiators, mangling each other, to every amusement, except that of beholding captive kings and queens led in chains through the streets of Rome.

The French republicans, who affect to imitate the Romans in so many things, will be proud, no doubt, to imitate them also in this, when their power shall be equal to their ambition.

To check the towering ambition of France is the evident interest of all the nations of Europe, and that of Great-Britain as much as any. All disputes regarding the necessity of commencing the war are at present idle and superfluous: the plain interest of every honest well-meaning individual in Great-Bri-

tain is, cordially to join, to the utmost of his capacity, against the ambition and rapacity of the French republic. The wild speculations, the intemperate decrees and madness of whose government has already done a great deal, and will probably do still more, in counteracting the effect of their victories.

Their cruelty to the king and royal family shocked the hearts of all humane republicans, and roused a spirit of loyalty, which for some years preceding the French revolution seemed rather benumbed all over Europe. Their attacks on religion of every denomination gave universal disgust. Infidels seemed to have become Christians, that they might not be thought to favour the loathsome writings of Chaumet, or the excesses of his ruffian admirers. The democratic bias, which had been gaining ground, was, by the tyrannical and rapacious conduct of the French, checked in all the countries of Europe, particularly in Great-Britain. The

very chimney-sweepers in London have become aristocrats, from hatred to their brethren the blackguards and fans-culottes of Paris. The French nation have indeed shewn themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotic government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals of so wild a nature as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and careffing they may appear when under control, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

Lewis the Eleventh and Lewis the Fourteenth governed France in the most despotic manner: they oppressed their subjects in various ways, and squeezed much greater sums from them by taxation than any of their pre-

deceffors had ever done ; yet both were fub-
miffively obeyed during their long reigns,
and died quietly in their beds ; the one be-
ing the firft to whom the title of Moft Chrift-
tian King was given, and the other the only
monarch of France on whom his fubjects
beftowed that of Great.—Whereas the reigns
of fome of the wifeft and moft moderate of
their princes were difturbed by infurrections,
and fome of the eafieft-tempered and moft
amiable were affaffinated.

When France was converted into a repub-
lic, the only party which poffeffed any degree
of humanity, and feemed defirous of govern-
ing with moderation, was infulted, abufed,
and, in a fhort time, faw its leaders drag-
ged to the fcaffold ; nothing like public
tranquillity appeared in France till Robe-
fpierre eftablifhed the lawful tranquillity of
despotifm. Since which time, thofe who
have had the direction have at different pe-
riods acted as if they had been bribed by the
kings of Europe to raife a general horror

against republics, not only by their cruelty and rapacity, but by an absurd and abominable zeal for the diffusion of Atheism.

You must have heard of those ridiculous fêtes appointed by the French government, particularly those entitled *Fêtes de la Raïson*, where the goddess of Reason was represented by a prostitute; but perhaps you never heard of what I am assured is true, that, at one of those *fêtes de la Raïson*, a man mounted the pulpit in the church of St. Roche, and pronounced a discourse in favour of Atheism; and, to put the matter out of all doubt, he poured forth many shocking expressions regarding the Deity, defying him to prove his existence by instantly striking the blasphemer with thunder: and because the mercy of the Supreme Being was superior to this wretch's impiety, he pronounced this wise inference:—

“If there were a God, my friends, as mankind from the beginning of the world have foolishly believed, you must be sensible that, after what you have heard, I should have

been blasted to ashes by his thunder ; but as I remain alive, and in good health, it is demonstrated that there is no such being : so you may all dismiss your fears, and be as happy as Atheism, which is the only comfortable religion, can make you.”

Though it would have been fortunate for mankind if they had always left it to the Almighty to avenge his own cause, yet there is something so horrid in the conduct of this fellow, that one cannot help wishing that the audience had dragged him from the pulpit. He would in all probability have been torn in pieces in any other part of the world ; and his being allowed to withdraw, without any insult, is a stronger instance of the terror by which the natural impulse of the audience was checked than all I have mentioned.

The endeavours of government to efface religious impressions appears to me as impolitic as wicked. Religion not only gives weight to testimony on oath in courts of

justice, but it is a great support to obedience to government: if it has little weight with certain individuals, it operates on the masses.

Toleration to all religions seems as equitable as the belief in one is natural and necessary: notwithstanding the variety of worships, they all admit a Supreme Being, who, sooner or later, punishes and rewards men according to their conduct in life. There is a strong presumption against the innocence of any person's life who *wishes* to disbelieve in this doctrine.

Since this revolution there seems to be an increase of every kind of wickedness, except hypocrisy. Whether the exception is an advantage may admit of doubt. I remember being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed, "that it was a pity she painted."

"I am of a different opinion," said Travers.

“ To me,” rejoined the gentleman, “ she seemed frightful with her paint.”

“ So she did to me,” said Travers; “ but not quite so frightful as she does without it.”

One of the most avowed apostles of Atheism in the convention was a kind of madman, who assumed the name of Anacharsis. It was the mode at one time for the most violent Jacobins to adopt the names of some ancient worthies; to whose characters they affected to have some resemblance. During my last visit to Paris, the name of my shoemaker was Brutus, and I had two Gracchi among my other tradesmen. No man could have less resemblance to the Scythian philosopher, the disciple of Solon, than the modern Anacharsis.

The first was a man of moderation, of austere manners, one who wished to introduce the religion of Greece into his native country; the second was a hot-headed profligate, who wished to banish all religion out of

the world. He was a Prussian by birth; his real name was Cloutz. I first saw him at the house of Robert the Traiteur, in the Palais Royal, where he frequently dined, and sometimes harangued the company on the subjects of government and divinity. He declared, that "his hatred to tyranny or monarchical government, two terms which, in his opinion, were synonymous, had made him leave Prussia, and establish himself in Holland; that from the beginning of the French revolution he had conceived hopes that it would end in a republic; that in those hopes he had left Holland, and come to Paris to assist in the great work of oversetting the new French constitution and founding a republic on its ruins. The republican form of government," he asserted, "was the only one that could secure mankind complete freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace." When he was put in mind of the frequent dissensions and wars among the different states of Greece, he answered, that "they were entirely owing to

their being *small* republics ; but that if all had been united into one they would have had no diffensions and fewer wars." When he was desired to recollect that the Roman republic was *greater* than that which all the united states of Greece could have formed, and yet that the Roman republic was almost constantly at war with its neighbours, the force of the observation did not disconcert him in the least : he said that " the reason was obvious ; namely, that, previous to the destruction of Carthage, the Roman republic was too small, and under the necessity of conquest, to acquire sufficient strength ; and that, after the destruction of Carthage, the Romans had no neighbours except kings, which it is the interest and duty of all republicans to destroy ; and he was happy to think that the *Great Nation* would find some pretext or other to make war on them, until the whole race were extirpated, their kingdoms revolutionised, united as departments of France, and forming one universal indivisible republic ;—then,"

added he, "and not sooner, the world will enjoy perfect freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace."

From this specimen you may form a notion of Anacharis Cloutz's ideas on government: they were equally profound on divinity.

I overheard a very curious dialogue between him and a plain sensible-looking man, who drank coffee at the same table with him one day after dinner at Robert's.

This man happened to say that something, I don't remember what, "was as certain as that God had made the world."

"Pshaw!" said Anacharis snappishly, "he did not make the world."

"No!" cried the man, staring with surprise; "Who made it, then?"

"Why nobody. It never was made," answered Cloutz.

"How came it here, then?" said the other.

"How came it here—Why it has been here from all eternity."

“I should never have guessed it to be so old,” rejoined the man: “but still you have not informed me how it exists.”

“By chance,” said Cloutz.

“By chance!” exclaimed the other.

“Yes; unquestionably, by mere chance,” added Cloutz. “You have no notion of the power of chance.”

“The power of chance!” repeated the other.—“Chance is blind.”

“Blindness does not diminish power,” cried Cloutz, with an air of triumph; “for even, according to your Bible, Samson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines after he was stone-blind.”

“Sneering is one thing, Mr. Cloutz, and reasoning is another.”

“Then let us reason,” resumed Anacharis.—“I speak for the power of chance.—Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were to be

rattled, and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?"

"I should humbly conceive," replied the other, "that it rather was the production of an Almighty intelligent Maker."

"Your Maker explains nothing," said Cloutz; "it is only shoving in a superfluous tortoise to support an elephant."

"Now I perceive the drift of your reasoning," rejoined the other: "but although I cannot explain what is above human comprehension, citizen Cloutz, yet, as there is no necessity in the nature of things that this world and all the creatures in it should have existed at all, it seems clear to me that they must exist by the will of a Superior Being; and I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

“Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.”

“What do you think of that maxim of Horace?” said Cloutz.

“I think it a very good one as he applied it,” replied the other: “but I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.”

“Perhaps not; for, as you say, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in Gods.”

“Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for, independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and Governor of the Universe.”

“They lead me to no such thing,” said Cloutz. “I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?”

“I say,” replied the other, “that were I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.”

“ There again !” cried Cloutz. “ Why there is no such place.”

“ How can you be sure of that ?”

“ Because the thing is impossible,” answered Cloutz.

“ Did you not assert, a little ago, that this world was made by chance ?”

“ I assert so still !” exclaimed Cloutz.

“ Then how can you be sure that such a place as hell is not made by chance also ?” rejoined his opponent.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher, which the other observing, he added with a very serious air :—

“ Citizen Cloutz, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent : and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it !”

Having pronounced this in a solemn man-

ner, the man rose and walked out of the room. Anacharis remained silent till he was gone; and then endeavouring to recover himself, he looked at me, and said:—

“ By his insolence and his preaching I take that fellow to be both an aristocrat and a priest—Don't you think so?”

“ As for his insolence,” I answered, “ it entirely escaped me; so I can say nothing about it. But whether he be a priest or not, I must acknowledge that I have heard worse sermons.”

“ I have a great mind to denounce him as a suspected person,” said Cloutz, “ and have him taken up.”

“ You had much better take the advice he gave you,” said I.

Those who overheard us expressed the same opinion; on which Cloutz declared he had no intention to accuse him.

I hope he did follow the counsel which this man gave him; for the wretched Anacharis had the misfortune a short time after to fall

under the displeasure of Robespierre, who ordered him to the guillotine.

The impiety, whether real or affected, that prevails at present in France, is more disgusting to me than superstition: though I like neither, I wish to believe in religion by my reason, not by renouncing my reason.

Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VII.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

I do not know what effect this ramble has had on you, Sommers, but it has been of service to me : it has hitherto kept the demon of tedium from me. Though the sky was so dismal while I was writing my two last letters, that I was obliged to use candle-light at mid-day, yet I still scribbled on about the French revolution : the weather seemed to sympathise with my subject. Last night there was no sleeping for thunder.

From your London thunder no idea is to be formed of the loudness of the peals and perseverance of the reverberation of thunder in the Alps. It is

“ ————— As if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and the elements,
In mutiny, had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth.”

You remember the young man from the Pays-de-Vallais, that was betrothed to the pretty girl of this inn: they were married yesterday. My landlord has just informed me, that all this nocturnal uproar and insurrection of the elements was unnoticed by them: they were surpris'd to hear their acquaintance talking so much about it this morning.

I gave a small collation to the young couple, and a few of their relations, in my room: they sat round my couch. The contemplation of happiness is extremely pleasant—I pass'd a most agreeable day. What good-humour'd contented people those Swiss are!—I hope their governors will have the wisdom to keep the French contagion from them. The peasants themselves seem endowed

“ With hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,

The blessings they enjoy to guard.”

I never was in a happier company: all the men seem'd to enjoy the happiness of the bridegroom, all the women that of the bride.

"I hope," said I to my landlord, "that your niece and her husband will be as fond of each other a year hence."

"Don't fear, fir," replied he; "for he is one of the best-humoured young fellows in the world, and his wife is as virtuous as she is handsome: besides, I am as fond of my wife now as I was the day I married her, and so is she of me—Are you not, Janeton?"

"That I am, my good friend; and well I may," cried Janeton, holding forth her hand to her husband, who pulled her, *nothing loath*, towards him, and embraced her in the most affectionate manner.

This is a phenomenon which I do not comprehend. The loving couple have been married twenty years! I hope your Juliet and you, my dear Sommers, will always think it natural, and easy to be accounted for. I shall now resume my travels.

After having become so soon tired of Germany and Italy, you will be surpris'd that I should have remained so long in such a coun-

try as France was at that period. The truth is, that the extraordinary nature of the incidents that were daily occurring excited my curiosity, in spite of the pain they often communicated; and when I determined at last to leave the country, I found a great deal of difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. I succeeded at last, however; and I acknowledge that I never felt myself more comfortable than at my arrival at Dover.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native land as passing a few years in other countries. Yet, with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not recollect that we used to meet our countrymen, in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning, with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country were dancing and singing in rags,

and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sunshine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among ourselves, that we do not make the most of life; that is, that we do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of us tire of life before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides this *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted, like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissension, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

This was peculiarly the case soon after I

last arrived in England. As the French revolution, at its commencement, seemed only to aim at a limitation of the power of the sovereign, without overturning the monarchy, it was beheld with complacency by many of the friends of the British constitution, all of whom must be the friends of liberty.

But when this revolution came to be defiled by bloodshed, and supported by the most shocking acts of rapacity and oppression, a horror arose in Great-Britain against all who had any hand in bringing about what had produced such dreadful consequences: the same horror took place where your regiment was, and in different degrees was felt, no doubt, all over Europe. But measures regarding France were adopted in England, the political expediency of which was not viewed in the same light by all the nation. The same difference of opinion arose on subjects regarding the British government itself. Certain alterations, relating to elections of members of parliament, had been thought necessary very lately by some, who

now declared them dangerous, on account of the particular circumstances of the times. I soon found the minds of many of my friends alienated from and exasperated against each other on those questions: they reciprocally accused one another of designs, which, I am convinced, none of them harboured. Could I have given credit to their mutual accusations, I should have thought their reciprocal hatred well founded; for those who could endeavour to establish a power superior to law, in other words, *arbitrary power*, in England, are traitors as well as those who could abet the designs of France: though of the two, perhaps, the last is the most criminal; because some people may be absurd enough to think an arbitrary government expedient in the present times. But no man of common sense can believe that the French wish well to Great-Britain, or that they would not be as zealous to effect its ruin under a republican form of government as under that which it at present enjoys.

The political conduct of some men is entirely guided by what they consider as their interest, though contrary to their real opinion of right and wrong : but the *real* opinions of the majority are gradually modelled by considerations of interest ; so that, in political matters, they come at last to think *that* conduct the best which is the most convenient. The adherents of opposite parties, on former occasions, in Great-Britain, may have acted on such principles ; but at present, independent of every sentiment of patriotism, and prompted merely by the suggestions of common sense and self-interest, one would imagine that the cordial union of all parties cannot be doubted against an enemy who threatens the immediate pillage and permanent debasement of the country. The zealots of one party however insinuated, that the measures of the administration evidently tended to national slavery and bankruptcy ; and those of the other asserted, that the principles of their antagonists would immediately introduce anar-

chy and all the atrocities of the French revolution. Many of both parties made these declarations from conviction: but the loudest clamours, and most malignant personal accusations, came from mercenary hirelings, and men whose political opinions depended entirely on their relation or connexion with some leading person of the one party or the other.

The violence which took place, both in public and private debates, on political subjects, never went higher than at this period. In some, however, this violence was in *manner* only, and without personal animosity. One distinguished member of the upper house, by the impetuosity of his manner of speaking in parliament, and by some unguarded expressions, gave great offence, and made his real character entirely misunderstood; for those who are thoroughly acquainted with him know, that his natural disposition is as friendly and benevolent as his mind is penetrating and acute; and that his heart is so

devoid of rancour or ill-will, that he would not neglect any opportunity of doing a service to the fiercest of his political opponents.

Tired and disgusted with the scandals and calumnies which were daily spread, I determined to withdraw for some time from the country. The first I could have endured: all who mingle much in general society are familiarised to scandal: it gives a relish to conversation, more to many people's taste than even wit; and it is infinitely more at such people's command. Besides, scandal only circulates the faults it suspects, or has heard mentioned by others. Calumny is more wicked: it imputes crimes which it knows to be false.

Pretending, therefore, to adopt the fears of my brother, and some other of my relations, respecting a cough I had at that time, I agreed to go to Lisbon. As soon as Travers heard of my resolution, he fell a-coughing directly, and feed the physician,

who attends his uncle, to prescribe a voyage to Lisbon as the sole means of curing it. The uncle became so impatient for Tom's departure, that I was under the necessity of embarking with him a week sooner than I intended.

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VIII.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

WE had a delightful passage to Lisbon; Travers lost his cough as soon as we got aboard the packet, and mine left me a little after our arrival at that city.

What remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake in 1755. The streets being narrow, winding, and nasty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniences of the old: the last-mentioned seems to have been less attended to than the others; but the newly-built houses are larger, the streets wider, and more regular than those of the old; and in various places they lead into squares, of which the old town was destitute. The most extensive and most magnificent square is *that*, one of whose

sides is formed by the Palace of Inquisition : it would be thought the most agreeable, if the mind were capable of any agreeable idea while in contemplation of that building.

By raising the ground where it was too low, and flattening it where too high, the rapid ascents and descent of the streets, so fatiguing in the old town, are diminished in the new.

Some of the most disgusting customs that are the source of the nastiness with which the streets of Lisbon are covered still continue. Boots may protect the feet of the street-walker from the filth of the streets ; but it is necessary to be in a close carriage to have the head equally secure from that which is thrown from the windows.

The lanes and narrow streets are never cleaned ; in consequence of which some are almost entirely choked up : the other streets would be left to the same fate, were it not absolutely necessary to clean them previous to the ceremony of processions.

Several of the new streets, though planned,

are not entirely built; many vacancies are still to be seen.

The houses in general, previous to the earthquake, 1755, had the melancholy appearance of prisons, with small windows, very often without glass, from which those within could see the passengers in the street, but could not be seen by them: on this account they were called *zelofias*, or jealousies, their peculiar structure being supposed to have originated from the jealousy of husbands. Indeed they are in some respects emblematic of that passion, as it formerly manifested itself among the Spaniards and Portuguese, and still appears among the Turks, who seem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can, by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, secure their persons to themselves.

So the contrivers of those *zelofias* seem to have had no objection to their wives contemplating the passengers in the street, provided no passenger in the street could obtain a single

peep at them. Yet, surely, a man of but a moderate share of refinement or delicacy could have little enjoyment in a woman whom he holds by constraint only, and whose heart he knows to be with another.

The houses since the year 1755, and particularly those lately built, have large and convenient windows, and are in general four or five stories in height.

I expressed surprize to one person that they should have ventured to raise houses to such a height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

“It is because it has been so lately overthrown,” he replied, “that we venture: for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, and none of them have been alarmed with more than the first symptoms hitherto, it is reasonable to believe that they will all have their turn, according to their deserts; and, of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.”

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Lisbon; though no spot in Europe unites so many requisites for forming an extensive and delightful walk as the banks of the Tagus near that city. A scheme for this purpose, I am told, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the strange indifference of the inhabitants for so desirable an object.

In the days of jealousy the women were not permitted to go to public walks, which, of course, were not much frequented by the men; and now, when there is less jealousy, and the constraint is in a great measure removed, the habit of keeping within doors continues with both sexes.

The Portuguese women are extremely indolent: their staying so much at home does not proceed from attention to their domestic concerns; their chief employment and common amusement is sitting at the window, beholding the passengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* also.

There is a great number of domestics in the usual establishment of a family in tolerable circumstances at Lisbon : those domestics are poorly paid, tawdrily clothed, scantily fed, and as insolent as their masters. When a Portuguese lady goes abroad, if she can at all afford it, she uses a carriage ; those who go to mass a-foot are generally attended by three or four female servants.

That the Portuguese should entertain a superfluity of servants is the more surprising, because a great number of spies are employed by the intendant of police at Lisbon, and because there is reason to fear that some of those very servants are engaged for that infamous purpose. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character and depress the national spirit, it could not use a more effectual means than by encouraging and rewarding domestic spies ; the infallible consequence of which is, to tear asunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to spread distrust, hatred, and

terror, into every breast, to make them tremble at the sight of the most subaltern agent in office, to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwise.

In spite of many natural advantages, it is certain that, by the debasing influence of despotism and the most abject superstition, Portugal has degenerated into one of the weakest kingdoms in Europe. The common people seem to be more oppressed and miserable than in any other country I am acquainted with: their misery is apparent in their dejected looks, and in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and nastiness. Those willing to work are not paid for their labour sufficient to maintain them; many of them are kept from starving by soup, chiefly consisting of the washings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it surprising that they thief, rob, and sometimes assassinate?

The influence of the monks (for I am told that the secular clergy are in less estimation)

is greater in Portugal than in any Roman-catholic country in Europe. I am assured that there are not a great many families in Lisbon of which some monk or other has not the chief direction.

Religious processions form the grand and most interesting amusement of the inhabitants of Lisbon; and few things can convey a stronger presumption of the insipidity of their usual style of life than their finding any amusement in those dreary spectacles, which consist of a multitude of men of all conditions, dressed in robes of different colours, with a white stick in each of their hands, slowly following the statue of some saint, with bands of music at intervals, and the whole closed by the monks, of whom the foregoing saint is the patron.

Yet to those ceremonies the inhabitants of Lisbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration. The ladies in particular spend several days, previous to such solemnities, in

preparing their richest attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhausted all the arts of the toilet to draw forth their charms, they place themselves at the windows and balconies by which the procession is to pass, perhaps several hours before it does pass, and there exhibit, no doubt, a much more brilliant and agreeable spectacle than they behold.

On the festival of St. Antony of Padua, his statue is carried in procession, superbly dressed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, and studded with diamonds and precious stones, borrowed from the most opulent families of Lisbon. As those jewels are supposed, after having touched the statue of the saint, to acquire the power of preserving the person who wears them from various diseases, it is not surprising that their proprietors should be exceeding willing to lend them. But how it can be thought that St. Antony, who was of all mankind the most humble, who turned his eyes from the vanities of this world, and who,

to the most sumptuous robes, preferred the coarse habit of a Franciscan, should have so greatly altered his taste in dress since he went to heaven, as to choose that of a coquette, is a little unaccountable.

What should induce the ladies to assist so patiently at those processions has in some degree been explained. The assiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white sticks must be imputed entirely to superstitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following some of those processions, in that manner, during seven successive years, a man secures himself from the hazard of dying in a state of reprobation.

After what I have written, you will not be surpris'd that I did not find the climate so effectual a remedy for my old complaint of *en-nui* as for my cough.

There is little variety at Lisbon; one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the first week. I do not believe the Portuguese themselves could support such uni-

formity were it not for their religious ceremonies.

Religion seems to be as necessary to mankind as water; the purest of both is the most salutary; yet, in that state, neither please the vulgar palate. In all ages mankind have been fond of adulterating both with foreign ingredients: those ingredients are often of an intoxicating quality, which perverts their beneficial nature, heats men's brains, renders them quarrelsome, sometimes furious, and makes what was intended as a blessing operate as a curse.

Adieu! my dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER IX.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

THE capital of Portugal differs from London in many respects: in none more than in the inhabitants of the former seeming to be all of the same way of thinking on the two grand sources of dispute among mankind—religion and politics. You may be sure I speak only of the natives: Englishmen dispute every where, except, perhaps, at court. The same friendly professions, and the same apparent unanimity, exist at this court as at our own: whether there is the same sincerity, I cannot, on so short an acquaintance, ascertain.

The same short acquaintance precludes me from a thorough knowledge of the national character. What qualities are likely to predominate among a people, whose native

energy is controlled by despotism, and depressed by superstition?—Diffimulation, fraud, jealousy!

There is no mixing with the natives, unless it be at the entertainments given by the men in power, or by some of the diplomatic body: at the former the company is generally too numerous to admit of conversation, and too well pleased with the entertainment to differ in opinion from the entertainer.

Whatever falls from the tongue of Monsieur le Duc, or le Marquis, though the most common-place of all observations—what, to use an expression of doctor Johnson, *has been echoed by plebeian mouths*, yet is sure of being heard with tokens of admiration and applause.

At the house of one rich individual, entertainments of a more agreeable nature were sometimes to be found. This person had travelled, and had married a foreign lady of great beauty, and a very amiable character.

The husband was at once vain of his wife, and jealous : for the first he had great reason, for the second none at all. The conflict between those discordant passions kept the unhappy man in continual agitation : the one prompted him to give frequent entertainments, the other made him suspect every man who entered his house.

His lady had, on various occasions, satisfied him that his suspicions were entirely without foundation : but it was not always in her power to effect this before he had rendered himself ridiculous by betraying them to public observation.

The lady was so much amused with the natural manner and humorous remarks of Travers, that she took particular pleasure in his conversation. The husband became jealous. This silly disposition of the man had prompted several people, who otherwise would not have dreamt of such an attempt, to try to involve him in the misfortune he so much dreaded. He furnished Travers

with an additional motive, by not only manifesting his jealousy of him in particular, but also by doing it in a rude manner. Travers determined to take his revenge by the means of the lady. I endeavoured to turn Tom from this project; being convinced, from the whole of her behaviour, that she was a woman of sense as well as of virtue; and, of course, that he would be repulsed as soon as he made the attempt.

I am no great believer in the seduction of married women. I greatly suspect that many, who are said to have been seduced, have first thrown out some lure, some invitation, to the seducer; or, on his making the first advance, have met him part of the way.

The moment a man mentions his love to a *married* woman, she cannot but see his drift; after which, if she permits him to continue or renew the subject, what construction can be made, but that it is agreeable to her?

The same holds, when a *married* man

talks love to an unmarried woman—if she is not a child or an idiot, she must know that he cannot mean honourable love ; she must know what he really means : and she who allows herself to be led, though by a circuitous path, to the point she has in her eye, cannot be said to be seduced ; unless it is thought that a woman may be seduced without being deceived.

I have known some men renowned for gallantry, and considered as powerful seducers, who, while they imagined they were triumphantly *seducing*, found themselves miserably *seduced*.

Flattery and eloquence are not the only arms of seduction : a woman, by her manner, by looks, and a thousand silent manœuvres, can express her inclination as well as by words. When those are directed by a lady to any particular man, before he speaks of love, *she* must be considered as the aggressor : without such encouragement, a man of discernment will not address her on the subject.

In what language can a man mention his passion to a woman whom he cannot marry. Let him vary the expression as much as he pleases, she must know that what he solicits would infallibly lower her in the estimation of the world, and probably render her unhappy for life.

How then could he make a proposal of this nature to any woman who had not, in some part of her conduct, betrayed a predisposition to grant it. Fools and coxcombs may do it every day ; but no man of sense, though devoid of principle, will risk it to a woman whose uniform conduct announces her to be virtuous.

You will observe, my friend, that I do not comprehend the unmarried in the argument ; because an unmarried woman may be induced to listen to a specious villain, in the same situation, who addresses her on an honourable pretence : nor do I include children, even although they be married ; for in this

class women of twenty years of age, whose understandings are only equal to those of ten, may be fairly comprehended.

In the present instance, however, Travers was not misled, as many are, by self-conceit; but he was convinced that the husband's unreasonable jealousy would provoke the lady to a degree that would overpower every other consideration.

She knew that her husband had behaved with unpoliteness to Travers, and that Travers had borne it with great temper and moderation. On meeting him, therefore, at the house of one of her friends, while the mistress of the house was otherwise engaged, she made an apology to him for her husband's behaviour, adding, that "he was now sensible that he had been in the wrong."

"He has been so often in the wrong, *in that way*, madam," said Travers, "that it is high time that you should put him in the right."

