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A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT BAGE'S *MAN AS HE IS*

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A CRITICAL EDITION OF ROBERT BAGE'S *MAN AS HE IS*

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INTRODUCTION

I.

The Reputation of *Man As He Is*

An early advertisement for Robert Bage's *Man As He Is* appeared in *The Star* on June 26, 1792, announcing that the book "has been pronounced the first-rate Novel in the English language."[1] No doubt the Minerva Press was hyperbolic in touting its latest publication, but the earliest reviews of the novel were hardly less enthusiastic. The *Monthly Review* assured its readers that the author "has written a novel which, we have no doubt, the world will read...."[2] The world, however, has not read *Man As He Is* and can barely remember its author, Robert Bage.

The last twenty years of the eighteenth century, when Bage wrote his six novels, were the best of times and the worst of times for English novelists. The reading public, increased by wider education and encouraged by circulating libraries, demanded more and more fiction. And almost anyone, it was thought, could write a novel -- a task which, after all, did not require a classical education to execute. Vicessimus Knox, the headmaster of Tunbridge School, railing against the dangers of novels in his *Essays Moral and Literary* (1782), offered as one of the evils of the novel the fact that "traders, and even manufacturers of a very subordinate rank" were devoting time to novel writing which should have been used to providing a living for their families.[3] Even a paper manufacturer, like Robert Bage, could dabble in novel writing. A knowledge of the present times and manners was quite enough to give them what they wanted, and what most delighted the public were sentimental romances and histrionic Gothics; tears and terror seemed to rule and almost destroy the art

of the novel established by the early masters of fiction -- Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett.

The circulating libraries were often blamed for catering to the simple tastes of their numerous women subscribers for sensational fiction, since novels often outranked non-fiction in the library catalogues by a margin of 3 to 1.[4] No doubt circulating libraries filled a need similar to that now supplied by radio and television soap operas, for the contents of both soap operas and the popular novels of the 1790's are essentially the same. Both concentrate either on domestic problems of love, marriage, and seduction (the "Peyton Place" school) or on Gothic horrors (the "Dark Shadows" school).

The cheap novels of Bage's day, however, were denounced far and wide as corrupters of young women, for it was feared that the "reading Miss," like the heroine of Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey, would emulate the heroines of the novels by learning artificial codes of "true love," which might lead to disrespect for parents' wishes. By this logic every novel reading lass would be looking for a life of wild adventure, running off with the first available seducer, and ending up a social disgrace.[5]

Undoubtedly the most popular of the libraries which encouraged the reading of sensational fiction was that of William Lane at 33 Leadenhill Street, London. Lane also published Bage's last three novels, including Man As He Is. Cheap novels, filled with spectacular action and tawdry sentiment, poured from Lane's Minerva Press and stocked his circulating library. In 1791 he claimed "complete superiority in the novel field," but insisted that he was taking steps toward publishing more "literary productions."[6] When he advertised Man As He Is in 1792 as "first rate,"

he may well have been making an attempt to redeem his promise to the public to publish work of higher quality.

Bage appears as one of the few writers of the period who could view the world with ironic detachment while writing a clear, nicely balanced English sentence. A sampler of Bage witticisms will illustrate these qualities. In Mount Henneth (1781) the lively Laura Stanley says:

> I fancy,...matrimony is like our cold bath, which I used to approach with fear and trembling, and kept tormenting myself by dipping an inch at a time, till they had flattered or bullied me into the desperate act of shutting my eyes, and sousing over head and ears at once, and then I found it pleasant enough for a few minutes.[7]

In Bage's next novel, Barham Downs (1783) the heroine Annabelle Whitaker writes her sister that:

> Uniformity in goodness, is uniformity in dulness; and the most uninteresting of all characters that ever were drawn, is, I find, the stiff, starched, demure, formal, all-virtuous Sir Charles Grandison.[8]

In James Wallace (1789) the eccentric Holman writes his friend Wallace, "I like to treat things philosophically, James Wallace; and, I say, nature created no other evil for man but pain; all things else, which we call evil, spring from -- improvement...."[9] In Bage's last novel, Hermsprong, the hero is always ready with an aphorism, such as his comment that women "are our equals in understanding, our superiors in virtue. They have foibles where men have faults, and faults where men have crimes."[10] But it is the witty Miss Fluart in that novel who can twist a phrase with livliest effect, as in her description of herself as "I, who love so well peace and plum pudding."[11]

No wonder the reviewers welcomed Bage's novels; they must have appeared to sparkle in contrast to the sentimental heroines mouthing

cliches in the mass of unreadable novels in this forgotten and perhaps forgettable period of English fiction. Even more recognized novelists of this period, such as Ann Radcliffe and Charlotte Smith, are not exempt from stylistic faults, not to mention the ponderous Johnsonese of Godwin's novels. Godwin's dullness had undoubtedly hampered the effect of his doctrinaire novels even for his contemporaries, as T. J. Mathias indicated in this couplet in Pursuits of Literature (1797).

> Godwin's dry page no statesman e'er blieve'd
> Though fiction aids what sophistry conceived.[12]

Most historians of the novel still mention Bage's Hermsprong, or Man As He Is Not (1796), usually in the same breath with the novels of doctrine by Godwin and Holcroft.[13] Hermsprong is an ideal -- or at best a character so confirmed in his ideals that he can confront a corrupted society and win every argument. On the other hand, Bage's earlier work, Man As He Is (1792), gives a more realistic portrait of man and his society. The hero, George Paradyne, is aware of ideals but discovers the impossibility of achieving them in this world, and we like him the better for it. Here we find the world of social comedy is broader, more fully developed, than in Hermsprong, and as such can give us a clearer idea of what men were thinking and talking about in the early 1790's. If we discover that men muddled through, changing their minds with each climate, yet somehow surviving, even as now, we may have discovered one of Bage's points.

If the world has not read Man As He Is, the reason may well be that it has not been published since 1819,[14] even though Hermsprong has enjoyed occasional republication and at least two editions in our own century. The few modern scholars who have managed to get hold of a copy of Man As He Is, however, have registered their interest in the novel.

One of Bage's most enthusiastic readers in the twentieth century was Carl H. Grabo, who discussed most of Bage's novels in a 1917 article in the Mid-West Quarterly. He saved his discussion for Man As He Is for last because he considered it "by long odds the best."[15] After praising Bage's style and characterization, he concluded with a comparison of the novel to Thackeray's Pendennis, which he found similar but less realistic in depicting the ways of young men.[16]

Saintsbury mentioned Bage in The English Novel, 1927, and found Man As He Is "far better" than Hermsprong.[17] Yet as much as he seems to enjoy the zest in the novel, Saintsbury offers a plausible explanation for its failure to retain a reading public.

> But he was essentially a novelist of manners and character at a transition time, when manners and character had come out of one stage and had not settled into another. Even Miss Edgworth in Belinda shows the disadvantage of this: and she was a lady of genius, while Bage had only talent and was not quite a gentleman.[18]

If the world of fashion had become a world of snobs by the early nineteenth century, as Thackeray suggested in his Book of Snobs, readers would indeed look askance at any writer who did not show that world as they wished to see it, especially if he were "not quite a gentleman."

J.M.S. Tompkins, however, in her discussion of Bage in The Popular Novel in England: 1770-1800, does not mince words about her preference. "Man as he is," she tells us bluntly, "is Bage's best book."[19] She, too, sees the novel as an anticipation of Thackeray and considers Hermsprong a break from Bage's previous development as a novelist of manners.[20]

The most recent full study of Bage occurs in Harrison Steeves' Before Jane Austen, which devotes a full chapter to Bage, whom he labels, "An Eighteenth Century Shaw," while he then goes on to compare him to Fielding.

Steeves prefers Hermsprong but calls Man As He Is "beyond doubt the subtlest of his novels."[21] He does attempt to look at the artistry of the novel but finds it overpopulated with interesting, unnecessary characters and "overlaid by digressions, good in themselves, but intrusive in a modern novel..."[22] In spite of his confusion, Steeves seems to have enjoyed the novel while preferring the condensations of Hermsprong to the elaborations of Man As He Is.

There is no need to take sides; both novels can still hold the attention of the modern reader. Yet these comments should indicate that Bage has more to offer as a novelist than propaganda. We might miss his point entirely if we lump him automatically with Godwin as a revolutionary novelist, forgetting that Godwin never shows us a sense of humor, but that Bage always does. Perhaps he is indeed following the example of "les Sages, les Marivaux, the Fieldings, the Smollets," as he hints in his preface. As such he becomes a precursor of the English humorists and satiric observers, Peacock, Thackeray, Dickens, Huxley, and Waugh -- not to mention P. G. Wodehouse.

In fact one of the few contemporary mentions of Bage occurs in context with a mention of Fielding. William Cowper wrote his friend Samuel Rose, December 8, 1793, that he was then reading Man As He Is, had in fact had it in his study window for a year, ever since William Hayley had given it to him. He had not looked into it until his young cousin, Johnny Johnson, had come to visit and urged him to do so. "We are now reading it," Cowper confides, "and find it excellent: abounding with wit, and just sentiment and knowledge both of books and men." The other book they were reading that winter was Jonathan Wild.[25]

The first reviewers of Man As He Is were most impressed by Bage's liberal ideas; most of them quote long passages from the political debate between Miss Carlill and Rev. Holford over the question of the divine right of kings. The Monthly Review thought the novel lacked unity because of the many digressions but praised it extravagantly for its "power of playing on the fancy, interesting the affections, and teaching moral and political truth."[24] The English Review (XX, 1792) also praised the novel for its liberal views.[25]

Other contemporary reviews emphasized the educational virtues of the novel in teaching morality to its young readers, for as Bage reminds us in his preface, the novel was considered a corrupter of young ladies. The Anthologia Hibernica (I, 1793) considered Man As He Is "superior to the common run of such productions: it possesses taste, science, and sentiment, and may be read with pleasure and improvement."[26] The London Review (Nov., 1795) held nothing against digressions and particularly liked the story of Miss Zapora because it "affords a useful lesson of the happy effects which are frequently produced by a steady perseverance in the paths of piety and virtue."[27] (Any modern reader who feels the book has here been "damned by faint praise" should remember to skip Miss Zapora's tale or notice the teasing manner Bage handles her characterization.) The Analytical Review, while apologizing for being so late in getting around to this novel, holds it up as an example of what a good novel should be and recommends it as a "playful mode of instruction."[28]

Such response indicates that the novel was fairly well received, although the emphasis of the reviews seems to be more an approval of the content than an appreciation of Bage's artistry. Such unsophisticated

concerns were typical of eighteenth century reviews, however. Taylor, in Early Opposition to the English Novel, remarks that critics of the period possessed few criteria to use in discriminating good works of fiction from bad,[29] and that as often as not merely expected novels to be novel.

> As early as 1752, a writer for the Monthly had concluded that "all the variety of which this species of literary entertainment is capable, seems almost exhausted, and even novels themselves no longer charm us with novelty."[30]

Considering the novel form so trivial, the reviewers often did not get around to considering the efforts of novelists until months or years after publication. The Analytical Review, as we have seen, did not discuss Man As He Is until 1796, four years and two editions after its first publication. J. M. S. Tompkins offers another explanation for the lateness of many reviews; a reviewer might not be able to get hold of a popular novel because it would have been sold out, and he would have to wait for the second edition before writing his review.[31]

She insists, however, that while critics of the eighteenth-century novel were not particularly interested in form, they held consistent criteria concerning the matter of a novel.

> Critics and novelists were agreed as to the material of the novel; it was to consist of character, manners and sentiment; it was to endeavor to display character in action, and it was to be guided (not too overtly) to an instructive close; but they were not deeply interested in the shaping of the material...The reviewers paid attention to the moral, probability and characterization of a novel, in that order, and always chastized a bad style, but they were seldom tempted to go further, or to apply general principles of composition to the shapeless naratives that poured from the press.[32]

Perhaps she is right in noticing that the reviewers of the 'eighties and 'nineties were developing "a growing interest in form,"[33] for the Monthly

does object to the digressions in Man As He Is. I suspect, however, that such interest in form was peripheral for most reviewers. As late as 1824, a review of Hogg's The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner in the Westminster Review condemned the novel by using the following criteria:

> There are three good reasons for reading books: first to be instructed by them; secondly to be amused; and thirdly, to review them.[34]

This reviewer is no doubt being somewhat facetious; yet his use of Horace's principle of utile et dulce is superficially directed toward the content of the novel, not the form. And the praise given Man As He Is by the first reviewers is similarly praise of the novel's apparent success in teaching and amusing the reader. The reviewers who like the book like the satiric thrusts made at church and state.

We may notice that the more conservative magazines, such as the Gentleman's Magazine and the Critical did not review Man As He Is, although both gave mention to some of Bage's other novels.[35]

It would be difficult to say that Man As He Is contains more radical ideas than Bage's other novels, although the reviews openly applauded the liberal views of such characters as Miss Carlill in her denial of the divine right of kings. There is a similar discussion between a Philadelphia Quaker farmer and the young French nobleman St. Claur in The Fair Syrian,[36] and it was used as here to help the maturing young hero first question the aristocratic system. The scene in Man As He Is is more fully developed and presented at a moment of greater dramatic interest -- during the scene when the hero first meets the heroine. The effect of the scene is far more intense in Man As He Is than in The Fair Syrian, for in the earlier novel St. Claur has the casual conversation with the Quaker as merely one among many

stimulating events of his stay in America. Considering the year of publication of Man As He Is, just three years after the start of the French Revolution when many English liberals were still applauding this action, it does seem likely that the liberal reviews would welcome even more enthusiastically than formerly a novel which contained such gems gleaned from Rousseau's Social Contract and the works of the French encyclopedists. And they did.

The reviewers had previously given warm receptions to Mount Henneth, which had contained Mr. Foston's deistic ideas, much criticism of the American War, and the view that virginity was not a prerequisite to a young woman in forming a suitable marriage. Barham Downs had gone even further by suggesting that the lady need not even be raped but could be comfortably seduced and still eventually become a respectable member of society. The Fair Syrian expanded the theme of sexual liberality by having the heroine Honoria actually offer herself to the young man who saved her life. The sexual content of these novels would seem most tame to modern readers, however, for in all three of these books sexual transgression is never described explicitly and is accompanied by many tears and much repentance.

On the other hand, the attacks on the basic institutions of the society are presented with more force in Man As He Is than in previous novels. Whereas the nobility at their worse, such as Lord Bembridge in The Fair Syrian, were merely irresponsible gamblers and cads, Lord Auschamp in Man As He Is is dangerous. He misuses his responsibility by buying seats in parliament and is quite sure that his title places him above ordinary morality to bribe and manipulate as he pleases. Mr. Mowbray's attacks on marriage are more bitter than those of George Osmond in Barham Downs, whose wife also

ran away from him. Mr. Mowbray's life is ruined by insanity afterward; George Osmond lives to marry again. The attacks against the government in the earlier novels were directed against the economic disasters and harsh taxation which resulted from the American War. We find the highest symbols of government attacked in Man As He Is in the discussions of kings and the corruptions of parliament.

The irrationalities found in church, state, and society were more often presented as personal opinions by such raissoners as Mr. Foston in Mount Henneth, who developed broader religious views after living as a nabob in India, or Paracelsus Holman in James Wallace, who decides parents are domineering because his own are. In Man As He Is, however, the problems resulting from the irrational demands made upon individuals by the institutions of government, marriage, and family are more menacing. Kings and courtiers alike are corrupted by power, even benevolent monarchs such as Joseph II, as described in Miss Zapora's story. Most of the parents seem by the very nature of their position to become unreasonable tyrants, and all of the marriages described at any length are miserable. Yet the couples pair up in the end as blithely as in Bage's earlier novels, parenthood continues, and kings thrive.

Man As He Is takes many of the same liberal ideas in Bage's previous novels to their furthest possible extent without actually having his characters suggest revolution. And this liberality was indeed greeted by the reviewers with more enthusiasm than they had given any of Bage's earlier works.[37] The conservative magazines like the previously mentioned Gentleman's might simply have been following a general practice of paying less attention to any novel than to more respected genres such as histories or travels

when they did not review Man As He Is; or they might have noticed, too, as the Monthly did, the more stringent attacks on church and state and decided not to mention Bage's latest novel.

The number of editions Man As He Is enjoyed during the period immediately after its publication indicates that the novel fared well with the reading public. There were three editions during Bage's life and one after his death. There were also two translations into German.[38] Bage's four earlier novels, Mount Henneth (1781), Barham Downs (1784), The Fair Syrian (1787), and James Wallace (1789), did almost as well with at least two editions each and foreign translations during the next forty years after their first publication.

After the eighteenth century, however, critics and readers were not always so kind to any of Bage's novels again until the twentieth century. Although Mrs. Barbauld included Hermsprong in The British Novelists series and Scott anthologized Mount Henneth, Barham Downs, and James Wallace when bringing out the Ballantyne Novelists series, both warn readers against the "radical" tendencies in the novels.

Scott, in his introduction, dwells at some length on the dangers of Bage's free attitude in sexual matters.[39] He also objects to "an indelicacy of expression frequently occurring in Bage's novels,"[40] and therefore censors the "d--n's". On the whole, Scott is fair to Bage by putting three of his novels in the collection, more than he allowed any other novelist. As he maintains:

> The Editor of this work was never one of those who think that a good cause can suffer much by free discussion; and though differing entirely both from his political and theological tenets, admitted Mr. Bage's novels into the collection which he superintended, as works of talent and genius.[41]

He did not admit Man As He Is, however; perhaps the stronger emphasis given political content here was too strong for Scott. The memory of its revolutionary setting was perhaps too recent, even in 1821, with not enough rosy distance provided for historical "objectivity". Or perhaps Scott chose Bage's three shortest novels in consideration of length, for all the novels in the series were bound together, several to each fat volume.