He then insinuated, pretty distinctly, that he would be extremely happy to go halves with her in this act of justice.

The lady was a good deal confounded at the hint.

Travers attempted to demonstrate how richly her husband deserved this kind of treatment at her hands.

“ In matters of this kind,” said she, with a severe air, “ I do not consider simply what another deserves, but also what is becoming for myself; for which reason, I must now inform you, that I never expect to see you again at my husband’s house.”

“ Nay, my dear madam,” resumed Travers with coolness, “ in the hint I threw out I had an eye to your benefit as well as my own, and in my opinion nothing can be more equitable: but if *you* have scruples, there is an end; for, in all transactions, I am I am clear for making every allowance for tender consciences.”

So saying, he made a very obsequious bow

to the lady, and joined the rest of the company with such a careless air, that nobody suspected that there had been any thing singular in the dialogue, especially as the lady herself could not help smiling when he left her.

Though she had removed all her husband's suspicions of Travers, she could not prevent new ones arising. The brain of this unfortunate husband was a loom in which jealousy was continually weaving ideal webs of cuckoldom.

—— Break one cobweb thro',

He spins the flight, self-teasing web anew*.

When Travers informed me of the *éclaircissement* he had had with the lady, he observed that it would be difficult to decide whether the husband or wife was the greatest original; she, in continuing faithful to such a husband, or he in being jealous of such a wife. "Or, indeed," added he, "in tormenting himself so much about the matter, al-

* Pope.

though his suspicions were better founded. The man has lived in other countries," continued Travers, "besides Portugal and Spain. Is it not astonishing, that a residence of several years in France, his having visited most of the courts of Europe, has not familiarised his mind to an accident to which the worthiest of mankind are exposed, and of which, during his travels, he must have known so many instances: besides, he might know that it is a misfortune that is most likely to befall those who live in the greatest dread of it, and who take the greatest pains to prevent it. For my part, I do not find fault with the lady for not relishing me, because tastes are not to be disputed; but if her husband continues to tease, and treat her in a manner she so little deserves, I hope she will at last have the spirit to make him what, if common justice had been done, he would have been long ago."

"Do you not perceive, my dear Travers," said I, "that what you call justice cannot be

executed on this man, without destroying his wife's peace of mind."

"If so," replied he, "I am glad I was not the executioner of justice—though I think it is pity, that a man who so richly deserves it cannot be dubbed a cuckold without disturbing his wife's peace of mind; and I must regret my ill-fortune in meeting with a woman of so peculiar a way of thinking."

All endeavours to satisfy caprice are vain. Though the husband had expressed discontent at Travers's visits, he no sooner remarked that he abstained from making them, than he told his wife, it would have a strange appearance to the world if Mr. Travers did not come to his house as formerly, that it might afford calumny a colour for insinuating that he himself was jealous: he therefore desired she would press Mr. Travers to come to their house as usual.

Though the lady had never given the least hint to her husband of what had passed be-

tween her and Travers, yet she positively refused this; telling her husband, that as the gentleman had staid away on account of his behaviour, it was his business to invite him, if he wished him to return.

The husband invited Travers accordingly, and in my presence.

Travers thanked him; but said, at the same time, "that he would not avail himself of the permission, because one great object of his visits, he now found, could not be accomplished."

"I am sorry for that," said the husband.

"So am I," rejoined Travers.

"Pray, what is it?" said the husband.

"It is not worth mentioning," replied Travers.

"I should do all in my power to promote your views, if I only knew what they were," said the husband.

"You have done that already; but all will not do," replied Travers, and then walked away.

“He is a strange kind of a man, this friend of yours,” said the husband, after Travers was gone.

“He was thought a little singular,” replied I, “even in England.”

Soon after this we made arrangements for our journey to Spain, of which I shall give you some account in my next. Meanwhile,

I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER X.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I REMEMBER you made heavy complaints, my dear Colonel, of the brevity of my letters from Portugal and Spain; and as I referred you to Travers for a more particular account of these countries, you wrote to me, after his return to England, that I might just as well have referred you to a courier who had passed through them once: that the sum of what you learnt from Travers was, that “the Portugese were the most zealous and most vindictive Christians he had ever known; that they professed the forgiveness of injuries, and assassinated their enemies: that the men in Spain were proud and lazy; that the women were not so reserved as the men, danced the fandango with great spirit, and would be more attractive if they would forego

the use of garlic."—I must assure you, my friend, that Travers's account is not so defective as you seem to imagine. I do not know that I can make any essential addition. It would be ridiculous in one, who did little more than pass through those countries, to attempt a very circumstantial description of their manners; but, in compliance with your request, so earnestly made, particularly in your last letter, you shall have my *recollections*.

When every thing was prepared for our journey to Spain, I hired a boat for Aldea Gallega, where we landed in about three hours. I immediately made an agreement with a muléteer, for the transportation of ourselves and baggage to Badagòs, the frontier town of Spain; but I neglected to have the terms put in writing and signed. I found the ill consequences of this omission when we arrived at Estremos; for he there insisted on having the whole money advanced immediately, declaring, at the same time, that I

had bargained to give him double the sum for which I had in reality agreed.

Though I detest all kind of wrangling with inn-keepers, post-masters, and postillions, and submit, as patiently as most people, to their extortions on a journey, yet I was so provoked with the impudence of this fellow that I determined to complain to a magistrate.

It required all my influence with Travers to prevent him from making a good cause a bad one, by threshing the muleteer. I persuaded him, at last, to leave the settling of the business to me, while he amused himself by sauntering through the town; which, by the way, is a very pretty one.

I was conducted to the house of a judge: he happened to be in the middle of his afternoon's sleep. I do not know that I could have prevailed on any of his family to have awakened him, had I desired it; but all my impatience to obtain justice, and have the rascally muleteer punished, was not sufficient to make me venture on a measure which might

have ruined the best cause, not in Portugal only, but in any country in Christendom. I therefore begged that his worship might not be disturbed.—I will not assert that I waited *patiently*, for he took a monstrous long nap; but I certainly waited until he awoke.

I had reason to flatter myself, from the length of his repose, that I should find him in very good humour, and disposed to do justice at least. When I entered the room, where he sat upon a bench, he did not rise, nor seem to take any notice of me. “This judge,” thought I, is a man of little ceremony; but men of plain manners are often more equitable than those who are over-polite. I was confirmed in my favourable opinion of him, when I saw him stretch out his hand towards me. As I imagined he wished to shake hands with me, I held forth mine to him: he evaded laying hold of it, and in a surly accent said—“I want your agreement with the muleteer.”

“I have no written agreement,” said I.

“Why then came you here? Send the muleteer to me, and come yourself afterwards.”

I had not time to make any observation on this abrupt decision, for the judge instantly rose and withdrew.

Insolence, I believe, raises stronger indignation than even injustice. If this fellow had behaved with civility, and decided in favour of the muleteer, I should not have been half so much provoked as I was at the insolence of his manner.—How comes this? For no better reason, I am afraid, than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason a continual observance of little attentions makes more friends than real services. Real services relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride: our wants are removed, our pride remains.

When I returned to the inn, I found two men standing by my baggage; on my asking their business, they told me that they had been placed there to prevent any of it from being

removed. I thanked them for their care, and was at the same time going to take up a small box, in which some letters and other papers were; but one of them interposed, saying, "that no part of the baggage must be touched, either by me or any other person, till my dispute with the muleteer was decided."

In the mean time the muleteer having, as I afterwards understood, borrowed some money from the inn-keeper, set off for the house of the judge. I received an order soon after to attend his worship also.

A good deal astonished at those proceedings, and having small hopes that the judge would be more inclined to do me justice after the representation of the muleteer than he was before, I wished to tell my story to some disinterested and respectable inhabitant of the town.

I stepped to a servant who stood at the door of a house of a genteeler appearance than ordinary; and being informed that the master was within, I desired to speak to him. When

I was admitted, after pushing his wife and daughters out of the room into an inner one, he asked what was my business?

“ I am an Englishman, sir,” said I, “ and finding myself in danger of being grossly imposed on by the muleteer whom I hired at Aldea Gallega, I have taken the liberty to call on ——”.

“ You must apply elsewhere,” said he, interrupting me; “ I am no justice of the peace.”

“ The master of this house ought to be a gentleman,” said I, “ which I am certain the justice whom I applied to is not. In England, sir, if you, or any stranger, were to claim the protection of a gentleman against imposition, you would be sure of obtaining redress.”

“ I have no intention of ever going to England,” replied he, and immediately went into the inner room, shutting the door after him.

In the whole course of my life I never had a greater desire for any thing than I had to

serve this fellow as Travers would have served the muleteer: if he had not disappeared so expeditiously, a disagreeable scene would assuredly have taken place.

On returning to the street I met a clergyman. Men are never so ready to think of the next world, and to apply to those who are supposed to have an interest in it, as when they meet with injustice in this;—there was besides an expression of good sense and benignity in this man's countenance, which induced me to accost him.

When he had heard my story, he said, “That after the marquis de Pombal had banished the Jesuits for meddling in temporal affairs, the clergy were commanded to leave entirely to the justices, who were appointed and paid by the queen, the settling of every dispute of this nature.” While he was speaking to me, a stout friar, with an expression of countenance very different from that of the ecclesiastic with whom I conversed, happened to pass,—“Do you know,” said he, in a loud

and surly tone, "that you are talking with an English heretic?"

"That is his misfortune," replied the other. "It would be strange for one of our cloth to refuse to speak with a man because he is unfortunate."

The friar having no answer to make, walked on, frowning.

"I hope," resumed the other, in a low voice, and looking after him, "the English heretic is a better man than the catholic friar."

He then told me, that he was the vicar of the parish, and would be glad to be of service to me; "but," added he, "the government is now as jealous of men of my cloth interfering in matters of the nature you complain of as ever the inquisition was of laymen meddling in affairs of religion.—Indeed, sir," continued he, "honesty is not considered, in this country, as essentially connected with religion. To infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to

regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compensate for a failure in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleased with pompous processions in honour of himself than simple fair dealing of men with each other: the speediest way of convincing the multitude is by inflaming their passions. It is generally fruitless, and sometimes not very safe, to endeavour to persuade them that the ceremonies of religion are of little benefit without probity. The very judge of whom you complain is a constant attendant at mass, and repeats his prayers which much apparent piety; yet I am of opinion that a small bribe will dispose him more to do you justice than all the religion he possesses."

"You lay more stress on a man's moral conduct, father, than on his religious sentiments," said I.

"I lay more stress on a man's moral con-

duct than on his religious *professions*," replied he. "Yet still religion is of more importance than morality, because in genuine religion morality is included; whereas in morality religion is not included, though absolutely necessary for men's happiness. I am convinced, therefore, that it would be of infinite importance to the moralists to have more religion; and I believe also it would be good for many professors of religion to have more morality."

The frank and friendly behaviour of this priest pleased me greatly.

"I have a great notion, father," said I, "that you are not a native of this country."

He threw his eyes on the ground, and sighed.

"Indeed, sir," replied he, "I am not. I was born in Ireland. I came hither very early in life. You must know, that in that country it was a crime formerly, in the eye of the law, for a catholic parent to educate his offspring in the catholic religion, though he

might think that his children's salvation depended on it. You probably think this opinion false, sir; but you must admit that it was a dreadful hardship on those who believed it to be true: the punishment for infringing it was imprisonment and confiscation of property. My father however ventured to send me to a catholic school at Lisbon: this, in spite of the pains taken to conceal it, was discovered by the rector of the parish, who was also a magistrate, and whose living, a very considerable one, was derived from the tythes of my father's estate, and from his catholic tenants. This man caused my father to be apprehended, and thrown into prison, for having sent his son into a popish school abroad.

“The rector had formerly attempted to persuade a catholic relation of my father's to become a protestant; but he had failed—the man asserting that he was fully convinced of the truth of his own faith. After my father's imprisonment, however, he began to see things

in a different light, and listened with more complacency to the arguments of the rector, who in a short time persuaded him of the errors of popery, and had the honour of converting him entirely to the protestant religion. The new convert immediately filed a bill of discovery against my father's estate, and, as his nearest protestant relation, got possession of it. My poor father died in prison, and I continued in this country."

I observed, in answer to him, that many of the laws of which he complained were no longer enforced.—“You are too well informed, father,” continued I, “not to know that persecution has been oftener and more severely exercised *against* protestants than by them. The horrid practice, I hope, is near an end on both sides; and the time at no great distance, when your countrymen, of both persuasions, will be equally sensible that it is their common interest to unite against a foreign enemy, who, with a contempt for both religions, has no other view than to seize their

property and enslave their country. As soon as your catholic countrymen have shown that this is their way of thinking, I dare say they will be put, in all respects, on a footing with those of the established religion."

"Heaven grant it!" replied the priest; "for I have seen enough of the world to be convinced that there are good men and bad men in all religions; that men ought not to be punished on account of their opinions, because opinion does not depend on will, and because conscientious and intrepid people only are the sufferers by such persecution, those of a different character being sure to pretend a change of opinion from interest, or through fear. Of this I have seen so many examples in this country, and have heard of so many in the country I originally came from, that I am fully convinced that persecution can neither make converts in religion nor in loyalty, though it daily makes hypocrites in both. I have heard, though I can hardly give credit to it, that it has been proposed in

Ireland, that no Roman-catholic should be allowed to speak to a protestant with his hat on. This device for making converts is certainly preferable to persecution, and may be considered by some as being every whit as ingenious as it is new ; yet, after all, it will appear a little preposterous to allure men to a religion which recommends humility by addressing their vanity.

“ These sentiments, sir, plain and obvious as you may think them, I am cautious of declaring in this place ; but, in spite of the original injustice which obliges me to reside here, my heart warms and opens as often as I meet with a countryman ; and I never have had reason to repent of the confidence I placed in any of them.”

While I was expressing the sense I had of the kind and frank behaviour of this worthy Irishman, he interrupted me, saying,—“ Now, my dear sir, I believe I can be of service to you. I am acquainted with that officer,” continued he, “ whom you see coming up the

street: he is a Frenchman by birth, has a command at Elvas, and has it in his power to do you speedy justice; and I am sure he will have it in his inclination, for he is a man of honour."

The vicar introduced me to the officer, and told him my story. He returned with me to the inn, and sent an order for the judge to attend him there, which he instantly obeyed, with an air very different from that with which he had a little before received me in his own house; all his insolence was converted into obsequiousness. The officer told him, in pretty sharp terms, that he must be conscious that the muleteer's demands were more than double what was reasonable, and exceeded the usual price in a still greater proportion. The judge acknowledged this, made a very humble apology for having paid too much attention to the representations of the muleteer, and directly ordered him to prison for having deceived him. The officer then invited Travers and me to a seat in his carriage.

to Elvas, which lay on our way to the frontier of Spain. Of this we accepted, after having interceded for the muleteer, who thought himself very fortunate to be quit for two hours imprisonment, and the full price for which I had bargained.

Leaving our baggage to the servants, who were to travel with the mules, we proceeded in the officer's carriage to Elvas.—“ Though you are conscious,” said he, “ that there has been no oppression or injustice exercised in the present instance, but, on the contrary, that fraud has been prevented, the summary and arbitrary manner in which this matter has been decided naturally surpriseth Englishmen, who are accustomed to regular and tedious legal processes. Such formal proceedings would not do here. The Portuguese, instead of employing an advocate to plead his cause, endeavours to bribe the judge, or whets his stiletto, and waylays the witnesses. I remember that, thirty years ago, when I first came into this service, a process was begun against a man for theft :

the judge appointed a future day for examining several witnesses, who, it was asserted, would prove the man's guilt: before that day arrived *all* the witnesses were assassinated.

“The generality of the people have no distinct idea of justice; they do not consider the equity of a sentence, but how to preclude it, or how to be revenged on those who, by their testimony or judgment, have subjected them to it.

“When the upper ranks of the nation have any litigation, their chief endeavour is to gain the judge, which is usually accomplished by out-bribing their opponent; or, if they cannot do that, their next care is to apply to some person of influence at court, who, they imagine, can controul the judge. This they call *empengho*, or protection; and he who is so fortunately connected, that he can bring an irresistible power of this *empengho* into action as often as he has a cause depending, would be thought a fool if he omitted to do so.”

I observed to the officer, “that, with all the

inconveniences of delay and expence attending law-suits in England, our method of administering justice was preferable to that of the Portugese."

To this the officer readily assented; but Travers, who is the most reluctant assenter I was ever acquainted with, said, "that there was not so essential a difference as appeared at first sight; because those who are obliged to put up with injustice, on account of not being rich enough to fee lawyers, and bear the expence of a lawsuit, are as much injured as those who suffer in the same manner on account of the judge being bribed, or because their antagonist has more interest at court."

We were treated in the most hospitable style by our conductor, on our arrival at Elvas, which is a pretty little town, containing about two thousand inhabitants. The citadel was completed by the count de la Lippe, when he commanded in Portugal.

The present commander showed us every thing worthy of observation in the place.

Nothing could be more engaging than the manners of this gentleman, who to the frankness of the military character joined the vivacity of the French, tempered by age and reflection. The officious politeness of young Frenchmen is often teasing to Englishmen, who are apt to think that it is displayed merely to show themselves off, without any desire of obliging; but the attentions of this officer seemed to proceed from a good disposition and a love of hospitality.

We proceeded next day to Badagòs, which is the frontier town of Spain.

Yours very cordially,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THOUGH I conveyed you in my last from Lisbon to the frontiers of Spain, yet you see, my friend, that I am still at Vevay. I regret this the more, because the happy new-married couple at the inn have left us. They crossed the Lake to the native country of the bridegroom a few days ago: my landlord and all his family have been in low spirits ever since. Nothing is more infectious. While the young couple remained I was kept in good humour with the sight of their happiness: now every body else I see has an air of dejection. I became so impatient to be gone, that, in spite of the remonstrances of the surgeon, I determined to try how my ankle, which had become a little easier, would bear the motion of my carriage.

I was carried down stairs, placed in it, and driven a couple of miles on the smoothest part of the road. The consequence of this wise experiment was, that I could hardly sleep a wink last night with pain; and though that is now abated, I find the swelling of my ankle and my ill-humour mightily increased. The hope of being able speedily to pursue my journey had hitherto acted as a palliative to the sharpness of my impatience. When people are in ill-humour they are apt to quarrel with their best friends—"They talk of Hope," cried I, "as the greatest blessing bestowed on man; I have found Hope the greatest of all deceivers."

In soliloquies like this, and in fretting like a child, I have passed part of this morning: I at last reflected on the inutility of fretting, as, whether I keep my temper or lose it, still I must remain here till I am able to go away.

The strongest of all arguments for a man's bearing the evils of life with good-humour is,

they must be endured, whether his humour is good or bad—

Æquam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem. —

This to be sure is an excellent advice ; and well would it be for men if they were wise enough to follow it.

Connais-tu quelque Dieu qui fasse un tel prodige ?

Mahomet's answer to Zopire is :

————— *La nécessité,*

Ton intérêt.

Recollecting this answer, and convinced of its truth, I wish to apply it to my present circumstances, and have been endeavouring to summon back my philosophy, which this new disappointment banished so abruptly from my couch.

My couch ! Yes, here I lie, to be sure, on a very good couch. Many a man in this world would be glad of such another, and would require nothing better than to be allowed leisure to repose upon it. The love of

repose keeps many people in a bustle all their lives,—*Otium Divos rogat*, &c. &c. &c. Such people are active because they love repose: I wish to be active because I hate it; or I hate to lie, because, being obliged to it, I cannot repose.—Would to heaven our plump friend at Oxford were in my place! He never loved to put any part of his body in action, except his organs of digestion. Milton's Satan says, '*Evil be thou my good*;' and I find, by experience, that *action* of body or mind is my *repose*. I cannot form an idea of that torpid state of tranquillity in which some people pass their lives, with so very little movement of either the one or the other. Fatigue of body never gave me *ennui*; long rest sometimes has; and *ennui* is, of all things, the most fatiguing. How is it to be kept off? Exercise and books are the best antidotes.—I am deprived of both—Is there no other remedy? Yes, your own reflections. A man of few ideas, I have heard, goes to crowded assemblies to elude the tedium of himself; whereas

a man of a cultivated mind avoids the tedium of crowded assemblies, to enjoy his own reflections.

I fear, my dear Sommers, that, after all, I must class myself, though I cannot bear that any other should, among the men of few ideas; for I certainly would prefer a crowded assembly to my present solitude.

Though I never was passionately fond of solitude, yet I could pass a day or two by myself formerly as well as many of my neighbours. But the duration of my solitude on this occasion, I dread, will have an effect on me, similar to what Travers says his being obliged to read too much at school had on him: "He has ever since had an aversion for opening a book."

I remember being present when his tutor at Oxford assured him, "that our most refined pleasure, and the most permanent happiness of life, proceeded from our ideas;" and told him, at the same time, "that they were not innate." "I am sorry for it," said Tom; "for if they

had, we should not be put to the trouble of reading for them."

Where Travers finds his I never could discover. He has not a vast many, to be sure; but what he has are at least uncommon; and I cannot express to you how much I would give to have the honest fellow with me at present. But I will not indulge in vain wishes; that would be the most likely means to bring back fretfulness, and drive away that small portion of philosophy which I have been able to acquire, and which tells me, that, in my present forlorn condition, confined to the same place, almost to the same posture, without that variety of objects which might give new impressions and generate new ideas, without books, or the company of any one whose conversation could interest me, my best chance for amusement, either for you or myself, is in the resources of memory.—And so, after this long digression, which you may think superfluous, but which I found absolutely necessary for

putting me in proper frame, I now resume in tolerable temper.

Having forced you to be my companion in this journey, the least you can expect is, that I should be good-humoured, if I should fail to be entertaining.

You will remember that we had just arrived at Badagòs, which is a town on the frontiers of Spain, containing about five or six thousand inhabitants. It is a place of no trade; but it has the honour of being the residence of a bishop.

As I had a letter of introduction from the commandant at Elvas to his lordship, I proposed to Travers that we should wait on him together. He said, "he never had waited on a bishop in his life; but that, when he found himself inclined to cultivate the acquaintance of any of that order, he should certainly begin with those of his own country."

I was obliged, therefore, to pay my visit

alone, while Travers took a solitary lounge through the town.

When I arrived at the gate of the episcopal palace, which stood open, I asked the porter whether his lordship was at home? The man seemed surprised at the question. "At home!" said he—"Where would you have him to be?" This question was as unexpected by me as mine could be by him. I made no answer, and he resumed: "Why, sir, he will not begin the visitation of his diocese this month to come; of course, you may be assured he is at home:—pray walk up stairs, if you have business with him."

I did as I was desired; and, in the anti-chamber, found two young clergymen in their gowns. Addressing myself to one of them, I desired to know if any of his lordship's servants were at hand, to carry a letter to him from me. I was told that they themselves always attended for such purposes. One of them took the letter, and returned

directly, saying "the bishop wished to see me."

He was still reading the letter when I entered the room. He immediately came to the door, and received me with a frank affability, which at once pleased and surprised me; placing me in an arm-chair at his right hand, and questioning me, in a friendly manner, respecting my journey. In the meantime the dinner-bell rung, and in a few minutes the room was crowded with a variety of ecclesiastics in their canonicals.

I rose to take my leave. The bishop told me that I must not think of going till I had dined; adding, with a smile—"Perhaps the dinner of a Spanish bishop will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but I'll be better prepared to-morrow, when I shall expect the pleasure of another visit from you; for I understand that there is a French cook in town, who lived a long time in England; he shall dress some dishes in the English taste for you. Mean-time you shall partake of

what we have :”—so saying, he led me to the dining-room, and seated me at table next himself.

There were sixteen persons at table, all clergymen : the dinner was abundant ; but, to my taste, horribly ill-dressed, from the prevalence of onions, garlic, and oil. The whole conversation was confined to the bishop and myself : all the rest of the company observing the most profound silence. Eating is said to be a serious business with the clergy of England ; I assure you it is more so with those of Spain, though much sooner over, if the Spanish ecclesiastics in general follow the example of those I saw at the bishop's table. The greater part, particularly the juniors, had given over eating a considerable time before the bishop himself ; who, without eating much, seemed rather to protract his dinner, and very frequently pressed me to a glass of wine, in which a few of the rest of the company joined : most of them drank water only.

I imputed this to a different reason at the time ; but I now understand, that the bishop protracted his dinner, and invited me to drink wine, merely in complaisance to what he considered as my taste as an Englishman : for the time of dinner in Spain, even among people of the highest rank, seldom exceeds half-an-hour, or three-quarters at most ; after which the company rise from table, and go into another room to drink coffee. As for wine, the Spaniards of all ranks use it in very great moderation ; and I understand the bishops, at their dioceses, live pretty much in the same manner.

After dinner the bishop invited me into another room : we were followed by the dignified clergy only. We remained there, conversing, some time ; during which I was asked a variety of questions. If an idea of the importance of Great-Britain was to be formed from the information that those gentlemen have thought it worth their while to

acquire of it, its consequence would dwindle wonderfully : most of them, indeed, seemed as ignorant of the nature of our government, laws, and customs, as of the interior provinces of China. The bishop seemed by far the best instructed among them. On my expressing surprise at the extent of his knowledge, he said he owed it to a British subject, of whom he spoke with great affection, who had been his school-fellow, and his companion at college.

One of the pages entered to inform him that his sister was arrived to pay him a visit. After making an apology to me, he withdrew to what was called the receiving-parlour. In a few minutes I had a message to go to him. I was then conducted to a room contiguous to the outward gate; for no woman is known to be admitted into the interior of a bishop's palace in Spain. He introduced me to his sister, who is a very lively engaging woman, a little past the middle age. She was

accompanied by her daughter, who never uttered a syllable—Spanish young ladies seldom do in the presence of their mother. Iced water, sweet-meats, and chocolate, were served; and, after two hours stay, the lady and her daughter withdrew.

The bishop then led me through the different apartments of the palace.

While we were thus employed, a relation of the bishop, a colonel in the army, joined us. I was presented to him as an English gentleman, in whom his friend, the commandant of Elvas, was interested. After showing me what is most remarkable in the palace, the bishop said that he had ordered an apartment for me, which he hoped I would make use of during my stay at Badagòs; directing two servants, at the same time, to go to the inn for my luggage. I thanked him for this very obliging offer; but declined it in the best manner I could. He said—"You shall do as you please as to that article; but

I must absolutely insist on your dining here to-morrow. To this I agreed. He then told me that the duties of his office would occupy him the rest of the day, and he left me with the officer.

Yours, always,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THE gentleman with whom the bishop left me seemed to be about fifty years of age ; he had travelled, and ingrafted some share of French vivacity on the formal manners of his native country. “ I suppose you thought,” said he, “ that if you had accepted of an apartment in the palace, you would have been obliged to hear long prayers, and go early to bed?—No such thing. His lordship’s clergy, indeed, are expected to be all in the palace every night before ten ; but as for strangers, who are invited to lodge in the palace, they may enter at any hour.”

He then told me, that he had met the bishop’s sister, who had commissioned him to bring me to pass the evening at her house. As I wished to see as much of the manners

of the country as I could, I accepted of this invitation with pleasure.

■ When we came within a few yards of the house, we heard the music of the guitar, with the rattling of castanets and dancing.

They generally begin by dancing country-dances, and finish with the fandango, which is performed in a most indecent manner by the common people, but in a style less reprehensible by the higher ranks. This information I had from the colonel. He introduced me into a large room, where nine or ten couples were dancing the fandango, every couple having a pair of castanets in each hand, which they rattled with great dexterity, and in exact time. The movements of this dance are more lively than graceful; and the dance, upon the whole, is such as a modest English woman would not choose to excel in. Some of the females whom I saw performing on this occasion were of an age which might have made them decline it, independent of any other considera-

tion. Nothing can form a greater contrast than that between the serious and solemn manners of the Spaniards in general and this popular dance. I own it surpris'd me exceedingly to see, at the house of a woman of character, the sister of a bishop, an exhibition by ladies in respectable situations of life, which would certainly be thought reprehensible by an English bishop, even in opera-dancers.

Swift says, "that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas." But delicacy on a different subject cannot be imputed to impure ideas: if it were, the inhabitants of Spain would be considered as less susceptible of them than those of the cold climate of Great-Britain.

From this hall the colonel conducted me into a room where there were three or four card-parties, at so many different tables. The conversation here was carried on in single words, mostly monosyllables, entirely relative to the games. At one table the game seem'd to be a kind of lottery, at the others

ombre. The spectators kept a profound silence.—The colonel, observing that I showed no inclination to remain long in the number, led me into a great saloon, in which between twenty and thirty persons of both sexes were assembled.

The lady of the house came directly, and welcomed me in the most obliging manner; saying, “she hoped I would make her house my own as often as I found her brother’s too dull for me.”—In Spain a visit is always supposed to be made to the lady of the house.

Forgetting that the bishop had told me that he was to employ the remainder of the evening in the duties of his office, I asked if his lordship was in the assembly? “Holy Virgin!” exclaimed she: “How can you suppose such a thing? If a Spaniard had asked such a question, I should think him mad.—Do your bishops in England go to assemblies?”

I begged that she would excuse the ignorance of a foreigner; adding, “that I had

been drawn into the blunder by two persons dressed like clergymen, who I saw in the room."

"Ah! these," said she, "are two Carmelite friars, of my husband's acquaintance, who are travelling through the country: one of them is my husband's relation; the other frequently passes this way, to various parts of Spain: he sometimes goes also into Portugal:—he is a very great traveller."

This friar joined us a little after. She introduced me to him, saying, "that, as we were both travellers, we might naturally wish to have some conversation together." When the lady left us, the friar said, "he feared that I had found the roads but indifferent in Portugal?" I answered, "that I had found them better in some other countries."

"I understand," said he, "that you have been in Germany?" I told him "I had."

"The metropolis of that country is very large?" added he.

Though I was not certain what town he meant, I answered—"Very large."

"And pray, sir," continued he, "are the roads from England to Germany tolerably good?"

This question, from so great a traveller, surpris'd me a little; however, I answered very gravely—

"Sometimes they are smooth, and at other times exceedingly rough."

"Aye," said he, "it is the same in Spain—It depends a good deal on the weather and the season of the year, I should suppose?"

I assured him, "that his conjecture was perfectly well founded;" and having a curiosity to ask a question or two, in my turn, of so enlightened a person—"Pray, father," said I, "are there any good bookfellers in this town? I have occasion, at present, for some book of geography?"

"I really cannot tell," replied he; "for

although I was once a great reader, I have not now the least occasion for books."

I expressed a great curiosity to know how one, who had been so great a student, could all at once find no occasion for books.

"Why," replied he, "I am *jubilated* in my order."

I told him I did not understand the import of that phrase.

"I am exempted," said he, "from all the duties in my order, and of course have no need of books." So saying, he got up hastily, and crossed to the other side of the room.

The colonel joined me: he was acquainted with all the company, and conversed with many of them; but, to the best of my recollection, I have given you already the most instructive part of the conversation I heard that evening.

When supper was announced, part of the company withdrew. The dancers came into the supper-room capering, rattling their cas-

tanets, and seated themselves at the table. The supper was soon over; and each lady was conducted by a gentleman, who was furnished with a lantern to light her home.

Though I had sent word to Travers that I was kept to dine at the palace, yet I expected to find him in ill-humour on account of my staying so long. I was agreeably disappointed on my return to the inn.

He told me, that, in spite of a bad dinner, and but indifferent wine, he had been better entertained than he had ever been at the Portuguese nobleman's house at Lisbon. He also had been amused with the fandango. While he was contemplating two or three couple who were dancing it, in a kind of open court at the inn, he had been accosted by an old Frenchman, a still greater traveller than the Carmelite friar; and, according to my friend's account, a mighty obliging person. He was a native of Marseilles: his father had been a tumbler, his mother a dancer on the tight-rope; and he himself had been

bred to both professions, which he had practised with applause at Paris, London, and Madrid. He had been particularly admired at the latter; on which account he had remained longer in that capital than in the other two; but finding his joints begin to stiffen, and unable to support his former fame, he had retired to Badagòs, where he could repose on his laurels at little expence.

With all the ease natural to his country, he had addressed Travers in his native language; saying—“That as Milord seemed to have a partiality for that dance, he believed he could procure him the pleasure of having it performed in a far superior style than could be expected from any of the *canaille* he was then looking at.”

Travers had accepted his offer: the man had been as good as his word:—and so much was our friend pleased with the amusement this fellow had procured him, and the account he gave of his adventures in the various countries he had resided in, that he de-

terminated to hear the sequel of his story the following day, and made not the smallest objection to my dining a second time with the bishop.

Here I must bid you adieu.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIII.

From the Same in Continuation.

MY new acquaintance the colonel called at the inn, and we went together to the episcopal palace. Both the dinner and the company were very different from what they had been the preceding day. The French cook had performed his part well—the dinner was splendid. The company consisted of military men as well as of ecclesiastics. The conversation was no longer confined to the bishop and me; each took a share, and cheerfulness prevailed, though the bottle did not go round. His lordship asked nobody to drink except myself: he drank water, and his example, in this article, was followed by most of the company. The Spaniards are very abstinent both in eating and drinking. The sole reason of his inviting me so frequently to

drink was his having heard that the English are addicted to the bottle. He left the rest of the company to do as they pleased; there was abundance of wine on the table.

Though we continued a great deal longer at table than the former day, yet, in England or in France, this would have been considered as a curtailed repast.

When we withdrew into another apartment the conversation was carried on by different groups, and in some with a good deal of vivacity. My friend the colonel introduced me to one gentleman, who, he said, was a native of Biscay. While we were talking together, another of the company, who I afterwards understood was a Castilian, joined us: this gentleman's features expressed shrewdness, with an ironical cast.

"It is natural," said he, addressing himself to the Biscayan and me, "that the natives of the lands of liberty should associate."

Seeing the latter bow, as if it had been a compliment, I did the same, though I did not

well comprehend how a Spaniard could be called a native of the land of liberty.

“ He means that as a joke against the peculiar fondness which my countrymen,” said the Biscayan, “ have ever shown for liberty ; but I receive it as a panegyric, because I know it to be a truth.”

“ I should imagine,” said I, “ that the king of Biscay and the king of Castile would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy ?”

I immediately perceived, by the flushing of the Biscayan’s countenance, that my observation displeased him ; while an arch smile played in the features of the Castilian.

“ King of Biscay !” said the former, with a tone of indignation ; “ let me inform you, sir, that Biscay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biscayans love and respect the king of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms ; but he is not *king*, he is only *señor* of Biscaia.”

“ I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference?” said I.

“ We Biscayans are a free people,” said he.

“ So are we English,” added I.

“ But we are governed by our own laws,” said the Biscayan.

“ So you might be,” resumed I, “ although you had styled the señor of Biscay king.”

My Biscayan seemed astonished at this assertion.

The Castilian observing this,—“ Why, my good friend,” said he, “ you not only seem, in imitation of the ancients, to annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king, but also to imagine that none but kings can be tyrants; yet I can assure you that I have known sovereigns, under the names of margraves, landgraves, and dukes, exercise as much tyranny over their subjects as any king in Christendom.”

“ And we all know a nation,” added I, “ over which, under the name of republic,

the most insulting and cruel despotism has been exercised that ever the world knew. The name of a government, therefore, may be changed, and the essence remain the same, or even be rendered more intolerable than it was before. My countrymen, somewhat more than a century ago, did the reverse of this; they made essential alterations in their government, though they found it highly convenient to allow the name, and most of the forms, to remain as they were: and I do most ardently hope that they will always adhere to the same wise conduct."

"As for us," resumed the Biscayan, "we have not found it necessary to alter either the name or nature of our government. The king of Spain is señor of Biscay, and the Biscayans are governed by their own laws: we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by assessments, imposed at the general convention of the states, by representatives sent from the different cities and districts. We have no custom-house nor excise officers."

"No, nor bishops," said the Castilian,

turning his eye archly towards the bishop, who had just joined us.

The bishop heard this with a good-natured smile, without interfering in the argument.

“But we might have them, if we pleased,” replied the Biscayan.—“Our attachment to our religion is undoubted; and we are satisfied that our clergy should be subjected, in spiritual matters, to the nearest bishop resident in Castile, who exercises the spiritual authority of a diocesan over them with as much propriety as a bishop established in Biscay itself could do.”

“The women of your country have a particular aversion to revenue officers, as I have heard,” said the Castilian, “and treated some who were sent, a few years ago, among them, with a cargo of stamps, with uncommon severity*.”

“Whether the story to which you allude

* The Castilian here alludes to certain revenue officers, sent by order of the court into Biscay, and said to have been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation seldom performed in the western world, though common in the east.

be true or false," replied the Biscayan; "or whether the persons who insulted the revenue officers at Bilboa were really women, or men in women's clothes, I cannot tell: but I am not displeas'd that it should be believ'd, because it may prevent projectors from advising his majesty to attempt levying taxes in Biscay contrary to the laws and constitution of that province. — The señor of Biscay," added he, "is naturally just; and, I dare say, will never have it in his inclination to overturn our rights."

"That the king of Spain and señor of Biscay," said I, "will never have such a thing in his inclination, ought not to be disput'd; nevertheless, it will be wise in your countrymen to take care that it shall never be in his power."

Here the bishop, thinking, perhaps, that the conversation had extended far enough into politics, stood up; the company did the same, and soon after began to retire.

My friend the colonel having hinted that

he had some business with the bishop, which would detain him a little after the company were entirely gone, the Biscayan said " he would be glad to accompany me, if I were inclined to take a walk through the town."

I accepted his offer, and we directly withdrew.

This walk, my dear Sommers, I shall repeat with you, if you please, to-morrow morning ; but at present I find myself rather inclined to sleep.

Good night.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIV.

From the Same to the Same.

THE streets of Badagòs are narrow, filthy, and generally silent—no sign of industry of any kind. I observed, however, some men with cloaks around their shoulders, each of whom stood before a separate door, and seemed to have no other object but to gaze at the passengers.

“Pray what class of men are those?” said I to the Biscayan; “they seem too idle to be tradesmen.”

“You conjecture right,” replied he;—“they would be highly affronted if they imagined you could suspect them of exercising any kind of trade.”

“They are men of independent fortune, then,” said I.

“Almost their only property,” said he,

“is the wretched house they inhabit, which, being transmitted from father to son, is inalienable, and constitutes what in this country is called an Hidalgo, or Hijo-de-Algo (the son of somebody): they would consider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment.”

“How are they prevented from starving?”

“Why they are not prevented from what you would call starving in England,” replied he:—“but I will tell you how they prolong their life.—Observe that man going from his own door, with something under his cloak; you will see him stop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richest establishments in this province: he carries under his cloak a vessel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the support of his family; and the same is regularly done by a number of these Hidalgos every day. Those who are thus served at the private door

of the convent are called the bashful or gentlemen beggars. As for the others, I do not well know how to denominate them—they cannot be called the poorer sort, and still less the meaner; for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of these *Hidalgos*: but, as the others are not *Hidalgos*, we may distinguish them by the appellation of ‘the sons of *nobody*.’—all of that class then receive alms at the *public* gate.”

“It seems surprising,” said I, “that men who are ashamed to work for their bread should not be ashamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bashful as you please, but the man struts to the convent with as stately a step as if he were the proprietor of the whole building.”

“As for his strut,” rejoined the Biscayan, “that belongs to him as an *Hidalgo*. With regard to men’s being less ashamed to beg than to work, I must inform you that begging has been considered as an honourable employment ever since the mendicant friars were established in Spain.”

“ Since the Spaniards are so prone to follow the example of friars,” said I, “ it is a pity that some societies of *working* friars are not established.”

“ Whether it proceeds from the difficulty of finding materials for such an establishment,” replied the Biscayan, smiling, “ or from some other cause, nothing of that kind has been founded hitherto : but the other establishment has gained to such a degree, that you will find men of high rank, in various parts of this country, begging from door to door, for the benefit of one convent or another. It is thought a most meritorious occupation. Had you been at Badagòs a week ago, you would have seen the Confraternity of Charity, as it is called, into which none but noblemen and gentlemen of fortune are admitted, begging all over the town to defray certain expenses for the benefit of a criminal who was executed that morning.”

“ Suppose,” said I ; for we may suppose any thing, however improbable, “ that a set of *industrious* working friars were really to

appear, do you imagine that the nobility would be as ready to follow their example as they have shown themselves to imitate the *indolent* begging fraternity?"

"That is a question," replied he, "that it is needless to answer, because the case you suppose will assuredly never occur; but on this you may rely, that no such idleness nor beggary is seen in Biscay. My countrymen are industrious, because they are free and allowed to reap and enjoy the fruits of their labour.

"You must not imagine that in every part of Spain the same lazy beggarly disposition is attached to the inhabitants that you have seen here. In Catalonia, for example, the people are in general industrious: that province is well cultivated: not only the plains, but even the mountains, to the very tops of which the inhabitants carry baskets of earth for that purpose. As the Catalonians do not enjoy the same privileges with the inhabitants of Biscay, their industry cannot be imputed to the same cause. But there are

no more convents in Catalonia than what seem necessary for the aid of the parochial clergy in the offices of religion. If there were the same establishments for the feeding of beggarly Hidalgos, and a lazy peasantry, that you see here, there would in all probability be as little industry."

The Biscayan and I stopped to contemplate the cathedral as we passed. One would imagine that the description of a church was mighty amusing, from the number to be found in different tours.—Do you wish to have a specimen?

“ The cathedral is a large building, probably pretty ancient, as the architecture is evidently in the Gothic style; the spire considerably higher than the summit of the highest houses, though not so high as the spire of Strasburg. The external ornaments of the front must have cost a great deal of labour as well as money; and had their admirers, no doubt, when they were in their prime; but now they are rather in their decay: for, as Ovid very truly observes—

“Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas,
Omnia destruitis.”——

I dare swear you think this specimen sufficient.

The Biscayan and I afterwards took a pretty long walk into the country. Do you insist on a description of the country around Badagòs? I can assure you that it has as strong a resemblance to many other countries you have seen, or of which you have read descriptions, as the foregoing cathedral has to other cathedrals. For example: “the mountains, in general, are lofty, and the vallies low: the meadows, particularly after rain, are verdant; not indeed so green as those of England, but still they must be allowed to be of a greenish colour: and most of the rivulets, to the best of my remembrance, flow with a kind of murmuring sound, and in a serpentine direction. The country would produce more, if it were better cultivated; and it would, in all human probability, be better cultivated, if the inhabitants were more industrious.”

Farewell, my dear Colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XV.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

AFTER having, with expressions of gratitude, taken leave of the worthy bishop, and my other acquaintance at Badagòs, Travers and I proceeded on our journey: That same day we met with a species of hospitality still more unexpected, and far more extraordinary than what we had received from his lordship.

Before we could arrive at the inn where we intended to sleep we were overtaken by the most violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, I ever witnessed. During an interval of the former, seeing Travers more annoyed than any of the company, I said—
 “This is the greatest *bore*, Tom, that you ever experienced.”

“Forgive me,” replied he, “I was once obliged to you for experiencing a greater.”

“Where?—When?” exclaimed I.

“At Poplar-bank,” answered he: when, after promising to return directly, you left me a long summer evening with your eternal aunt, lady Barbara Voluble.”

“Nay,” rejoined I, bursting into laughter, “do not attempt to make my poor aunt pass for the greatest of all possible bores, as long as your uncle, Mr. Plaintive, is in existence.”

The muleteer was surprised, and, I fancy, thought it sinful that we should laugh in the midst of such a storm. He shook his head, and was heard to mutter—“*Los Ingleses avian de reir aun en purgatorio**.”

But I believe you do not know this uncle of Travers’s. I must make you a little acquainted with him, before we proceed a foot farther.

Samson Plaintive, esq. is a man of about

* I believe those English would laugh, even in purgatory.

forty-seven years of age, above six feet in height, and of a very robust constitution; but, unfortunately for him, he had been left heir to a considerable estate.

His father died when little Samson was only five years old, leaving him entirely to the care of his mother, a woman exceedingly whimsical about her own health. This good lady was likewise so anxious about that of her son, that, partly from affection to him, and partly from hatred to Travers's mother, who was the next heir, she often brought the child to the brink of the grave, through solicitude to keep him out of it. Yet, in spite of the pains she took to preserve him from the *cold air*, in spite of the clothes with which she loaded him when he went abroad, and in spite of all the drugs she obliged him to swallow, such was the natural strength of his constitution, that he was, in all appearance, a very stout healthy man at the age of twenty-three, when he lost his mother. I say in appearance, be-

cause he asserted at that time, as he has done ever since, that his constitution was remarkably delicate, and wonderfully susceptible of all manner of diseases.

Mr. Plaintiff's mind was not so vigorous as his body: though the latter had withstood all the efforts of his mother, the former became their victim. He gradually was infected with all her whims; and at last his chief, indeed his only care, was that of his health; and, according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose; for he always declared himself to be in bad health; and nothing provoked him so much as hinting that he was in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he kept much within doors, he was obliged sometimes to have recourse to books as an amusement, and took some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate; or no adventure, however surprising, delighted him so much as that of some severe distemper,

in which the symptoms were faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintiff was continually consulting practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admitted that any of them had done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advised him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismissed as theorists and men unacquainted with the *common practice* of medicine.

Mr. Plaintiff was fond of telling long stories: he was generally the hero of his own tale: and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative were seldom entertaining.

That any person, who has lived to the age of manhood in this world, and had opportunities of observing how completely mankind are occupied with themselves, and how little with others, should imagine that the history of his complaints, real or imaginary, could interest his whole set of acquaintance, would seem impossible, if we did not meet every day with people, who, by their fondness of repeating such histories, seem to be of that opinion. Those who are continually occupied about themselves are generally the most intolerable to others; and in thinking that an account of their state of health can greatly interest their acquaintance, they must believe all their acquaintance of opposite characters to themselves, as they must be conscious that they never bestow a thought on any body's health but their own.

Indeed nothing else, whether of a public or private nature, can much interest them: a victory, a massacre, the dethronement or

murder of kings or queens—in short, the greatest calamity that can happen to any individual, or to any number of individuals, interest such people little, in comparison with a fit of the tooth-ache, or a pain in their own little-finger.

As Mr. Plaintive's favourite theme of discourse was always tiresome, and often disgusting, he found it difficult to obtain steady listeners, except in such as had some personal interest in being so. This consideration first suggested to him the thought of marrying. An agreeable-looking young woman, of no fortune, but of an accommodating disposition, struck his fancy, and he paid his addresses to her.

The young lady was not mightily captivated with her lover: but her relations assured her, that she was a most fortunate woman; that such an husband was a far more valuable prize than the highest in the state-lottery; that, to secure her own happiness,

all she would have to do was, to listen to her husband's narratives with a patient ear, and a sympathising countenance.

As Mr. Plaintive was a very stout-looking man, she thought that his complaints could not be many: she therefore yielded to the entreaties of her relations, and accepted his hand.

But it happened, unluckily, that Mrs. Plaintive, from her childhood, which with her lasted longer than the usual period, had been noted for an incessant propensity to prattle: this disposition, fortified by habit, she retained till the day of her marriage. From that time, in compliance with the injunctions of her relations, and to secure her own happiness, she allowed her husband to engross the discourse, which generally consisted of a history of his complaints.

Though she thought that she had some reason to complain as well as her husband, yet she had the resolution to hold her tongue.

But it was soon evident that the cha-

rafter of a lifteners, in which ſhe had never before appeared, but in which ſhe made ſtrong efforts to ſhine, did not agree with her conſtitution : this was obvious to all the world, except to Mr. Plaintive. He was ſo occupied with his own feelings, that he paid no attention to thoſe of his wife ; but engroſſed the converſation every day ſo unmercifully, with his own doleful narratives, that ſhe hardly ever could find an opportunity of throwing in a ſingle ſentence ; and the poor woman died of the ſhock occaſioned by this unnatural retention, within a few months after her marriage.

The ſame unfeeling diſpoſition, which had proved fatal to his wife, hindered Mr. Plaintive from ſuffering ſeverely on account of her death. He ſeemed to be much annoyed, however, by the lamentations of ſome of her relations ; and he had a great diſlike to wearing black : thoſe two circumſtances made him ſwear, that no conſideration ſhould prompt him to marry a ſecond time, that he

might never more be subjected to the same inconveniences.

As Travers was his uncle's natural heir, all his friends had now better hopes than ever of his succeeding to his fortune; an expectation which, I do in my conscience believe, occupied the mind of Travers less than it did ours.

We all advised him to pay more attention than ever to his uncle; and I prevailed on him, some time after, to renounce a jaunt to North Wales, and to pass the month he had destined for it with his uncle, then at his house in the country.

Though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it than Mr. Plaintive. His complaints, no doubt, were often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wished his friends to think them: this appeared by his habitual exaggerations, in the answer he returned to all messages respecting his health. He sometimes announced that he was indisposed, when even he himself knew that

nothing ailed him, merely to have the pleasure of receiving sympathizing inquiries concerning his health; and if he observed from the window any acquaintance coming to call on him, he has been known to throw himself under the cover on the bed, and declare to his visitor that he was unable to move across the room.

At other times, when he really was in bed, and had not been heard to make any uncommon complaint that morning, if he heard the foot of a friend, who was to be admitted to his bed-side, he would groan so loud, that the visitor heard him before he entered the chamber.

In this, as in almost every thing else, Mr. Plaintive differs from his nephew, who, of all things, can least endure any lamentation or expression of compassion, whatever illness or unlucky accident may happen to him.

It is wonderful in what different and opposite manners the paltry quality of affectation appears. There are men who affect an infinitely greater indifference about every

thing that regards their health, than in reality they feel. In their indifference, however, they are pretty sure of having more people to sympathise with them than in the other. But my friend Travers belongs to neither of those classes of men. I never was acquainted with any of the human race more completely free than he is from every kind of affectation.

When he lived with his uncle in the country, he usually went out on horseback every morning, several hours before Mr. Plaintive rose, and returned in time to breakfast with him.

As he began to ascend a hill on his return one morning, he saw two horses, without a driver, dragging a post-chaise down the hill, at full gallop.

Several people, before Travers on the road, flew to the right and left, as the horses approached, thinking it a service of too much danger to attempt stopping them. A man and woman were in the chaise; the latter

screaming, and extending her arms from the window. Travers dismounted, ordering his servant to do the same, and to hold the horse, in a line with his, across the road, so as to stop the chaise. The declivity was considerable; yet this appearance, in some degree, checked the horses.

Travers had the address to catch the reins, which trailed on the ground, and at last to stop the horses entirely; but, in the midst of his efforts, he was overfet, and he received a severe bruise on the temple, of which, however, he himself made light. The postillion, who had been all this time running after the chaise, soon joined them. Something belonging to it had gone wrong at the top of the hill; he had dismounted to put it right, which while he was doing the horses had taken fright, and galloped down the hill.

The gentleman and lady came out of the chaise to express their acknowledgments to Mr. Travers for the important service he had rendered them: he said, once or twice, it

was not worth mentioning, and would have stayed to hand the lady into the chaise; but on her persisting in expressions of gratitude, he mounted his horse, and rode to his uncle's, without saying a word.

At his arrival, he was told that Mr. Plaintive had passed a bad night, and had sent for a physician.—Travers found him at breakfast notwithstanding.—Mr. Plaintive immediately began to give a very circumstantial account of his sufferings through the night; but on observing a considerable swelling on his nephew's temple, he could not help expressing some surprise, and asking how it came.

“It is a mere nothing,” said Travers, “not worth minding; a little warm vinegar will carry it away in a day or two.”

Mr. Plaintive resumed his own story, which he continued till the physician arrived.

Mr. Plaintive having heard that this physician, who was newly-created a knight or baronet, I don't know which, had been called to see a patient in his neighbourhood, seized

the opportunity of consulting him before his return to the capital. As soon as he was seated, he repeated to him the same dismal tale that he had just told to his nephew; and when he had done—

“How do you find my pulse, doctor?”

“Upon my word, much better than could have been expected after what you have told me.”

“How does my tongue appear?” said he to the doctor.

“Very clean, indeed!”

In short, to every question which the patient put, the doctor, who was a man of veracity, gave an answer that indicated perfect health.

“Alas!” said Mr. Plaintiff, in a whining voice, “what renders my cure so hopeless is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of and prescribe for.”

“I acknowledge,” replied the doctor, “I should be much at a loss.”

“Though my whole system is deranged,

yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, doctor?"

"They really seem so."

"What a pity it is, doctor, that I never have had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure."

"A fit of the gout certainly does sometimes remove other complaints," the physician answered.

"Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?" said Mr. Plaintive.

"Indeed I cannot," answered the physician.

"Yours seems to be a very unfortunate profession, doctor," said Travers: "for although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not."

"What you observe is very true," replied the physician, smiling and turning to Travers, whom he had not before attended to;—"but,

my good fir," continued he, " what is the matter with your face ?"

" Nothing, nothing at all," said Travers.

" It is a good deal swelled," rejoined the doctor.

" My face has a habit of swelling."

" A habit of swelling !"

" Yes," rejoined Travers, a little peevishly. " But pray say no more about it."

Mr. Plaintive, thinking his nephew treated the doctor with too little ceremony, said, " I ask pardon, Tom, for not presenting Sir —— to you."

The two gentlemen having bowed to each other—

" A good many of your profession have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late," said Travers.

" A great many fir," answered the physician, with a smile.—" By-and-bye," continued he, " I suppose no man will presume to practise medicine without it."

" As in the days of chivalry," rejoined

Travers, "when no man could lawfully kill on the highway till he was dubbed a knight."

This folly set the physician, who was one of the best-natured men in the world, into a fit of laughter, and interested him more than ever in the swelling of Travers's face—

"I am really concerned, sir, for that swelling," said he.

"It is not worth your while," replied Travers.

"I fear it may become troublesome," said the doctor.

"It would not be in the least troublesome, if you would let it alone," said Travers.

"Do you not feel yourself at all the worse for it?"

"No; I feel myself rather the better for it," replied Travers, angrily, and going directly out of the room.

"This seems to be a very singular gentleman," said the physician.

"You never met with a man so whimsical, I suppose," replied Mr. Plaintive.

“Forgive me,” rejoined the physician, slyly—“I think I have. — But you really ought to advise him to send for a surgeon, and lose some blood; for, besides his temple, which is much swelled and inflamed, his leg is hurt, for he halted a little as he walked out of the room.”

“But what do you intend to prescribe, doctor, for my own complaints? You must be sensible that there is no time to be lost,” said Mr. Plaintiff.

“True, sir,” replied the doctor (seeing that he could not be satisfied otherwise)—“I shall order you some restorative draughts: but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback three or four hours every day before dinner.”

“You mean when the weather is fine,” said Mr. Plaintiff.

“I mean in all weathers,” answered the physician.

Travers having returned to his uncle after the physician was gone—

“ It seems very extraordinary, Tom,” said Mr. Plaintive, “ that the doctor should have paid more attention to the bruise on your face than to all my complaints, though he must be sensible that internal diseases are far more dangerous than external.”