There can be no doubt that public taste had changed toward Bage by Scott's time anyway, for we find few editions of any of Bage's novels after the Ballantyne project was discontinued. Perhaps a more basic cause is that there seems to have been a general change in taste, which can be seen in the fates of other once-popular books during this period. Lady Louisa Stuart described the reaction of her friends to the once wildly popular Man of Feeling in a letter to Scott in 1826. She had read it aloud one evening, although some of the company (perhaps remembering their reactions to it in the 1770's) had feared "it would prove too affecting." On the contrary, she related, "I am afraid I perceived a sad change in it, or myself, which was worse, and the effect altogether failed. Nobody cried, and at some of the passages, the touches that I used to think so exquisite -- oh dear! they laughed."[42]

Scott had recounted a similar story in a letter to her in 1821. His great aunt, Mrs. Keith, had told him how much she had once enjoyed the novels of Aphra Behn and asked him to find them for her. He complied, but she returned them and advised him to burn them.

> 'But is it not,' she said, 'a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London.'[43]

Scott indicates insight into the changes of his times when he credits such a reaction to "the gradual improvement of the national taste and delicacy."

Bage, we could say, with his redeeming irony has little in common with the sensationalism of Mrs. Behn or the sentimentality of Mackenzie, although he played with both elements in his novels. Perhaps he deserved better treatment by the public than they. And yet the satiric barbs of his novels often have an effect similar to the tears in The Man of Feeling, one of total frustration at being unable to change the social ills presented. Bage criticizes the social system but does not offer an alternative, nor even suggests that the present one is completely inadequate. As strongly as we feel the satiric barbs against kings and courtiers, we have only to look at Sir George Paradyne and his friends Bardoe and Lindsay to realize that even aristocrats can be good men. Mrs. Birimport's first marriage may have been miserable, but her second may be happier. Bage does not create a new world as Scott does in order to present chivalric values in a more feasible, believable setting.

Bage might have found a larger audience in the Romantic period if his novels had presented his social commentary in a more tightly organized form, perhaps in a form which would have resembled those of the other most popular novelist of this period, Jane Austen. She produced minute satiric analyses of the social life in the small English village, but to create such an organically constructed world implies an acceptance of its general values. Bage might well have been developing such a novel of manners, for his scenes in Combor Village in Man As He Is and in Grondale in Hermsprong show a particularity in depicting the social types of village life which was later to be Miss Austen's forte. But, if Saintsbury is right in suggesting that Bage

was writing "at a transition time, when manners and character had come out of one stage and had not settled into another," then the tensions inherent in presenting a world of changing ideas and manners would create insurmountable difficulties for a novelist.

But there is no indication that Bage was trying to create the world as it is in an integrated, coherent pattern, as the realist Jane Austen did, or the world as it should be, along the lines of such idealists as Scott. Bage does not offer the reader such a neat package as either of these justly famous novelists did. What he does accomplish is more like what is found in the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, another almost ignored contemporary of Austen and Scott. Peacock's novels, such as Nightmare Abbey or Crochet Castle, are comedies of ideas containing similar discussion scenes to the ones we find in Bage's novels. Peacock satirizes all ideas equally, and no one view is offered as a panacea for world problems. He has even been described doubtfully as a sort of Liberal-Conservative,[44] and Bage might well be similarly labeled. But the readers of the Romantic Age who showed little appreciation for Peacock clearly had no taste at all for his precursor Bage.

The prudery of the Victorian Age was not conducive to a Bage revival, and his novels completely disappeared from print as the nineteenth century continued. Toward the end of the century, however, a discussion of Bage appeared in The Yellow Book, written by Hermione Ramsden. She praises Bage extravagantly as a feminist novelist, saying that "his object was to instruct women,"[45] particularly in Man As He Is. Her enthusiasm continues as she finds Bage arguing for equal education for women and equality in sexual freedom. She applauds him for being anti-marriage, a position which would no doubt have surprised Bage. There are a number of out-spoken women in

Bage's novels, such as Miss Carlill, and Miss Colerain spends a brief period earning her own living. Hermsprong does say "I consider a woman as equal to a man; but let it not displease you,...I consider a man also as equal to a woman."[46] The heroine of The Fair Syrian does offer to become the mistress of the man who has saved her life rather than risk losing him altogether, but they are both so embarrassed by her offer that they sever their relationship, at least temporarily. Miss Colerain does maintain in Man As He Is that men should be as virtuous as women before marriage, but she is consistent with this position in the ending. Miss Ramsden is so busy praising Mr. Mowbray's position on divorce[47] that she apparently doesn't notice he is presented as a pathetic lunatic. No one can accuse Miss Ramsden of being a prude or a snob, but her praise of Bage is as much directed toward his content as Scott's admonitions were. She reads him ideologically and tries to imagine him out there fighting for women's rights as she is.

Miss Ramsden also points out that the picture of manners in Man As He Is proves "that a great change for the better has taken place in the ways and customs of English men and women since the close of the eighteenth century.[48] This sign of great progress is the disappearance of duelling, weeping in public, and female fainting -- but progress it is and progress she must find. Even the liberal Victorians, one suspects, were perhaps too hungry for "answers," often ideological ones, to have an open sympathy toward Bage, who gives them none.

In summary, we can see that the reputation of Robert Bage as a literary artist and of his longest novel Man As He Is has been almost non-existent, should we wish to compare the reputation of this book and artist with, say,

the reputation of Scott's Ivanhoe or Fielding's Tom Jones. At its first publication there was some friendly response from liberal reviews like The Monthly Review, and we know of a few distinguished contemporaries who read and liked the book. In the nineteenth century we find that Man As He Is was published only once and never again since, while the name of Robert Bage as a novelist disappeared from the literary scene.

Yet several knowledgeable critics in the twentieth century have from time to time revived Bage's name and expressed warm interest in his novels. Steeves and Grabo have even been openly enthusiastic about Bage's work. Saintsbury, Tompkins, and Grabo have all considered Man As He Is Bage's best book, while the majority of literary historians have at least mentioned Hermsprong in passing.

Most readers have never had access to Bage's books. After all, a book like Man As He Is, which has not been reprinted for 150 years, would not be in many libraries. So any discussion of Bage's reputation would necessarily be limited to the opinions of a few fortunate scholars. Amazingly enough four doctoral dissertations to date have been written on Bage and his works.[49] Almost all of these have complained of the difficulty in obtaining his novels; some were never able to locate The Fair Syrian.

One can hope that Bage's reputation will rise, once more of his novels are available to readers, but that might well be an overly enthusiastic response. I can feel certain that no accurate assessment of the English novel at the end of the eighteenth century can be made unless such a skillful writer as Bage is taken into account -- if only to illustrate that at least one writer was still taking a satiric tone years after Fielding's death and at a time when the novel-reading public was being generally and willingly

bombarded with high seriousness and sentimentality, whether in the form of Mrs. Radcliffe's terror, Mrs. Smith's tears, or Godwin's sermons. As Bage's reputation stands now, the fact that his name has survived even in footnotes is a credit to a few sympathetic scholars.

II.

The Art of Man As He Is

Such mixed reactions toward Bage and Man As He Is can be seen as a result of the mixtures of his time and art when critics themselves seemed none too sure of what to expect from a novel. The Gothics were upholding the life of reason by escaping into wild (but often ultimately explainable) fantasy. The sentimentalists were crying over, but not suggesting corrections for, social ills -- however much they might have inspired eventual reform. Artistic genres were experiencing an unstable period, and it is no wonder critics find it difficult to place such writers as Bage. In Bage's preface to Man As He Is, he calls the novel "a non-descript." Perhaps the best we can do in attempting to classify this novel is to juxtapose Man As He Is with those eighteenth-century novels which seem to be doing similar things.

Were the novel dated 1750 instead of 1792, we would have no trouble. "Ah, ha!" we would say, "an imitation of Fielding!" A gullible young man, George Paradyne, is sent on a journey to learn the ways of the world. In the countryside he meets such social types as a pedantic parson, Holford; a blue-stocking, Miss Haubert; and the love of his life, Cornelia Colerain. Further temptations come his way in the city in the persons of his uncle, the manipulating courtier, Lord Auschamp, who wants to teach him political chicanery, and the flirtatious lady of quality, Ann Brixworth. A wider variety of social types seduce him to a life of wine, women, and dice during his Grand Tour in Europe, but the poor boy's heart is always with the virtuous Miss Colerain, who never fails to see him in the most compromising circumstances (as when he is walking his mistress in the Tuilleries) and

manages to misunderstand every situation. Finally at his moment of deepest despair, Miss Colerain capitulates and takes the boy out of his misery by marrying him.

"Hrumph!" we might say, "an upper-class Tom Jones -- and a poor imitation at that." As in Fielding's classic, there is a loose, episodic structure similar to the picaresque novel. Many of the same character types prevail. James Paradyne, George's hard-drinking, fox-hunting uncle, smacks of Squire Western. Miss Colerain's misunderstandings are similar to those suffered by Sophia, Tom's ideal. And Ann Brixworth is only slightly less conniving than Lady Bellaston. Tom's adventures give him knowledge of country and city life and the vices of both, and he is willing enough to settle for "prudence and religion" in the country with his Sophia, just as George gratefully accepts Cornelia at the end.

Tom's position in his world is rather different from George Paradyne's, however. Tom is an orphan who, through a series of accidents, discovers his rightful place as Mr. Allworthy's heir. The mystery of his birth, of course, provides a rationale for his travels since he must find some place in the world after Allworthy's doors are closed to him. George begins his story as an heir, however, and his travels are intended to provide him with the worldly education needed by the nobility to "correct the errors of his academic education" (Vol, I, Ch. II), which had encouraged him to revere the ideals of Greece and Rome. The evils he meets in his travels, in spite of the advice of his tutor Lindsay to stay away from them, negate every ideal he had learned. Kindness and benevolence are shown as evils, if trying to provide a home for an indigent, young lady like Miss Colerain is interpreted by the world as a compromising act. Parents are not to be honored if you

have a mother like Lady Mary whose only concern for her son's health centers on his plans for the estate after his death. Friendship is not to be trusted when a good drinking companion like Sir John Fielding will help to throw you into prison so he can run away with your mistress and your money. Sir George's education is largely negative; every belief he had ever tried to act on has proven impractical or impossible to maintain. Seemingly there is no place for idealists in the world; yet Miss Colerain demands he be a virtuous idealist.

Tom Jones, at the end of his story, has moved toward his place in the world, a positive understanding of what was true for him -- Sophia, Allworthy's estate, the warm companionship of Western's friendship, and the values of his childhood. Sir George Paradyne merely learns what is not true in his world, and Bage's comic vision therefore produces a far more pessimistic effect than Fielding's. There is a quasi-happy ending. Sir George gets the girl, but to bring this about she must reverse the moral stance she had maintained through four volumes. Even Miss Colerain cannot keep her word, for she does end up marrying a man she considers less virtuous than herself, to the relief of the hero.

"But the narrator's voice," we could argue, "is Fielding all over again." The story of Man As He Is is told by an amiable narrator who follows Fielding's example in Tom Jones of commenting upon the action, assuring the reader of the basic goodness of the hero, and refusing to continue a scene once the dramatic point is completed. "I do not mean that conversations ended where I end them," says the narrator of Man As He Is. "No; should I detail all the antique morality of Mr. Lindsay, what purpose could it answer, except that of laying my fair readers to sleep, whilst they read? I give only specimens; and in spite of vanity I can be made to believe, that nobody will desire more"

(Vol. I, Ch. XX). Such chummy intrusions by the narrator easily remind us of Fielding telling us in a similar manner in Tom Jones:

> Now it is our purpose in the ensuing pages, to pursue a contrary method [to that of dry historians]. When any extraordinary scene presents itself (as we trust will often be the case), we shall spare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our readers; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history, but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.[50]

On closer examination, however, we find that Fielding's narrator serves a strikingly different purpose from that in Man As He Is. Fielding approaches the reader as a companion (in an inn or a coach or beside a fire) with whom he is sharing his story. His manner is considerate as he asks the reader to explore the situations of the story with him in such typical phrases as "Now the reader will be pleased to consider"[51] and:

> Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and, if you please, shall be glad of your company.[52]

The reader is invited to trust this omniscent author and thereby suspend any disbelief. A sense of trust is also established in the prefaces when Fielding outlines his subject matter, "Human Nature"[53] and his plan to write "a history, not a life."[54] He is making it quite clear to the reader that the story is fictitious and that the truth here is general in nature. In other words, Fielding's narrator is striking a pose of treating the reader as an equal and a reasonable one at that. This bond established between Fielding and the reader allows a close identification to occur.

Bage's narrator in Man As He Is does not draw the reader into the story but is rather an effective tool in creating aesthetic distance. In the Exordium he tells us that he is an historian who has been examining "papers whence I have extracted the following true history." His method, seemingly, is to present an empirical study of what man is by examining the evidence at hand -- letters, journals, etc. Such an excuse for writing a story was a standard literary convention by the 1790's,[55] and no reader at that time would have taken the narrator literally as some earlier readers had mistaken Robinson Crusoe's adventures for literal truth.

We find Bage's narrator, however, playing with great gusto and facetious glee the game of being an historical researcher, in spite of the fact that it is quite obvious he is writing a novel, not relating historic truth. At times he argues with the reader over the veracity of his material.

> In times to come -- for who knows what may or may not be the extraordinary productions of time -- it may happen to be debated at some of the coteries formed by my twenty thousand fair readers, their heirs or assigns, whether this true history be a true history or not. It must be decided in the affirmative, by those who consider the internal evidence arising from the present state of things. For what author, not disordered in intellect, and at liberty to chuse his ways and means, would, in the reign of George the third, feign a young English gentleman of birth and affluence, in love -- that is to say -- in love with one; and that to so strange a degree as to impair health; nay -- to become enamoured of death. (Vol. IV, Ch. XXXI)

The "truth," of course, is that only heroes in books die of love, as their authors had had them doing in great quantities ever since The Man of Feeling and the Sorrows of Young Werther.

The narrator also makes a pretence of scrupulous objectivity when he refuses to comment on an action because, as he tells us, the facts speak

for themselves. In relating Lady Mary's reaction to her husband's death, he says, "I do not pretend to describe the affliction of Lady Mary Paradyne; one may judge of its excess by its consequences." We see him also searching through Lindsay's and Paradyne's journals for evidence to put the characters in a good light with the readers, and supplying us with letters as evidence of Sir George's state of mind. All of this is supposed to give an aura of objectivity to the role of the narrator, an objectivity he is constantly breaking to defend or remonstrate with the characters. In fact, the effect of the constant reminders that the story is "true" is to underline the fact that it is fiction and to break emotional involvement on the part of the reader.

Bage achieves another dimension of aesthetic distance through his narrator by assigning an absurd role to the audience, whom he constantly refers to as his "twenty thousand fair readers." To this hypothetical audience he assigns all the literary values of the circulating library audience -- an interest in love stories, exciting adventures, and sentimental heroines. This practice gives him a chance to keep apologizing for not fulfilling their expectations because he must insist on telling the "truth." It is in this aspect of his role as narrator that Bage achieves his fullest satire on sentimentality.

No modern reader, of course, will identify with these "fair readers," yet Bage's persona persists by insisting that he upholds the conventional values of these readers by being shocked over Mr. Mowbray's ideas against marriage or Sir George's capitulations to sin. When he mentions a friend who had attacked Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, he makes it quite clear that he did not invite this friend to dinner, even though the objectionable views had been repeated to the reader with great enthusiasm. By confirming

the moral and political values of these supposed readers, pointing out evil while never missing a juicy detail in relating the gossip, the narrator is playing the role of mentor to his fair readers. Supposedly, the fair readers are secretly drooling over the rakes while being titilated. Since the values and tastes of these "fair readers" are so absurdly oversimplified, it is difficult to conceive any reader taking the assigned role seriously. What is surprising is how thoroughly the early critics of the novel took the novel purely as "a mode of instruction." Even the liberated Miss Ramsden considered all this advice to the fair readers to be evidence that Bage was particularly interested in the education of women. Such critics seem to have thought of the book perhaps as a grown-up version of Sandford and Merton, complete with a sermonizing tutor, without questioning the satiric nature of the narrator's role as teacher.

Bage's narrator is a satiric mask which makes it possible for him to include controversial material in his novel without offending the reader. Distance is placed between the reader and the narrator (we do not believe him), between the narrator and his material (he is assuming an objective pose), and between the narrator and the reader (he is condescending to us by calling us names). Hopefully this will provide enough distance so that even the most prejudiced believer in marriage, family life, church, and state can allow himself to see other views of these institutions and be amused.

As if these devices were not enough, the narrative itself develops an ironic distance between the stated theme in the Exordium and the evidence which is to prove it. If "a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happiness," a theme which emphasizes virtue as the most important aspect of a good life, why does Miss Colerain cry so much, she who is so monstrously

virtuous? And why is it that every time Sir George does a human kindness, such as being nice to Ann Brixworth when he runs into her at Brussels and Dover, he only gets into more hot water by being seen by Miss Colerain? Being virtuous does not make anyone any happier or more humane than not being virtuous. As in Vanity Fair, the reader soon begins to suspect that the narrator's comments are a joke and that he is as fallible as his hero.

We might in fact consider Bage's narrator a parody of Fielding's since his stance is an exact inversion of the rhetorical stance Fielding assumes. We join hands with Fielding, but are held at a distance by Bage's persona.

In fashioning Man As He Is, Bage perhaps did owe much to Fielding's skill with characterization. A veritable flood of social types (already mentioned) overflow the novel. But there is even stronger similarity in the way the characters in both Tom Jones and Man As He Is are presented in contrast to each other. In Tom Jones we find such contrasting pairs as Tom and Blifil, Thwackum and Square, Molly and Sophia, Sophia and Lady Bellaston, Squire Western and Mr. Allworthy. In Man As He Is the gentle Cornelia Colerain is contrasted to her friend, the spit-fire Miss Carlill, on point of temperament, and to the audacious Ann Brixworth on point of morals. George's two closest friends are the stoical Mr. Lindsay and the epicurean Mr. Bardoe. Mr. Mowbray, the lenient husband, provides a contrast to Mr. Birimport, the despotic husband. And we find the good uncle, James Paradyne, who loves country pleasures, and the bad uncle, Lord Auschamp, who is an imitation of Lord Chesterfield in his love of the social and political life of the city.

J.M.S. Tompkins has objected to Bage's tendency, in all his books, but especially in his last novel Hermsprong, to arrange the characters in strict

dialetical patterns.