“ Horace accounts for that,” replied Travers:

“ *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*”

“ Poh !” said Mr. Plaintive, “ Horace was no physician.”

“ He occasionally gives some tolerable good rules for preserving health, however,” replied Travers ; “ particularly in the second satire of the second book.”

When Mr. Plaintive afterwards looked into that satire, he was not a little displeas'd with his nephew, both on account of his quotation and the reference ; because he found in the first an insinuation that his complaints were

imaginary, and in the second an opinion that they would be more effectually removed by exercise and temperance, both of which he hated, than by drugs, in which he delighted.

While he still remained in this four temper of mind, which it was not in the nature of Travers, from any consideration of interest, to endeavour to sweeten, an accident occurred which produced a breach between them.

After Travers had nearly recovered of his bruise, he went out pretty early with the harriers; and finding better sport than usual, he did not return till the time of dinner, when he found some company at table with his uncle.

After making a very hearty dinner, Mr. Plaintive began the history of his own case, in which he was more circumstantial that day than usual, for the benefit of a stranger, who listened with a sympathising face of attention. But in the most pathetic part of the story Travers unfortunately fell asleep, and, more unfortunately still, began to snore so loud,

that one of the company burst into laughter, which infected others, and at last caught the sympathising stranger himself.

You will please to observe, Colonel, that this fit of merriment broke forth at the very instant when Plaintive had arrived at the climax of woe; when he flattered himself that he had melted the most obdurate heart in the company, and was in possession of their full sympathy.—You will not be surprised, therefore, that he was too much shocked to resume his narrative—he was struck dumb with indignation, which the company perceiving, soon withdrew. As the last of them was going out of the room, Travers awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, asked “What was the matter?” To this question he received from Mr. Plaintive so rude an answer, that he immediately rose, and, calling for his servant, ordered his carriage, and drove to an inn within two miles of his uncle’s house, went to bed directly, slept very sound, and set out next morning for London: since which time the uncle and ne-

nephew have never met. I have endeavoured since to prevail on Travers to make advances, and use some means to regain his uncle's friendship, but hitherto without success. He says nothing would do except acknowledging that he had given him just cause of offence, and patiently listening to the long catalogue of his complaints, as often as they met, which he thought too dear a purchase for the estate.

However indifferent he may appear on the subject, I cannot bear the thought of the honest fellow's sustaining so great a loss; and therefore I persist in my endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, in which I find more difficulty from the uncle than the nephew: and this is not surprising; for mankind more easily forgive those who tire them than those to whom they are tiresome.

Now, my friend, if you should be displeas'd at being so long detained by Mr. Plaintive, when, perhaps, you languish'd for the end of our journey, I can only plead that the offence was unpremeditated; for when I began this

letter I had as little idea of being stopped by that gentleman as you had : he came on me as unexpectedly as the singular instance of hospitality I promised to give you an account of, but which I must defer till the next opportunity.

Adieu !

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XVI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

YOU will remember that our muleteer was a good deal surpris'd, and a little angry, at seeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the storm. He moved on rather sulkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to pass the night, we perceived a lone house in the midst of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a considerable distance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impossible for his cattle to proceed to the inn during such a storm, and that the best thing we could do was to take shelter, for the night, in that house.

As I had been told that all those frontiers were inhabited by gangs of smugglers, who are the most desperate fellows in Spain, and

sometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the proposal. I mentioned this to Travers, who, shrugging his shoulders, said, "he would do as I pleased; but that it was better to be robbed than drowned." Meanwhile a stout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the house: he had a gun on each side, slung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carbine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of considerable bulk.

The muleteer asked him whether he might be permitted to shelter his mules from the storm.

"Do you think that my house is inhabited by Moors?" said the man.

The muleteer drove directly up to the house, unharnessed his mules, put them into the stable, which seemed to be the first room of the mansion; for through it we passed to the kitchen, where we found three men and two women, with a blind musician, sitting by the fire, strumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occasional stanzas through his nose.

The company were so attentive to the music, that they took little notice of Travers and me, till the person we had seen on the road, and whom we found to be the master of the house, came in.—“Why do you stand apart, like intruders?” said he, in a loud and rather furlly tone: “I invited you to my house, which you ought therefore to consider as your own.”

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a short time supper was laid upon a long table in the same room. The landlord made Travers sit on one side of him, and me on the other: he pressed us to every dish on the table. The principal one consisted of pieces of mutton and kid, stewed with abundance of hog's lard, and strongly seasoned with garlic: there was also a large dish of sallad, swimming in rancid oil, called a *gaspacho*. All the company eat voraciously of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord's invitation, could overcome the repugnance excit-

ed by the flavour and appearance of those two dishes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drunk more of the wine had it not been extremely strong and fiery.—Our landlord mistook the reason of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently assured us that we were just as welcome to the highest-seasoned dish on the table as to that.

The supper being ended, the company wrapped themselves in their great cloaks, and laid themselves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who chose the stone bench next the fire.

I happened to say something to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord—"Señor," said he, bluntly, "you are in my house: it is my business that all your things be properly taken care of."

He then desired Travers and me to follow

him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed.—“This is the only bed in the house,” said he: “as you are strangers, it is for you—*Buenas noches* ;” so saying he left the room.

“If this man, after all, should prove a knave, I shall be much surprised,” said I; “so much has he the manners of an honest man.”

“It is the business of knaves to make others believe that they are honest,” rejoined Travers.

“This man has succeeded with me,” said I.

“Do you think he has succeeded with himself?” said Travers.

“I am persuaded he has,” answered I.

“Then depend upon it he *is* an honest man,” added Travers; “for though a man may deceive the rest of the world in that point, yet, were he as cunning as the devil, he cannot deceive himself.”

“Right, Tom,” rejoined I, struck with

his observation : “ and thus a knave can never be secure, even in this life ; for, in spite of all his circumspection to keep his wickedness concealed, there is always one person in the world acquainted with it ; and it is wisely ordered, that when nobody else could, that single witness very often betrays him, and brings him to shame.”

I happened to step out of our bed-chamber after this, and was highly pleased to find the storm entirely abated ; but a good deal surprised, at the same time, that every person seemed fast asleep, though all the doors of the house, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to shut that of our bed-chamber, and then lay down in my clothes beside Travers, who was already stretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfasting on bread and wine, I went in search of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accou-

tred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns.—I asked him what was to pay.

He looked displeas'd, and said, "his house was not an inn."

I thanked him for his hospitality;—but still," said I, "you will be so good as to give this to the maid who dress'd our supper, and the man who assist'd the muleteer, neither of whom I can find."

"I pay them their wages," said he, refusing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuse myself, and endeavour to amuse you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the most striking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other respects qualified for that, the short stay I made in the country would render me inadequate to such a task. The impression left on my mind, however, by what I observed during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honest, hospitable, and generous nature, and capable of

making as respectable a figure as any people in Europe, if ever their minds should be freed from that absurd and debasing superstition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every species of improvement—more than all the other circumstances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spanish bishop, and a Spanish smuggler, treated two English travellers as has been mentioned.

To-morrow, if you please, we shall proceed on our journey. In the mean-while I remain

Yours, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XVII.

The Same in Continuation.

THE second day after we left the house of the smuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above six and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquisite architecture, indicate), is now the residence of idleness, poverty, and filth.

We should not have staid longer than was absolutely necessary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the commandant of Elvas to an Irish officer in the Spanish service, who, having married a lady of some fortune, in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reside there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we should wait on his correspondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to sleep at his house. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey next morning,—“I do not expect, gentlemen,” said he, “that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in such a place as this; but I shall be mortified, indeed, if you will not do me the pleasure of giving my house the preference to the inn, while you do stay.”

He afterwards persuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be an hospitable landlord, but also an instructive Cicerone. The fortune necessary for acting the first of these characters are not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requisite for the second.

After we had viewed what was thought most worthy of inspection, as we walked by the side of the river which separates part of the suburbs from the town, observing that the river was choaked up at both banks, so as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I said, "May not many remains of Roman sculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbish on each side of this river?"

"It is highly probable," replied the officer; "and a countryman of mine, a Roman-catholic clergyman, was so much of that opinion, that, as he passed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, some years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the minister of Spain, recommending it strongly that his excellency should take measures for having the rubbish cleared away, as there were many reasons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The minister accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for

that very purpose. But no sooner was his design known, than certain monks began to murmur against it : they said, “ it was paying that respect to fragments of Pagan temples and statues which was due to the relics of Christian saints only : that some men, particularly the whole childish race of virtuofos, were so depraved, as to admire specimens of ancient sculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr : that if this scheme was adopted, who could answer that some heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquisite workmanship than any of those which excited so much profane adoration already : that by the piety, as well as the wisdom of their ancestors, those idols were buried under ground, where, experience had now proved, they did no harm ; but there was no knowing what mischief they might do if they were raised again : that mention was made in the Bible of no resurrection but that of the quick and the dead ; that statues were neither the one nor

the other, and therefore not entitled to the same privilege : that it was safest, and most prudent, to leave things as they are ; because change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced."

These considerations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and seemed so rational to the king's confessor, a Franciscan friar, that he prevailed on his majesty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choaked, as you see it, to the great consolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of observing another instance of the piety of these people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holiday : the whole town seemed in motion. At the corner of almost every street there was a group of both sexes, dancing to the music of a guitar.

I have observed, indeed, that at all times, and in every town and village of Spain through

which I have passed, people of all ages and conditions assemble round the musician, at the first sound of this instrument.

The agility of some of the male dancers seemed surprising, because they were often mere clowns, whose dress was ill adapted to that exercise: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibility of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the music.

In the streets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both sexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more energy than the rest, and with a degree of vivacity and a wantonness of gesture that seemed more suitable to Bacchantes, or the worshippers of the Heathen God of the Gardens, than to Christians. In the midst of these exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or Angelus hour; and in an instant all the dancers were on their knees. Those eyes, which the moment before flashed

wantonness, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, instead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an universal mutter of prayer.

“ You see, gentlemen,” said the officer, “ that the enthusiasm of mirth is not at such a distance from devotion, in this warm climate, as it is supposed to be in your cold island, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldest part of it.”

“ I have a great notion, however,” said I, “ that those people were more earnest in the first than in the second.”

“ I believe them to be in earnest in both,” rejoined the officer.

“ I dare swear,” said Travers, “ they prefer the music of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the sound of the bell, they would be struck with some disease, which would put it out of their power to dance to the sound of the guitar.”

“ There is no knowing people’s motives,”

replied this candid Irishman: "secret hopes and wishes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the best of us."

"Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque furros,
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto *."

"But the sudden transition which you have just beheld has, I am persuaded, taken place at the same hour all over Spain. I myself have seen the actors, on the same occasion, stop the performance, and kneel on the stage: the same occurs at court. Whoever is present at the sound of the Ave-Maria bell kneels immediately, the king himself giving the example."

"The Spanish monarchs have long been distinguished for piety," said I.

"The Spanish nation has long been distinguished for religious zeal," replied the officer. "Whatever difference of character there may be in the inhabitants of the dif-

* Perſius.

ferent provinces in other respects, they resemble each other in the article of devotion. You have observed, no doubt, that they kneel in the middle of the street, in all weathers, when the host passes. The late king, Charles the Third, never met it without coming out of his carriage, and putting the priest into it, he himself following on foot, with all his attendants, to the house of the sick person to whom it was carrying. He at the same time sent orders for his own physician to attend the sick person, from that time till his recovery or death. This accounts for what might otherwise surprize you, gentlemen; namely, that the courtiers in Spain have not only a greater show of devotion than the nobility in other countries, but even more than the lower ranks of their own country."

As we approached the officer's house, after leaving the group of dancers, I remarked a Corinthian pillar of exquisite sculpture, which formed part of the wall of one of the parish-churches,

On my expressing surprize at this arrangement, the Irishmen said, “there is nothing done in *this* enlightened country without a valid reason, as you shall be convinced directly.” On which, bowing to a priest who was passing, he said, “Those gentlemen, who are strangers, have just asked a question, father, which I cannot resolve, but probably you can,—namely, how that column, which is not only of marble, but also *seems* to be of a different species of architecture from the rest of the building, came to make part of the church?”

“That column,” replied the priest, “is a piece of *Moorish* antiquity: it was raised by those infidels for the horrid purpose of tying the Christians to it, when they were put to death in torture; and, since the expulsion of the infidels, it was thought proper to build it into the wall of the church, and so secure it, as a proof and memorial of the cruelties exercised by the Moors on the Christians.”

The Irishman, with a very serious and ob-

sequious air, thanked the priest for the information. He, on his part, walked away, apparently satisfied with this opportunity of displaying his knowledge as an antiquarian.

“ It must be allowed,” said I, “ that this is a most convincing testimonial of the cruelties exercised by the Moors on the Christians, and a very ingenious method of keeping up the people’s hatred against their old enemies.”

“ It answers both purposes almost as well,” rejoined the Hibernian, sarcastically, “ as the London column, raised to commemorate the burning of the city, and to accuse the Roman-catholics.”

“ If both columns are on a footing in other respects,” said Travers, “ this of Merida has the advantage of being the cheapest.”

Farewell !

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XVIII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I MENTIONED in my last, that our hospitable and most agreeable landlord had prevailed on us, at our first meeting, to consent to remain a day longer at Merida than we intended: the evening of that day we passed with great jollity; and, before we parted, he found no difficulty in making us agree that we should remain at Merida the two following days also. There is a species of humour peculiar to the Irish nation, which to me is highly entertaining: to this was joined, in our host, the knowledge of a man of education, the ease of a man acquainted with the world, the frankness of the military character, and that love for his native country which is always amiable, and which

glows with augmented warmth in the breast of those who have been long out of it.

It is said, that the history of those times, in which it would have been the most happy to have lived, is the least entertaining to read; for which reason I shall say nothing of those two other days that we passed with this gentleman. For a different reason I omit any account of our journey from Merida to Madrid; for, although our happiness during that jaunt was by no means uniform, yet the incidents that interrupted it, however severely felt by us when they occurred, are not of so pathetic a nature as to affect you much at this distance of time. I shall not, therefore, insist on the miserable manner in which we were bit by the fleas at the inns, nor on our disappointment when we were told that the two fowls we expected for supper had been stolen by a gipsy-girl, in the instant that the cook-maid went to take a peep at a Valencian tumbler, who exhibited feats of activity before the door. I omit all

such occurrences, as common and trivial. I disdain by such '*vulgar springs to move*'— '*Paulo majora canamus*'—I carry you at once to the *court* of Madrid.

Spain no doubt was, at one time, the nation of most importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewise of military fame: to this may, in some degree, be imputed that stately reserve and pride which belongs to the national character; and, as in many other instances, remain after the cause which produced them no longer exists.

The common people, in most countries, admire their own sovereign, whether he be emperor, king, landgrave, margrave, or bishop, as the most powerful in the world. In Spain it was a common opinion, not only that their monarch was the greatest prince, but also that the court of Spain was the most magnificent in Europe. '*Solo Madrid es corte*' is a common saying. Those who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with the court of Madrid, must think magnificence the dullest and most melancholy thing

in the world. If a court life in other countries of Europe is considered as rather an insipid business, that of the court of Spain must be thought superlatively so.

This is not to be accounted for by the national character: the Spaniards, though serious, are not deficient in ingenuity; the nation which has so high a relish for Don Quixote must be fond of wit, humour, and gaiety.—How comes it then, that the court of Spain has, to the usual tedium attending on courts, joined, for so long a period, all the gloom that belongs to convents?

This has proceeded, I imagine, from the singular circumstances of the Spanish monarchs having, through a succession of reigns, been distinguished, in a most remarkable manner, for superstition and zeal, which, in some shape or other, has proved unfortunate for mankind in general, and peculiarly pernicious to Spain. Some of them also had a horror against every appearance of gallantry.

What but blind superstition could induce the emperor Charles the Fifth to resign his

hereditary dominions to his son Philip at the age of fifty-six? an event which Europe had much cause to lament, because the son had all the ambition of the father, and was more cruel and unrelenting.

What but superstitious zeal could prompt Philip the Second to the cruelties exercised in the Low Countries by his general Alva? and in Spain by his favourite court the Inquisition? for which so far was he from feeling remorse, that on his death-bed he declared, that though he was conscious of having committed many crimes, yet he derived consolation from the reflection of the number of heretics that had been slaughtered by his orders, and the number that he had beheld with his own eyes burnt at the various *auto-da-fés* which had been exhibited during his reign?

It is impossible to imagine there could be much happiness or gaiety in the court of a monarch whose favourite spectacle was an *auto-da-fé*.

What but the most absurd and impolitic zeal could have induced Philip the Third to

expel the Moors, by which Spain lost above a million of its most industrious inhabitants? In other respects he seems to have been a humane prince, diametrically opposite to the cruel disposition of his father.

The revolt of Portugal, and its final separation from the Spanish monarchy, must, independent of other circumstances, have thrown a gloom over the court of Philip IV.

As the mind of his son, Charles the Second, seems to have been occupied, during his whole reign, in fixing on a successor, and making his testament, there was no great chance that the gloom of the father's court would be dispersed by gaiety in that of a prince whose thoughts were engrossed by such subjects.

The choice he made at last produced the horrors of a civil war, and for some time banished the court from Madrid. But when Philip the Fifth was firmly placed on the throne, and peace restored, he being the native of a country distinguished for ease and vivacity, it was natural to imagine that Spa-

nish formality would have given place to French gallantry at his court : yet, as if there were something in the atmosphere of that place that banishes every appearance of mirth, and inspires gravity, he was no sooner settled in the palace at Madrid, and had paid a few visits to the monastery of the Escorial, than he became reserved and melancholy.

The character of the founder of this famous convent, as well as the martyrdom of the saint, contributes to excite gloomy ideas. The happy thought of giving the edifice the form of the instrument of the saint's torture is worthy of the genius of Philip the Second, whom the monks dignify with the title of their *holy founder* : and lest so bright a thought should escape the observation of strangers who visit the building, the elegant form of a gridiron is repeated on the walls, doors, altars, windows, and robes of the priests ; so that every surrounding object conspires to impress on the mind of the spectator recollections of tyranny, superstition, and torture.

Philip the Fifth, however, was neither tyrannical nor cruel, though as superstitious and reserved as any of his predecessors.

The kings of Spain have, for many years, been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is fully as remarkable, none of them have been able to surpass, in that virtue, the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Versailles.

So far from thinking of any other bedfellow, that monarch seems not to have wished for any other minister, friend, or companion, than his wife.

He not only passed every night with her, but every day also,—sick or well he never quitted her: and when affairs of state or etiquette required that others should be present, he always showed marks of impatience till he could be again alone with the queen. There never was such a miracle of constancy. One would have thought that so continued a *tête-à-tête* would have cooled the fiercest flame on record, and that Antony himself, had he been

so confined with Cleopatra, would have *given the world* to get rid of her.

It is not probable that Philip would ever have thought of another woman if his first queen had lived: his sorrow, on account of her death, however, did not prevent his marrying again.

A wife seems to have been almost a necessary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with respect to the choice—*that* he left entirely to others. All he seems to have stipulated was, that she should be a woman; and, from the moment the ceremony of marriage was performed, that woman became his inseparable companion and prime-minister, as well as his wife. His second wife engrossed his attention, and every moment of his time; as much as his first had done; and, if she had died before him, there is every reason to believe that a third wife would have enjoyed all the influence of the former two. Nothing surprised this uxorious prince so much in the character of his countrymen, and particularly

in that of his grandfather Lewis the Fourteenth of France, as that they should have so little taste for their own wives, and so much for those of other men.

As Philip stood in need of no other amusement than what his queen afforded, there were seldom any entertainments given in the palace; and the court of Philip the Fifth, notwithstanding his being a Frenchman, was as *sombre* as that of his Spanish predecessors. It is not surprising that others should have tired of it, since it became insupportable to the monarch himself, though of all mankind he seems to have been the least susceptible of *ennui*.— The fatigue of royalty was too oppressive for him; he abdicated the crown in favour of his son Lewis, and retired to the palace of St. Ildefonso, in hopes of enjoying an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* with his wife during the remainder of his life. He was deprived of this felicity a few months after he had begun to enjoy it, by the death of his son Lewis, and he was obliged to resume the crown, which,

at his own death, descended to his son Ferdinand the Sixth.

It is recorded of Philip the Fifth, that, in his will, he ordered 100,000 masses to be said for the repose of his soul; but, that nothing might be wasted, there was a saving clause, that in case a smaller number should prove sufficient to conduct him to heaven, the surplus should be performed for the benefit of the souls of the poor of the parish in which he should die.

This memorable instance of piety, œconomy, and regard for the poor, may serve as an useful hint to those princes who bestow as little attention on the salvation of their own souls as on the wants of the poor.

I have been led into this disquisition by being struck with the peculiar characters of such a series of princes, which certainly, independent of the stately reserve and formality of Spanish manners, renders the court and capital of Spain less amusing to strangers than those of any other European kingdom.

During the reign of Ferdinand, however, the gloom of the Spanish court was occasionally dispersed, or rendered more supportable, by music; an art for which that prince had a decided taste, and of whose aid no man stood in more need: for, besides a delicate constitution and melancholy taint, Ferdinand inherited the uxorious disposition of his father.

If he was governed by his queen, as is generally supposed, it is a proof of the ability of that princess, who was of the royal family of Portugal; for in the reign of Ferdinand the government adopted more wise regulations, and the nation enjoyed more happiness and prosperity, than during the same period of most of the preceding reigns: but he was so deeply affected with the loss of his queen, in the year 1758, that he renounced all business, avoided all company, neglected all care of his health, shut himself up in a chamber, and gave loose to sorrow, till he expired the following year, without leaving any posterity.

He was succeeded by his brother, Don Carlos, king of Naples. I shall say a little of him in my next.

Adieu !

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIX.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

CHARLES the Third not having the same taste for music which his predecessor had displayed, and which gave rise to the distinguished favour of Farinelli, the court was deprived of the only entertainment in which the bulk of the courtiers could share.

The predominant taste of Charles the Third was shooting, and sometimes what is called a general deer-hunting. For the first the Spanish nobility have no great passion; and the enjoyment of the second is confined to the royal family. It is conducted in the following manner;—A great number of peasants being ordered to form a circle, embracing a considerable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and

the deer are driven into a defile, where his majesty and his attendants are waiting in ambush; and, as the terrified animals run past, he has the glory of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

“ Is this hunting ?” said I to an English gentleman, who gave me the account.—He answered, parodying the lines of Pope,

————— “ It is, alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the *slaughter* of some hundred deer.”

Charles the Fourth, the present king, is of an athletic make, fond of exercise, temperate, as much attached to his queen as the most constant of his predecessors ever were to theirs, and as little given to jealousy as any man that ever existed.

Her majesty, who is a princess of Parma, has honoured several individuals with her distinguished patronage; and the men she has delighted to honour have generally become the king's ministers; for he has the highest opinion of her judgment in men, as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be distinguished

by the queen's favour was likely, of itself, to rouse slander and create envy; but when to that all the power of the state was added, you may imagine what increased activity and vigor must have been given to both: insinuations to her majesty's disadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate under his napkin, thrown into his coach, transmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully satisfied that his consort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

How happy would it be for many wretched husbands were they of the disposition of this monarch! for as horns are plants of ideal growth, those who repose on the virtue of their wives, happen what may, will never feel the pangs of their sprouting.

This well-disposed monarch not only shuts his ears against the queen's calumniators, but he is averse from believing in the infidelity of

married people in general ; he considers adultery as one of the greatest of crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this age of dangerous opinions ; because it tends to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that even the blood-royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture ; an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it. The well-disposed prince cannot believe that a crime pregnant with such mischief ever prevailed ; or, if it ever did, it must have been in the ages of heathen darkness, and among the lowest vulgar. The notion that it prevails now, he thinks, can only be entertained by men speculating in their closets, and drawing inferences from the customs of the ancients, but totally unacquainted with the manners of modern times.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince mark him as a good-natured man : subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly

pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has said or done, during his passion, that was too violent or disobliging. When any of them falls sick, or meets with a disagreeable accident, he shows a degree of compassion and sympathy that is not common in princes.

The person who gave me this account, and on whose veracity I have the fullest reliance, said he was witness to the king's shedding tears when one of his life-guards broke his leg by a fall from his horse as he rode by his majesty's coach.

He is said to be very little acquainted with business, though he regularly sits in council, with the queen at his side: and though his ministers are supposed to be selected by the queen, she is so observant of decorum, that she expresses no opinion in words while sitting in council; but they generally understand by her looks what she approves or disapproves, and they act accordingly. When the Prince of Peace possessed her favour, she usu-

ally sent for him to the king's apartment after the breaking-up of the council, informed him of what had been resolved, gave directions respecting the execution, and then looked at the king, who confirmed what she said by a nod.

Her countenance is more distinguished for penetration than for either beauty or goodness; yet she contrives to throw off its usual sourness when strangers are presented, and receives them with a smile and the appearance of graciousness.

There is nothing mighty amusing, you see, in all this pantomime, which is only varied by melancholy card-parties, or conversation-parties, still more melancholy, composed of the attendants in rotation.

Though the minister of each different department transacts business with the king, yet they were little more than clerks under the Prince of Peace, who, in all respects, except a few forms, was supreme minister.

His name originally was Don Manuel

Godoi, the son of an Hidalgo of Badego, in Estremadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumstances: he was educated as people in his situation usually are in the provinces of Spain; and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private soldier in the company of life-guards, where he served for several years, until he had the good fortune to be distinguished by royal penetration, and raised to supreme favour. He is a man of address, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by study. He was disposed to encourage science, and give protection to men of letters. He always showed a partiality for the English, and a desire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great-Britain.

The grandees seem to be a race apart in this country; they engross the highest offices of the palace, and are employed in attendance on the king's person, though very seldom in the affairs of government. It is said that their education and talents are generally of a nature

to prevent this from being a loss to the public. Their persons, as well as minds, are thought more diminutive than the usual human size in their country. Those who assert this impute it to their intermarrying constantly with each other, and to some other physical causes. The higher Spanish nobility seldom eat at each others' houses, though they reside the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their seats in the provinces, or ever go at all to the country, except those whose offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they visit the different country palaces, at stated periods of the year.

Considering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it seems surprising that the Spaniards in general should prefer a town to a country life: it seems also singular, that, notwithstanding the severity and variableness of the climate, the inhabitants of no country have shown a greater fondness for rural life, or greater admiration of rural beauty, than

those of Great-Britain. This may, perhaps, appear less surprizing in the inhabitants of the south than in those of the north of this island: yet I have been assured that the Scotch are as fond of a country life as the English. And what poets, of any nation, have described rural objects more successfully, or with a fonder enthusiasm, than Thomson, Burns, and Beattie?

Few of the nobility of Spain display any taste for the pursuits of literature. In this they are probably influenced by the example of the royal family in all its branches, who have sufficiently shown that literature of any kind is not requisite in sovereign princes, of which the present king of Naples is a most striking instance. It is hardly credible, though I have heard it often asserted, that his royal consort was the first who succeeded in teaching his Neapolitan majesty to read: but nothing is more certain than that, whoever taught him, it is an accomplishment he seldom makes use of.

What is also singular is, that notwithstanding that princes of the house of Bourbon have so long sat on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are less acquainted with the French language than the nobles of any other European nation : they differ from the great of other nations likewise, in being as superstitious as the vulgar.

This account, which I received from a person of integrity and penetration, was given as subject to many exceptions, and does not include those *foreigners* on whom the Spanish monarchs have, at various periods, conferred the rank of grandees of Spain, several of whom were men of eminent merit, who had performed distinguished services to that nation.