> Hermsprong, in spite of its touches of humour and pathos and a fairly lively cast, really belongs to what one may call the diagrammatic type of novel, and the mental process behind it is akin to that behind allegory. The author is visibly coercing his human agents; they stand in symmetrical relations to one another, as representatives of this or the other system of ideas, and they pass through the action as through a formal dance, maintaining these relationships intact. They are ingredients in a pattern rather than individuals, and they are stripped of all complexities of character in order that the pattern may not be disturbed.[56]

She does grant that the characters in Man As He Is have more individuality; yet even here the character types remain pretty much the same throughout the novel, true to the respective humor or philosophic stance of each. They do, however, shift in relationship to each other as Sir George (who represents no more clearly defined type than "naive young man" or possibly a combination of "St. George" and "paradigm") moves from one group to another in his travels. For instance, Lindsay is at first opposed to Sir George marrying Miss Colerain, a merchant's daughter, but as George's interests shift toward the hedonistic John Fielding, Lindsay, true to his virtuous stoical beliefs, moves toward Miss Colerain as Sir George's salvation. Sir George's position is constantly shifting as he takes on the opinions of those closest to him at the moment. When he is near Lindsay, he's a stoic; with Bardoe, an epicurean; around Ann Brixworth, he's gallant.

"Why, of course!" we might say, "Sir George is a sentimental traveler. The whole idea for the Grand Tour scheme is probably an imitation of Sterne in Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey." No doubt we might say that any novel written after 1770 with a sensitive young man traveling through Europe as hero and with a narrator who keeps interrupting the story to chat

with the reader is an imitation of Sterne, especially if we ignore the fact that Smollett had used the Grand Tour scheme for satiric effect in Peregrine Pickle. Sir George and Lindsay are, however, referred to as "sentimental travellers" (Vol. I, Ch. IX) when they first set out on their tour of the English countryside. Both Sterne's and Bage's heroes are entertained by Mon. Dessein in Calais, whom Bage also mentions in James Wallace.[57] Both Yorick of A Sentimental Journey and George Paradyne become emotionally involved with everyone they meet in their journeys through France and Italy. Yorick no sooner arrives at Calais than he takes an instant dislike for a begging friar (to whom he is later reconciled in the episode of the snuff box) and feels an instant warmth for the young woman standing beside the monk at the remise door. As he tells us, "...there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for ought I know..."[58] Yorick remains in a similar state of conflicting emotions throughout his journey, and we find Bage in Man As He Is using the same technique for effect when Sir George finds himself in conflict between the opinions of his friends, as he is when Miss Colerain sees him with his mistress in Paris. Conflicting attachments and ideas are the root of his developing mental agony in the novel.

Notice the method Bage uses in describing George's mental fluctuations toward the end of the novel after he has just sent a letter to his sister describing his new-found hatred of mankind when returning from his tour.

> When he had sent it to the post he found himself weary, as every man must be, I hope, who has undergone so strong a fit of misanthropy, and went to his apartment to throw himself upon the bed.
>
> Whether a prone posture begets kinder thoughts, or whether the brain has not sometimes a sort of vermicular motions, first one way and then the other;

> or whether the picture of a Madona, which hung within his view, and in which he thought he saw certain resemblances -- whether all or any of these were the cause of a change in the nature of his ideas, I know not. I only find it recorded that Sir George unthought his former thinkings; and paid a slumbering tribute to the dignity of man. Whether my fair readers will admire or reprobate this versatility of sentiment, is not for me to predict. My business is to show them -- Man. (Vol. IV, Ch. XXIX)

The narrator is external to Sir George's shifting moods, but he plays with several possible explanations for the change, all centered on Sir George's associations with physical objects and the impressions these have on him. The effect of such a passage is to give the appearance of a psychological examination by the narrator which leaves all conclusions to be drawn by the reader.

Sterne achieves a far more complex effect by having the narrator's function as examiner taken over by the character himself, as in Yorick's description of his sensations when he discovered himself alone with the chamber maid in his room in Paris:

> It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May -- the crimson window curtains (which were of the same coulour as those of the bed) were drawn close -- the sun was setting and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair fille de chambre's face -- I thought she blush'd -- the idea of it made me flush myself -- we were quite alone; and that super-induced a second blush before the first could get off.
>
> There is a sort of pleasing half guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man -- 'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it -- not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves -- 'tis associated. --[59]

In such scenes as this, Yorick is shown as both actor and analyst, and the effect is similar to viewing the scene through a split personality. In the first paragraph he traces the associations his mind has made to produce

the blushes -- from the curtain to the maid's face to an awareness of their present situation. In the second paragraph he further objectifies the experience through an almost medical dissection of the blush as the result of the operation of nerves and blood. The intensity of the experience is emphasized as Yorick presents the emotional, mental, and physical aspects of the experience simultaneously.

Bage makes no such attempt to allow us to share his hero's sensations with such intensity. The mocking voice of the narrator prevents such involvement. Bage's overall tone and emphasis is rather different from Sterne's in A Sentimental Journey, however much Sir George may resemble the sentimental traveller in such episodes as his fumbling attempts to help Miss Zapora (or any other pretty girl in distress that he stumbles across). While Sir George is rationalizing his motives, his travelling companions of the moment will point out his self-deceit. Gradually Sir George must reject every temptation or stimulus in his path and become a hermit. Yorick is open to all sensations and follows every curiosity which comes his way, whether to find out which stage the pretty girl he meets at Calais will take or what secret the street beggar in Paris uses to win sympathy from every woman who passes.

There is one structural similarity between Man As He Is and A Sentimental Journey; characters drop in and out of both narratives whimsically and are dwelt upon only as they have immediate effect on the mind and heart of the hero. Since we follow Yorick through his journey, it little matters what happened to the lady at Calais, the indigent officer selling patees at Versailles, or mad Maria, whom we had met earlier in Tristram Shandy, as we pass on our way. To Sterne the response to such experiences is more important

than the experiences themselves. In Man As He Is numerous characters, such as Mr. Jones, the curate-mountebank, are introduced, tell their life stories, and are never seen again. Other characters, like the Fluellen family from Wales, play a small role, and drift out of sight.

Usually Sir George's encounters with these minor characters are used to illustrate some such quality as his generosity. For the most part, the minor characters and their stories are digressive inserts, a popular feature of most eighteenth-century novels.[60] A Sentimental Journey is predominately one fragmentary experience after another, and Sterne's consistant use of this technique underlines his theme of the importance of sensations for their own sakes. Bage's episodes do tend to follow a progressive rather than a fragmentary pattern, as one episode leads into another. There is nothing of the symmetrical unity with which Fielding ties all his episodes together in Tom Jones, where we discover that a character mentioned early in the novel will be of importance in unravelling the plot at the end and where even the digressions counterbalance each other, as the story of The Man on the Hill balances Mrs. Fitzpatrick's and are both tales of misspent youth. In Man As He Is, when Miss Haubert is mentioned again in the last chapter, we have not heard of her since Vol. I. To bring her up again is obviously a whim of the narrator's. It is this kind of whimsy that reminds us of Sterne's playful associations.

Man As He Is does not have quite the travelogue flavor we find in Sentimental Journey, where Yorick dwells upon the objects and opinions which he finds are different from the English way of life, in an effort to capture the emotional nuances of being in a foreign land. Sir George is affected by personal relationships, yes, but seldom by scenery or objects seen on his

journey. Most of the people he meets are English, many of whom he had known in London. One of the few times that Bage gives us a description of a landscape, for instance, occurs when he is presenting the view from the hill at Combor. It sounds as though it has been written while he was looking at a map rather than from personal experience.

> Towards the south was a distant view of the Isle of Wight, and the channel; on the north-east, Winchester; on the east, Portsmouth; nearer, a fine view of Southampton. My fair geographers will perceive we are now in Hampshire, not far from the new forest. (Vol. I, Ch. X)

There is no description of physical scenery at all once the characters cross the channel into Europe, although the narrator teases the reader with such tidbits as the following:

> If any of my fair readers are unreasonable enough to desire more, I have at this instant before me all Sir George's remarks and observations upon the soil, climate, produce, government, and manners of Italy, and upon the heaths of Germany. These I intend to compile in four quarto volumes, with an appendix containing a new system of things -- my own system. (Vol. IV, Ch. XVIII)

When the characters are at Spa, for instance, we never visit the baths or the gardens or see any of the German landscape. He concentrates instead on Fielding's attempted seduction of Miss Fluellen and the duel Lindsay almost fights, with a few passing references to the variety of nationalities Sir George meets there. Personality, character types, and the ideas of the characters met abroad are discussed, but not the countries themselves.

Bage was perhaps wise in avoiding descriptions of unfamiliar terrain, for he had never been to the Continent, although he does not hesitate to send his characters there. He seems to have read not only Sterne, but also John Moore's travel books, such as A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany (1779) and A View of Society and Manners in Italy

(1781), which are mentioned in Barham Downs.[61] These travel books might have given Bage the idea of sending the hero on the Grand Tour and expanding it beyond France and Italy, where Yorick visited, for Moore, while travelling as a tutor, had recorded more extensive travels than did Sterne. Unfortunately I have been unable to obtain a copy of any of Moore's travel books for comparison with Man As He Is. The Grand Tour Moore described in Mordaunt (1800), if it is a fair example of Moore's use of this type of material, does offer some physical description while emphasizing the social and political life of each place visited.

Actually, however, none of Bage's novels spend much space on physical description; he does not seem to have much interest in physical landscape. Characters in conversation people the landscape rather than hills and trees. The Grand Tour motif in Man As He Is merely serves the convenient purpose of allowing the hero to meet a great variety of people and compare a great many views of life. Certainly, for instance, Bage could have given us fuller descriptions of the factories and life in Birmingham (near where Bage lived all his life), but he obviously did not want to do so, for when Sir George and Lindsay visit the city, we see only Sir George's emotions at finding Miss Colerain.

Bage certainly picked up the motto in the Exordium "That a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happiness" from the opening lines of Moore's novel Zeluco.[62] Moore is apparently using the line ironically, however, since what follows is the story of a successful rascal, and I suspect that Bage is being ironic as well, although in a gentler way.

The letters and journals which the narrator of Man As He Is tells us are the source of his tale might easily bring to mind another imitator of

Sterne, Mackenzie, whose Man of Feeling was written as if it had been discovered on fragments of scrap paper the curate had been using for wadding. Bage's material is not presented in fragmentary form, however, but as a straight narrative which the narrator has carefully compiled while frequently commenting on what he has or has not found in his sources. Actually, rather than identifying Man As He Is with the novels of sensibility, we find that Bage is more often than not satirizing the sentimental posturing found in a novel like The Man of Feeling. Excessive emotional display, such as Lady Mary's elaborate mourning (by giving up cards) after her husband's death, is frankly considered by Bage to be hypocritical.

> Those who know what cards and ladies are, will be amazed at the astonishing effects of so common a cause, for husbands die daily; and what ladies are found so deficient in true piety, not to bear the dispensations of Providence with due resignation? (Vol. I, Ch. I)

Sir George and his sister, "who knew to grieve only as nature taught her," are commended for expressing sincere emotion on this occasion.

Other sentimental postures, such as Sir George's retreat to moon over Miss Colerain's picture at Combor White House, are shown as silly, as Bage points out when the plain speakers of the novel, his sister Emily Birimport, Mr. Bardoe, and Mr. Lindsay, arrive to cheer him up.

> My fair readers have seen, that once, the social affections were all alive in Sir George Paradyne. Now alas! they were dead. Neither his sister nor his friends had cordial welcomes -- for they interrupted him in the enjoyment of "sweet melancholy," of which poets and poetesses are so fond. I wish they and the nightingales would get a monopoly of it. My share I give up with all possible good will. (Vol. IV, Ch. XXXI)

Again, Bage is not against genuine emotion. Sir George is not blamed for loving the girl, only for making himself sick over her.

His most effective satiric thrusts against the tactics of the sentimental novelists come through remarks directed at those twenty thousand fair readers whenever he punctures their expectations of how a love story should be told. Bage is perhaps remembering Pamela's or Sophia's wedding days at the end of the novel when he says:

> I beg ten thousand pardons of my fair readers, for having neglected to inform myself of the dress of Miss Colerain, and her blushes, upon the wedding day; together with the form of going to, and returning from the church; and how the day was spent; and at what hour the bride retired. That these are essential matters I know; and am sorry they must be waited for, till the third edition. (Vol. IV, Ch. XXXVI)

Miss Colerain might actually be considered something of a satire of every heroine of the Richardsonian tradition who could be seen weeping through so many pages in so many different novels in defense of her virtue. Her virtue is of course at no time actually attacked, and all her energies are spent on protecting appearances -- the appearance of sin should she live in a house owned by Sir George or the appearance of insult when Sir George repeats Mr. Mowbray's opinions in her presence. And when her campaign to force Sir George to become virtuous becomes clear during the course of the novel, her actions have the effect of a reverse rape. There is something essentially vindictive, as well as illogical, about the scene in Ghent when Miss Carlill, acting as Miss Colerain's agent, turns away the contrite hero with such words as:

> "Cornelia Colerain has not changed her manner of thinking. She loves thee. That is a weakness she cannot conquer. But she does not at present esteem thee. Never will she be anything to the man whom she cannot give esteem as well as love." (Vol. IV, Ch. 24)

Et cetera ad nauseum. Most readers of the 1790's would not have seen Cornelia Colerain as a silly, spiteful girl, however. Richardson's middle-

class morality, long fostered by his imitators in the sentimental novels and the novels of sensibility, was already too deeply entrenched in the English novel. Remember that it was in Maria Edgeworth's Belinda, written only about ten years after this, that the heroine turns away a rather likeable suitor once she discovers that he indulges in gambling, although gambling seems to have been as feared, because of abuse, as drugs are today.

Bage does not seem to have ignored the lessons of the great English novelists of the past in evolving what Vaughn Wilkins in his introduction to Hermsprong terms "his own formula for the palatable mixing of romance and satire..."[63] As we have seen, there is much of Fielding's tone in Bage's ironic view of life, his anti-sentimentality, and his ability to abstract character types. Yet the casual structure, the adherence to the popular taste for love stories and adventure owe much to the sentimental novels of his day. By allowing the conventional framework of romance to carry the sting of social satire, Miss Tompkins suggests that Bage was providing the reader a palatable atmosphere in which to digest his ideas:

> The novel was still a pastime, and no novelist required austere endeavours on the part of his readers, or refused to indemnify them for such efforts as they did make by a liberal supply of providential coincidences and turns of fortunes. Bage accepted the old framework without any misgivings, and set out to amuse. Patches of common novel-material lie besides pictures of real life, and he does not seem to have felt that one invalidated the other or disturbed its effect; They amused the reader in different ways, of which he must be trusted to distinguish the relative importance.[64]

Steeves emphasizes a similar point in his remarks about Bage's style -- although I am not so sure that achieving an easy style is quite so simple an operation as he seems to assume.

> Bage's novels are natural and unschooled. Whatever his wide reading taught him, it gave him no formal (and perhaps constrained) ideas of artistic dignity. He has respect enough for the inherent dignity of the well chosen word, but little or none for literary elegance. Compared with Fielding's, his writing flows easily from his pen, and shows little evidence of studied or self-conscious style.[65]

It seems as possible to me that the unstudied, casual style could have resulted from Sterne's example, in spite of the fact that the majority of novelists at this time were following the even more popular Fanny Burney in her imitations of Johnson.

Most critics in discussing Bage's literary influences have emphasized his debt to the French contes philosophes, such as those written by Voltaire. Saintsbury said that "except for a certain strength of humour, Bage is almost more French than English."[66] Scott had also noticed a resemblance to Voltaire and Diderot, who had attacked the social and political systems of their day through the narrative form.[67] We know that Bage had read these French philosophers; there is a reference to Rousseau on the first page of Man As He Is. When William Godwin met Bage in 1797, Bage told him that his favorite book at that point was d'Holbach's System de la Nature.[68] James Foster has found evidence in Bage's novels that he had read most of the French novels, especially those of Prevost, Rousseau, and Voltaire.[69]

We can see more evidence of the contes philosophes tradition in Hermsprong than in Man As He Is. Hermsprong, the young nobleman raised among American Indians, who returns to his homeland to point out the absurdities of the European social system, is obviously modeled on Voltaire's L'Ingenu, the story of the young Frenchman who had been raised among the Hurons and had accidentally been shipwrecked off the coast of his ancestral estates in

France. The differences between Bage's handling of such a character and Voltaire's may point out in what ways Bage is basically "English" in his humor. Voltaire's character is as much a figure of fun as the upholders of the French social system and the church. When his relatives decide that the young Huron must be baptized, he reads the New Testament assiduously in order to learn the rudiments of his new religion, and at the hour for the baptismal service (having taken every word literally) he greets his astonished relatives at the local river -- buck-naked and ready for the sacrament. In such a scene Voltaire's sarcasm hits all the characters. Bage's Hermsprong, however, is never the target for satire, but always the instrument for pointing out the incongruities in the social system. Even when the innkeeper is relating Hermsprong's odd habits of living, as in the following passage, there is an underlying admiration for his strength and agility.

> He will walk you forty miles in a morning. His shoes are as soft and pliable as silk. Well, sir, after his cold bath, he dined upon a cold round of beef; and, faith! he played his part like a man. A couple of pounds vanished in a twinkling; and he seasoned them with a quart or two of good spring water.[70]

Bage's point is that it is more reasonable and healthy for man to walk, take baths, and drink water than to live in needless luxury.

There is a strong superficial resemblance between Man As He Is and Candide. In both a naif learns that this is not "the best of all possible worlds" and retires to find his own peace. The method of the two is also similar. Everything Candide had learned from his tutor Pangloss and had believed proves to be false; every point of view George Paradyne accepts proves to be impossible to uphold in a real world. Like Candide, in the end he must cultivate his garden. He cannot change his own nature nor the

world, but he can be content with his friends, relieving as much as he can of the misery he sees around him. The experience of reading the two books is drastically different, however. Voltaire keeps his characters at even more of a distance than Bage does, pulling every string to prove his points. Voltaire makes no pretense at creating a believeable story. (How many times are Cunegonde raped and Pangloss killed and revived?) We never believe that there is a shred of plausibility in the story; only the ideas are relevant. In Man As He Is Bage lets us examine the hero more closely, even allowing for some distant sympathy, while watching the shifting of his points of view and observing his conscious thought. The process is slower than the triple-stepped action of Candide and the humor lacks the sting of Voltaire's performance, but we are more involved with the process of the action. Perhaps this attention given to the development of character and plausibility of action (as opposed to the ideas alone) is what gives Bage the "strength of humor" so many of the critics call "English."