The style of living of the grandees of Spain is not calculated to excite envy in the breasts of those who have a taste for the real enjoyments of life ; it is expensive, without being elegant ; and their expense consists chiefly in an useless number of carriages, mules, and domestics.

I do not know whether the opinions and example of the present king have banished jealousy from the capital of Spain ; but, certainly, there is as little appearance of it in Madrid as in any town in Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which husbands now seem to enjoy on that head was derived, like that of his majesty, from a consciousness of their own chastity : but the very reverse of this is true, if I can rely on the account of some, who, by a long residence in that city, and an extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants, may be supposed to have acquired a more accurate knowledge of their manners than the king had any opportunity of doing.

Though far less gay, the manners of the inhabitants of Madrid were, when I was there, much on a level, in point of profligacy, with those of the Parisians before the revolution : since that period, undoubtedly, the latter have, in that article, surpassed all rivalship.

This alteration in the manners of the Spa-

niards, in the midst of the evil that it has produced, seems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any such thing as assassination on account of jealousy; and the profession of a bravo has fallen into total decay.

Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XX.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THE characters and manners of the inhabitants of different provinces vary more from each other in Spain than in other countries of Europe ; owing, probably, to the Spanish provinces having formerly been distinct kingdoms : this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which in some, I am told, is as violent as ever it could have been even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estremadura, Andalusia, and Murcia, are thought more lively than the rest of their countrymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious ; those of Castille and Arragon lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

I believe I already remarked, that the general and assimilating feature of the mass of the people arises from their abject superstition,—that child of deceit, begot on ignorance. The world is fertile in error; yet falsehood can flourish only for a time, because doomed to perish as soon as discovered; whereas truth, when discovered, is immortal. Reason and experience are the discoverers of truth; therefore none should be precluded from the exercise of their reasoning faculties; nor is any subject so sacred, that it ought not to be examined into. Those who have applied their talents to the investigation of truth have in general been virtuous men; but this is not always the case: some, who by study and natural penetration have seen through the masks which deceive others, have sometimes, from motives of ambition and interest, become the propagators of falsehood; and, lest other men should make the same discovery which they have made themselves, they forbid the exercise of reason on certain subjects.

The complicated system of fraud and oppression, by which the vast majority of the inhabitants of this country are kept in slavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler heads than those who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and superstitious as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, secular and regular, may be included among those agents: they are certainly sunk in ignorance and superstition, far beneath the clergy of any other country of Europe; and, on that very account, carry on the plan more successfully; for, as Terence well observed, "men act better who, being deceived themselves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut fert natura*, than those who are pre-instructed, and perform *de industria*."

I have heard that French principles, at one time, began to gain ground in the metropolis, and some of the sea-port towns of Spain. If that ever was the case, the late enormities of the French, with the rapacious

conduct of their government, must have cured the Spaniards, as well as the natives of every other country in Europe, of any disposition of that kind. The directory, now, may renounce the hope of making profelytes through love, and, like Mahomet, rely upon the power of the sword and terror only for spreading their system.

They have effected what I once thought impossible, by displaying to the world something more odious and dreadful than even a despotic monarchy; and the measures of their government, at various periods of the revolution, as well as those now pursued, are as inconsistent with the professions at the beginning as the conduct of the first propagators of Christianity was from that of the court of Inquisition.

This leads me to say a few words on that court, now greatly abridged in power; and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel than formerly.

Heretofore the kings of Spain themselves

seem, on some occasions, to have been subservient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

The dreadful ceremony called *Auto-da-Fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by most of the catholics as by protestants, was always attended by Philip the Second; and he exacted the same punctuality from his grantees and nobles of both sexes. This was, assuredly, the greatest victory that superstition ever gained over humanity; or the greatest proof of the abject complaisance of courtiers to the vitiated taste of a king that could be given. The deluded populace, in the meantime, poured execrations on the miserable victims, as they were led to execution, and seemed to take the same delight with the tyrant in their agonies,

How strongly does this illustrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace! This Philip, the most unrelenting

tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, besides their horrid taste for executions: *they*, by their acclamations, and by the curses they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid slavish court to the tyrant and the inquisitors; *he*, infinitely more absurd, imagined that he expiated his sins, and secured to himself a distinguished place in paradise. This was as singular an instance of self-delusion as ever occurred; for, if common sense and humanity did not suggest to him the absurdity of such an expectation, the religion he professed taught him that heaven was to be attained by mortification and penance, and not by indulging a favourite enjoyment.

But, whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace, might derive from such spectacles as *auto-da-fés*,

they must have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general. This was probably observed by the inquisitors, who therefore seem to have exacted it as a duty, or at least praised it as a merit, to be present at such dreadful ceremonies; How else can we account for the succeeding kings, with their families, and many of the nobility, ever attending on such occasions? For my part, I am persuaded, that nothing but the dread of being a victim could ever induce any person of common humanity to be a spectator of such a hellish exhibition.

The last very grand *auto-da-fé* that was exhibited at Madrid was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards published, with a list of the sufferers, and the sentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles the Second, then king of Spain, who is styled *the Pillar of the Faith, Captain-General of the Militia of God*; and highly praised for his fortitude, in remaining so long at this pious spectacle, notwithstanding

the *beat of the weather*; “a constancy,” it is added, “worthy of the admiration of future ages.” In this work, which is warmly recommended to the perusal of all sincere Christians, a faithful list is also given of all the nobility, of both sexes, who were present, with as minute a description of their dresses as appears in our newspapers after a birthday; for the author observes, that “in what regards so sacred a ceremony, every circumstance is of importance.”

Notwithstanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never since been performed in Spain with equal pomp, and seldom takes place at all. Yet the court of Inquisition has not been entirely abolished; but is still held out, *in-terrorem*, especially against open impiety and French principles. It would be well for inquisitors if their power had never been exercised for worse purposes.

Though we remained a longer time at Madrid than was expected, and made various excursions from it into different provinces,

I recollect nothing further worth mentioning during our residence in Spain. Travers and I having each of us friends at Gibraltar, and an equal desire to see the fortress itself, we went accordingly. What first occurs to a British subject, on his arrival, is to visit the places where the last great attack was made, and where British valour and humanity shone with equal lustre. The vast sums expended by the court of Spain, the reputation of the generals, engineers, and troops assembled, the presence of a prince of the blood of France, and the union of the fleets of France and Spain, prove the high expectation then entertained of the reduction of that fortress; which other powers, jealous of the maritime strength of England, would have seen with satisfaction.

The undertakers of the opera at Paris were so convinced of success, that they put themselves to unusual expense in machinery, to represent, in the liveliest manner, the scaling of the rock, and the various incidents of the siege till the surrender. A very magnificent

bombardment was prepared, of the success of which nobody harboured the least doubt.

And that the poetical portion of this undertaking might not, in point of genius, fall beneath the mechanical, a poet, of loftier flight than opera poets commonly are, was engaged to compose the recitativo and songs: the burthen of some of the latter, and of the grand chorus, was, that French and Spanish valour and ingenuity had never shone brighter than in this wonderful conquest of Gibraltar.

Whatever may have been the case at Madrid, I was assured, by a French gentleman, "that the failure of the opera occasioned much more uneasiness at Paris than the raising of the siege. Some amateurs," he added, "had insisted, even after the event was known, that the piece should be represented just as was intended; giving it, as their firm persuasion; that provided the fire-works were well played off, and the bombardment happily executed, the piece would afford the

spectators just as much pleasure as if the fortresses had been in reality taken."

The hopes of France, Spain, and Holland, however, being by this event blasted, they were fain to make peace with Great-Britain on reasonable terms.

The combination of those powers was at that time voluntary; at present it is constrained by the tyranny of France alone, and is undoubtedly enfeebled by fear, hatred, and distrust. What ground, therefore, is there to imagine, that their combination against England now will be more successful than it was then? Surely none. In that comfortable hope, I remain, my dear Colonel, very sincerely,

Yours, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

AT Gibraltar both Travers and I received letters, pressing our speedy return to England. His uncle, Mr. Plaintive, was thought to be *really* in a dangerous state of health, and had frequently expressed a desire to see his nephew. The business which required my return was thought to be greatly for my advantage also, though horridly contrary to my inclination. Some of my nearest relations, you must know, are so solicitous for my *happiness*, that they do all in their power to render me *miserable*, and are eternally proposing plans for my interest, which I detest. *That* which they unfolded to me on the present occasion was a most advantageous marriage, to a lady in whom are united, according to their account, birth, beauty, riches, and of

course a variety of other accomplishments. You know, I suppose, that speaking bad French, drawing hideously, and thrumming a few Italian airs on the piano-forté, are each of them called an accomplishment; and she who engrosses all the three is thought a most accomplished woman indeed. I have known some of these accomplished ladies, however, to any one of whom if I were married, I should willingly relinquish half her fortune, on condition that she would renounce her painting, and never attempt to speak French, nor to play on the piano-forté, in my hearing. On the whole, the reason which some of my relations urged for my return decided my remaining out of England.

We had heard, long before, of the retreat of our troops from Toulon, and that general O'H—a had been taken prisoner, much to the regret of every intelligent person in the garrison of Gibraltar, where he was highly

esteemed as a gallant officer and most agreeable man.

As soon as Travers understood that I had determined not to return to England, and that I had an inclination to pass over to Corfica, he declared that he would accompany me.

Though nothing could have been more agreeable to me, I could not bear the thought of his not gratifying the desire of his uncle, and risking the loss of so rich a succession. I was at great pains, therefore, to persuade him to return to England, without loss of time.

He was long obstinate, and insisted on accompanying me to Corfica. When I urged the loss he was likely to sustain, by delaying his return, he retorted on me "the folly of my not directly flying into the arms of the *wealthy accomplished* wife my relations had prepared for me, by which I might lose as good a fortune as he could by disobliging his uncle;" and you never heard such a curious contest

as we had for a long time. I prevailed, however, at last.

He agreed for his passage in a ship ready to sail for Portsmouth. The night before he sailed, I told him that I should accompany him next morning to the vessel, and there take leave of him.

When I called at his apartment, at the hour appointed, I was informed that he had gone aboard three hours before, and that the vessel had sailed a little after. He left a note, directed to me, conceived in these terms:—

“ I detest all ceremonies, but particularly that of taking leave. I should have been more obliged to you if you had allowed me to follow my own inclination. Every man is the best judge of what suits his own taste: I never endeavoured to dissuade you from eating venison, though I prefer roast beef. Many people sacrifice their happiness to their interest: I choose rather to sacrifice my interest to my happiness; yet I have yielded to your arguments, against my own system, in

the present instance. I hope your victory will afford you as much pleasure as it gives me pain. Farewell!"

You cannot imagine how much I was affected at the perusal of this note. If the vessel had not been gone, I am by no means sure that I should not either have accompanied him to England, or taken him with me to Corfica.

Soon after my separation from honest Travers, I found an opportunity of passing from Gibraltar to Corfica. My friendship for certain officers on that service, as well as my passion for new and interesting scenes, prompted me to that measure. I arrived during the siege of Calvi, and was witness to the judicious manner in which the general, who conducted the siege, made his approaches to that strong fortress. Never was more zeal for the public service displayed than by that intelligent and high-spirited officer. The excessive heat of the climate, and the un-

wholesome nature of the soil, had produced great sickness amongst the troops: this increased to such a degree, that there was reason to fear, if the place was not carried soon, that there would be a necessity to relinquish the siege. The fatigue which the troops underwent was immense: they were encouraged to support it, however, by the example of the general, who was seldom absent from the trenches in the day-time, and, at night, often slept, wrapt up in his cloak, on the platform. As he did not choose to trust entirely to any report made by the engineers, and others, respecting the progress of the breach, he exposed himself to the greatest danger by examining it in person.

As soon as the breach in the outworks was judged practicable, a body of six hundred chosen troops, mostly grenadiers and light-infantry, were appointed for that service, and put under the command of the same officer who had conducted the storm of the Conven-

tion-fort, soon after the landing of the British troops on the island.

In this fort no breach could have been effected without erecting a battery on an adjacent hill, which was so steep, that it was imagined impossible to drag cannon up. This difficulty was surmounted by the zeal of L—d H—d, and the prodigious efforts of a body of British sailors, whom he sent ashore for that purpose.

The Convention-fort at that time was garrisoned by troops of the line, and commanded by a brave veteran French officer, who refused to capitulate, although a considerable breach was made, and received the assailants at the head of his men. The officer who led the assault, and entered the breach with the British troops, cut down a French grenadier, who fought at the side of his commander. The assailants rushed in on all sides, and the Convention-fort was carried.

I already mentioned, that this same officer was chosen to conduct also the storm of

Calvi. Day-break was judged the proper time for making the attempt.

The French, at this period, seem to have made it a rule to stand an assault rather than capitulate, even after a practicable breach was made. They expected to repel the assailants on the present occasion, by throwing grenades from the parapet nearest the breach, as well as by the fire of the garrison.

The officer who was to conduct the assault posted his troops, at midnight, among the myrtle-bushes, with which the rocks around Calvi are covered; and as near the breach as he could go, without being heard by the enemy. That there might be no risk of alarming them by accidental firing, he had ordered the soldiers not to load, having previously convinced them that their point would be best effected by the bayonet.

A little before day-break the commander in chief arrived, with the officers of his suite. He had the satisfaction to find that

the garrison had not been alarmed at that quarter. False attacks had been made elsewhere, to divert their attention.

After a short conversation between the general and the officer who was to lead the assault, the signal was given. The troops advanced, with a rapid step, to the breach: they were half way before they were observed by the enemy. A volley of grape-shot was fired from the ramparts. The dubious light, before day-break, made the cannoniers take a false aim: the shot flew over the heads of the advancing party; and some of the general's attendants, who stood on the ground where I was, and from which the soldiers had advanced, were wounded. In a short time the grenadiers were descried, scrambling up the rubbish: many grenades and shells were thrown from the parapet upon the assailants; who, pushing past their wounded and dying friends, continued their course to the breach. By the bursting of a shell, the captain of the Royals was griev-

ously wounded, at the side of the officer who commanded the assault, who was also wounded in the head by part of the same shell: it stunned him at first, and the wound bled profusely, but did not prevent his entering the breach with the grenadiers, who had no sooner gained the summit, than, rushing forward, they were directly masters of the work. Those of the enemy who were not killed or taken prisoners fled into the town. When the general perceived the grenadiers ascending, he put spurs to his horse, and rode to the bottom of the hill on which the fort stood; and, quitting his horse, mounted directly to the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of the officer who had led the assault. The surrounding soldiers shouted, and threw their hats in the air for joy. The moment was worth years of common life!

It does not fall to the share of many officers, even during a pretty long military career, to conduct an assault, or even to assist in taking

a fortress by storm. Such dangerous services seldom occurred formerly, as the garrison generally capitulated after a breach was made. It has been the fate of this officer, though a young man, to conduct two, and to prove successful in both.

The most effectual measures were immediately taken for establishing the troops in the works they had so bravely carried; the cannon of which were turned against the town of Calvi, which the works commanded, and which capitulated soon after.

The French now held no place in the island of Corsica. The general, who had thus completed the conquest, had studied the sublimer parts of his profession with successful application. After making a tour through the island, and ordering such arrangements as he thought requisite, in case of any subsequent attack, he transmitted his plan of defence to England. I understand that, in his opinion, every benefit that could result to Great-Britain from the possession of Corsica would be

obtained by occupying the military posts and the harbours, by retaining the friendship of the inhabitants, leaving the civil government of the island to themselves ; all which, he supposed, might be done at little expense.

A different plan was adopted.

All military operations being now suspended in Corsica, the adjutant-general returned to England ; and, at the recommendation of the commander in chief, the officer who conducted the storm of Calvi was appointed to succeed him.

The commander in chief himself soon after left the island, to the warm regret not only of the British troops, by whom his military talents were greatly admired, but also of the native Corsicans, whose affections he had conciliated in a wonderful degree. — No person had more cause to lament his departure than the new adjutant-general.

Highly esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by the soldiers, and enjoying the

confidence of the general, who had succeeded in the military command, he had the misfortune not to please the viceroy ; in consequence of a representation from whom, to the surprise of every body, and of none more than the commander of the troops, he was recalled from his situation in Corsica.

This seemed the more extraordinary, because, independent of the cool intrepidity, zeal for the service, and the professional talents he had so eminently displayed, he is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, incapable of adulation, and more solicitous to deserve than to receive praise.

To the Corsicans, who have a high admiration of military talents, and are, perhaps, not such good judges of those of a politician, this removal seemed peculiarly inexplicable ; because they had been witnesses to the successful exertions of the officer, and were unable to comprehend the merit of the person at whose request he was recalled.

This removal, however, though considered as a misfortune to the officer, turned to his advantage.

The commander in chief of the British forces, whose heart sympathises with valour and integrity, soon placed him in situations of greater trust; from every one of which the same intrepidity of conduct and zeal, in the service of his country, which he had displayed in Corsica, gave the French directory substantial reason for wishing that he might be recalled.

When one important conquest, in which he had a considerable share, was announced in the Gazette, the most honourable mention was made of this officer by the experienced and judicious general who commanded on that expedition.

The whole article published in the London Gazette, relative to this conquest, was translated into Italian, and appeared in a Gazette published at Corsica under the authority of the viceroy, except the paragraph re-

garding the officer now in question. This omission can hardly be supposed to have been made by the direction of the viceroy. Indeed the whole of this transaction is so inconsistent with the idea I had formed of his disposition, that I am inclined to believe it originated in mistake or misrepresentation.

I remain, my dear Sommers,

Your assured friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I WAS engaged to remain longer in Corfica than I should otherwise have done by the marquis of H—y, who arrived in that island from Gibraltar with a fine regiment of Highlanders. They were mostly raised on his father's estate, and are greatly attached to their young colonel. No wonder: no man ever had more popular manners; the hardiest Highlander among them cannot more cheerfully submit to the fatigues and dangers of a military life than this spirited young man, who is, besides, of a lively, frank, and most obliging disposition.

From Corfica I took my passage to Florence. There I found a fresh parcel of letters, most of them pressing my return to England. I plainly perceived that some of

my nearest relations were so intoxicated with the advantages of their matrimonial plan, that I became more and more convinced that I should disoblige them less by staying away than by returning, and not complying with their entreaties. I kept to my resolution, therefore, of remaining at a distance, and in my letters I gave the best colouring to this that I could think of.

The rumors of preparations for invasion, however, and of the intention of government to arm the country, had reached me; and I should certainly have set out directly for England, in spite of my aversion from returning at that particular time, if I could have believed that the French were mad enough to expose their ships and men to almost certain destruction by an attempt to land in Great-Britain: but being of opinion that their parade of preparation was only to alarm the country, and increase our expense, I had no inclination to strut about in the military dress, and give myself the airs of a soldier,

with a conviction all the time that I never should see the face of an enemy.

However just and moderate the views of some of those who engaged in the measures that led to the revolution in France may have been, the ambitious rapacity of the republic is now apparent to all Europe. The decree, "that the French nation would assist that party in every country which contended for liberty,"—in other words, "would assist those in every country who strove to overthrow the government," has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the directory, and particularly since their successes in Italy, sufficiently show that they mean to act up to the spirit of that decree.—Are they not exciting revolt against the established government of every nation, whatever that government may be? and do they not assist the insurgents, on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, but with the expectation of subduing the country by the means of the divisions they incite?

In this the French evidently imitate the encroaching policy of the Roman republic.

It seems natural that monarchs should be stimulated by ambition and the desire of extending their dominions in a stronger degree than the governors of republics; because an hereditary monarch is more identified with the state; and a king may suppose the extension of dominion an increase to his own personal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magistrate in republics is transitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation consisting of twenty-five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his personal grandeur will be much the same. The extension of a state's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is as high in small republics as in great kingdoms. Nobody can doubt that a citizen of Athens, or of Geneva, was as proud of being an Athenian or a Genevois as a Persian or Russian was of belong-

ing to those vast empires. Experience, however, proves that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by restless ambition, and the ardor of conquest, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic was universal conquest; yet, when they were pursuing it, they announced themselves the protectors of the Grecian states, and of all free nations, and thus created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

If the French republic showed a disposition to imitate them, in spite of misfortune and repulse, it is to be expected that it will proceed in that system with more alacrity than ever, after the rapid and astonishing success of their arms under Buonaparte. Yet for one nation to assert a right of interfering in the internal government of another is laying a foundation for unceasing war, and will be resisted with indignation, as often as any attempt is made to put it in practice, any where but in a country of determined slaves.

The new modelling a government is found, by experience, to be, even for the native inhabitants of the country, the most difficult and dangerous of all undertakings, and often ends in the ruin of the undertakers and the misery of the nation.

The faults of many of the governments of Europe are so obvious, that the most weak-fighted can point them out; but the general unhingement that takes place, before the reparations have effect, is apt to produce greater mischief than the original evil. The experience of this may tend to render political calamity of long life,

“ And make men rather bear those ills they have,
Than fly to others that they know not of.”

What could be more apparent than the grievances of the ancient government of France? Many of those who attempted to remedy them, I am persuaded, acted from patriotic motives. The work was torn out of their hands by the Gironde party, a set of

men more enthusiastic, more speculative, and less experienced in the affairs of life, and particularly in state affairs, than the former; yet many of them meant well to their country. They were soon overset, and butchered by a gang of the most horrid ruffians that ever were let loose on any nation; and France, within the space of a few months, experienced greater calamities than she had suffered in the course of centuries.

At the time of my arrival at Florence, the grasping ambition of the directory of France, and its peculiar inveteracy against Great-Britain, was most conspicuous. I therefore conceived it to be the duty of every British subject to oppose them in the most effectual manner which his circumstances and actual situation would admit. By those considerations I was prompted to serve as a volunteer in the Austrian army opposed to Buonaparte. I will acknowledge that a very ardent desire of being witness to military operations, on the most perfect and most

extensive scale, mingled with my patriotism in this enterprize.

I procured letters to the Austrian general; found means of joining the army; was received in a very flattering manner; had opportunities of being present at some important actions: the account of these, with my sentiments on the conduct of the generals, which you so earnestly request in your last letter, I beg leave to postpone, as well as my reasons for leaving the Austrian army, for returning by Vienna, and for going from thence to Munich. How I came to remain so much longer than I intended in that city, and what induced me to pass again through Switzerland, you shall be informed of, *viva voce*, when I have the happiness of meeting you in England.

You press me so warmly not to set out from Vevay a moment sooner than the surgeon shall give me leave, and beg the continuation of my correspondence to the last mo-

ment in such a flattering manner, that I believe you fancy that writing long letters to you for weeks together, which was the effect of my being riveted to a couch at an inn without other resource, will, by mere dint of habit, become the cause of my continuing fixed a month longer than is necessary on the same couch, on purpose to write to you. Forgive me, my good friend; though very sensible of the obliging things you say of my letters, and sufficiently convinced of their being extremely amusing, and, above all, wonderfully instructive, yet you will receive no more from this place. My leg is in all respects better. I have been frequently in the carriage; I have since walked a little into the fields, without any ill effect, and I expect to set out tomorrow.

Farewell, my dear Colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I RECEIVED your letter from Ashwood the very day after I had sent my last to the post. I find my foolish affair with Clifford has got round.—You express so great a desire to be acquainted with all the circumstances, that I am going to indulge you directly. I must confess, however, that for this you are obliged to a complaint with which my servant Ben was seized.—The poor fellow had arranged every thing for our journey, and was ready to set out, when the landlord informed me that he had been feverish the preceding night, and was still too much indisposed for travelling, even in a post-chaise; though Ben himself declared that riding post always cured him of feverishness. I knew it would break

his heart to be left behind; so I determined to stay till he could go with me.

I ordered him to bed much against his will. He seems better this morning; and the doctor assures me that he will be able for the journey in a few days. Meanwhile here follows my adventure with Clifford.

When Sir Robert Rigby went last abroad, he thought it necessary, though I am assured nothing could be more superfluous, to take a young woman with him as a travelling companion.

Sir Robert had been so cruelly used by the London ladies, that he determined to choose for his travelling companion one who had been bred at a distance from the capital. He heard of several who were willing to accompany him on reasonable terms; but he gave the preference to a young lady who had arrived about ten months before from Cornwall. She was extremely handsome, and generally allowed to be as foolish as she was beautiful: her appearance announced her to be about

nineteen or twenty years of age, her conversation about ten or eleven. While she remained in the country, she had discovered no predominant taste of any kind ; but after she had been a few months in the capital, her aunt, with whom she lived, informed her father, that she had at length discovered where the strength of his daughter's genius lay ; that few young women in London had a greater ardour for dress ; that her ruling passion, in spite of many discouragements, had burst forth in the most decisive manner, as he would perceive by the milliner's bills she transmitted to him.

The article of caps alone, in which the young lady had indulged her fancy the most luxuriously, amounted to a sum which the father could not immediately advance. This put the young woman under the disagreeable necessity of restraining the flights of her fancy, until Sir Robert made proposals, which were eagerly accepted ; and then the lady's ruling passion expanded itself with a force equal to its late compression.

Her love for fine clothes was manifested by the tenderest expressions of affection for Sir Robert. He was fully persuaded that her passion was sincere. So far he was right; but he was completely mistaken in thinking himself the object of it. It required, indeed, all the delusion of self-love to make a man of Sir Robert's long experience imagine that a young girl would be more enamoured of an old man than of a new wardrobe; yet she succeeded in convincing him that her attention to dress was merely to please him, though all his acquaintance were convinced that her attention to him was merely that she might be enabled to please herself in dress.

Sir Robert had been advised to go to Italy on account of his health; he accordingly resided a considerable time in that country; and there it soon appeared that a taste for dress was no longer the lady's ruling passion: she caught with peculiar aptitude the tastes and manners of the Italian ladies, and soon showed that she preferred a *cigisbeio* to the richest cap

or robe.—Sir Robert would have had no objection to this, provided she had adhered to him as her sole *cigisbeio*.

In Italy there are *cigisbeios* of all ages; but Miss Weston had a prejudice in favour of one who happened to be a great deal younger than Sir Robert.

This, joined to the troubles in Italy, determined him to leave that country. He had resided some time at Munich when Mr. Clifford arrived there. That gentleman was struck with the beauty of Miss Weston, and, without ceremony or hesitation, did every thing in his power to seduce her from Sir Robert. All his pains would have been ineffectual had her original passion for finery in dress been in full force; for she well knew that he was more amply able to gratify her in it than Clifford; but *that* having abated, and Sir Robert's peevishness increasing, she left him entirely, and threw herself into the arms of the younger man.

The baronet bore his loss with resignation; and, some time after, consoled himself entirely with a new mistress, a native of Groningen, who was neither extravagantly fond of fine clothes, nor young cissibees; her predominant passion being avarice, the only passion that increases by indulgence. This prudent lady adhered faithfully to Sir Robert, as the most secure method of having her warmest desire gratified. Sir Robert and she, of course, lived mighty comfortably together.

This was by no means the case with Mr. Clifford and his mistress. When I arrived at Munich, they were called, by the few English there at that time, *the quarrelsome lovers*.

I was inclined to be on a good footing with Clifford, not on account of any thing very favourable I had ever heard of himself, but because of the high terms in which I have heard my brother speak of his father;

which were confirmed by my own observation, on the only occasion in which I ever was in that gentleman's company; and because I had heard that his sister was the intimate friend of your Juliet. She was a child when I saw her with her father: I understand she is now a very beautiful and accomplished woman.