Miss Tompkins, in her survey of the popular novel in England during this period, finds that this French influence in Bage's art probably gave it the quality of lively intelligence which sets it aside from most of the other novels of his day.

> It is certain that the French philosophic tale largely determined Bage's course in the novel. Not that he was the implicit disciple of Voltaire and Diderot; his French sympathies never obscured the sturdy English strain in his work; but they showed him what could be done in the way of marrying philosophy and fiction. He would probably not have written novels, he said, if he had had books and opportunity for more serious work; as it was he managed to say what he had to say in this form, and the English novel, which suffered as much from a paucity of ideas as the French novel from an overplus, benefited exceedingly.[71]

Miss Tompkins made this comment largely in reference to Hermsprong; yet

it might well be said of Bage's other novels, particularly this one, that Bage follows the example of his French predecessors in filling his novels with a variety of ideas. Baker, in his History of the English Novel, even gives Bage credit for helping "to naturalize the romans philosophes of Voltaire and his school on English soil."[72]

Baker, however, like most of the other historians of the novel, includes his discussion of Bage in a chapter on "The Novel of Doctrine." I strongly suspect that the coupling of Bage's name with Godwin's and Holcroft's has been a critical expediency. What other kinds of novels were being written in the 1780's and '90's? Bage certainly did not write Gothics, and he is not sentimental enough to be grouped with that school. His characters talk a lot about the topical ideas of his day, and we have evidence that Godwin admired the man and even visited him. Therefore, the two must belong to the same "school," like a couple of eighteenth-century "Fugitives." The visit Godwin paid Bage in 1787, however, is the only evidence of any association between the two writers. And their novels give ample evidence that the two were doing very different things in the novel.

Godwin's Caleb Williams (1794) is also titled Things As They Are, which may be construed as a tribute to Bage's title Man As He Is. Any resemblance between the two novels ends there. Godwin's novel is an intense psychological study of a young man alienated and racked with guilt because of his discovery that his benevolent, aristocratic employer is a murderer. Telling his story in the first person for closer identification between the reader and Caleb, Godwin concentrates upon Caleb's motives, his mental agonies as he flees the revenge of Falkland, and his conscious guilt at Falkland's death. There is not a shred of a sense of humor anywhere.

Bage's hero, on the other hand, is lonely, not alienated. If he

suffers from a guilty conscience, it comes from his realization that he cannot live up to the expectations of his friends, Miss Colerain and Lindsay, by himself. His only real problems result from his attempts to make friends with everyone, only to discover that the views of some of his friends are irreconcilable. He cannot agree with both the hedonistic John Fielding and the stoic Lindsay and expect to keep both men as close companions. He needs only to decide between them to resolve his conflicts, but his wealth and title assure him to some place in the world. Rather than destroy the aristocratic system, Bage heaps more titles on Sir George on the last page.

As Fielding had in his satiric novels before him, Bage finds many faults with the world. Clergymen, like the Rev. Mr. Holford, are busy upholding the state and preaching the divine rights of kings rather than looking after their parishoners. The institution of marriage is no guarantee for happiness since it allows a despot like Mr. Birimport to rule his wife's life with tyranny which she has no recourse except to endure. Courtiers like Lord Auschamp are more involved in party politics than in serving the nation. As badly as the system seems to have worked out, however, Bage doesn't suggest changing it. Sir George even points to the Bill of Rights and the Magna Charta as the symbols of liberty which distinguish the English system from the French when he is talking to French revolutionairies in France.

No particular doctrine is advocated in Man As He Is, such as Godwin's utilitarian views are in his novels. The two men were writing novels during the same decades, respected each other, and had lively minds. But they were not writing the same kinds of novels. Historians seemingly forget that Bage was much older than the novelists of doctrine and had had a wider scope of influences in his own lifetime than they. Suppose an intelligent, sensitive retired businessman of the 1970's were to begin to write novels

as a pastime? It seems likely to me that he would be more influenced in his writing by the novelists admired in his youth, perhaps Conrad and Galsworthy, than by Barth and Updike.

Bage is of another generation from Godwin. He was 70 when Godwin, then age 41, met him. Bage was actually closer to Fielding's generation in temperament and concerns. From a full life of wide reading, he had gleaned much from all the novelists and thinkers of his century and had worked whatever struck his fancy into his novels. Man As He Is in particular is a pastiche of the eighteenth-century novel, containing bits and pieces from numerous writers before him. Rousseau, Voltaire, Berkeley, Hume, Pope, Swift, and even a few unknowns like the pamphleteer Robert Younge, are all mentioned in Man As He Is. Using whatever he found congenial in the novels of his own time, Robert Bage managed to write his own kind of novel.

The elements of plot, structure, and characterization which we have been discussing up until now, with their relationships to the novel as it was known in Bage's day, are not the elements we will probably remember most vividly when we close Man As He Is. In the overall view of the novel, the plot holds little importance, for there is not much to it. The reader is drawn into the flux of action and suspended there by the concentration upon the immediate moment -- the flow of conversation and ideas, the intermingling of personalities and opinions. In this respect Sutherland is right in calling Bage a writer of "novels of ideas," and in saying that Man As He Is can be called "a sort of novel which is distinguished by his concern with the contrast and dramatic interplay of a number of ideas, rather than the didactic recommendation of any single idea or point of view."[73]

Undoubtedly the most memorable aspects of Man As He Is is the use

of conversations. Some of the best ones are the high spirited debate on the divine rights of kings between Miss Carlill, the Quaker, Mr. Holford, the cleric, and Miss Haubert, the bluestocking; the dinner party interrupted by Mr. Mowbray airing his views on marriage; the two afternoon discussions at Mr. Birimport's when he takes first one side and then the other in regard to the Hastings trial; Mr. Fielding's and Miss Fluellen's argument about extra-marital sex; and Mr. Birimport's last conversation with his wife just before his death when he sets out to prove that she must hate him because of all the mean things he has done to her.

If Bage's Man As He Is can be placed within a tradition of prose fiction, the novel bears more resemblance to the menippean satire, that most mixed of all genres, than to any other. Northrop Frye discusses the Menippean satire, which he chooses to call the anatomy, in Anatomy of Criticism.

> Petronius, Apuleius, Rabelais, Swift, and Voltaire all use a loose jointed narrative form often confused with the romance. It differs from the romance, however,...as it is not primarily the free play of intellectual fancy and the kind of humerous observation that produces caricature. It differs also from the picaresque form, which has the novel's interest in the actual structure of society. At its most concentrated the Menippean satire presents us a vision of the world in terms of a single intellectual pattern.[74]

An intellectual pattern, as Frye uses the term here, does not mean a philosophic system. As Frye states elsewhere in Anatomy of Criticism, "The satirist demonstrates the infinite variety of what men do by showing the futility, not only of saying what they ought to do, but even of attempts to systematize or formulate a coherent scheme of what they do."[75] He is referring to the pattern of thought process, not to the ideas themselves.

The intellectual pattern suggested by the experience of Man As He Is

is one of constant negation. We see this process at work in the novel in the way Sir George seeks love and friendship by agreeing with almost every philosophic scheme presented to him. His inner conflicts occur as each system of thought proves emotionally unsatisfying or when his friends holding opposite views clash, and he is torn between them. One can hardly expect the stoical Lindsay to agree with the hedonistic John Fielding when Sir George brings the two of them together at Spa. But Sir George does not choose between them at this point; he agrees to run away with Fielding and the fancy ladies only to prevent a duel between Lindsay and Fielding. This compromise, of course, only complicates his chances with Miss Colerain, and so on. By trying to be friends to all, to accept all ideas, he eventually cuts himself off from everyone and believes in nothing. Bage might well have said of Man As He Is what he had indicated in his preface to Mount Henneth:

> If readers expect to find, in these volumes, anything like wit, humour, plot, character, or keeping, they will be much disappointed. The work puts us in mind of Doctor Johnson's sarcasm on Macklin's conversation; -- A perpetual renovation of hope, with perpetual disappointment. To say the least we can of it, it is bad in the beginning, worse and worse in its progress, but the end is Heaven.[76]

Miss Colerain clings to moral perfection and thereby places herself above everyone else. Quite literally, no man is good enough for her, and she must hold even tighter to her virtue when faced with public disgrace after her father is dead and her fortune gone. She uses her beliefs to maintain her socially superior position, at least in her own mind, then to attempt to control the actions of the man she loves. Similarly Miss Haubert dabbles in philosophy, under the misconception that she understands it, in order to make up for her lack of beauty and social grace.

Mr. Bardoe's ennui is a result of having consumed every idea he could,

just as he does his large, gourmet meals. His taste for life, or any sensation, has palled. But notice how lively he is once he becomes involved in relationships with new friends such as Sir George. Bardoe's state is only another version of the listlessness Paradyne almost succumbs to at the end.

Mr. Lindsay's firm integrity is at least partly an attempt to punish his cruel stepmother, at least in his own mind, like a little boy holding his breath until he gets his way. After the stepmother refused to send money to help his dying wife, he says, "I felt the insulting hypocrisy of her letter; I determined to sting her malignant soul..." Then, when he is sent to prison for a £ 50 debt he owed her, he says "I felt an indignant satisfaction in it." Even though he can earn money from his writing in prison, he refuses to obtain his release until Sir George offers him friendship. His obstinate virtue continues until after he learns of the stepmother's death. He then cares for the last daughter of the family until her death restores his inheritance -- surely a psychologically acceptable revenge. In the last volumes he responds more openly to Sir George's needs even when Sir George's difficulties have been the results of his sins and have landed him in prison.

Nothing is as it appears, and no one acts, really, upon his ideas but from human needs. As Frye also points out:

> The Menippean satire deals less with people as such than with mental attitudes. Pedants, bigots, cranks, parvenus, virtuosi, enthusiasts, rapacious and incompetant professional men of all kinds, are handled in terms of their occupational approach to life as distinct from their social behavior. The Menippean satire thus resembles the confession in its ability to handle abstract ideas and theories, and differs from the novel in its characterization, which is stylized rather than naturalistic, and presents people as mouthpieces of the ideas they

> represent. Here again no sharp boundary lines can or should be drawn,...Squire Western belongs to the novel, but Thwackum and Square have Menippean blood in them.[77]

During a question-answer period at his recent Humanist Lecture tour at the University of Kansas, Frye clarified this point about the Menippean satire by stating that the primary interest in the form is focused on the human, even primitive, things people do with ideas -- such as stabbing each other in the back (his example). All ideas become rationalizations, then, of basic emotional attitudes.[78]

Most of the characters in Man As He Is, as we have seen, use their ideas to influence those around them to do what they want. Sir George is hit in the head with so many conflicting notions that he seems literally used up and ready to die in the end. He had set out on his Grand Tour in the beginning to see how the world lived and, like Rasselas, to find what pattern of thought would bring him most happiness. Hopefully, he would "go to look upon other nations, in order to love my own." (Vol. III, Ch. 1) He is looking for a home, an emotionally satisfying nest -- and who would not, with the kind of mother he had. By the end of his tour, he has negated every value in his society; that is, he no longer cares about anything, until Miss Colerain shows up again. Some personal involvement, it seems, is possible after all.

His final attitude upon returning is similar to that of the Cynic who maintains that man is motivated only by self interest and that virtue is the only good. Virtue becomes self-control, a stop-gap for man's instincts, and therefore the Cynic keeps to himself, refusing to surrender to external influence. Virtue is a negative force, a series of "Thou shalt not's," rather than positive in effect. Good is a process of avoiding evil (especially

the selfishness of other men).

Bage is not systematic, but the values he emphasizes through those characters most concerned with the hero's welfare are consistent with this philosophic view. The Colerains, the Bardoes, the Lindsays all value individuality, simplicity, tolerance, and isolation. Admirable as they may be, they are escapists, for the Cynic sees no hope for man in a social context; the best you can do is find someone who agrees with you and run away from any other involvement with humanity.

The Cynic's view of man is a theme which is congenial to the Menippean satire. The conflict and contrast of ideas in this form will almost always emphasize the disparity between what a man thinks and what he does. Scott emphasized this view in his preface on Bage (although he used the point to disparage Bage's liberal views).

> But the satires of Juvenal, of Petronius, and, above all, Lucian, show what slight effect the doctrines of Zeno, Epictetus, Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus, produced on their avowed followers; and how little influence the beard of the Stoic, the sophistry of the Adademician, and the self-denied mortification of the Cynics, had upon the sects which derived their names from these distinguished philosophers.[79]

But Bage, we take it, is too tolerant even to leave his hero in "the self-denied mortification of the Cynic." He has been in search of his own integrity, and if he can't find his own, he can have Miss Colerain's. Paradyne's quest for an integrated Self then is a central theme of the novel. The fact that he should seek "wholeness" through ideas or systems of thought which are full of holes is the chief source of Bage's satire.

Man As He Is is not a pure anatomy, however, but what Frye would call a hybrid, in which the elements of novel and of Menippean satire merge, as

they do for instance in Tristram Shandy. The loose, episodic structure, the constant digressions, the stylizing of character along "humour" lines, the symposium discussions, and the parodies of popular novelistic conventions of the day are all features that belong to the anatomy.[80] Yet the thrust of the novel, as in the picaresque novel, is directed toward social issues -- the nature of man in society.

Bage's earlier novels similarly show his interest in presenting a wide range of points of view as he developed his mastery of the novel of ideas. We find most of the same character types in his earlier novels -- spoiled nobles and ladies, rational Quakers, virtuous ladies and otherwise, crusty businessmen, and humble workers. And there are also discussions of social, religious, political, and sexual ideas. The integrity of the individual in the face of social pressure toward conformity, the predominant theme in all of Bage's novels, is emphasized in his earlier novels as well as in Man As He Is and later in Hermsprong.

In Mount Henneth we find a group of characters who have proved unable to function in the mainstream of English society -- many because of financial failure but some because of a refusal to live by such general values as parental control. They band together on an estate in Wales and set up their own community, each contributing what he knows best to the whole. The integrated community becomes the focus of identity, the Self.

In Barham Downs the reconciliation of two brothers establishes a force for good for the rest of the characters and the integrity of the family unit is emphasized. In The Fair Syrian Bage moves into international relationships, and bonds of friendship between an English captain, a French nobleman, a young Irish lady, and a young woman raised in the Levant form a united front by which the characters can overcome injustice and hypocrisy

in the outside world. No wonder multiple marriages serve such an important function in bringing about the happy endings of Bage's novels. Marriages and friendships serve as a protective shield against the onslaught of cruelty from the rest of humanity.

In James Wallace, the novel written just previous to Man As He Is, Bage concentrates for the first time upon a central hero. Wallace, after a stint as an unsuccessful lawyer, a period serving as the footman to a beautiful young lady (who eventually becomes his wife), and adventures on the high seas with pirates and such, is able to find his place in Liverpool's mercantile society through his courage and virtue, yes, but also after he is discovered to be the long lost heir of a noble Scottish family. James Wallace is the most mellow of Bage's novels, a veritable Roderick Random without the vitriolic sting of Smollett's satire. It is also the novel in which Bage gives us the most detailed account of his own middle-class environment. An important difference between Bage's method in these earlier novels and in Man As He Is is the fact that the stories of the various characters, their ideas, and opinions are related in the early novels through the epistolary method. In this form, of course, it was difficult to maneuver the characters so that they could be together at the end, and the letters are sometimes artificially long to include inset stories.

By changing to the progressive narrative method in Man As He Is, Bage was able to achieve greater flexibility in working out the events of his action. Although some of Bage's critics, notably Steeves and Baker, complained of the lack of unity in the action, Man As He Is actually is more unified than any of his previous novels where the scattered letters often appear as a jumble with four or five story-lines operating at once between

as many sets of correspondents. Concentration upon a central hero helps to bring at least a semblance of unity, as does fitting the events into the pattern of a journey. There are digressions and inset stories, but they are fitted in more smoothly than in the previous novels. Some of them, I suspect, are unfortunately used to fill out a volume. Fidel's Story doesn't seem to have any other purpose, nor does Miss Zapora's. They do give us a sense of time passing during the last part of the journey and toward the end while we are waiting for Miss Colerain to rescue the hero from self-pity. But we have already seen how basically kind-hearted Sir George is and how cruel the world can be to underdogs.

Bage's use of characterization, as well as verisimilitude, is also aided by Bage's use of a narrative flow in Man As He Is. It is easier, of course, to follow the actions of a central hero if the writer stays with his actions rather than following the viccissitudes in the lives of four or five sets of correspondents, as Bage did in Mount Henneth and Barham Downs. And as a result, we feel we know this central character better, after watching his responses to a greater variety of situations, than we do any of Bage's previous characters. Bage tends when he uses the epistolary method to keep the letters reasonably short, except when a character has a long story to relate, and to change correspondents frequently, no doubt for the sake of variety; so that we do not stay with any one correspondent very long. The interruptions of a story-line that result are often confusing, however, for we often find a character's story cut off at an interesting point and not resumed until fifty pages later.

Bage's use of the epistolary method takes an unusual form, one not entirely conducive to following the immediate action of a novel although well-suited to the discursive, intellectual habits of his raissoners.

The reader seems always to be looking at each letter with the receiver, rather than following the immediate emotions and concerns of the writer as we do in Pamela, Clarissa, or even Fanny Burney's Evalina. Here is an example of a letter in Mount Henneth, one incidentally which introduces the theme and two of the most important characters of the novel.

John Cheslyn to his Brother.
Wigton.