Clifford introduced me to Miss Weston. She is unquestionably handsome; but, to be thought agreeable, it is absolutely necessary that she should hold her tongue, which the young lady has not the least inclination to do: on the contrary, she likes to have it in continual motion; and then she talks—*Ye Gods, how she does talk!*—Whatever she says is followed by a giggle, that makes the silly thing she utters appear still more silly; so that I really never was less interested in a woman of any age or figure.

She took it into her head; however, that I wished to form a connexion with her; and

found means to let me know that she should have no objection.

At that time there was at Munich an Italian woman, of an engaging appearance, who was patronised by some people of rank : she was admired as an *improvvisatore*. I had met her on two or three occasions, and heard her recite Italian verses, which she pretended to compose during their recital. Some were tolerably good : the greater part, however, were wonderfully insipid. These last only were supposed to be her own.

This *improvvisare* talent, such as it was, gained Signora Crosti admittance to some genteel houses. She affected great refinement of sentiment and expression ; and, what rendered her acquaintance agreeable to many people of both sexes was, her art in forming connexions, and putting those on a good footing who, without her assistance, would have found it difficult to meet so often as they wished.

Mr. Clifford did not approve of the great intimacy which suddenly arose between her and Miss Weston; and at length, in a violent fit of passion, forbade her from ever seeing the Signora, either in public or private.

Miss Weston had the complaisance to obey *one half* of this severe mandate, and saw the Signora in private only.

I was a good deal surpris'd, one evening, with a visit from Signora Crofti. After the compliments which she thought becoming at her introduction, she congratulated me on my good fortune, in having made the conquest of the prettiest woman in Munich.

The vain ideas which this annunciation was calculated to raise were considerably checked, when I was inform'd that Miss Weston was the lady.

The Signora proceeded to tell me "that this young lady was of too much delicacy for a man of such gross notions as Mr. Clifford; that her taste was wonderfully refined; that

this appeared not only in the fanciful variety of her dress, but extended to things which many women think of less importance; that there was no longer any of that delicate sentimental sympathy between her and Mr. Clifford which purifies such connexions from all that can, in the eyes of philosophy, be thought reprehensible; that their union had degenerated into a mere adhesion of matter, unconnected with mind, which she could no longer endure; that she had formed a more advantageous opinion of me"—Here the bashful Signora hid her face with her fan, and added, "that she had reason to believe that this delicate creature might be prevailed on to abandon Mr. Clifford, and come, upon reasonable terms, to live with me:"—then, removing her fan, she looked me full in the face, and said, "I own, Signor, that the measure would afford me great satisfaction, because there would be more purity in such a connexion than that in which my friend lives at present; and therefore it might tend, not

only to present pleasure, but to the eternal happiness of all concerned."

After expressing my gratitude for the interest she took in my eternal happiness, I informed her "that unsurmountable reasons prevented me from availing myself of the information she had given me."

She seemed surprised, and rather indignant at my answer; but, as I am not fond of dismissing any decent female in ill-humour, I was at some pains to soothe and put her in better temper. She left me tolerably well pleased.

A few days after this Mr. Clifford called on me. He had formed a notion that his mistress carried on a correspondence with me, and that I had a design to serve him in the same manner he had Sir Robert Rigby.

He was confirmed in these suspicions by accidentally seeing Signora Crofti go out of my lodgings. On inquiry, he was informed that she had remained a considerable time in my apartment. He suspected she had brought

me a letter from Miss Weston, and had waited till I had written an answer.

It afterwards appeared, that at this very time Clifford was tired of the lady, and was actually contriving how to get decently quit of her: but what marks the arrogance of his character, and shows in what a different light we see our own conduct from that in which we view our neighbours, is, that this very man, who had never felt the least self-condemnation for his behaviour to Sir Robert Rigby, thought my supposed attempt an unpardonable injury.

In this disposition he called at my lodgings, and finding me alone,—“You will be surprised,” said he, “at my desiring to know whether Signora Crofti has not made you some visits of late.”

Though I did not much relish being questioned in this manner, and though I am less inclined to bear with people of Clifford's haughty character than with others, yet, being willing to avoid a quarrel with the son of a

man whose memory I respected, I answered calmly, "That the question *did* surprise me a little; but, as he thought it of importance enough to be asked, I would freely tell him, that she had made me one visit."

"Only one!" repeated he; and, pray, will you tell me, as freely, what her business was?"

"Allow me, Mr. Clifford, to ask, in my turn," said I, "whether it is your custom to inform people of what passes between you and all the women with whom you chance to have a *tête-à-tête*?"

"This is no jest, sir," said he.

"I am glad of it; for it could only pass for a poor one," resumed I.

"I *must* be informed," said he, "what that woman's business was with you?"

"You must receive your information elsewhere, then," I replied.

"I can imagine but one kind of business such a woman could have with you," said he.

“You need make no farther inquiry, then,” added I.

“I have reason to suspect, that, through her means, you were endeavouring to seduce Miss Weston.”

“From the manner in which your own connexion with that lady was formed,” rejoined I, “it is natural enough for you to have such a suspicion.”

“I am to believe, then,” rejoined he, with a menacing air, “that it is so?”

“You may be as credulous as you please, Mr. Clifford,” I answered.

“I expect other kind of satisfaction, fir,” said he, fiercely.

“In my opinion,” rejoined I, “what I have given is all that the case requires.”

“I think otherwise, fir,” said he.

After a little more altercation, it was agreed that we should meet the following day, at a particular place at some distance from town, each of us with pistols, and accompanied by a friend.

After this arrangement had been made, and Clifford was leaving the room, he suddenly stopped; and, turning,—“ I had entirely forgot,” said he, “ that I am engaged for dinner to-morrow, with a very agreeable party, which I should be sorry to miss: if it is the same thing with you,” added he, “ our business may be postponed till the day after.”

“ As you please,” said I.

“ You know,” resumed he, “ we can transact our affair as well the day after as to-morrow; whereas, if we finish our business to-morrow, it may not be in the power of one or other of us to keep our engagement for the day after.”

“ It is very well recollected,” said I.

He then told me, “ that he was to dine in the country; that he should not return to Munich that night; that Mr. Craufurd, the gentleman he intended for his second, was of the party, and that they would meet my friend and me, the following day, at the time and place appointed.”

It was then fixed that all the other circumstances of our arrangement should remain in force.

I was going to call on Lord P——, with whom I passed most of my time when at Munich; but his lordship entered soon after Mr. Clifford had left me. He is one of the most judicious and spirited young men of my acquaintance.

I told him what had passed, and begged that he would accompany me to the field.

“I have a great mind to declare off,” said he; “for I do think it a very foolish business.”

“Your lordship may declare off, if you please,” said I; “but, were it ever so foolish, I cannot do so.”

“This young fellow is extremely wrong-headed,” said he; “he is continually in affairs of this kind: he is a complete *spadassin*, a duellist,—‘the very butcher of a silk button,’ as Mercutio says: he would rather fight than not.”

“My taste is different,” replied I; “for I would much rather *not*, than fight; I will indulge his humour nevertheless.”

“I don’t believe either of you cares much for Miss Weston,” resumed he.

“I certainly do not,” said I.

“Does it not seem strange, then, that you should think of fighting for her?”

“Nothing can be less strange,” I replied: men have fought in the cause of women, for whom they had no value, ever since the war of Troy. Do you imagine that Hector had a great esteem for Helen?”

“Perhaps not,” said my lord; but I should have thought it very strange if Menelaus, instead of challenging Paris, who ran off with his wife, had challenged Hector, who had no hand in the rape.”

“I do not fully understand your meaning.”

“You will to-morrow or next day,” said he; but, in the mean time, you may de-

pend on my accompanying you to the meeting."

Good night, my dear Sommers. I find I can fend this early in the morning. I shall resume some time to-morrow.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIV.

The Same in Continuation.

WHEN Lord P—— left me, I passed the time in writing letters, and making such arrangements as I thought might be necessary. We dined together the following day. He inveighed against the absurdity of Clifford's conduct. "Life," says he, "insipid as it is with most people, is of more value than to be thrown away in so idle a manner as that foolish fellow is likely to lose his." Imagining that part of this censure touched me, I endeavoured to prove the necessity under which I was of acting as I did, and how unbecoming it would be in me to give any farther explanation to a man who had behaved with such insolence. I was not fully convinced, however, by my own arguments: I was constrained to the conduct I adopted,

by a sensation which baffled reasoning, and was more powerful than conviction.

Lord P—— was more serious than usual, and staid but a short time after dinner, saying “he had an appointment, which obliged him to quit me for a little,” but promised to return in the evening. When he returned, he seemed in much higher spirits than when he withdrew; and he continued uncommonly gay all the evening.

I found him in the same humour when we set out together next morning, a little after the opening of the gates: an accident that happened to the chaise retarded us an hour longer on the road than otherwise we should have been.

I expressed some impatience at this, knowing that Mr. Clifford would be waiting. My lord said coldly, “Do not make yourself uneasy; depend upon it you will be in sufficient time to see him look like a fool.”

There seemed somewhat singular in the

whole of his behaviour: I had remarked this from the moment I informed him of all the circumstances of the affair; but I did not think proper to take notice of this to him.

After a silence of considerable duration, he burst into laughter, and exclaimed, "What a *ridiculous* figure Clifford will cut!"

"Ridiculous!" said I; "Clifford, you may depend on it, is a man of spirit."

He has hitherto been fortunate in affairs of this nature," said Lord P——; "but, on the present occasion, he will make a ridiculous figure."

"How?"

"Why, if he were to fight with one so cool and so skilful as you," said he, smiling, and evading explanation, "I am convinced he would be either killed or wounded."

I was equally surprised at his lordship's words and manner, being at a loss to conceive what he could find ridiculous in the appearance of a dead or wounded man.

“How do you mean ridiculous?” said I.

“Oh! most completely ridiculous,” replied he;—“but there they are.”

We were near the entrance of the village where we had appointed to meet, and found the two gentlemen waiting.

“We have been expecting you some time,” said Mr. Clifford.

“But the proper place is at some distance,” added Mr. Craufurd, addressing Clifford. “Do you conduct Mr. Mordaunt thither: when my lord and I shall have settled preliminaries, we will follow you.”

Provoked by what Mr. Clifford had said, and by the manner in which he had spoken, I observed “that preliminaries would soon be settled; and the principal business might as well be transacted where we stood, to save farther loss of time.”

“I think so too,” said Lord P——; “for it has taken up more time than it ought already; and, if much more is lost, Miss

Weston will be arrived in Bohemia before either of these gentlemen can have blown the other's brains out."

"I leave you to judge what surprise this speech occasioned to all present.

"What do you mean, my lord?" said I.

"Where did you say Miss Weston was gone, sir?" said Clifford.

"Would she were gone to the devil," said Craufurd, peevishly.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Craufurd," resumed Lord P——, with the greatest composure: "she will get to him in good time: at present she is on the high road to Bohemia."

"Are you absolutely certain of what you assert, sir?" said Mr. Clifford.

"I am absolutely certain that she set out yesterday, in a post-chaise, with the young Baron Valstern, for Vienna," replied Lord P——; "and although I kept up this news from my friend Mr. Mordaunt, I am convinced it is at present well known in Munich, as you will find on your return."

As my lord ended, a servant of Mr. Clifford's advanced at full gallop from Munich, and, seeing his master, he directly dismounted, gave a letter to him, and another to Mr. Craufurd: both confirmed the account which Lord P—— had already given: for the fully understanding of which, it is necessary that I inform you, that Lord P—— had formed an acquaintance with the German nobleman above mentioned; that, some time after Signora Crofti had visited me, his lordship and the baron supped *tête-à-tête*; the latter had drank a little too freely the same day at dinner, which was the cause, perhaps, of his communicating to his lordship, "that he was passionately in love with his charming countrywoman, Miss Weston; that he had made his passion known to her both by looks and words, as often as he could, without the observation of Mr. Clifford; that he had even engaged Signora Crofti in his interest, but had not received any very flattering encouragement till within the two or three last days,

when Signora Crofti had informed him, ' that Miss Weston had acknowledged to her, that he had made a very deep impression on her heart, though she had hitherto struggled against it; that her former partiality for Mr. Clifford had been gradually diminishing, on account of his capricious and tyrannical temper, and was now entirely effaced; and that, in consequence of a settlement the baron had promised, and a liberal present in money and jewels, she had agreed to go with him to his castle in Bohemia; but that, to prevent any disagreeable affair between the baron and Mr. Clifford, she exacted of him that they should leave Munich privately, and so as to preclude the risk of being overtaken by Clifford, in case he should think of pursuing them." The baron added, " that he had agreed to this merely in complaisance to Miss Weston; for, as for his own part, I put the same value on Mr. Clifford's resentment which that gentleman had put on Sir Robert Rigby's." The baron concluded his

narrative by informing his lordship, "that they had been making the necessary preparations for the execution of their scheme."

Lord P—— attempted to dissuade the baron from this project to no purpose. He however gave his word not to mention it to any person previous to the execution.

This accounts for Lord P——'s not having communicated this plan to me, and for the whole of his behaviour. As soon as I informed him of Mr. Clifford's interview with me, as detailed above, he waited on the baron, and informed him, "that Clifford was to dine in the country the next day, and not to return till the morning following, perhaps not then; the favourable moment for his setting out with the lady, therefore, would be as soon after Clifford should leave Munich as they possibly could."

When Lord P—— dined with me, they they had not set off: this was the cause of his uneasiness. When he returned to my lodgings, the same evening, he knew they

were gone, which was the source of his gaiety.

Miss Weston had contrived her measures with such address, and given such a plausible pretence for her absence to Clifford's servants, that it was not known that she had left Munich, in a post-chaise with the baron, till late in the night.

And the following morning, as soon as the gates were opened, one of Mr. Clifford's friends detached his groom with a letter, informing him of what had passed. Mr. Craufurd received a letter to the same purpose.

As soon as Mr. Clifford had perused his, all his wrath was directed against the baron: he swore he would follow him to Bohemia and be avenged.

Mr. Craufurd pointed out the folly of troubling himself about a worthless woman.

"It is not from any regard to her," replied he; "but to punish this Bohemian. Would not you, my lord, in my place?" added he, addressing Lord P——.

“I never should dream of punishing a man for rendering me an essential service, Mr. Clifford,” said my lord.

“You do not mean, my lord,” said Clifford briskly, “that it would be as prudent in me to let this matter pass, as it was in Sir Robert Rigby not to call me out.”

“I do indeed, Mr. Clifford,” replied his lordship; “because I consider it as a very great misfortune for one man to kill another who has rendered him a service, and not a small piece of bad luck to be killed by him.”

Mr. Craufurd, who seemed to dread an improper answer from Clifford’s impetuosity, immediately said—“Putting killing out of the question, which no man less fears, and, from his skill at all the weapons, has less reason to fear than my friend, it is beneath him to go on a wildgoose-chase after a woman whom, to my knowledge, he was completely tired of, and resolved to abandon. What could she do more obliging? Has she not saved you the trouble of dismissing

her, my good fellow?" continued he, taking Clifford by the hand; "for which you are much obliged to her, as well as for clearing up the mistake you laboured under with regard to Mr. Mordaunt."

This had the best effect on the mind of Clifford: he viewed the matter in a different light; and, turning to me, he said, "You must be sensible, Mr. Mordaunt, that the trouble I have put you to was entirely owing to mistake."

"I see it clearly," said I.

"You have no desire, then, that the business for which we met should go farther?"

"I never had any desire of that kind, Mr. Clifford," said I; "it was in compliance with your invitation I came."

"There can be no farther misunderstanding," said Lord P——; "let us return to Munich."

"I hope the company will do me the honour to dine with me," rejoined Mr. Craufurd; "I have some excellent Champagne,

which I should be sorry to leave behind me. I set out for Frankfort in a few days."

This invitation was accepted. The dinner, on the whole, was agreeable; though Clifford, after he became a little heated with the Champagne, hinted, once or twice, that he still had an inclination to make a tour into Bohemia: which Craufurd observing, ordered coffee; and, after we had withdrawn from the table, he stated the ridiculous light into which Clifford's expedition to Bohemia might be put: "it would be reversing the practice of chivalry," said he. "Instead of the knight going to the relief of a distressed damsel, he would be called a distressed knight, in search of a damsel who wished not to be found, and was not worth finding." He managed this with so much address, that Mr. Clifford gave up his foolish intention.

Mr. Craufurd's regard for Clifford is founded, as I have been told, on the friendship he had for the young man's father; indeed, nothing could be a stronger proof of his regard

for the memory of the late Mr. Clifford than his attachment to the present, Mr. Craufurd being a man of quite an opposite character, and of a most obliging and generous disposition.

He is thought to have more influence with Clifford than any body else; and I am told, that by his address, during the short time they have been together, Clifford has been extricated from some disagreeable scrapes. Mr. Craufurd was prevailed on, much against his inclination, to accompany him to his appointment with me, and agreed to it in the hopes of bringing about an accommodation. I question greatly, however, whether he has temper sufficient to remain on good terms with Clifford much longer. I thought I perceived symptoms of the contrary: yet they set out together for Frankfort. When they separate, the terms of insurance on Clifford's life ought to rise very considerably. I hardly ever was in company with a man so apt to give offence, or so ready to take it when

there was none intended. Had it not been for Craufurd, he would have made out another quarrel with me on the very night on which the former was accommodated. Yet he is not deficient in the power of pleasing when he chooses: he is sometimes even exceedingly agreeable and entertaining; but in the midst of mirth, when you least think of it, he is apt to say something highly provoking, or to misconstrue something that has been said. It is impossible for such a man to be long lived.

I am happy in the reflection, however, that I have escaped the risk I run of being the shortener of his days: I feel that it would have rendered the remainder of mine very uncomfortable; and I have formed the resolution never to fight another duel, for the same reason that I am resolved never to marry.

It seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

“ You have injured me, sir ; and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death.” Or,

“ You have given me the lie, sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth ; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble : but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head.”

What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth.

“ Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner as will make the world think meanly of me if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world ; but I will show that I do not value life so much

as I dread disgrace ; and I will give this proof at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly it has been found that the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstances which give rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

Although the survivor only can be personally punished, yet, if he who is killed is clearly proved to have been the cause of the duel, by giving the first insult, besides acquitting the survivor, some stigma ought to be put, by the sentence of the court, on the memory of the deceased.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

I was detained at Munich by Lord P—— longer than I intended. When we separated I went to Dresden. What happened there will be the subject of my next.

Farewell.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXV.

From the Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

SOON after my arrival at Dresden, Mr. Grindill called on me—the same that we used to see at lady Deanport's, whose intimate friend and great adviser he was supposed to be. Before her ladyship's marriage, he was a constant hanger on of my lord: the world imagined that it was by Grindill's influence with his lordship that the marriage was brought about. However that may be, Mr. Grindill continued upon an intimate footing with both till the death of the latter. Few men could boast a more extensive acquaintance than Grindill, among the great and opulent:—he never cultivated any other. In the course of this cultivation he dissipated his fortune. Becoming distressed in his circumstances, he found that many, who formerly had no objection to

being called his friends, now shunned being considered even as his acquaintance. His creditors were troublesome, and he left England.

He made a good deal up to me at my arrival at Dresden. I certainly never had shown any partiality for the acquaintance of Grindill; but in the circumstances I understood he was then in, I did not choose to show him such marks of neglect as perhaps I might otherwise have done.

I should not, however, have gone such lengths in serving him as I did, had I not heard of his acting a very friendly part to a young painter of the name of Evans, then at Dresden. This young man has great merit in his profession, and is, besides, of an excellent character. Grindill recommended him to all his acquaintance; and I told him that I would introduce him to the acquaintance of some eminent artists with whom I was connected, when he should return to London. He thanked me for the honour I intended him, but in a

manner that made me think he was not very solicitous that I should take the trouble.—

“Do you not imagine,” said I, “that their friendship could be of service to a young artist like you?”

“It certainly would,” answered he: adding, with a smile—“I already have the honour to be known to some of them; but I am afraid it is not the artists, but the arts, that are friends.”

I then assured them that I should be happy to serve him myself when he came to London; and that I should introduce him to those of my friends who were not artists.

Grindill's behaviour to this young man, who was poor and friendless, gave me a more favourable opinion of Mr. Grindill himself than I had before.

He took an opportunity of telling me, “that a relation of his, who had a good estate in South-Wales, and whose heir-at-law he was, laboured under a distemper which nobody thought he could survive; that this

relation, he understood, was surrounded by interested people, who might take the advantage of his absence, and suggest things to his prejudice; that it was, therefore, of infinite importance to him that he should return immediately to England to cultivate his interest with the invalid; but that he had contracted debts at Dresden, and could not think of leaving it without paying them; that, although he had assurances of not being disturbed, by the generality of his creditors in England, one to whom he owed 500*l.* stood out; and that he was in need of a thousand pounds, without which he could not leave Dresden with credit, nor appear with safety in England."

On my hinting a little surprize that his friends lord and lady Deanport did not assist him in such an emergency, he answered—"That lady Deanport was in pecuniary difficulties herself; that she had been unfortunate at play; that her husband had, at his death, left her provided for in a manner far inferior to her expectations; that her son, when he

came of age, had not supplied the deficiency to her satisfaction."—Grindill added, "That her ladyship had not allowed her son to be crossed in any thing that depended upon her, during a very long childhood, in the expectation of having the entire management of him, when the law should consider him as a man: but when that period arrived, finding him less tractable than she expected, the most amiable of boys, and of youths, became at once, in her eyes, a monster of ingratitude."

By the way, Sommers, this complete alteration of opinion in parents, respecting the characters of their children, I myself have observed in several instances, and all of them in mothers towards those whom they had most indulged.

Mr. Grindill, however, assured me, that, through his means, lady Deanport and her son came to a more friendly way of thinking before he went abroad, and continued so all the time he was on his travels.

I understood from him also, that lady Dean-

port, who always has some project in agitation, was endeavouring to accomplish a marriage between her son and the wealthy Miss Moyston. This will give him, she imagines, such an accumulation of riches, that part must overflow upon herself, and at the same time augment his parliamentary influence, so as to become beneficial to all the friends of his family, and particularly to Grindill himself.

This intelligence was thrown out in different conversations, with the intention, no doubt, of inducing me to agree to the concluding request, that I should advance him the money. What determined me, however, was what Grindill insisted least upon; namely, his kindness to the young painter, and my plainly seeing that no other person would lend him if I did not, for the poor devil has not a friend in the world; I furnished him, therefore, with what he wanted.

I believe I have drawn all the money I had with Messrs. ——. Be so good as sell three

thousand pounds of what I have in the three per cents, and place it in their hands. Do not let old Nichols know any thing of this ; he bought it for me a third higher than the present price—it would disturb his sleep for a month.

Ben's illness was so far fortunate that it prevented our setting out in very bad weather. We have had another thunder-storm, not, indeed, so furious as the former, but sufficiently so to make travelling very disagreeable. I have employed most part of the interval in complying with your requisition. Ben is now recovered perfectly. We shall, assuredly, set out to-morrow.

Adieu !

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Frankfort.

FROM the conclusion of my last, you would naturally imagine that I left Vevay directly; that, however, was not the case—I stayed there three days after the date of that letter.

How then came I not to write?

As I have so often confessed to you the real cause of my having of late become so very indefatigable a scribbler, that is a question which you may naturally ask: to which, my dear Colonel, I must give you an answer quite the reverse of what a young woman of Amsterdam made to her mother, who asked her, How she came to be with child?—"Because," replied this industrious girl, "I had nothing else to do."

My reason for not writing to you during

that time, my good friend, was because I had *something* else to do.

But before I inform you what that was, I beg you may take notice, that though I, a bachelor, and determined for ever to remain such, can derive no benefit from the above anecdote, you, a married man, with the prospect of a numerous progeny, may.—Is it not a serious warning to parents not to permit their daughters to remain a moment in idleness, but to take care always to give them something to do? You see, Sommers, I wish to make my letters moral as well as entertaining.

I now proceed to tell you how I have been employed since my last.

Having been assured that the chaise would be ready within three hours, as the weather had become exceedingly fine, immediately after the storm, I fauntered a little out of the town. On turning the corner of a hedge, I met two women; one seemed between thirty

and forty years of age, the other not more than three or four-and-twenty, of an elegant figure, and a countenance wonderfully interesting; not from beauty alone—it bore also the marks of affliction. Both seemed surprised at the *rencontre*; but in the surprise of the latter there was a mixture of apprehension: observing this, I addressed her in the most respectful manner—

“ I should be extremely sorry, madam, if this accidental meeting should give you uneasiness; I certainly mean you no harm.”

She smiled, and replied—

“ Excuse me, sir, it was mere surprise;” and then seemed eager to walk on.

“ I perceive, madam;” said I, “ that you are a stranger here as well as myself.”

“ I am, sir,” replied she.

“ I believe,” resumed I, “ that I address you in your native language.” [I spoke to her in French.]

“ You do,” replied she.—“ The time has been,” added she, with a sigh, “ when I

thought it an honour to be a French woman."

"I saw her companion press her on the arm, as if to warn her against such insinuations.

"I believe, Christine," said she, "that monsieur is an Englishman."

"I am, madam; but not the less disposed to render you every service in my power."

"You are very polite, sir," said she.

"It is not politeness, madam,—I am sincere: nothing would give me more pleasure than being of use to you—try me."

"You are extremely good; but I have nothing to exact."

"I saw marks of terror in your countenance, madam, when I first presented myself to you: if you apprehend danger from any person, I may, perhaps, be of service to you."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said she; "but there is no need.—You will excuse me—we are waited for." So saying, she drew away her companion with an air of impatience, as if she dreaded any farther explana-

tion. Without continuing my former course, or seeming to follow, I walked in a direction which did not make me absolutely lose sight of them, until they entered the town, and then I moved quick enough to see the house into which they entered.

On my return to the inn I was informed that the chaise was ready, but I did not find myself at all disposed to set out.

When I entered my chamber Ben was packing the trunk.—I asked “if he had seen or heard any thing of a stranger of distinction who was then in Vevay?”

He said he had not, and continued his work.

“This stranger is from France,” added I.

“I have heard nothing of him,” said he, pressing down the things in the trunk.

“She is a French woman,” said I.

“O! a French woman,” said he, raising his head suddenly, and looking me full in the face.

“ Yes,” resumed I, “ a pretty woman.”

“ Oho! a pretty woman!” re-echoed he.

“ Yes, a very pretty woman: you have seen her, perhaps?”

“ No, indeed; I have seen or heard nothing of her,” said he, laying the shirt which he had in his hand on a chair, instead of putting it into the trunk, which he shut at the same time, and rose to go, without finishing his work.

“ I am not absolutely certain,” said I, as he went out of the room, “ that it will be in my power to leave Vevay to-night.”

I heard the rascal mutter, as he went down stairs, “ I am absolutely certain that it will not.”

I called him up a little after, and told him, “ that I had accidentally met with two women, one of whom I was convinced was a stranger, and a person of condition; for which reason I had the greatest curiosity to know something more about her.

‘ You told me before,’ said he, ‘ that she is very pretty.’

I then directed him to procure all the information he could concerning them, without letting it be known that he was employed by me to make the inquiry.

Within a few hours he returned, and told me, ‘ that the people of our inn had heard nothing of them ; that several others, to whom he had spoken, were equally ignorant ; that he had at last found the peasant at whose house the women in question lodged, and by the means of a little money had drawn from him—that they had arrived a few days before in a boat from Geneva ; that they never went out, except pretty early in the morning ; that the youngest was a Savoyard lady from Chambery, and the other a Genevoise ; that they expected an answer to a letter written the day of their arrival, and would not leave Vevey until they received it.’