> Rememberest thou, Harry, that wise conversation at the Bedford, the evening before I left town, betwixt ourselves and the four right honourables? Six rakes at a tavern, with their silly heads full of champagne, reviewing their past lives, confessing and absolving; regulating the future, and settling the whole philosophy of happiness and pleasure. How easy for us to decide against the pursuits of ambition, into which we had never entered; and to execrate the detestable vice of avarice, whose influence we had never felt! But the laws of love and life were tried on different principles. The small deviations from the path of moral rectitude in these favorite points, were frailties inherent to youth and affluence, venial errors, the mere foibles of human nature. Thus have men reasoned ever since Jupiter gave the wallet to a fool, who hung the wrong side foremost.
>
> Thou and I, Henry, are engaged, like the rest of mankind, in the pursuit of happiness, and may possibly differ about the road. Let us observe that taken by the generality of young fellows of fortune, the bottle, the dice, or a mistress; for those of a riper age, a blue ribbon, or a plum. In the train of the first walk disease, imbecility, and ruin; the common attendents on the latter are simulation, dissimulation, and sordidness. Excess of corporeal pleasure produces excess of corporeal pain; for Nature always punishes the breach of her own laws. Vice is armed with the sting of a thousand scorpions. Peace, equinimity, [sic] and the whole tribe of agreeable sensations, are in the train of virtue only.
>
> But what is virtue? Action directed for the benefit of mankind. And what actions are we able to perform for its service? Enchanted castles, virgins immured, and Hesperian dragons, are no more. It is not given to every one to become members of Parliament, or justices of peace, or to be good for anything when they are so.

> But every man may fall in love.
>
> I stop here for a moment to assure thy doubting soul, that it is I, even I, who have strung together all these fine moral reflections, without the aid of Epictetus. But as thou hast philosophy enough to know there is no effect without a cause; know, then, that amongst other visitants here, are a James Foston, Esq. and a Julia, his daughter, of whom, at present, I will say no more than this, -- he acts the virtue I only talk of, and she justifies the conclusion of my moral.
>
> Farewell,
>
> John Cheslyn[81]

Such a letter is not designed to set the hearts of any "reading miss" fluttering, in spite of the introduction of the love interest into the novel. It is not uninteresting reading, however. The entire letter is organized to produce a calculated effect upon the reader, first by setting a reminiscent mood and then, from the philosophic ramblings which result, springing the surprise of the last sentence. Each sentence is presented in studied, balanced periods, almost to the point of being stilted, if we did not suspect by the reference to Epictetus toward the end that the writer with tongue-in-cheek is striking this philosophic pose for the delight of his brother. The letter as a whole and each sentence in it has been fully conceived for its settled effect upon the reader, not as in Pamela's letters to allow us to share her present emotions as she steals a moment to write of each present danger or recovers in the middle of a letter from being startled by Mr. B.

Bage's letters strike me as being the sort of letters Fielding might have written if he had composed Tom Jones as an epistolary novel. The introduction here of Julia Foston as the embodiment of virtue is a similar rhetorical trick to the mock heroic introduction of Sophia Western. But Fielding used the epistolary method only in parody form when he attacked Richardson's Pamela with his own Shamela.

By turning to straight narrative in Man As He Is, Bage could leave to the narrator much of the philosophic ruminating he was so fond of and allow the characters to act out their stories scenically. Conversations are presented to the reader rather than related by another character, often long after they occurred, and become more believeable as present action. Were John Cheslyn's letter above presented scenically, for instance, we might have had an early scene in the tavern with a drunken discussion of the best modes of life, Cheslyn's first introduction to Foston and Julia, and perhaps a glimpse into his mind afterward as he mulls over the nature of virtue with a pretty girl in the house. We find the characters in Man As He Is, where such a scenic method is used, far less stiff than his previous creations.

Another advantage Bage found in using the narrative method is the ease with which he was able to work in his minor characters, for by following a central character on a journey the reader expects to meet a great variety of people and some only casually. In fact the flow of people in and out of the story lends a certain verisimilitude to the narrative. Life itself is in a flux just as Sir George's mind is much of the time. And at least he runs across some interesting types -- the simple-minded child of nature, Miss Fluellen; the kindly con-man, Mr. Campbell; the curate who moonlights as a medicine man, Mr. Jones; Mr. Birimport, the despotic nabob whose only means of showing affection to his wife is through the same sort of verbal cruelty he gives everyone else.

In his last novel, Hermsprong, Bage developed his technique in handling straight narrative by experimenting with point of view. Hermsprong's story and his struggles with Lord Grondale are told by Gregory Glen, a young mathematician and recluse living in the village, who becomes friends with Hermsprong upon his first arrival in Grondale. Glen is outside most of the

action of the novel as a sympathetic observor and is cut off from the life of the village as well, being like Hermsprong an outsider there. His position in relation to the action gives his account an objectivity and distance while freeing the author from the pose of omniscience. There are times, however, when Glen as narrator interrupts his story with comments which sound suspiciously like those of the omniscient voice in Man As He Is and not entirely consistent with his character as it has been outlined for us. For instance, at one point some unnamed female critic, peeping over his shoulder, criticizes his work-in-progress just after he has introduced the various characters of the story.

> 'If your design be, as I understood it, to exhibit actions and events, I submit it to your superior judgment, if it might not be altogether as agreeable to your readers, to form for themselves the characters of your drama, from their good and evil deeds. Tell us what they do, and we shall be able to find out whether they were wise or foolish, rough or smooth, discreet or vain, or drunk or sober![82]

The female critic here is never named, although she speaks in the same tones as the critic in the preface of Man As He Is. We know that Glen lives alone, spending most of his time with his books, his violin, and his mathematical instruments, and no where in the story does he become actively involved with the opposite sex; so the reader is hard put to understand how this woman got into his study. I suspect actually that this incident is a slip on Bage's part; he has reverted to the role of omniscient narrator he played in Man As He Is. However, the comment itself illustrates a growing consciousness of artistic technique in his last novel, which was perhaps the result of his success in presenting character and conversation scenically as he had done in Man As He Is.

The overall effect of reading Man As He Is is a sense somehow of having participated in a game, although an intellectual game to be sure. A game, of course, is any action participated in for its own sake. The reader has been playing the game of being a "fair reader," while the narrator has been a researcher and teacher illustrating a moral. The characters have been dancing around England and Europe acting out their physical and emotional desires through the rationalizations provided by their ideas and opinions. Every theory blown up is pricked, every bubble bursts, but like a bubble bath it can be fun.

Mr. Bardoe when we meet him has been playing the game of bursting bubbles for years, which is perhaps why he is so tired. Even so, he gets great enjoyment in pricking the bubbles of Sir George's enthusiasms, whether Sir George had mistaken the abbe's ecstatic outbursts over Italian art as genuine appreciation or whether Sir George had placed a mistaken trust in Mr. Campbell as an art dealer, when Campbell was only playing a con-game. The object of the game is to find out what game the others are playing, or rather what their vested interests are. Sir George had begun to suspect the nature of social games after his friends had put him into debtor's prison in Paris and had reacted in anger by trying to chase them down for revenge. He had been taking the game seriously. It is really Mr. Bardoe who teaches George that the games themselves do not matter, only the playing. So what if he had lost a round? Hopefully, he'd avoid that move the next time he played.

The game takes on more interest, however in the intellectual conversations when ideas and opinions are batted around. In the battle between Miss Carlill and the Rev. Mr. Holman, we feel that each has a vested

interest at stake -- he in the dignity of church and state, she in the dignity of a free mind. But Mr. Birimport, who can play either side of an issue with equal ease, is a more consummate player at these intellectual games.

The game-like quality we find in a novel like Man As He Is is perhaps best described in a poem by Richard Wilbur, "Mind."

> Mind in its purest play is like some bat
> That beats about in caverns all alone,
> Contriving by a kind of senseless wit
> Not to conclude against a wall of stone.
>
> It has no need to falter or explore;
> Darkly it knows what obstacles are there,
> And so may weave and flitter, dip and soar
> In perfect courses through the blackest air.
>
> And has this simile a like perfection?
> The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save
> That in the very happiest intellection
> A graceful error may correct the cave.[83]

Wilbur here is describing the mental process of completely free association within human limitations, or the cave. No definite conclusions are made by this bat-like mind, for once the mind hits upon some limiting factor in life (the prohibitions and inhibitions of human existence), its freedom has then been limited, too. Should the mind hit upon some prejudice hard enough, in fact, it might be dead. The freest minds, however, make the happy pretense that there are no limitations, no prejudices, no restrictions (physical, mental, or social) to their ability to explore the universe. Because of this graceful error, they are of course blind to the reality of the cave, having created their own caves, and have therefore escaped.

Bage's use of Menippean satire has allowed him to fashion a world where mind is in its purest play. His tolerance does not allow any one system of thought to impede the free flow of ideas in his narrative.

He plays around with them all, and he does not conclude (against a wall of stone) that any one view of life is necessarily right. Is his play the "happiest intellection," however? He does not explore outside the accepted norms of his day but plays around with the systems of thought which were then known. His flight, graceful and free as it is, is an escape into black nothingness, a world without meaningful structure or answers. The happiest minds create a world of their own making by correcting the cave. Bage's flight "in perfect courses through the blackest air" is a game, an action performed for its own sake, not for any greater significance. We might ask, well, isn't it fun just to fly? But then, again, isn't it pretty to think so?

Most of the novelists of the 1790's seem to have created some pattern of escape in their fiction. In Ann Radcliffe's Gothic novels, we find heroines who firmly believe in the life of reason while being scared witless by ghosts and such all the way through until in the end the strange apparitions and noises are comfortably explained. Even in the Gothic mode where the ghosts are supposed to be real, as in Clara Reeve's The Old English Baron, the medieval setting and archaic style confirm the reader in a comfortable sense that it's only a fairy tale and purely emotional escapism. Godwin's Caleb Williams is perhaps an exception, for he does deal realistically with the wrongs of the English feudal system in the figure of Falkland, who is using the law for his own advantage to bring ruin to Caleb and eventually to himself. In his second novel St. Leon, however, Godwin follows the Gothic example by placing his story of alienation in the sixteenth century to relate the tale of a man who has found the universal elixir.

Bage's method of intellectual escapism by using elements of Menippean satire to fashion his novels of social life is, I suggest, more palatable to

modern readers than the histrionics of most of the novelists of his period. Such a method certainly gave him a flexible mode in which to tell his story during a period when artistic forms are changing rapidly and public taste was not yet solidified.

On the other hand, perhaps during such a period of political and social unrest, escape was the only honest response the artist could make when faced with a world of shifting values. The 1790's, a period of frustration just after the French Revolution, already suffering from the effects of the Industrial Revolution, were probably quite similar to the confusions of our present computer, mass media age. The 1960's and '70's have indeed been referred to as a New Age of Sensibility. And what have many of our most respected novelists been doing? Capote and Mailer seem to have turned to a world of comfortable fact and have been writing non-fiction. In Cold Blood and Armies of the Night are both honest, hard-hitting books, but the emphasis in both is on fact (and sensational fact) for its own sake. Philip Roth's Portnoy's Complaint, is a similar escape into literary pornography (a contradiction in terms?) and sensationalism for its own sake.

These are not positive worlds which give us a coherent, meaningful vision of the present in the sense that Tom Jones, Bleak House, or The Sound and the Fury are coherent worlds. The world Bage has created in Man As He Is is honest escapism, however. He points out what he sees to be wrong while refraining from any suggestion of what should be. He plays his game fairly of setting up the dummies and knocking them down. And if this seems to be a negative activity, we might notice that Bage's work in such novels as Man As He Is served to hold in custody the art of the novel for more positive voices to come.

* * * * * *

III.

The Author of Man As He Is

The man who wrote Man As He Is must remain something of a mystery, for few intimate details of his life are known. What we can discover of Bage's life, isolated as it was from the intellectual and social movements of his day, does not indicate that he ever had many experiences which would fit him to write a comedy of manners, a novel of social criticism. We might expect aristocrats such as Walpole or Beckford to write wittily of high life, but they did not in their fiction; they escaped into Gothic or Oriental extravagance when they attempted fiction. Fielding may have been aristocratic by birth and education, but he viewed this world at an ironic distance. Novels of manners were actually, it seems, the province of the middle-class or those just outside the pale of aristocratic life and in a position to view the upper classes with a critical eye. Fanny Burney had moved in court circles as well as among artistic giants such as Garrick and Johnson.[84] But Bage does not seem to have had such first-hand knowledge, although the narrator of Man As He Is says that he has known many noblemen, perhaps to flatter his "fair readers."

The tone of all of Bage's novels, however, and especially Man As He Is, is witty, urbane, and sophisticated. Bage has obviously read widely and can throw off a classical reference as gracefully as the next man. His novels all show affinities to the novels of his age, and we suspect that his reading was the source of his knowledge of high life, for his nobles are no more unbelieveable than Richardson's or MacKenzie's, or any other of the nobility-packed novels of the period. From the many references to novels in Man As

He Is, we can see that Bage seems to have read novels, too, and the conventions which the young Jane Austen was already parodying in the 1790's[85] must have been also apparent to a lively, mature mind such as Bage's. After all, he had been a boy of twelve back in 1740 when Richardson's Pamela established the craze for novel reading.

Three rather meagre biographical sources remain to give us a picture of Bage's life. Bage had no Boswell, but fortunately for those "who will peruse a book with more satisfaction, when they know something of its author,"[86] Bage had a friend, William Hutton, a Birmingham book-seller and historian. He included anecdotes about Bage in his History of Derby and History of Birmingham and after Bage's death supplied a memoir of Bage to The Monthly Magazine in answer to a letter asking for information about the author.

In 1821 Hutton's daughter, Catherine Hutton, supplied Sir Walter Scott with additional information and some letters Bage had written to her father. Scott used these in writing the biographical and critical preface in Ballantyne's Novelists Library.

The third source is a letter William Godwin wrote to his wife Mary Wollstonecraft in June, 1797. He had read Hermsprong and Man As He Is and was eager to meet the novelist while in the Birmingham area on a visit to his friends the Wedgwoods. His description of his conversation with the elderly Bage has much the air of a Paris Review "Writers at Work" interview in its casualness and particularity.

As may be supposed, Hutton's material is the most comprehensive, for he had known Bage since they had both been children living on the same street in Derby. According to Hutton's memoir, Bage was born February 29, 1728,

at Darley, a hamlet near Derby where his father worked a paper mill.[87] His mother died soon afterward, and his father moved with him to Derby and quickly remarried. Bage was to have in all three stepmothers. The boy had been "put to school" at an early age so that Hutton did not know him well until young Bage was seven.

> He had made at that age such a progress in letters, that he was the wonder of the neighborhood: he was then in the Latin tongue. My father often held him up to me for imitation, I being much bigger and older. I was then but little acquainted with him, for he moved in a sphere more elevated than I. At this time he was completely master of the manual-exercise, and I saw him instructing some young men.[88]

Two notes are striking about this passage. First of all Bage seems to have had a somewhat lonely childhood, raised by a series of stepmothers and set apart from neighborhood boys by his intellectual abilities and social status. This is conjecture, but there appears to be a touch of youthful envy (perhaps resentment) in this account, for Hutton, a man of seventy-seven, to remember how, when he was a boy of twelve, his father had at one time held up the brightest youngster in the neighborhood as a model.

Nevertheless, Hutton and Bage became friends and later formed a business relationship. Hutton tells us that Bage was trained in his father's business, and in 1751 married a "young lady, who possessed four accomplishments seldom met in one woman, fortune, beauty, good sense, and prudence" as well as a quality "necessary for the peace of a family, good nature."[89] He bought a paper mill at Elford, near Tamworth, which he operated until his death. Hutton gives no indication that Bage's marriage was other than happy and peaceful, although some critics, such as Hermione Ramsden,[90] have wondered about this because of Mr. Mowbray's opinions on marriage in Man As He Is. Hutton's only other reference to Bage's wife is that, after his death, Bage

had left "an amiable widow to lament his loss."[91]

After leaving school to be trained in his father's business, Bage learned music, French, and Italian without a tutor, and in 1760, he decided to study mathematics and would walk into Birmingham once a week for a lesson with Thomas Hanson, whom Hutton calls "a celebrated teacher." Hutton often went along and observed these lessons, stating that within a month Bage "was able to teach his master, nay even set him fast."[92] Undoubtedly he was quite facile at mathematics if he was able to keep his instructor going at a fast pace to keep up with him. Bage was later to tell Godwin that he continued to study mathematics for twelve years, allotting himself the three hours a day which he usually used for reading, with or without a tutor we do not know. Many Bage characters use mathematics as a hobby, notably Gregory Glen, the narrator of Hermsprong, and Sir George Paradyne, but the one character who devotes himself seriously to mathematical study, George Osmond, in Barham Downs, is satirized for being aloof from human society as he goes into his library each day to draw triangles while his wife is busy enacting a human triangle with his best friend. It is possible that Bage considered mathematics an intellectual game, one he gave up before he started to play with words in his novels.

As a business man, Hutton reports that Bage was a man of the highest integrity. In 1756 the two entered into an agreement whereby Bage would supply the book-seller with paper, and Hutton paid him on the average £ 500 a year until Bage's death. He notes that Bage once remarked, "'Fraud is beneath a man.' He had no other use for money than to use it, or he might have left much larger property than he did...I was treated with honor."[93] Bage seems to have trusted Hutton equally. On March 11, 1793, he sent the

following note with a shipment:

> "I make no bill-of-parcels. I do not see why I should give myself the trouble to make thee bill-of-parcels, as thou can'st make them thyself; and, more especially, when it is probably thou wilt make them more to my liking than the issues of my own pen. If the paper is below the standard so far as to oblige thee to lower the price, I am willing to assist in bearing the loss. If the quantity over-burthens thee, take off a shilling a-bundle--or take off two; for thy disposition towards me--I see it with pleasure--is kindly."[94]

In the '80's and '90's, Bage was plagued by the high excise taxes Pitt had levied against paper and by his workers clamoring for higher pay. In order to keep his paper at a reasonable price, he was often obliged to make it thinner and take a loss. As he wrote Hutton, "I had rather lose some profit than sink a tolerable name into a bad one."[95]

Bage did not begin writing novels until the age of fifty-three, a rather advanced age to begin an apprenticeship in belle lettres. He told Hutton that after losing £ 1500 in an unsuccessful iron works, and fearing that "the distress of mind would overcome him, he took up the pen to turn the stream of sorrow into that of amusement."[96] Godwin's letter corroborates this unusual motive for turning author and further supplies the information that Dr. Erasmus Darwin had been one of the men Bage had been in partnership with in this unfortunate venture.[97]

The therapeutic value of art can be taken as a plausible motive for writing, and Bage had long been in the habit of intellectual game-playing in his spare time, as his study of languages and mathematics for their own sakes, just to pass time pleasantly, indicates. In references to mathematics, Sir George Osmond in Barham Downs explained his love of algebra by saying that "It soon became the consoling power that recompensed me for all my

mortifications."[98] But the precise reason for Bage's extreme distress over his business failure, for which he needed this consolation, is unclear since he is described by all who knew him as an unusually mild-tempered man. He does not seem to have put much store in money per se, and although £1500 was a considerable sum at that time, Bage would not have been left in poverty at its loss. He probably could have lived comfortably with his wife (his sons no doubt being grown) on the £500 Hutton paid him each year, and there is no reason to assume that Hutton was his only customer.