This account increased my curiosity. The

very private manner in which she had arrived, their concealment, her giving herself out as a Savoyard to the people, though she had not attempted to conceal her real country from me, the deep melancholy that appeared in her countenance, her fright at the first sight of me, and, above all, perhaps, her beauty, interested me so much, that I could not think of leaving Vevay without more attempts to be better acquainted with her.

I called in the evening at the house in which she lodged. I only saw the Genevoise, who informed me that the lady was writing letters, and could not see any visitor. While I was endeavouring to prolong the conversation, the landlady of the house came with a message that the lady wanted her. The Genevoise did not return; and I went back disappointed to the inn. I dreamt of her all night. I went early next morning to the place where I had first met her, in hopes of the same good fortune again. I called at her lodgings, and was again disappointed in

my hope of seeing her. Some time after my return to the inn I sent her a letter, in which I apologised for my importunity, expressed anxiety for her safety and happiness, and renewed my offers of serving her.

I received a note in answer, in which she thanked me, in very polite terms, for my proffered services; but assured me that they would be of no use to her, and that my persisting in them might have the very worst consequences to her. Being now fully convinced that she wished me to be gone, I resolved, though not a little chagrined, to set out that very day. On calling for Ben, I was informed that he had walked into the fields with a person who had arrived a little before at the inn.

While I was waiting impatiently for Ben's return, the landlord came and told me that a lady wished to speak to me, and immediately introduced the very lady I wished most, and expected least, to see. With the most graceful ease, she said—"You must be convinced,

fir, that something sudden and unlooked-for has determined me to this visit, after the note I sent you so lately: in two words, it is of more importance than my life to me that I leave this place as soon as possible.

“ I fly from the most miserable of countries, and from the most perfidious of mankind! The honest man who just left the room was privy to my concealment in this town, where I intended to remain until I heard from a friend to whom I have written: but having been apprised that a boat with six men arrived last night from the other side of the Lake, one of whom is the very wretch from whose persecution I wish to fly, I was secretly conducted here by your landlord, to which I am indebted for not being already in my persecutor's power. I have reason to fear that I cannot be protected in this small town—that his design is to carry me to France or Savoy, where I should be equally at his mercy. I am told that you are to set out this day for Hamburg: encouraged by the

generous offer you made yesterday, I now claim your protection from all attempts of my persecutor, and beg your assistance in escaping from what I dread more than death. I formerly esteemed your nation, in spite of its enmity to France; I now esteem it the more, because of its enmity to those who at present govern that unhappy country. The villain I wish to avoid is countenanced by the most powerful of them. I must leave this place: I should not be safe in any part of Switzerland; but at Frankfort I could venture to remain, until I heard from those under whose protection I ought to be."

She might easily have seen, by my looks, before she had half ended, how very ready I was to serve her.

In our subsequent conversation it was arranged, that she, with her attendant, should go in the carriage with me; and that Ben, with Camillo, an Italian lad, whom I had engaged in my service at Milan, should follow on horseback.

As, during our conversation, I frequently looked from the window for Ben, I announced his appearance with joy as soon as I saw him: cautiously peeping behind me, *she* also glanced from the window. Ben approached the house, accompanied by another man.—She started suddenly aside, exclaiming, “Good heavens! who do I see?” On my begging to know what alarmed her—“Who is that with your servant, sir?” said she.—I told her I did not know.

“Ah! sir,” repeated she, with wildness and suspicion, “do you, indeed, not know that man?”

I looked again, with earnestness, and recognised the features of the very villain whom I had beheld, at Paris carrying the pike on which the head of the princess of Lamballe was fixed.

“Now I know him,” said I; “he is an assassin.”

“How comes your servant to be acquainted?”

“That I cannot tell,” said I, interrupting her; “but he shall inform me instantly.”

I called Ben before she had time to prevent me, as I believe she would have done; for she was greatly alarmed. I desired her to step into a closet as he entered the room. She understands English; and I wished her to hear what he said, without being seen by him.

On my questioning him about the fellow he had been walking with, he said “he had never seen him before, and never wished to see him again.”

“Why so?” said I.

“Why, if your honour will have it,” said he, a little sulkily, “because he is French; and because the French are a pack that no good is to be got by, whether—they be men or women,” added he, after some hesitation.

“How came you to be in conversation with him, then?”

“I should never have spoken to him, please your honour, if he had not first spoken

to me: for though I have learnt to speak French since I have been in your service, yet it is a language I do not approve of more than of the people. But he began by asking about a lady who had fled from her husband, and was supposed to be in this neighbourhood, and offered me money in case I would assist in comprehending her for her husband, which was his master. I told him I would have none of his money; that I did not choose to be accessory to the betraying a woman into the hands of any man from whom she fled. ‘You *would*, however,’ says he, ‘if the man was her husband.’—‘No,’ says I, ‘I would not, although he was ten times her husband.’ ‘Why so?’ says he.—‘Because,’ says I, ‘I loves to do as I would be done by; and if so be that I myself was flying from my wife, I should not approve of being delivered up to her clutches;’ and so then I left him, because your honour called.”

I could not help smiling at the conclusion of Ben’s speech, because I know that he is

married to one of the greatest termagants on earth, to whom he punctually remits a considerable sum out of his wages, though she rendered his life miserable; for he is one of the best-natured fellows alive, in spite of his furlinefs.

I asked if he knew where the man he had been conversing with lodged?

He answered, that he knew only that it was not at the inn.—“ I am glad of it,” said he, “ because he has the look of a d——d rascal, which is as bad as a Frenchman, if not worse; and if,” added he, “ it be true, which, as your honour knows, is said, that ‘ like master, like man,’ then I am sure the poor woman they are in search of will be much to be pitied, if ever she comes within their power.”

I then ordered him to have every thing ready for our departure; and not to be out of the way, as we should set out very soon.

The lady’s alarm, on account of Ben’s acquaintance with the Frenchman, was now

dispersed. I proposed setting out directly: she wished to delay till night, or till there was a certainty of her not being seen by those who were in search of her; for, though I assured her that it would not be in their power to prevent her going, even were they to see her, yet she dreaded the consequence of any *fracas*, and was anxious to get away secretly, and without any opposition.

In the course of our conversation she told me "that she belonged to a French family of distinction, which had been ruined by the revolution: some of her near relations had been murdered, and some banished: that part of their misfortunes, as well as of hers, were owing to the villain who assumed the name of her husband: but she assured me, in the most earnest manner, that he was not, nor ever could be; that there were circumstances in her own story, which, out of delicacy towards some of the latter, she was inclined to conceal, for some time at least; but," added

she, smiling through her tears, “ notwithstanding that your valet has an ill opinion of the French women as well as men, I am not entirely without hopes that, in assisting me on the present occasion, you will find that you have bestowed your protection on one not entirely unworthy of it.”

I assured her, that it was my happiness and pride to be of the smallest use to her ; that I would accompany her to any place where she should think herself safest ; that I had no curiosity to be acquainted with any thing she thought proper to conceal : and I began to apologise for what Ben had said in her hearing.

“ Ah, monsieur !” cried she, “ comme j’aime votre Ben, avec son ‘ loves to do as he would be done by.’ Il me semble qu’il a puisé sa morale dans une source infiniment plus pure que celle de nos philosophes. Ah, mon Dieu !” added she, raising her eyes, and pressing her hands together, “ la dernière

fois que j'ai entendre prêcher mon pauvre oncle sur cette maxime divine !”

She shed tears so abundantly, and was so much affected, that no expressions could have been of use, had I been able to speak. I withdrew ; and, after a short interval, sent the Genevoise to her.

When I waited on her again, I found her more composed ; and informed her, that the fellow she had seen with my servant had walked to a different part of the town, and had not appeared since ; that her own small trunk was fixed on the chaise ; and that, perhaps, this was as favourable a moment as any for setting out. The landlord being of the same opinion, she consented, and I ordered the horses.

I had before desired Ben to inform me, in case the man he had spoken with should return again to the inn. I told him also, that “I had reason to believe the fellow was a murderer ; that he was hired by as great a villain as him-

self, to assist in seizing two innocent women, who were flying from France, and whom I had engaged to protect and carry to some place of safety ; that we would go in the first place towards Basil."

After the two women were seated in the carriage, and before I had stepped in, three men rushed from a neighbouring house : he who seemed the leader called to the postillions to stop. While he was running towards the door of the carriage, I stood between, my sword in my hand, and warned him to keep off.

"That lady is my wife," said he.—"No, no, no!" she shrieked from the carriage.—"You hear, sir," said I, pushing him away. He drew his sabre, calling at the same time to the accomplices to stop the horses. He was silenced by a push into his cheek, and immediately after I was lucky enough to wound him in the arm, and secure his weapon, which I broke, and threw to a distance.

The Parisian no sooner saw his principal engaged with me, than he drew a dagger, calling to his companion—" *Tirez, camarade !*" Ben, who is a first-rate boxer, instantly struck him, with all his force, on the stomach, saying, at the same time—" *Tirez you that, camarade !*" The man fell breathless on the ground. The third was so intimidated that he ran away, after drawing his weapon.

I stepped into the carriage, which directly set off.

The lady expressed great apprehension that we should be pursued. Her concern now seemed to be as much on my account as on her own.

She had seen the man I disarmed bleeding profusely. The wound in his cheek appeared to her frightful : it had considerably enlarged his mouth, though it put an end to his bawling ; and, when the other fell, she imagined that Ben had stabbed him to the heart.

I assured her that there was little danger of our being pursued, and less of our being

overtaken ; but, were both to happen, neither Ben nor I could run much risk. I told her that Englishmen possessed the art of bringing men to the ground without absolutely killing them ; and that it was more likely that the villain I had wounded was destined to die by the hands of the hangman than of a wound in the arm. I will not trouble you with an account of the difficulties we encountered in our journey to Frankfort ; but, soon after our arrival here, I became acquainted with some circumstances that made la Marquise, for that is the rank of the lady, think it would be safer for her to proceed to Hamburg than to remain in that city.

I met here with the Baron de B——, a gentleman in the service of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with the baron, when he was in England with his sister, a young lady, who, to the steady good sense of the German character, joins all that is amiable

in French vivacity. I was the less surpris'd at the accomplishments of the daughter, after I was introduced to her mother, a lady of a noble family in the duchy of Brunswic, but more distinguished by elevation of mind and an highly-cultivated understanding.

As the baron has made the journey lately, I shall profit by his directions respecting our route from this place to Zell, where I find the marquise has some business to transact. That town is not much out of our way to Hamburg.

By the way, Sommers, it will be best not to mention the name of the marchioness. When she shall arrive at London herself, she will give what account she thinks proper of our rencounter; but I should not like to have it anticipated by any friend of mine. I believe this hint was superfluous: I know your discretion.

Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Zell.

YOU remember, Richard, that I was almost overcome with *ennui* when I first met the marquise. No such being can exist in the company of this delightful woman.

The languid spright, at sight of her bright eyes,
Spreads his blue wings, and from her presence flies.

Do not imagine that her looks principally attach me. Her face is not regularly beautiful: perhaps it has too much expression for mere beauty. Have you not seen women whose features were said to be regular and well-proportioned, yet so barren of ideas, that they excited none? The countenance of this lady is all mind—it leads the beholder through a variety of pleasing thought, like Reynold's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the

character of the Tragic Muse : her conversation confirms what her countenance announced. Eagerness to overcome every obstacle that could retard our flight for some time superseded every other reflection ; but when she was in some measure relieved from the apprehension of being overtaken, you cannot imagine how very entertaining her conversation became. From time to time, indeed, she fell into fits of silence and sadness ; but I did not find it very difficult to draw her from them. Her melancholy arose from the recollection of past events : but cheerfulness is the natural habit of her mind, and she gladly listened to the suggestions of hope. When I was fortunate enough to make her forget her misfortunes, her observations were as sprightly as ingenious ; but ever and anon she relapsed into sadness, and then it was my cue to wean her out of it by every means I could think of. My solicitude for that purpose did not escape her observation ; and her gratitude was apparent in her looks still more than her

expressions. You see plainly that I could not fail being in love; and you think, no doubt, that I had abundant opportunities of making declarations of my passion—there you are mistaken:—I never found her separate from the Genevoise, who I now find is a French woman. I had some well-enough-contrived plans for drawing her away: she eluded them all; and was sure to remain, when the presence of a third person seemed to me most intolerable. When the lady told me that her attendant was French, she added, with a view, no doubt, to have her constantly in her company, that “she was of a decent family, had been well educated, and that she treated her as a companion;” of course she was always with us at meals, and they slept together. I was persuaded, however, from some observations I had made before we left Vevay, that this woman really was in the quality of a servant, and that a hint from madame la marquise would have produced her absence as often, and for as long a space

of time, as she pleased: I was therefore mortified beyond expression to find that the hint was not given. Though I had not made a direct declaration of love to the lady, the whole of my conduct and behaviour must have convinced her of my sentiments. Any woman may be made to think that a man is fond of her, though he is not; but few women, and fewer French women than others, are so dull, as not to perceive the symptoms of love in him who is really enamoured with them. I had every reason to believe that she had the highest esteem for me; and, had it not been for my finding all my attempts for conversing with her alone baffled, and *that* evidently with her connivance, I should have flattered myself that some particles of tenderness were intermingled with her esteem. On one particular occasion I found her alone: the conversation between us was on general subjects. As I expected the maid every moment, for I had laid no scheme for keeping her away, I did not at once attempt

to lead it to the most interesting point. The interval, however, becoming much longer than usual, my discourse, at length, began to tend that way; when madame la marquise, as if by accident, shoved a box from off the table, which making a noise by its fall on the floor, the officious maid immediately entered, and having lifted the box, she calmly seated herself in the room. I am persuaded that my looks were expressive of disappointment, vexation, and reproach: I did not utter a syllable for a considerable time, not even to support the conversation; which she resumed, and sustained with the greatest good-humour, and almost in the accent of one who begs to be forgiven. I could speak only in short sentences.—She mentioned some English books that she had read with great pleasure—of the national character, comparing it with that of her own country at its most brilliant period. I at length observed, “that the French had one advantage over the English at all periods; that they could con-

verse with their most esteemed friends, before indifferent persons, with the same ease as if none were present, which was what very few English could."

At this remark she smiled; and, after remaining silent and thoughtful for some time, addressing the maid, she said—"You wished to take a walk, Christine; if you please, you may go now: monsieur has something particular to say to me."

No sooner was the woman gone, than I expressed my thanks to the lady for this instance of her complaisance, acknowledging that I was one of those who could not speak, without restraint, to a friend, in the presence of any third person; that I had earnestly wished for an opportunity of laying open my whole heart to her, on a subject on which my happiness depended; and I then declared my passion in the most impressive terms. She made no attempt to interrupt me; but, with a gay air, she replied—"That she knew it was the prevailing opinion among the Eng-

lish, that the French ladies expected such declarations; that what an English woman of character would consider as affrontive, a French woman viewed as a proof of politeness—a becoming homage paid to her charms; and, at the worst, a proposal to be forgiven, though rejected; that she herself happened to be of a different opinion from that imputed to her countrywomen; she could readily excuse me, however, for not knowing her particular way of thinking. But as I had now performed, with all due decorum, the ceremonial which I might suppose French etiquette exacted, she hoped that every thing of the same nature would be dispensed with in future, that she might have the happiness of continuing to view me in the light of a genuine friend, to whom she owed everlasting esteem and gratitude.”

This she pronounced in a tone partly jocular and partly serious, but entirely engaging.

I could not help thinking, on the whole, however, that this friendly species of defence

was preparatory to a graceful surrender.—I could not conceive that a gay French woman, bred amidst the gallantries of Paris and Versailles, would think a combat *à mort* absolutely necessary on the present occasion ; but I saw that it was highly incumbent to proceed with all possible address and spirit. I accordingly brought my whole eloquence into play, aided by that degree of action which I thought most likely to give it effect : she evidently shewed a reluctance to quarrel with me about trifles. I flattered myself that victory was at no great distance ; when she suddenly rose, and said, with earnestness, and some share of severity, that she must withdraw. When I attempted to remonstrate against it, she repeated, with an air of great firmness, “ You must not oppose my withdrawing : but I will meet you again to-morrow, and without any witnesses.” Seeing that she was determined, I did not think it prudent to insist farther, I only said, “ Or this evening.” — “ No, not this evening,”

said she; "I am somewhat indisposed."—"Indisposed!" cried I, with an alarmed voice—"Are you unwell?"

"It is not much," said she: "I will assuredly meet you alone to-morrow."

I did not well know what construction to put on her conduct: I should have been still more concerned at the thoughts of her being suddenly seized with some bodily indisposition, if I had remarked any of that languor in her countenance which attends such illness; but I never saw her look with greater firmness and animation than when she left me. In the evening I had some conversation with the maid, who, I observed, sat not, as usual, in the room with her mistress, but in one adjoining. I asked if the lady was indisposed and gone to bed? She answered, "that she rather thought that something had vexed la marquise, because she had not even reclined on the bed, as was her custom during any slight indisposition, but seemed uncommonly

ly thoughtful, and expressed a wish to be alone."

You shall have the sequel in my next.

Yours ever,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIX.

The Same in Continuation.

Frankfort.

THE following morning, a little before our usual hour of breakfasting, the marchioness sent me word that she was inclined to breakfast in her bed-chamber, but that she would meet me an hour after in the parlour. I was there considerably before that time was expired: she entered the room about the hour appointed. There was a solemnity in her manner that I had never observed before. To the usual inquiries she answered only by bowing her head. She then expressed a desire to be allowed to speak, without interruption, until she had finished all she wished to say. I promised to be silent; and she expressed herself in the following terms:—

“Independent of the important obligations which I lie under to you, for which I

shall ever feel the highest gratitude, I have observed qualities in you, sir, which must command the esteem of every one, and might win the affection of any woman whose heart was disengaged. Though I did not think myself at liberty to acquaint you with all the particulars of my story, I *did* inform you, that I was a woman of family, a married woman, and I never gave you reason to believe that I was not a virtuous one. I was willing to impute your addresses yesterday to the general impression which, I have been told, prevails in your country respecting gallantry in France. I endeavoured to convince you of your mistake; notwithstanding which your behaviour was such as no modest woman could permit, and as would have prevented me from ever desiring again to see any other man who had behaved in the same manner. To you, sir, I wished to explain myself farther, because I freely acknowledge that it would be most painful to me to withdraw my

esteem and friendship from one who has laid me under such weighty obligations.

“ Be assured that you are in an error with regard to the ladies of my country. Though endowed with more vivacity than some of their neighbours, they equally know to distinguish gaiety from vice. I myself was educated in virtuous principles, under the eye of the best and most amiable of her sex.—O! my beloved, my lamented mother, never shall the maxims which you taught and practised be erased from the memory of your unhappy daughter!”

Here her voice failed; she burst into tears, and she continued sobbing for a considerable time. I was as unable to speak as she was. Having dried up her tears, with an air of dignified composure, she resumed—“ I have to inform you, sir, that I am not only a married woman, but the wife of a man of honour; a man whom I always esteemed and loved, and whose misfortunes render him dearer to me than ever; one who, in the days

of our prosperity, returned my love with equal affection, and has ever honoured me with his entire confidence. At this moment, sir, he is fully informed of my escape from Vevay by your means, that I have travelled and lodged at inns with you: I have even described you to him with the partiality which is natural for a grateful heart to feel for a benefactor, yet I am confident that he does not harbour one sentiment of jealousy. Even a woman who had little regard for the virtue of chastity would be shocked at the idea of being unfaithful to such a man; and were I capable of such wickedness the whole world would detest me—you yourself would despise me. But if I could be made certain of the world's remaining in ignorance, and of your continued regard, still I should be odious in my own eyes. The service you rendered me would appear to me a curse instead of a benefit, because, in rescuing me from oppression, it had led to my seduction into vice."

Here she paused. She seemed greatly disturbed. As for me I was quite confounded. I did not see the objects before my eyes distinctly—they seemed to move in a circle. I had experienced something of the same kind, during two or three seconds, after receiving a blow on the head, in a skirmish near Mantua. The difference was, that, after the confusion occasioned by the blow, no sense of shame took place; whereas I never was so completely out of countenance in my life as in the present instance; I had neither power nor inclination to interrupt her silence.—She herself resumed.

“ I am duly sensible, sir, of what I owe you—I shall be ever grateful: but, after what passed yesterday, we must separate—I can no longer remain in your company. I intended, as you know, to pass over to England; I retain the same design still; but I shall remain at this place until I hear of your arrival at Hamburg, and of your having sailed from thence.”

I could be silent no longer.—I began by

expressing sorrow for having offended her—I declared it should be the last time. The embarrassment that must have been evident in my apology had a more powerful effect, perhaps, than if it had been better arranged and more eloquent. She saw that I was sincere. I desired, with earnestness, that I might have the honour of accompanying her to England. When I had prevailed on her to agree to this, I said, “that if she had any scruples at my proceeding with her to London, that I should leave her before she entered it, and call on her the day after to assist in directing her to proper lodgings, and in whatever else I could be of use; and it needed not appear that I had accompanied her during any part of the journey.”

She replied, “that it certainly was of importance not only to *be* innocent, but also to *appear* so; that the one, however, was infinitely of more importance than the other; that the first also was in every one’s power, whereas the second was not; that she was aware that her journey from Vevay to Lon-

don, in the company of a man of my appearance, would expose her to the attacks of malignity; but that having already informed her husband of it, she was indifferent who else knew it; that she had some acquaintance in London, among whom there were several natives of her own country; but that the person on whose protection she chiefly relied was an English lady, one of the worthiest of her sex, who had been the friend of her mother; that her first care, after she should arrive in London, would be to wait on her; and that she would be directed by her advice in subsequent measures."

Being unwilling that my brother should hear that I had come over in company with a foreign lady, before I should have an opportunity of explaining the matter to him, I expressed a wish that she would not mention my name to any of her English acquaintance.

To this she assented.

I then hinted "that London was so vast a city, that she might, perhaps, have a difficulty in finding the lady."

To this she said, "that the lady in question was of a rank in life that precluded any difficulty of that nature."

I own I had some curiosity to know who this woman is; but she declined naming her, and I thought it would be unbecoming to put a single question on the subject.

Now, Sommers, I am persuaded that the issue of this business is very different from what you expected. My first meeting with this lady, our escape, and being pressed so long together in the same carriage, announced another catastrophe to the adventure. After Virgil says

"Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus, eandem
Deveniunt,"——

no reader can imagine that she is to go out precisely the same as she went in: as little could it have been foreseen, that a young, handsome, gay French woman (for, though under the gloom of misfortune, madame de —— is naturally of a gay disposition), could have cleared her way through the labyrinth in which she wandered with me.

Do you ask, Has she entirely cleared her way? I answer, *Entirely*, and for ever. Were we in the reign of Jupiter, and I a believing Pagan, I should as soon attempt to seduce a Vestal, while she was feeding the sacred fire, as I would now renew my former addresses to madame de ———.

Do not think that it is merely by the force of her remonstrance that she has brought me to this determination? Very sublime speeches have been addressed to me by other ladies in similar situations, without altering my proceedings; because, in the midst of their heroics, I plainly saw that *less* was meant than met the ear. On such occasions it often happens that some part of the defendant's behaviour inspires the assailant with hope, and betrays a secret wish to throw upon him as much of the guilt as possible, without the intention of being herself finally deprived of the pleasure.

Nothing of this nature appeared in the conduct of madame de ———: her whole behaviour was uniformly and unaffectedly modest.

She sincerely loves her husband, and as sincerely esteems her own honour. To have allured her from the course in which alone she can have peace of mind, had that been in my power, which it was not, would have given me, as well as her, lasting remorse.—Do not smile, and attempt to quote cases in which I have not been so scrupulous. Though you are acquainted with my whole secret history, you can quote no case *exactly* in point. Observe that I do not attempt to justify myself in every instance that you can adduce: all I assert is, that there is an essential difference between prevailing on a woman to give up a jewel on which she puts but a moderate value, and for which she, however erroneously, thinks she receives an equivalent, and seducing another to part with what she esteems invaluable, and the loss of which depresses her mind with endless sorrow.

You will possibly imagine that, in my conduct to the marquise, I did not observe the doctrine that, if I remember right, I endeavoured to establish in my letter respecting

Travers and the lady at Lisbon—namely, that *a man of sense*, though unrestrained by principle, will not attempt the seduction of a woman of unblemished character without some encouragement on her part, or his thinking he has seen some degree of levity in her behaviour.

This doctrine I still adhere to, let it bear ever so hard against my own claim to the title of a man of sense: but I must at the same time say, that the doctrine was founded on observations made on British manners. I never thought it equally applicable in some other countries, and as little so in France as in any part of the continent of Europe. If a man makes love to a married English woman, she will think herself obliged to manifest anger in the first place, even although she is disposed to comply in a decent time; whereas a married French woman, in the same situation, will not think it at all necessary to display anger, even although she be fully resolved never to break her marriage vow.

This circumstance shows, at least, that gallantry of this nature is considered with more indulgence in the one country than the other. I knew that madame la Marquise had lived in the most fashionable circles at Paris, and I did not know what effect example might have had on her mind. I am now ashamed at my own want of penetration, in not having seen, from the whole of her conduct, from the moment I first met with her, that she was a woman of dignity of mind and incorruptible virtue.

But what you will think as singular as any circumstance of this eventful history is, that although I admire the beauty of this woman as much as ever, her conduct has extinguished within my breast every sentiment regarding her, but those of respect, esteem, and friendship, with an earnest wish to promote her happiness and that of her husband.

My observations on life convince me that the heart passes more naturally from friendship to love, than from love to friendship;

but this applies only to successful love, where satiety may have taken place, which can never happen in my intercourse with this lady.

I have written to Travers to take the same furnished house I was in when last at London; or, if that cannot be had, one in the same quarter. I am not fond of remaining long at an hotel, and still less of living entirely at my brother's. I love him most affectionately, and would do any thing to oblige him, except marrying. Besides his being apt to harp a little too much on that discordant string, his house is frequented by a set of people who pass under the denomination of 'the best kind of people in the world,' and are, notwithstanding, exceedingly tiresome. My brother, though his health is delicate, though he thinks it worse than it is, and though he seldom goes abroad, yet he *lives*, to use the common phrase for keeping an excellent table, as well as any man in England. Though he is a man of great good sense, he is one of still greater good-nature: his house is open to a number

of those same *best kind of people in the world*— you are sure of having four or five of them at dinner every day. What they are called the best kind of people for I never could imagine. To praise the wine, and assent to whatever is said, is, no doubt, a proper and becoming behaviour at a nobleman's table; but the conversation of those who do nothing else, one should think, would become wearisome at last. Were I in my brother's situation, I should endeavour to oblige such people in some other way. He endeavours to oblige them in some other way, and in that way also; and so proves his benevolence to be greater than that of

Your friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXX.

From the Same to the Same.

MY DEAR SOMMERS,

Hamburg.