His living habits, at any rate, seem to have always been simple, requiring only a meagre income anyway. Godwin describes the house Bage occupied at the Elford Mill until 1792.

> His house at the mill was floored, every room below-stairs, with brick, & like that of a common farmer in every respect. There was however the river at the bottom of the garden, skirted with a quickset hedge, & a broad green walk.[99]

As further evidence that money was not god to Bage, Hutton describes at some length his "generous cast of mind",[100] mentioning Bage's willingness to help out an impecunious, distant relative he had never met until the man could get work.

Certainly Bage did not turn to novel writing because he expected to make money from his work. Fanny Burney might receive £250 for Cecelia after the spectacular success of Evelina, but she had sold that masterpiece for only £20 to which Lowndes, who may have taken advantage of her youth, had later added ten more.[101] Mr. Jones, the curate turned hack in Man As He Is, received only six pounds for his novel, although the £30 Bage received for Mount Henneth in 1781 was probably closer to an average.[102] Bage's whimsical introduction to this novel further indicates that he did not have financial

reward in mind when he turned to novel writing as an amusement.

> It is very easy to say I wrote it for my own amusement, and published it to satisfy the importunity of some very judicious friends, who could not bear that so many beauties should lie concealed in the drawer of a cabinet. But as I intend to be upon honour with my reader, I have been determined by very different motives. In short, my daughters assure me, that I wrote in a very tasty manner; and that it is two years, bating two months, since I made each of them a present of a new silk gown.[103]

The fact that Bage apparently had no daughters only adds to the humor of this remark.

Bage gave Godwin essentially the same motives for writing which he had earlier given to Hutton, but as Godwin relates the story a slightly different emphasis appears.

> In the middle of life, he engaged in a joint undertaking with Dr. Darwin & another person respecting some iron works. This failed, & he returned once more to his village & his mill. The result filled him with melancholy thoughts, & to dissipate them he formed the project of a novel, which he endeavoured to fill with gay & cheerful ideas. At first he had no purpose of publishing what he wrote...He believes he should not have written novels, but for want of books to assist him in any other literary undertaking.[104]

Bage had mentioned at the beginning of the conversation that he had known Dr. Darwin for forty years and that Whitehurst, also a member of the famed Lunar Society, had been another acquaintance of his youth.[105] I cannot, however, help question the closeness of these friendships. The previous day Godwin had stopped at Darwin's house to secure a letter of introduction to Bage. Finding Darwin out, they asked his wife for one, "but she said she could not do that with propriety, as she did not know whether she had ever seen him, though he was the Doctor's very particular friend."[106]

The Darwins had been married since 1781, certainly time enough by 1797

for the doctor to introduce his second wife to friends, and Mrs. Darwin had been well-known to other members of the Lunar Society.[107] Although Darwin had undoubtedly remained on friendly terms with Bage after their business failure, this could not have been an intimate friendship. It seems possible, indeed, from Bage's casual mention of such illustrious friends to the admiring Godwin, that Bage looked up to this society of Birmingham industrialists and intellectuals but was outside their circle socially and financially, although he might have wished for the stimulation of such company.

Such an attitude would be consistent with the picture Charles Bage, his son, gives of his father in a letter he sent Catherine Hutton in 1816.

> "...Your father's talents were continually excited by contact with 'the busy haunts of men;' my father's were repressed by a long residence in an unfrequented place, in which he shunned the little society he might have had, because he could not relish the conversation of those whose minds were less cultivated than his own. In time, such was the effect of habit, that although when young he was lively and fond of company, he enjoyed nothing but his book and pen, and a pool at quadrille with ladies. He seems, almost always, to have been fonder of the company of ladies than of men"[108]

Bage seems in his personal life to have withdrawn more and more from close social relationships.

He moved from Elford to Tamworth some time in the year 1792, after the death of his youngest son, "by which event he found his life rendered solitary and melancholy," as Godwin tells us.[109] Since his second son, Edward, had become an apothecary-surgeon at Tamworth,[110] we may suppose that Bage wished to be near the company of this son after the loss. Scott assures us that the relationship with his sons, who "possessed a large portion of their father's talents,"[111] was close and based upon regard for their individuality.

> He behaved to his sons with the unremitting affection of a father; but as they grew up, he treated them as men and equals, and allowed them that independence of mind and conduct which he claimed for himself.[112]

He does not seem to have thought so well of his village neighbors, who probably could not have been as sparkling a group as one could have found at Matthew Boulton's dinner table during the monthly meetings of the Lunar Society, if invited. While talking to Godwin, Bage reveals a rather suspicious attitude toward his landlord at Tamworth. (This occurs curiously right after Godwin has described Bage's attitude toward his novels.)

> Living at Tamworth, he still retains his house at the mill, as the means of independence. It is his own, & he considers it as his security against the caprice of a landlord who might expel him from Tamworth.[113]

Six years previously, before his move there, Bage's name had been well-respected in the village. When Hutton had been driven from his home without a penny in the middle of the night of the Birmingham Riots, he had only to mention Bage's name at the Castle Inn at Tamworth to be given an open sesame to full credit of the house.[114] One wonders in the face of such neighborly trust the source of Bage's suspicion. It may be that in his old age he developed such an obsession for independence that it led to complete isolation. Did he see himself as an old man in the same position which he had been as a boy, socially and intellectually above his neighbors, but not quite one of the "big boys" -- the industrialists of Birmingham?

His temperament, however, was not sour. If the genial humour of his novels were not evidence enough, Hutton emphasizes the point that "he was mild in the extreme; an enemy to no man, and, I believe, never had one himself."[115] Hutton, of course, speaks in such superlatives throughout the memoir, but there is no reason to doubt this affability, for Bage's mild

manners are mentioned also by Godwin. On the other hand, if Bage never had an enemy (and it is true that he remained friends with Darwin under what could have been most strained circumstances), then one could perhaps remember that the best way never to make enemies is seldom to make friends. A capacity for either love or hate would indicate an ability for close human involvement, which Bage does not seem to have allowed himself outside his immediate family. Even Hutton does not mention any close friends except himself.

Bage died on September 1, 1801, after a lingering illness. One of his last letters to Hutton ends on a pessimistic note, more characteristic of the melancholy toward the end of Man As He Is than the bright optimism of Hermsprong. He writes that "we begin the century by not doing what we ought to do. What we shall do at the end of it I neither know nor care."[116]

Bage may be called the last eighteenth century novelist and the first Victorian. To him a life of reason was an ideal and because of his isolation, he was able to live according to his beliefs in reason, simplicity, and the ability of one man to understand another; as he looked at the changing around him of the world order that had been, he knew life could no longer be lived so simply by most men. Yet his characters find their refuge most often in what was to become a Victorian ideal -- the harmony of the home and family rather than the harmony of the social order.

If there is a dream world in Man As He Is, it is the world of Good Queen Anne, when

> Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
> And peace and plenty tell a STUART reigns.[117]

Mr. Lindsay would choose to have all time stop then, as he tells Sir George on their way to Combor. Before the rise of a mercantile society, before the

American war, before the land enclosures, before the Industrial and French Revolutions, "before nabobs." In fact, a time when life must have seemed the essence of simplicity to Bage at the end of the century.

Certainly the Pantisocracy at the end of his first novel Mount Henneth is the re-creation of a simpler, integrated world, a tired businessman's dream. Each member of the new society would contribute his skill to building a small mercantile empire in Wales, and all of this industry is possible because of Mr. Foston's unlimited capital. This then is the gay, amusing world Bage preferred to thinking about his failure. No one there had been able to make it in regular society, but now they are all healthy, wealthy, and wise. If we can take this happy situation as wish-fulfillment, it can perhaps serve to indicate what Bage had hoped to gain from his venture with Darwin.

His one attempt to operate on an equal footing with the rising industrialists of Birmingham, to enter a social circle open to gentlemen like Darwin, had failed, although the iron works had remained in operation for fourteen years. In the end, however, he came back to his village severely depressed. If by the end of his career he can advocate the simple life of Lindsay or Hermsprong over the opulent benevolence of Foston, it might be because he has convinced himself that "By the aid of philosophy, I have got rid of ambition,"[118] just as the narrator of Hermsprong, Gregory Glen, did. We know from references in the novels and from Godwin that Bage had spent much time reading such philosophers as Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, and his favorite D'Holbach. Whether philosophy or increasing age had mellowed his image of an ideal existence, we do not know.

Godwin met Bage in a manner which would be characteristic of the

sort of man who could have written the novels he did, a man of such regular, simple habits that his mill hands could direct a stranger in finding him with such accuracy that they even knew what he would be wearing.

> They told us, as a guide, that he was a short man, with white, snuff-coloured clothes, & a walking-stick...Accordingly, about a mile & a half from Tamworth, we met the man of whom we were in quest, with a book in his hand. We introduced ourselves, &, after a little conversation, I got out of the chaise, & walked back with him to the mill...I found him uncommonly cheerful & placid, simple in his manners, & youthful in all his carriage.[119]

Whatever Bage's ambitions might have once been, the ironworks industry in 1765, when the partnership with Darwin had begun, was really a rather risky business to enter.[120] English iron, before the use of Cort's puddling process became wider known in the 1780's,[122] was considered much inferior in purity to Swedish or Russian iron.[123] Competition among English ironworks must have also been stiff; after 1756, America was forbidden to manufacture iron goods and had to ship all her pig iron to Britain. Numerous ironworks popped up around the country, such as the Carron works opened by Roebuck and Garrett in 1760 on an initial capital of £12,000.[124] Yet when Roebuck's mining operations began to fail in the early '70's, the iron works was not solvent enough to enable him to forestall bankruptcy.[125]

Even in those days, it seems, a businessman needed a large capital to build an industry. Boulton invested over £13,000 in the development of Watt's steam engine before he realized any returns.[126] With his large new Soho factory, just north of Birmingham, he could afford to cover the cost of this experimentation, although even he had to bring in sleeping partners and sell some family property to keep the project going.[127] Bage's £1500 loss is paltry indeed beside the figures invested by such capitalists as

Boulton, the leader of the Lunar Society. Bage undoubtedly admired these men, and gives them a role in Man As He Is in helping the heroine, Cornelia Colerain. In fact the only people she associates with during the time she is supporting herself by painting "toys," are members of the Lunar Society -- Priestley, Keir, Darwin, and probably Boulton himself (although it seems odd that he would be clerking in his own shop).

Bage's condescension toward his novels might well be more than the familiar pose taken in the prefaces of eighteenth century novels. After all, when Darwin had stooped to take pen in hand, he had produced a botanical textbook in elevated verse -- the celebrated Botanic Garden, which Miss Colerain reveres as much as Thomson's Seasons. The one Lunar Society member who had dabbled in fiction, Thomas Day, had produced a Rousseauesque study of moral development in children (and incidentally the most unreadable children's book ever written) -- Sandford and Merton. Both of these tomes were written by gentlemen, and were extremely popular in their own day and for several generations afterwards. Frankly, I would rather read Bage.

We may suspect Bage of an intellectual pride, for escaping from the intellectual vacuum of his village by creating in his imagination the sort of people he wanted to talk to. It is in fact the voices of his characters in conversation which we remember most after putting down Man As He Is or any of Bage's novels; their physical presence is so vaguely described as not to be there at all.

Mandeville would have said that Bage had been educated beyond contentment within his own class, yet a business man's social status was not as clear cut during the closing of the eighteenth century as it had been earlier. Bage's father could have held his head above the cobblers and sent his son

to a boarding school, but he would have known that middle-class manufacturers were rarely considered socially acceptable. By the end of the century, exceptions were being made, if the industrialist was rich enough. We find such wealthy men as Wedgwood and Boulton invited occasionally into genteel society, but not apparently their wives.[128]

The rise of the industrialist as a social class can be attributed to the Industrial Revolution, which in a very real sense could be said to have its beginnings in Birmingham with that famous steam engine. Certainly Bage must have felt the effects of increased technology in the Midlands. Birmingham had been a small town in 1700.

> In 1700, Birmingham consisted of one long straggling street, neither drained nor paved, unlighted at night and littered with heaps of refuse and the waste products of its industries. Its 15,000 inhabitants were not sufficiently interested to support a single book-seller, and a weekly stall supplied all their literary needs.... There were no Assembly Rooms, no regular theatre, no intelligent and cultivated society.[129]

By mid-century, when Hutton arrived to open the first book shop, the population had doubled. His reaction indicates some of the bustling energy of the people which was to make Birmingham one of the leading industrial centers of Great Britain.

> "I was surprised at the place, but more so at the people: They were a species I had never beheld: I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake: Their very step along the street shewed alacrity: Every man seemed to know and prosecute his own affairs: The town was large, and full of inhabitants and those inhabitants full of industry."[130]

Life was changing fast in Birmingham. By 1800 the city had mushroomed to a population of 60,000; it had its own theatre, assembly room, and circulating library.[131] At least until the recent interest in ecology, we have tended to look upon such growth as an unqualified good, a sign of healthy prosperity

in a city. But to a simple, peaceful man such as Bage, who had never been to London for more than a week in his life, the complexity of life which comes with such growth might well have been disturbing.

In his own business, Bage felt the early effects of the Industrial Revolution. Besides the problems the excise officers constantly gave him, his workers were continually plaguing him for higher wages. On June 30, 1795, he wrote Hutton:

> "Every thing looks black and malignant upon me. Men clamoring for wages which I cannot give -- women threatening to pull down my mill -- rags raised by freight and insurance -- excise-officers depriving me of paper! Say, if thou can'st, whether these gentlemen of the excise-office can seize paper after it has been marked? -- stamped? -- signed with the officers name? -- excise duty paid? -- Do they these things? -- Am I to hang myself?"[132]

What was an honest paper-maker to do? The fear that his workers might destroy his mill and machines was a very real one, for workers generally viewed the technical improvements in factories as enemies putting them out of work, a familiar argument in the computer age today. In 1779, Wedgwood had witnessed riots in Lancashire.[133] Hermsprong quells an angry mob of rioting miners with standard Tory arguments when they cry out against the king.

> "Any thing you have said relative to myself, I should not have so resented; but so to revile your King is to weaken the concord that ought to subsist betwixt him and all his subjects, and overthrow all civil order."[134]

These arguments vary considerably from the assessment of kings so much admired by the reviewers of Man As He Is, and are not so different from those of the "law and order" variety in reaction to the inner city riots of the 1960's. Bage, while advocating individuality, could not bring himself to advocate anarchy. One could reason with a man as an individual, but not with mass man.

His interests as a business man, an idealist, and a free-thinker could be served only by a peaceful, orderly society.

Not only was Birmingham becoming complex as a result of economic expansion; so was the British Empire. All of Bage's novels reveal his concern with world issues -- the American War, trade with India, slavery, the French Revolution -- but especially Man As He Is, which contains more topical allusions even than Hermsprong. The last half of the eighteenth century had seen increasing economic growth as England developed her trade opportunities with America, the West Indies, and India. Much of this had come as a result of exploitation either of the natives of these lands or of black slaves, a situation Bage deplored.

In India, the East India Company had found itself in financial trouble and had sent out Warren Hastings as Governor to recoup their losses in 1772. The officers of the company, however, were getting rich by private trade east of India, which was outside the provinces of the company and actually infringed upon the trade rights of Indian merchants. These nabobs were beginning to make their presence felt politically in England, returning home with enough wealth to buy up boroughs and actually control elections.[135] Bage reflects his fear of this group in his portrait of Mr. Birimport in Man As He Is, who could afford to buy up three boroughs and who acts the oriental despot in his treatment of his wife.

Everything Indian was regarded as somehow tainted and evil, veiled in the corruptions of the East. Burke was inspired by these tales of corruption as told to him by the prejudiced Philip Francis, who had never had experience in India until he had served on Hastings' Council where his primary acts had been to veto or reverse any reform Hastings had instigated.[136] Burke led

the movement to impeach Warren Hastings in 1785[137] and by 1792 when Man As He Is was published, Hastings' trial had been dragging on for seven long years.

Hastings is still one of the most controversial figures in English history. To those who defend him, he acted in India with bold practicality -- no one less dashing than Errol Flynn would do if they were casting the movie version. To those who have read Burke, Hastings was a sly and unprincipled despot -- they would give the part to Peter Lorre. Bage handles the issues with a surprising objectivity considering the furor the case aroused. Mr. Birimport alternately defends and denounces Hastings with equal zeal, and his ability to do so reveals more about the nature of Birimport's character than Bage's own position on the issue. The nabob's driving desire is to control those around him, and he contradicts whichever position is offered in order to have the last word in the conversation. It is this passion to control the minds and bodies around him that Bage fears in Mr. Birimport.

By 1792, the American colonies had been long lost to England, if we are to believe Lord Auschamp, by a breach of good manners. "I must confess," he says, "too peremptory a tone lost us America." The American War had hit British business hard. In 1778, for instance, 733 cargo boats were lost.[138] It is possible that the strain put on British trade during these years had been one of the pressures which brought about the failure of Bage's ironworks, although more established ironworks boomed because of the increased demand for iron to produce war implements.[139] At any rate, the number of characters in Bage's early novels who have financial difficulties brought on by the American War is remarkable. Henry Cheslyn in Mount Henneth and Henry Davis of Barham Downs both become bankrupt, and the farmer Stubbs in the latter novel is pushed to the brink of ruin although his more careful neighbors had

been able to save enough during the years of agricultural prosperity before the war to weather these hard years. The years 1778 and 1779, the period when Bage's ironworks failed, were prime years for British bankruptcy. In 1777, only 489 bankruptcies were recorded in Gentlemen's Magazine; this figure shot up to 662 in 1778, declining only slightly in 1779 to 575, before coming down to a more usual 454 in 1780.[140]

The taxes Pitt imposed on English business to recoup the losses of this war affected Bage sorely. His letters to Hutton grumbling about the unscrupulous practices of the excise officers date from 1785 and continue with an increasingly bitter tone through the end of their correspondence. On August 15, 1787, he sent the following note with his shipment to Hutton:

> "Oh how I wish thou wouldst spend all thy powers to write a history of excise -- with cases -- showing the injustice, the inequity of the clauses in acts, and the eternal direction every new one takes towards the oppression of the subject: It might be the most useful book extant...The paper sent is charged at the lowest price at which a sober paper-maker can live, and drink small beer."[142]

The exploitation of slave labor in the Americas and the West Indies helped to expand trade in agricultural products and build England into a mercantile society, but the practice was much deplored by liberal thinkers in England such as Bage. Pitt had supported Wilberforce, when as early as 1788 he introduced a bill for immediate and total abolition of slavery.[142] This was not to be accomplished until 1840, after slave trade had been abolished in 1807,[143] although slavery in England itself had been abolished much earlier. The story of Fidel and its recounting of the horrors of slavery had other precedents in eighteenth century literature. Even earlier Aphra Behn had created her black noble savage, Oroonoko, and had described his persecutions and tortured death. Mackenzie had included in Julia de

Roubigné a totally irrelevant inset episode of slave conditions in the West Indies, which is similar in many respects to Bage's; for instance, both are ahead of their times in advocating a modified form of Black Power by placing their black heroes in charge of plantation workers. When Fidel reports Mr. Colerain saying that "he did hope to live to hear de [sic] question of slavery discussed by a British parliament," Bage seems to be placing faith in the conscience of the British people to correct this evil, as they eventually did.

In 1792, however, England was focusing its chief interest across the Channel on the progress of the French Revolution. Many liberal Englishmen in 1789, with the hundredth anniversary of their own Bloodless Revolution fresh in their minds, had applauded the early days of revolution in France, as Bage was to do in Man As He Is. As early as November 4, 1789, Dr. Richard Price preached a sermon in the Old Jewry Chapel celebrating the movement which Englishmen then had every reason to hope would lead to the same sort of constitutional monarchy they enjoyed. Price's sermon, however, provoked Burke's famous reply Reflections on the French Revolution in 1790, which predicted the bloodshed which would come.[144] Paine responded with his Rights of Man (and was driven out of the country) and Godwin with the equally famous Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, which escaped suppression only because it was published in so expensive an edition.[145]

The conservative reaction to the French Revolution grew steadily in strength until war was declared against France in 1793, after the execution of Louis XVI. The change from favour was partly a result of the maneuvering of party politics. Fox had early espoused the French movement, and as a result Pitt's forces sought the political advantage to be gained by dividing the Whig party and securing the leadership of the party for Pitt by blackening

liberal exponents of the Revolution.[146]

One of the first violent reactions against liberals who supported the Revolution was the Birmingham Riots of July, 1791. Although the rioters levelled their wrath primarily against Dissenters, the initial excuse for disruption seems to have been to protest a dinner held by the Revolution Society (akin to Dr. Price's society in London founded to commemorate the English Revolution of 1688) for the purpose of celebrating Bastille Day. By the evening of July 14, angry mobs of button-makers and ruffians (some later said these had been brought in by the government) gathered and marched against the Old and New Meeting Houses. Before the mob was dispersed on July 17, fourteen homes had been burned, Joseph Priestley's house, library, and laboratory were destroyed, and William Hutton had been driven from his home. The Dissenters were convinced that the riots had been planned, and that particular houses had been marked for attack. Certainly the civil authorities did little for the defense of the Dissenters, and the orthodox clergy throughout the country generally applauded the efforts of the rioters to rid the country of free-thinkers and dissenters. In Hermsprong Dr. Blick, the fawning clergyman, upholds orthodox views of Church and State by preaching a sermon commemorating these "brave" rioters.[147]

Whatever the complex causes of these riots, the violence was directed toward persons holding opinions contrary to those of the Establishment. Bage was deeply affected by such reactionary measures. And no wonder. Everything he valued as a free-thinker and an individualist was threatened by such reaction. We find an unaccustomed bitterness and anger in his tone, writing to Hutton after the Riots.

> "Since the riots, in every company I have had the misfortune to go with, my ears have been insulted with the bigotry of fifty years back -- with 'Damn the

> Presbyterians' -- with 'Church and King, huzza!' -- and with true passive obedience and non-resistence; and may my house be burnt too, if I am not become as sick of my species, and as desirous of keeping out of its way, as ever was hermit."[148]

It is no wonder that Man As He Is should be the most revolutionary and disillusioned of Bage's novels and that Bage's tendency to avoid his neighbors should increase during this period. Bearing the harrassment of tax collectors and quarrelling workmen, seeing his friends hounded out of their homes in the middle of the night, listening to the unreasonable prejudices of his neighbors might well have pushed this otherwise gentle man to far more open criticism of his society than he had ventured before. The revolutionaries Sir George Paradyne meets and admires in Paris are treated with open sympathy.

Actually, in spite of the Birmingham Riots, the liberal Englishman could still view the Revolution as a triumph of orthodox Whig principles in the spring of 1792, when Man As He Is was published. In September, 1791, in France a constitution had been accepted by the king, followed by peaceful elections to the National Legislative Assembly, which was almost entirely bourgeois.[149] Once the more radical forces took over the Revolution by the autumn of 1792, and blood began to flow in the streets like wine (to borrow an image from Dickens), even Bage could not support the mass violence of the Terror with the "purging" arguments he had put in the mouth of Lafayette in Man As He Is. Neither, it seems, did Lafayette and Lally-Tohlendal, for Bage had managed to pick out two of the most moderate of revolutionaries to hold up for our admiration; both of these men were to do everything they could to protect the royal family.[150] In 1796, when Bage published Hermsprong and the Terror had gone full force, Bage is not nearly so happy about mass movements for change, as we have seen in Hermsprong's speech to the rioting miners. And even though Hermsprong had travelled through revolutionary

France, he much prefers the freedom enjoyed by Englishmen. I doubt very much that he would have Hermsprong take his bride to Paris on their honeymoon to see the revolution in action as Sir George Paradyne does.

Even in Man As He Is, however, Bage views the Revolution as a peculiarly French phenomonen, not as a threat to England, which already enjoys her freedoms. Lafayette and Lally-Tohlendal openly admire English law and liberty (as described to them by Sir George) and apparently plan to model the New Regime on the principles of the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights. Considering that the young Lafayette had only recently returned from fighting the British in the American Revolution, Bage's characterization of him smacks of John Bull. It must be admitted that Lafayette comes across as the flattest character in the novel, mouthing homilies of the "liberté, fraternité, egalité" variety. Bage does not seem to be able to imagine fully a revolutionary character and can only paste together a propaganda paper-doll. No, Bage was not at his best handling the materials of the sort of propaganda novels Godwin was to write, and in the final analysis he cannot be called a revolutionary himself.

Bage does see many faults with society in Man As He Is. The upper classes are irresponsible, vain, and frivolous for the most part, derelict in their duty to preserve traditions of beauty and culture, self-seeking in their political leadership. Most of the social institutions often limit individual growth by professing an ideal morality but hypocritically ignoring the human needs of individuals. The church had done so by bowing to the needs of the state, marriage bound people together in misery, and the family had become an institution dedicated to enforcing parental authority. The Rev. Mr. Holman serves the state and roast beef; George's mother, Lady Mary,

serves Madeira and her purse. Correction of these wrongs, however, is left to what each individual can do, which Bage fears at this point is not very much, for even personal benevolence can enslave the recipient to his benefactor in unnatural bonds of gratitude, as Mr. Lindsay points out when Sir George is so busy being kind to beautiful, indigent young ladies.

Bage does not repudiate England as Priestley was to do after the Birmingham Riots by emigrating to America. In spite of the evils of the power structure, Bage is not willing to give up what is good in his society by destroying the traditional position of the aristocracy. A stable class structure insures "law and order," so necessary to the existence of a peaceful man. If the aristocracy is to be given the function of ruling the nation, however, it should use this responsibility for the good of all. But what is left for an honest aristocrat, valuing his integrity, if he sees that one individual in Parliament or at Court can do little, if anything, to stop the tide of human misery around him? "Nothing," is George Paradyne's answer to a similar question, when his sister suggests that by laboring for the happiness of man he can dissipate his melancholy gloom at the end of the novel. Pure logic in these matters leads to such nihilism; Young Werther drinks a glass of Madeira and shoots himself. Young Paradyne, however, is basically a healthy Englishman and muddles through to the happy ending. He is saved by marriage, family, and friends and therefore can be involved in himself and others at the same time. Bage may believe in eighteenth century rationality, but he compromises his solutions as blandly as a true Victorian.

Bage is a reformer, not a revolutionary. Even if reform is becoming more impossible in an increasingly conservative climate of opinion, he at least can speak his mind in his novels. As an independent business man,

Bage was not so vulnerable as the professional writer in London who looked to the public for emolument. On the other hand, he has more vested interests in the structure of his society than had Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, or Holcroft. Bage is basically the average liberal Englishman of his time and his assessment of those times is perhaps a more accurate tapping of current social trends than their avant garde novels.

Bage might, in fact, have considered his statements on kings as quite inflammatory in 1792. He certainly took greater pains to hide his authorship when this novel was first published than he had previously. Hutton records the following letter from Bage in his autobiography, dated July 25, 1792:

> "Thou saidest something in the last about authorship, which makes me suspect thou hast heard a rumor of my publishing lately. I have taken great pains, and sunk money to Lane in the price, not to be known any more as a novel writer, and yet the report goes strongly that Man As He Is is mine.
>
> What character it will have I know not, but if thou hearest anything said of it in Birmingham, if good, let me know; if bad, keep it to thyself. I can digest flattery, but hate reproof."[151]

Although Bage published all of his novels anonymously, the title page of his previous novels had mentioned his other works, if not his name. In 1788, Lane had published James Wallace as "By the author of Mount Henneth, Barham Downs, and The Fair Syrian."[152] By 1796, (perhaps because no one had burned down his house over Man As He Is) Hermsprong was listed "by the author of Man As He Is, and the second edition of that novel was listed "by the author of Hermsprong."[153]

The reviews were not fooled by the anonymity of the first edition in 1792. The notice in the English Review began:

> "If we mistake not, the author of Man as He is, is our old acquaintance. From certain peculiarities of style we are inclined to be of opinion, that

> from the same source proceeded Barham Downs, Mount Henneth, and James Wallace. The present novel, however, claims precedence of them all."[154]

By his fifth novel, Bage's style had developed an unmistakeable individuality, and he had found his metier in the form of progressive narrative.

Of course the attitudes and opinions reflected in Man As He Is could also have been a clue to his authorship, for we find here the same basic tolerance as in the earlier novels, and later in Hermsprong -- tolerance in matters of religion, sexuality, and social status. I suggest, however, that these themes of tolerance have a broader, more universal application in Man As He Is, which could not perhaps be seen by the reader who had met Bage only through Hermsprong, the stiff, idealized hero of Bage's last novel. Bage, after all, is an idealist with common sense, and cannot help from being tolerant even of man as he is, fallible and imperfect, bumbling through life with the best of intentions, only a man. It is probably a result of his subject, "the proper study of mankind," that Man As He Is was to be the most realistic, if also the most pessimistic of Bage's novels.

No one would claim that Man As He Is is a great novel, but it is a good one and contains much to savour in both wit and wisdom. A good novel reflects the world which the artist sees as an accurate surface image in a mirror. A great novel, on the other hand, reflects that world in depth; the reader, like Alice, steps through the looking glass into a newly and fully created world. Don Quixote and Tom Jones are such visionary worlds, reflecting and embodying their realities. Man As He Is is merely a good novel, but as such it gives an accurate image of the tone and spirit of its time as Bage holds the satiric mirror up to Nature. Robert Bage was after all an ordinary man responding to the frustrations of a revolutionary period and in an age of insipid fiction created a better than ordinary reflection of that world.

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A CHRONOLOGY OF ROBERT BAGE AND HIS NOVELS

1728 (29 February) Born at Darley, a hamlet in the parish of St. Alkmond's, Derby. Mother dies soon after his birth. His father moves with him to Derby and remarries.

1732 Bage's step-mother dies. Bage, Sr., soon marries again, but his third wife dies shortly thereafter. His fourth wife survived.

1735 Becomes acquainted with William Hutton whose family lives on the same street. Bage had already been sent to school by this time, and he is studying Latin and has become proficient in "the manual exercise."

c. 1751 Bage marries; He begins paper-mill at Elford, which he operates until his death.

c. 1752 Son Charles born. The birth date of a second son, Edward, as well as that of a third son is unknown.

1756 (February) Begins business connection with William Hutton, now a book-seller in Birmingham, to supply Hutton with paper; this arrangement continues until Bage's death.

1760 Begins study of mathematics with Thomas Hanson in Birmingham, going once a week for instruction. This study is continued until 1772, during three hours leisure each day.

1765 Enters partnership with Erasmus Darwin and two others in an ironworks.

c. 1779 Partnership with Darwin and others is dissolved; Bage has lost around £1500. He begins writing novels.

1781 Mount Henneth sold to T. Lowndes for 30 l., dated 1782.

1782 Dublin ed. of Mount Henneth, printed for Price.

1783 German trans. of Mount Henneth as Henneth Castle, oder Der glucklicke Kauf, Leipsig, Schwickert.

1784 Barham Downs, published by C. Wilkie, London.

1787 The Fair Syrian, published by Walker, London.
Dublin ed. of The Fair Syrian, published by Gilbert.
German trans. of Barham Downs, as Die Bruder by von C. Schreiter, Zullichau (Fromen in Jena), 1787-1788.

1788 James Wallace, published for W. Lane.
2nd ed. of Mount Henneth
French trans. of The Fair Syrian as La Belle Syrienne, London and Paris,

Briand; German trans. of The Fair Syrian as Honoria Warren, Frankfurt and Leipsig, 1788 and 1789.

1791 (14-17 July) The Birmingham Riots

1792 Man As He Is, published by W. Lane, London.
Bage probably moved during this year to Tamworth after the death of his youngest son.

1793 Dublin ed. of Man As He Is, published by P. Byrne

1796 Hermsprong; or Man As He Is Not, published by W. Lane, London.
Dublin ed. of Hermsprong printed by Smith, Byrne, Moore, Rice
2nd ed. of Man As He Is

1797 (June) Godwin visits Bage at Elford.

1798 German trans. of Man As He Is as Der Mensh wie er ist, Berlin and Stettin

1799 2nd ed. of Hermsprong
German trans. of Hermsprong; as Hermsprong, oder Adelstolz und Menschenwert by C. A. Wickman, Liegnitz, Seigert.

1800 (October) Visits Hutton for the last time in Birmingham

1801 (1 September) Dies at Tamworth, age 72; survived by his wife and sons Edward and Charles.
German translation (2nd.) of Man As He Is as Der Mann wie er ist, by C. Schilling, Perne.

1803 Hermsprong; or Man As He Is Not, printed for W. Duane, Philadelphia; first American printing of any of Bage's novels.

1809 3rd. ed. of Hermsprong.

1810 Mrs. Barbauld includes Hermsprong in The British Novelists, F. C. and J. Rivington, London.
French trans. of Barham Downs as Anna Bella, ou les Dunes de Barham, tr. Mackensie, for Griffet de La Baume.

1820 Hermsprong included in 2nd. ed. of The British Novelists.

1821 Sir Walter Scott includes Mount Henneth, Barham Downs, and James Wallace in Ballantyne's Novelists Library, Vol. IX.

1822 Charles Bage, cotton manufacturer, dies at Shrewsbury, age 70.
Edward Bage, apothecary-surgeon at Tamworth, had died some years previously.

1828 Hermsprong; or Man As He Is Not, published by C. C. Whittingham,

for C. C. Whittingham, for C. S. Arnold etc., Cheswick.

1951 Hermsprong, ed. W. Vaughan Wilkins, New York.

1960 Hermsprong; or Man As He Is Not, with drawings by Cecil Keeling, for the London Folio Society, London.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of this edition is that of the 1796 second edition of Man As He Is which shows evidence of correcting many of the printing errors the Monthly Review had noted in its review of the first edition of 1792. We may note the impatient tone of this anonymous, perhaps eye-sore, reviewer after closing the last duodecimo volume of the first edition.

> Of this, as of most novels, we have to complain that the errors of printing are numerous, and highly reprehensible. The author, who could bestow the labour of writing these four volumes, ought surely to have been capable of the additional fatigue that was necessary to convey his own ideas accurately.[1]

The first edition in four volumes was published by the Minerva Press in 1792 and sold for 3/-, sewed, or 3/6 in boards per volume.[2] The copy I examined was an authorized Xerox facsimile of the copy in the Library of Congress, bearing an entry stamp of 1872. The words "By Robert Bage" had been hand-written under the designation "A Novel." Otherwise, the bibliographical description is:

MAN AS HE IS.| [short orn. rule] | A NOVEL.| [short orn. rule] | IN FOUR VOLUMES.| [short orn. rule] | VOLUME I. [II. etc.] | [double rule] | Voluptates, blandi∫∫ im. domin., majores partes | animi à virtute detorquent. | [double rule] | LONDON: | PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE, | AT THE | Minerva Press, [Gothic] | LEADENHALL-STREET.| [short orn. rule] | M DCC XCII. 12mo.