I MIGHT have been with you by the time you will receive this, had I not been tempted to remain two days for the conveniency of a passage in Captain ——'s frigate, which he offered me in the frankest manner. He seems to possess all the good sense, benevolence, and military ardour, that I so much admired in his brother, with whom I was so intimate at Corfica; to which he joins much original humour. When I mentioned the marchioness, he said, "that a passage in his frigate, instead of going in the packet, was of more importance to her than to me; because the chance of her being taken by any French cruisers would be less: and that, even with regard to myself, I ought not

to consider the event of being taken by the French in the same light now as formerly, when prisoners of war were certain of being treated with humanity, and often with politeness; that the reverse was the case now. He spoke with great indignation of the insults which General O'H—a and Sir S—y S—h had undergone: to palliate which, the directory had accused the British government of cruelty to its prisoners; a calumny that was not credited, even in France, and is contradicted by the united voice of the prisoners themselves. Captain — declared, at the same time, that if he should have the good fortune to come in sight of an enemy's frigate, during the passage, we might rely on being entertained with a chase, and probably an engagement, before he could land us: this, he knew, would be an additional motive with me for giving him the pleasure of my company;” adding, “that it would be so also to the French lady, if she happened to be of the same disposition with a

countrywoman of his, of very high rank, who, with her husband and some other company, came on board his frigate, when he was cruising of Cherbourg, from another vessel, in which they had been sailing for pleasure, but to which they were prevented from returning, for two days, by the violence of the weather. During this interval, there was at one time reason to expect that they would have an engagement with a French frigate of equal force. This lady, so far from betraying any fear, when she saw the crew in high spirits from the hope of a victory, expressed as much satisfaction as any of them, saying—"She wished to have the pleasure of seeing French colours strike to the British; which, though it often happened, she had never witnessed, except at the theatres."

This town is at present swarming with strangers; French, in particular, abound, and form a striking contrast with the natives: two meagre emigrants might, by a good carver, be easily cut out of one well-fed burgher of

Hamburg. Sour-cROUT and smoked-beef are undoubtedly the most nourishing of all food. How the French were ever able to get the better, in the field, of the portly Germans, I do not comprehend; yet, notwithstanding their full living, the Hamburgers look as serious and sad as if they were under the terror of a revolutionary tribunal; whereas the emigrants frisk about, as gay and elastic as squirrels in a chesnut-grove.

There is nothing for which the French were ever so greatly to be envied as their good spirits, and the cheerfulness they display under misfortune; and they never had such an opportunity of manifesting this enviable quality as since their revolution. The inhabitants of every country of Europe have reason to complain of its consequences, surely, in a much less degree than the French emigrants; yet I have found the most cheerful and agreeable society among them, in every country through which I have passed.

I am sorry to hear that the dread of invasion

still depresses the spirits of any friend of England. The brilliant state of our navy alone ought to remove every fear of that nature. France, under no form of government, and by no efforts, can create a navy equal to that of Great-Britain; and now, when the whole island is armed, and in the way of being well-disciplined, that navy may be employed in every quarter of the globe. The idea of an invasion of England, in its present condition, fully armed, and unanimous against the public enemy, must be more terrible to the invaders than to the invaded. For my own part, I am a little ashamed to be out of the island, when such a thing is in contemplation; and nothing would have kept me abroad so long, except my fear of disobliging my brother, on a subject which I find interests more now than ever. His ill health has at last determined him to renounce all thoughts of marriage; which makes him wonderfully anxious that I should submit my neck to the yoke without loss of time: to encourage me to this, he either personally, or by proxy, has

taken the trouble, as I do very much suspect, to court for me. I am given to understand, as I formerly hinted to you, that I have a very advantageous match, as they call it, in my power. The rank and fortune of the damsel are vaunted: neither are my lures. Indeed I know not what is—

“Non sum qualis eram bonæ

Sub regno Cynaræ * ;”——

that is, I am not such a child as I was when I first met that jade the Comtessina. I never can be fonder of a woman than I was of her; and what a pretty situation should I be in at present had I married her: this thought has occurred to me a thousand times since. By your assistance, my good friend, I escaped from her snares: this reflection, joined to the experience I have since had of my own mutability, inspires me with as great a reluctance to matrimony as my brother can possibly have: yet I have received various letters from him of late, urging me to this measure in the most earnest terms; stating the advantages that will result to myself, the com-

* Horace.

fort it will be to him to know that his title and estate are secured to the family, and to descend to my posterity.—He is more careful of my posterity, you see, than I am myself. He hates the person to whom his title and estate would go, failing his own and my children; and cannot bear the thought of their being transmitted to him or his descendents: this, I am convinced, more than any other consideration, moves him to press me so earnestly. Am I to give up the freedom I love, and wear fetters all my life, to prevent an event which gives me no concern, merely because the chance of it fills another person with uneasiness. Since he has so great a dread of such a catastrophe, I wish to the Lord he would take the trouble of securing against it, by begetting his own heirs. If he did, you will tell me that I should be cut from the view of ever possessing his title and estate. I do assure you, Sommers, *that* idea gives me no pain; I am persuaded of nothing more fully, than that more riches would not in-

crease my happiness; and, as for the peerage, if ever I shall have the good fortune to perform services to my country, worthy of such an honour, I should receive it from his majesty with gratitude and gladness: but a peerage, obtained by the death of my brother, would fill me with sorrow—and one conferred for no other merit than that of commanding a few votes for a minister could not in the least gratify my vanity. You perceive, therefore, that I have no inducement to change my condition, unless to gratify my brother. I should think that inducement sufficient, if I did not consider his motive as a little whimsical, and if what he requests did not overset all my notions of happiness. As for the particular lady he has in his eye, I am still in the dark; he has certainly given no hint to any of my relations, otherwise I should have received it among my last dispatches: some of them are the most communicative people I ever had any experience of. My aunt, Lady Susan, could not have omitted

an article of so much importance : she writes to me all she knows, often more than I wish to know, and a great deal of what she knows nothing. The lady his lordship has chosen for me is comprehended in the last article : I have not the least curiosity to be better informed, being fully resolved to remain the most obedient humble servant of the whole sex. I have too much affection for the sweet creatures ever to marry any of them : not that I do not envy many who do, particularly yourself. I am fully convinced, from your account of your Juliet, and my knowledge of your character, that you are one of the happiest men of my acquaintance. Long may it be so, my dear Sommers. You were always a steady fellow ; but what has a wavering animal like me to do with such a lasting business as matrimony. No ; any thing to oblige you but that, my dear brother : in this resolution, at least, I shall be invariable. Let this, however, remain a secret between you and me, Colonel ; for, though I shall endea-

your to wave, evade, and procrastinate my brother's favourite plan of matrimonising me, I will not afflict him with the idea that it never shall take place. I have still hopes that his own health will be so much re-established; as to induce him to follow the advice he gives me.

I shall inform you of my arrival in London; and, as soon as the marchioness shall be settled in somewhat of a comfortable style, I will endeavour to persuade Travers to accompany me to Hampshire. When I shall have succeeded in tranquillising my brother's mind on the grand point, I will return to the capital, endeavour to be of what farther service to the marchioness may be in my power, and then set out for your happy retreat. I wish to know, with all her love, whether your Juliet has more friendship for her husband than I have for my old schoolfellow?

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXXI.

From the Same to the Same.

London.

WE arrived on Tuesday, without having been stopped by a single highwayman between Portsmouth and London. The marchioness thought this a piece of wonderful good luck; having imbibed the same idea with most foreigners, that it is two to one in favour of a person's being robbed, before he travels fifty miles, in England: this they find to be a mistake; but I have heard many of them, who, while they acknowledged it, declared, at the same time, that the innkeepers, in a great measure, supplied the omissions of the highwaymen.

Travers had called twice: the second time he left a note, to inform me that he had secured my old lodgings; so I slept there the

first night, leaving the marchioness and her maid at the hotel.

When I waited on her next day, I found madame de —, a relation of hers, with her. She seems a very agreeable woman, and will be of great utility to the marchioness, having been a considerable time in England, and speaking the language with wonderful correctness, for one of her country. Hitherto the French, in general, have taken less trouble than any nation to acquire the languages of other countries. All Europe has reason to lament the cause of such numbers of them being now under a greater necessity, than the people of any other nation, to obtain that acquirement.

Madame de —, who is a widow, invited her friend to live with her: this was declined; but a lodging was found to the marchioness's taste in the same street. She has already been visited by some of the most respectable of the French at present in London. But she has now told me, that the person in this

country on whose friendship she has the greatest reliance is lady Diana Franklin, who, when she was last at Paris, lived in great intimacy with the marchioness's mother, for whom she had the greatest regard, and with whom she afterwards kept a friendly correspondence, until all correspondence of that nature was interrupted between the two nations.

I have had the pleasure of being in company, two or three times, with lady Diana: she is assuredly the very flower of old maids; a class to which she is thought not only nominally, but essentially, to belong; and that from choice, having been powerfully solicited to enter into another. I never knew a woman more universally well spoken of by all, but those of whom nobody speaks well; unless it be occasionally by lady Diana herself, who often finds something good to say of the very worst.

The marchioness was greatly disappointed on being informed that lady Diana was in Devonshire, and not expected to return very

foon. She has however written to that lady. She waits also with impatience for a letter from her husband, by which her future proceedings will be regulated. Before she can receive that, I expect to return from my brother's; until which time I have reminded her that she is not to mention my name, either in her letters to lady Diana, or in discourse to any person in London. I should be sorry it was at all known that I came in her company before I have fully explained all the circumstances to my brother.

I find that I shall not be able to go to Rosemount so very soon as I expected, Travers having entangled me in a business of his, which it is needless to mention.

You shall hear from me when I set out.

Meanwhile I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miss* HORATIA
CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA.

Plimpton.

I HAVE just received a letter from madame la marquise de —, dated London. How happy I am that she has made her escape from that country of horrors! You have often heard me speak of the civilities I received from this lady's mother, when I was last at Paris. Accustomed from her youth to the splendor of a court, and living in intimacy with people in power, she not only united ease and affability to dignity of manner, but also retained a sensibility of heart to all the calls of private friendship. She was at once a woman of wit, and of great good nature.

It is a common notion, that those two

qualities are seldom united. I never was entirely of that opinion, and less so since I became acquainted with you, my dear, than ever. But whether the notion is well-founded in general, or not, I am sure that the marchioness possessed both those qualities in an eminent degree. Her good-nature never for a moment forsook her, and wit seemed always to lie in her way, without her ever going in search of it.

Her chief care, when I knew her, was to cultivate the mind of her daughter, in which she had as easy a task as those whose business it was to give grace to her person, both being admirably formed for doing honour to her instructors. This accomplished young woman was soon after married to the marquis of —, a man of character, greatly approved of by her mother. He emigrated early in the revolution, and was in the army of the prince of Condé. The mother and daughter were both imprisoned during the tyranny of Robespierre. I heard, with much sorrow, that the former

fell a victim to the cruelty of that monster; and I was afterwards informed that the daughter had been liberated; by what means I know not, nor have I ever received certain intelligence concerning her since. I regret exceedingly my not being in London at present; and that my poor friend, Mrs. Denham, is in such a state, that it would be cruel in me to leave her. What can be a stronger proof of this than my not flying directly to London to meet the daughter of my friend, a stranger, perhaps in pecuniary distress?

In your last you inform me that you intend to take your leave of Mrs. Sommers very soon; that you can no longer evade the repeated invitations of your aunt; and that you will set out for the capital at the beginning of next month, and remain with her till my arrival.

I hope it will not be very inconvenient for you, my dear, to go directly on receiving this. Who else can I entrust with the delicate commission I wish to be carried to the marchioness?

You are not a great deal younger than herself: your manners are so very—I will not say what your manners are—but I am sure you will gain her confidence. I inclose a draught on my banker. I once intended to have sent it in the letter addressed to herself, but she might have thought it too free. Her father had a great deal of pride.—You will manage it with more delicacy—you will see the proper time of making her the offer.—Let her know how often you have heard me speak of the obligations I lie under to her mother. In my letter to her, I inform her that, notwithstanding the great distance of our ages, you are my confidential friend.—I say I was the friend of your mother as much as of hers; and I hint distantly at the commission with which I have entrusted you. She may think it strange that I do not go directly to London—I dare say she expected this—it was most natural that she should.—Pray, my dear, explain this.

Mrs. Denham is really very ill—weak in mind as well as body: she has no friend near

her but myself. Were I to leave her at present, I do believe it would entirely break her heart.

I am convinced that Mrs. Sommers will not endeavour to keep you an hour after you tell her how very earnest I am that you should set out for London directly ; but I need not add that you ought not to give any hint of *one part* of my commission.—I flatter myself that your next letter will be dated London.—Do not trouble yourself to write till you get there, and have seen the marchioness.

I remain, my dear Horatia,

Yours, most affectionately,

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER XXXIII

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD to *Lady* DIANA
FRANKLIN.

As soon as I received your letter, my dear lady Diana, I mentioned the contents to Mrs. Sommers, and told her that I should set out for London very early next morning. I had before agreed to remain with them a week longer. If I am not excessively deceived, the thought of my unexpected departure gave uneasiness to both the colonel and her: neither, however, opposed my going; they were sensible that no entreaties would have prevailed on me to stay. The colonel is as devoid of affectation as his wife: and you have said that you never knew any one more free from it than Juliet. They are a very happy couple: they seem to me to stand in need of no society but that of each other. How different from the situation of some of

our married acquaintance, who are exceeding hospitable, not from fondness of the company of their guests, but from weariness of their own.

You remember our visit to your relations, Mr. and Mrs. Frothley, six weeks after their marriage. When you spoke of returning to town, I shall never forget how very earnestly we were pressed to stay another day—"Only one other day," said Mrs. Frothley."—"You surely will not be so cruel," added her husband, "to refuse us one single day." We remained accordingly; but you were afraid that we should be pressed as much to stay a second and a third day: but, to your astonishment, we were allowed to go the next morning, without either husband or wife expressing a wish for our stay. Mrs. Frothley's confidential friend, Mrs. Pierce, explained this to me. They expected no company on the day we were so much pressed to stay, and dreaded being left together; they knew of a relief the day after, and therefore made no opposition to our going.

It is different, thank heaven! with my friend Juliet and her husband; and it is my happiness to believe they were sorry for my departure—not *because*, but *notwithstanding*, they were to be left alone.

London:

I wrote the above at an inn on my way to town, where I arrived last night. As it was not late, and I was no way fatigued, I had some inclination to have waited directly on the marchioness. My aunt exclaimed so much against it, that I was obliged to yield the point.—I went immediately after breakfast this morning, and have just returned: she is, indeed, a charming woman. As soon as she had read your letter, which I gave the maid to deliver, I heard her coming down stairs with rapidity. She has an engaging ease of manner that I never saw surpassed. Yet our conversation was at first a little ceremonious—it soon became affectionate.

“ You are a near relation of lady Diana?”

“No relation; but she honours me with her friendship.”

“That is still better.—How fortunate for so young a lady to have so valuable a friend!”

“I consider it as the greatest happiness of my life.”

“You have reason,” said she.—“That dear lady had much friendship for my mother.”

[Here she was some time unable to continue; at last, wiping her eyes, she added]

“And, for her sake, I find she has likewise some for me.”

“Her ladyship regrets exceedingly,” said I, “that she is absent from town at a time when her presence might be useful to you—I hope you will permit me to supply her place as much as is in my power.”

“You are very good.”

“Independent of the pleasure I should have,” resumed I, “of being at all serviceable to you on your own account, I know that it will be the most effectual means I can adopt of obliging one whom it is the study and

pride of my life to oblige; one who has behaved to me like a second mother."

"Ah, my God! Has mademoiselle lost her first?"

[She saw me afflicted, and she apologised for recalling afflictive ideas to my mind.]

"It is to lady Diana's friendship for my departed mother," said I, "that I am indebted for her partiality to me."—"Her concern for me," cried she, "is from the same cause."

[This similarity seemed a new link to our beginning friendship: she looked at me, as I thought, with increased affection.]

"Where did your mother die?"

"In my arms," I answered.

[She seemed greatly moved—She stood with her eyes fixed on me, yet with a wildness of gaze, as if her mind was occupied with something different from what her eyes beheld—She then exclaimed, with a voice of anguish]

"And mine by the hands of murderers—on a scaffold!" She shrieked.

[She sunk on the couch, and continued sobbing, with her handkerchief pressed to her face. I wished to say something consolatory, but could not. After a considerable interval she became more composed, and, with a look of tenderness, she resumed]

“ Do you not intend soon, my dear lady, to visit your friend in the country ? ”

“ Lady Diana is at present with a friend in distress, who cannot receive company, but whom she expects to be able to leave soon ; and I certainly shall not quit London till she arrives. ”

“ Alas ! the happiness of that good lady’s life is likely to be much interrupted by the distresses of others. ”

“ The greatest happiness of her life consists in relieving the distressed. ”

“ It is a great blessing to have the power of such enjoyment, ” said she.

“ It is, perhaps, as great a blessing to have a taste for such enjoyment, ” added I.

“ True,” rejoined she. “ For though those who want the power are apt to exclaim against many who have it, because they are deficient in the inclination, there is much reason to fear that many more of these very exclaimers would be still more deficient in the inclination, were the power given to themselves.”

“ It may be so,” said I; “ but it cannot be so fully proved until the trial is made.”

“ My God!” said she, with emotion, “ has not the trial been made in my miserable country. How many wretches, formerly in indigence, are now in affluence! But where is their desire of doing good? What is become of their vaunted benevolence? How do they relieve the poor, except by luxuries, greater perhaps, and certainly grosser, than those they exclaimed against, when they were themselves in a state of poverty?”

“ I am convinced,” said I, “ that there

are few situations in which a truly-humane and benevolent mind will not find the power of doing good offices."

"You are right," added she; "and you may depend upon it, that those who, while in confined circumstances, give no proof of a benevolent disposition, except declarations how generous they would be if they were rich, will give as few if they ever should become rich. I have heard much good," continued she, "of the English ladies—Pray, are there many like your friend?"

"It would be fortunate for England that the number was still greater."

"Ay," rejoined she, "or for any other country. France was formerly distinguished for amiable and accomplished women, who gave the stamp of elegance, decorum, and even taste, to society; women, whose company was courted by the most enlightened men of the age in which they lived.—My God! what an alteration! The French were formerly thought to carry cheerfulness into every society, now

they spread sadness wherever they go : they were formerly accused of too great levity— Gracious Heaven ! how infinitely preferable was it to the atrocity that has been ingrafted on the national character since.”

[Imagining that although her recent misfortunes made her speak with bitterness of her country, yet that she would rather be pleased to hear it mentioned with respect by a stranger, I said :]

“ The character of a great nation, such as France, is not to be changed by the crimes of a few men, however atrocious.”

“ Alas !” exclaimed she, my dear Miss Clifford, France, from the happiest country, has become the most wretched. The manners of its inhabitants, from being amiable, have become disgusting. Robespierre had communicated his spirit to many before he expired : the venom of that serpent still ferments in the nation, and threatens to infect all Europe.—Be assured that the national character is perverted.”

I certainly have no inclination to palliate the crimes that have been committed in France since the revolution; but I can make a distinction between those men who acted from honest motives, and those who were impelled by ambition, self-interest, or revenge: I perceived, however, that she could not bear such discrimination; her mind being fixed on the horrid result, she disregarded the motives of those who began the revolution, and held the memory of all who had at any period promoted it in the utmost detestation. I immediately dropped the subject.

Although I showed more moderation, I do not pretend to more candor than the marchioness possesses. The opposite light in which the same object appears oftener proceeds from a difference of situation, than a difference of character, in the spectators. She has been a positive and personal sufferer by the revolution: I certainly have also experienced very uneasy sensations from sympathy with the

unfortunate ; but—my God ! what a difference !

I had been watching an opportunity of giving the draft ; and when I thought a proper one had presented itself, I said, “ that, from the present situation of her country, and the manner in which she had been obliged to quit it, lady Diana was certain that her affairs could not be well arranged, and had, therefore, desired me to leave the paper, which I directly laid on the table, and was then hurrying away.”

She begged of me to stop ; and having glanced at the draft, she said—“ I expected something of this nature, from an expression in lady Diana’s letter : but I have no occasion at present, my dear ; I have already a considerable credit with a banker in London ; I am far more fortunate than many of my countrymen. I will inform lady Diana of all these particulars : but, in the mean time, you must take back this ; lady Diana shall keep it until

I really need it—but that will not be very soon; for I am rich enough to live a long time in London in the style I intend to live.”

I began to express how very much it would oblige you if she would allow me to leave the draft.

“I would do much to oblige so very generous and so amiable a lady, my dear: but it would not oblige her except it obliged me; and at present I assure you it would not; so you must take the paper with you. I am fully sensible of lady Diana’s friendship, of which I mean to avail myself in other respects.”

Fully convinced that any further attempt would be fruitless, I did as she desired.

A lady and gentleman of her own country calling soon after, I took my leave of the marchioness.

My aunt means to wait on her with me to-morrow; and you may rely upon every

thing being done, to render her situation comfortable, that is in my power.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Denham : and I remain,

Most affectionately,

Yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD to *Lady* DIANA
FRANKLIN.

London.

I SHOULD have had a strong sense of gratitude towards you, my dear lady Diana, although you had never done me any other favour than that of making me acquainted with the marchioness. I grow fonder of her every day; and what you will think more surprising, my aunt seems to be as fond of her as I am. I had some fears, before they met, that this would not have been the case. She always had a prejudice against foreigners, to whatever country they belonged: this prejudice is now stronger than ever; because, she says, they all put her in mind of the French. My uncle, who is the most candid man alive, sometimes rallies her on this head. Yesterday we had two persons at dinner who

were much of my aunt's way of thinking; one a country squire, from the bishoprick of Durham, the other a merchant from the city. The conversation had continued, for some time, on the superiority of this island in all respects, climate among the rest, over every other part of the globe. My uncle, though he has a very favourable opinion of both his country and countrymen, thinking their superiority had been carried a great deal too high, was silent.

“Have you nothing to say in favour of Old England, Mr. Darnley?” said my aunt.

“What need is there of saying more, my dear,” answered he, “after it has been clearly proved, that, were it not for Old England, the rest of the world would not have been worth creating!”

“Well, well,” resumed she, “you may laugh at my preference as much as you please, Mr. Darnley; but I would be glad to see any country that can be compared to England.”

“ It will be very difficult to gratify you in that, my dear,” answered he ; “ especially if you adhere to your resolution of never going out of England.”

“ Then,” said she, “ I shall remain ungratified ; for, in spite of all their fine descriptions, I am resolved to go to none of their foreign countries, particularly not to France.”

Notwithstanding her prejudice, the engaging manners of the marchioness have won the heart of my aunt. She behaves to her in the kindest manner possible. She has dined with us frequently ; and my aunt never fails to put me in mind to invite the marchioness’s company as often as I go to call on her, which is generally once every day.

I hinted, in a note last week, that the marchioness had expressed an inclination to communicate the most interesting particulars of her story to me.

As my aunt seldom drives out in a morning, and I have her chariot entirely at my

command, I have carried the marchioness to many of those places, near London, which excite the curiosity of strangers. On our return from one of those, I reminded her of her promise; and she told me, that if I would accept of part of her fricassée, and pass the evening at her lodgings, she would fulfil the promise of which I had so often reminded her.

Having obtained my aunt's leave, I dined with the marchioness that very day. She ordered herself to be denied, and favoured me with the narrative, which I have since written, to the best of my recollection, and shall send you by your footman William, who is to set out for Devonshire the day after to-morrow.

The reason of your having received only one short note from me, during so long an interval, is, that my spare time has been occupied in transcribing that narrative. Much of its force is lost in my translation; yet, had I been able to communicate it to you in the

very language of the marchioness, still you would lose the graces of her voice and manner. Acquainted as I am, however, my dear lady Diana, with your sensibility, I am apt to think it better, on the whole, that some of the circumstances are conveyed to you thus weakened, than with the pathetic poignancy they were impressed on me.

The marchioness has been so warmly solicited, by a lady of rank, to pass some time at Richmond, that she went there yesterday, and is at present with a pretty numerous society of her own country-people. You may direct to her there till I inform you of her return to town.

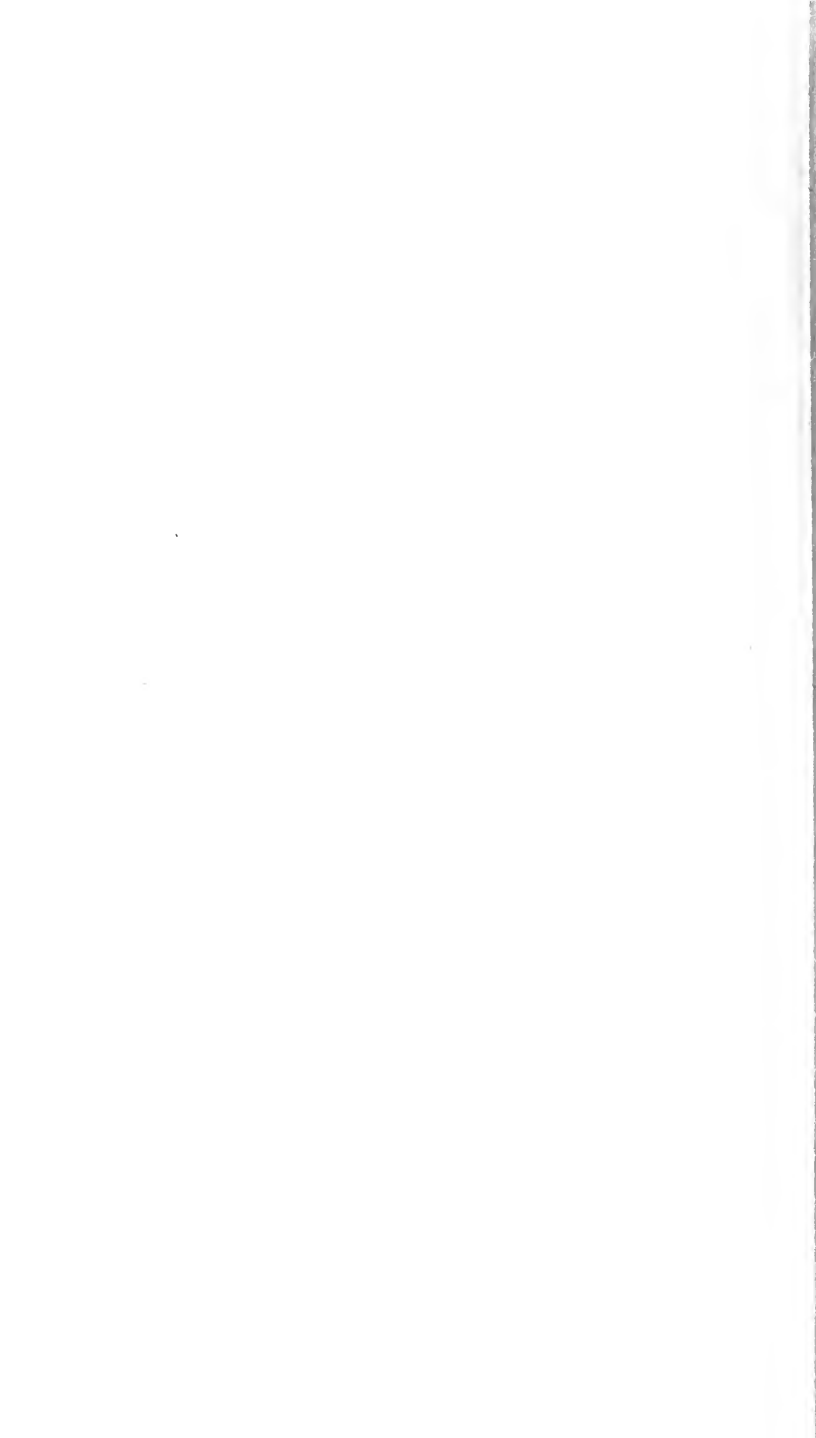
H. C.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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very little of the things that are done with prudence
 and care, and the world would not
 have stood in a state of confusion, if it were not
 for the wisdom of God, who has made all things
 to serve his purpose, and to bring about his
 glory. The things that are done in the world
 are all the work of man, and are all the work
 of sin, and are all the work of the devil, who
 is the author of all iniquity. The things that
 are done in the world are all the work of man,
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