The printing of this edition is indeed inconsistant. Common words are often misprinted either by substituting an incorrect letter or by omitting a letter altogether. The names of characters are not spelled consistantly at times. For instance, "Fluellen" in Volume III is also

spelled "Fluellin," even in the same chapter. During one dialogue between Miss Fluellen and Mr. Lindsay in this same volume improper paragraphing causes the reader to lose track of the speakers. But the most confusing error occurs in Volume IV when a stick of type intended for line 22, page 12, was inserted at line 15 on page 10, making a jumble of both passages. Most of these typographical errors were corrected in the 1796 edition.

A Dublin edition of the novel in two volumes duodecimo appeared in 1793. It appears to have used the first edition as a copy-text, for many of the same typographical errors are reproduced. The troublesome misplaced line mentioned above is simply omitted. Punctuation is somewhat altered in this edition, but these changes are not always honored in the 1796 edition. For instance, all accent marks on foreign words are omitted, the number of commas is reduced, and the length of dashes is doubled, or occasionally tripled. One may suppose the length of dashes is doubled from an attempt by the printer to increase emotional impact, for in the more sensational scenes, such as in Fidel's story, ordinary 2-em dashes are lengthened to hysterical 8-em ones. The long dashes and omitted accent marks are not recorded in the textual notes. A few changes in wording occur, not always happy ones, and these changes also are not incorporated in the 1796 edition.

The copy I examined of the Dublin edition was a microfilm of the copy in the Newberry Library, Chicago. There were five pages missing from the second volume, from page 178 to page 183, noted by the photographer. The bibliographical description is:

MAN AS HE IS.| [rule] | A NOVEL.| [rule] | IN TWO VOLUMES.| [rule] | VOLUME I. [II.] | [rule] | Voluptates, blandiſſimæ dominæ, majoras partes animi a virtute deterquent| [double rule] | DUBLIN: | PRINTED BY P. BYRNE,

NO. 108, GRAFTON-| STREET: AND B. SMITH, NO. 38,| MARY-STREET.| [rule] |
1793. 12mo.

The main differences between the bibliographical description of the 1793 Dublin edition and the 1792 London edition are the absence of italics and accent marks in the Latin quotation and the fact that this edition was printed in two volumes instead of four. The variations in the spelling of the Latin may also be noticed.

The 1796 London edition is probably closer to the book Bage intended to write than either of the previous two editions. Some of the changes, in fact, suggest quite strongly that he might well have had a hand in the changes, after having been so strongly reprimanded by the Monthly. There is a tendency to smooth out the style by avoiding such abbreviations as "favor'd" for "favoured" as an example. In Volume I, Chapter XVI, the green ribbon Miss Coleraine wears on her straw hat in the first edition is changed to black in the second; after all, she is in mourning at the time. There are occasional changes in grammar, as well, and a few substitutions of a proper name for a pronoun for clarity. These changes are rather closely observed in the first two volumes but become more inconsistent in the last two, however, almost as if the corrector became weary of proofreading as he progressed through the novel.

The copy I have used is a microfilm of a copy in the University of Illinois Library. The bibliographical description of the second edition is: MAN AS HE IS.| [short orn. rule]| A |NOVEL.| IN FOUR VOLUMES.| [short orn. rule]| BY THE AUTHOR OF HERMSPRONG.| [short orn. rule] Voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes animi à virtute | detorquent.| [short orn. rule]| SECOND EDITION.| [short orn. rule]| Vol. I. [II. etc.]| [double rule]|

LONDON: | PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE, | AT THE | Minerva-Press, [Gothic] | LEADENHALL-STREET. | [short orn. rule] | M.DCC.XCVI. 12mo.

I have not been able to find any evidence that the Philadelphia edition of 1795, which Evans lists in American Bibliography, ever existed. The American Imprint Series states that Evans assumed this imprint from an advertisement in the General Advertiser on July 21, 1795. When I wrote requesting The Historical Society of Pennsylvania to send me a xeroxed copy of the ad, the curator responded that such evidence of an American edition could not be found.

The 1819 third edition of the novel and the German translations have not been consulted, primarily because they were not available to me, but also because Bage could not have been consulted at their publication.

Variations from the 1796 edition in spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and substance as found in the first and Dublin edition are listed after the text of the novel. Even so, the text of the novel may well look strange to a reader not accustomed to such variations. Semi-colons or dashes are often used where we expect commas. The use of quotation marks is not consistent with modern practice, although speaker tags are more often left outside quotes here than in the 1792 edition. Even so, an occasional end quote is forgotten. The long s's and diagraphs of eighteenth century printing, however, are not preserved, unless a diagraph occurs in a foreign quotation.

The format of the present edition also follows the 1796 edition with a division of the novel into four volumes. The chapter numbering reverts to Ch. I at the beginning of each volume. The chapters in the 1792 edition run consecutively through the four volumes from "Chap. I" --

"Chap. CXX," but the numbering is not consistent. For instance, in Volume IV, we skip from "Chap. XCVI" to "Chap. LXXXIII" to "Chap. XCVIII" in the numbering. Earlier in the same volume, a number for Ch. LXXXIX is omitted. That kind of confusion is avoided in the simpler method used in the second edition.

After the text of the novel, the reader will find the textual notes. The footnotes throughout the text refer to the explanatory notes, which will immediately follow the textual notes. The points where textual variation occurs are not indicated in the text of the novel to avoid the multiplicity of notes this would require. Each point of variation is indicated by page and line number in the textual notes.

FOOTNOTES

1. The Monthly Review, X (1793), p. 298.
2. Dorothy Blakey. The Minerva Press: 1790-1820 (Oxford, 1939), p. 175.

MAN AS HE IS..

A

NOVEL.

In Four Volumes.

BY ROBERT BAGE

Voluptates, blandissimae dominae, majores partes animi a virtute detorquent.[1]

EDITED BY

Dorothy R. Foster

1971

VOLUME I

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PREFACE.

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To a refined and sensible people,--says Mr. Rousseau,[1]--instruction can only be offered in form of a novel. The English are a refined and sensible people; and I desire to instruct them in the best manner possible. Indeed the mode of instruction by novels, is become as prevalent as Mr. Rousseau himself could have wished; and, to all who think in his elegant manner, will be irrefragable proof of my beloved country being, whatsoever may become of our politics, the first of nations for refinement and sensibility.

Whether reviewers are graver than the rest of mankind; whether they do not accord to the abovementioned sentiment of John James;[2] or whether they do not think us yet sufficiently refined and sensible; it is certain the whole corps, una voce,[3] exclaim against this favoured species of composition. Some, I believe, because they think, les Sages, les Marivaux, the Fieldings, the Smollets,[4] are dead and buried, and will not rise again; others, because novels, as novels, do poison the minds of young ladies; and young ladies do poison young gentlemen; and so there is danger of an universal sanies,[5] from this corrupted and corrupting cause. But I humbly opine, that boarding schools, where young ladies go to learn to dress and behave, and where they do learn to dress with vanity, and behave with pride, may at least claim an equal share in this business of corruption.

It is true, and it is pity; but it must be owned, there are books called novels, and it is probable I am increasing the number, which would weary the patience of German or Dutch reviewers.[6] Our gentlemen, might with reason complain of their tristes calendae, those sad days when they were obliged to labour through them,[7] if they were obliged; but surely, here, if any where, it may be allowed them to catch the eel of science, by the tail.[8]

It is not now--as in the days of good Queen Ann--when none read, but those who could read. Except the wives and daughters of country labourers, all women read now, or seem to read. Whether fairy tales or novels be the mental food most meet for a moiety of our reading ladies, I do not determine; but since, as I presume by the demand, their choice falls upon the latter--I remember what the great king of Prussia said upon a sort of similar occasion,--If my loving subjects chuse to be damned, I give them my permission.--So, if my pretty country women will read nonsense, I am not a man to bar them so reasonable a liberty; and I hope the reviewers will henceforward grant them the same indulgence.

Upon a serious consideration of the foregoing premises, smit with the love of fame, and having weighed my own abilities in the accurate balance which authors generally use upon such occasions, I ventured to assume the pen. For fame is fame, whither it arise from the delicate whisper of the well judging few, or the loud roar of the many. Kings have been known to prefer the latter. So has John Wesley.[9] Why not I?

When I had gotten together a competent aggregate, I submitted it to the inspection of a lady of taste, who reads all novels, and has more to say in their praise than reviewers. She returned my manuscript with this

compliment: I thank you, Sir, for the perusal; but it by no means answers my expectation.

"Pray ma'am," said I, with an odd sort of trepidation; for authors have delicate nervous systems, and I felt mine rather deranged; "pray ma'am--what a--are your--objections?"

"You call it a novel," answered she. "No, Sir--it is not a novel. A novel should have plot. You have no plot. Character--but character is not your forte. Incident--you have indeed a few small incidents, but weak, and by no means of the right sort. Of the marvellous--nothing. Of distress--why you have absolutely no distress that deserves the name. And for love!--oh, I promise you, your twenty thousand fair readers will not thank you for the lessons you have given them on that subject."

"Pray, madam," said I, humbled to the dust, "if it is not a novel, what is it?"

"Really," answered she, "it is totally out of my power to solve that enigma. It is, I believe, what naturalists call a non-descript. However, if you will print, don't mind the title. Leave it to the reviewers to give your book a name; they will do it--depend upon it."

To the reviewers then, with all humiliation of spirit, I commit it; hoping they will condescend to tell us, as soon as may be convenient--

W H A T I T I S.

E X O R D I U M.

That a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happiness, divines have always taught; yet men will not believe; for there are still deviations from virtue. As far as my own experience reaches, I can aver the truth of this first of moral maxims, which cannot be too often inculcated. I have friends who deny its universality. I have others who are assured of it; and who, for the benefit of the universe, have put into my hands the papers whence I have extracted the following true history's which? without farther preface, begins thus:

MAN AS HE IS.

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CHAP. I.

The family of the Paradynes is very ancient in England. Walter Erdolf Paradyne held of Henry the second in Capite;[1] and having delivered up one of the king's castles when nothing was left in it to eat, the monarch ordered him into close custody in the castle of Winchester. Alice, his wife, paid this gracious king ten marks, to be with her husband one night. Those were the times when kings were considerate, and attentive to the wishes of the subject.

When the antiquity of a family is once established, it seldom renders any very material service to it to enquire why the original honours were bestowed, or how supported; satisfied, therefore, with having built upon a solid foundation, the right of looking down upon the common herd; I pass over from the reign of Henry the second to that of George the third, without taking the trouble with comparisons.

As a country gentleman, the late Sir Jeffery Paradyne must have been in some estimation. His estate was large; he was economical, without avarice; and his tenantry were flourishing. He was in the house many years; always endeavoured to distinguish the right from the wrong in a question; and when he could perform this arduous operation to his own satisfaction, always voted for this right; although he had married the sister of Lord Auschamp; who never fluctuated in his opinions; was always the firm friend of administration; and took all complaisant pains to

instruct his ill-informed brother-in-law.

Lady Mary Paradyne had little fortune, and was therefore under the necessity of setting a very high value upon rank. It was troublesome to Sir Jeffery, to the country ladies, and even to Lady Mary herself. I speak of the routine of etiquette which it induced. Sir Jeffery would sometimes endeavour to break it; but never had the happiness to render his lady perverse by the attempt. Not that she was perverse in all her ways. She brought Sir Jeffery three sons and a daughter, charming children, and so properly brought up, that they seldom laughed at papa and mama, or ventured to make mouths, till they were at a reasonable distance.

Whatsoever might be the portion of Sir Jeffery's happiness, it was terminated very prematurely by a fatal accident. The Drogheda, from Dublin to Holyhead, was lost in a storm, and all on board perished. The principal of the unfortunate passengers were Sir Jeffery and his two eldest sons, returning from Ireland, where the baronet had improveable estates.

I do not pretend to describe the affliction of Lady Mary Paradyne; one may judge of its excess by its consequences. The first quarter, Lady Mary resolved to pass in silence. In the second, she would allow herself to speak, provided any kind friend would indulge her in the language of sorrow. Cards were absolutely to be interdicted during this immense portion of widowhood. In the third quarter they might be allowed to appear, for the comfort of her condoling friends, but not her own. No--the world should not bribe her to touch them till the last period of widowhood; if, even then, she should be able to endure them.

Those who know what cards and ladies are, will be amazed at the

astonishing effects of so common a cause; for husbands die daily; and what ladies are found so deficient in true piety, not to bear the dispensations of Providence with due resignation? But it was not the simple death of Sir Jeffery and her sons which afflicted Lady Mary so inordinately; it was the manner of it. Had it happened in bed, after a year's substantial sickness, I dare say, Lady Mary would have been governed by the milder laws which fashion has in that case made and provided.

I cannot speak of the grief of Miss Paradyne in the same terms. She was only in her nineteenth year, not yet much initiated in ton,[2] and knew to grieve only as nature taught her. She loved her father and brothers; the rose died upon her cheeks; her appetite was lost; her amusements were no longer amusements; her breast was oppressed with an uncommon sense of weight, and her hours wasted in weariness and languor. Disposed nearly in the same manner, were the feelings of Mr. George, now Sir George Paradyne, a student at Oxford. A strong addiction to science had hitherto been his guard against libertinism, without having weakened the social affections. He felt his loss; and was little inclined to admit the rich succession he became heir to, as an alleviation.

When he arrived at Dennington, he found himself more disposed to soft sympathy with his sister, than to adopt the mode of sorrow Lady Mary had chosen. It was their duty, however, to endeavour to comfort their mother; it was a vain endeavour. Lady Mary could not support the idea of comfort. It absolutely enraged her, and she actually broke her determined silence in the very first week of her widowhood, in order to chastise the presumption of two unnatural children, who could suppose her capable of entertaining so preposterous an idea.

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C H A P. II.

Sir George Paradyne, now in his twenty-first year, had been designed for the church, had subscribed to the thirty-nine articles,[1] which he perfectly understood, that is, as perfectly as those who made them; and was upon the point of declaring his call to the ministry of the holy spirit, when the news of this family misfortune reached him. It was not till three months after, he could resume this divine consideration; and then he preceived clearly his call was gone; and that the spirit had quite abandoned him--so hard is it for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

In a month, the family removed to London, Lady Mary conceiving the metropolis wanted an example such as hers; and her son an instructor like the Earl of Auschamp. The Earl would willingly have undertaken the entire guardianship of his nephew, with all its appendages; but by Sir Jeffery's last will, made many years before his melancholy catastrophe, he had given this guardianship of all the minors of the family to Mr. James Paradyne, his brother.

Mr. James Paradyne was a plain country gentleman, and an honest, though not perhaps very sagacious, justice of the peace. In the language of the last half century, he was a jolly hale hearty fellow, kept fox hounds, loved his bottle, had no objections to a pretty girl in the dark; but had the wisdom to take warning by his elder brother; and keep out of the matrimonial precincts.

Lady Mary Paradyne never could bear the untutored manners of her brother-in-law, and contrived to shew her contempt of him so many ways, that he became an entire stranger at Dennington-hall. This contempt he returned as oft' as opportunity offered, so that the lady and the gentleman soon conceived as cordial a hatred for each other as ever need to disgrace humanity.

Mr. Paradyne was much bent upon opposing the journey of his wards to town; and of consigning Lady Mary over to her, jointure and jointure-house. The nephew made pious and even learned remonstrances against it without effect. The gentle and smiling entreaties of his engaging niece were the sole powers capable of changing the direction of a will, unaccustomed to find any impediment to its resolutions.

Lord Auschamp had the mortification to find Sir George a most indocile scholar in the great school of politics. He never could make him comprehend that great political truth, that power is always right; and the consequent necessity of supporting government in all its motions. So untractable was his pupil in these particulars, so obstinate in opposition, that the smiling politeness of Lord Auschamp would sometimes give way to angry conceptions; and suffer him to be surprised into very uncourtly language.

On the other hand, Sir George, warm with the ideas of Greece and Rome, began to suspect that his uncle was little of a statesman and less of a patriot; that his morals were versatile; and his manners affected. So he determined to confine his reverence to the exterior respect due to the brother of his mother, but by no means to consider him as a model for himself.

Something of this was perceptible to Lord Auschamp, who knowing the force of early impressions, and the importance Sir George might be of to him in his political capacity; communicated his opinions to Lady Mary. That gentle sister concurred with her brother in thinking it expedient Sir George should travel. "Abroad," Lord Auschamp said, "he will learn a little more implicit obedience, and correct the errors of his academic education."

Sir George assented to the proposal willingly; for over and above the pleasures the idea of travelling presents to youthful minds, the temper of Lady Mary made it a difficult task to him to treat her with all the attention and respect her maternal relation demanded.

Mr. Paradyne consented also, because, as he said, Lady Mary would make the boy a beau and a milksop; and Lord Auschamp would make him a jacobite.[2] It is true, this did not demonstrate the accuracy of Mr. Paradyne's ideas, but fully denoted their tenor.

Nothing therefore remained but to seek a tutor worthy of so important a trust. Many were found and rejected. It was his lordship's department, as he was a courtier, to examine their morals; her ladyship's, as she was a lady, their manners, and Sir George, with all the sapience of twenty years and a half, undertook the article of wisdom.

Lady Mary was so attentive to this important office, that she rejected five successive candidates. Lord Auschamp only three. I believe I ought rather to say three were rejected for want of virtue, moral or political; five for want of grace. Not that either of these polite inquisitors thought it necessary to inquire whether the candidate had a few private vices more or less; but Lord Auschamp thought, true virtue was to love one's

king, and to support his ministers; whilst Lady Mary thought the perfection of human nature, was taste in dress, and elegance of deportment. In short, the difficulty of choice was so great, that it is probable none would ever have been made, had not chance, or what we are pleased to call so, determined Sir George to make his own election.

One Mr. Lagray, a mathematical instrument maker, had got into the king's bench prison for certain failures of payment; occasioned, as he afterwards assured Sir George, by the misfortune of having Lords for customers.[3] He was a very honest man, his scales were very exact, and he had a very pretty daughter, who being of French extraction, had a great deal of Freech freedom and vivacity.

Sometimes Sir George amused himself in Mr. Lagray's workshop; sometimes in Miss Lagray's parlour. He had too tender a heart to bear to see Miss Lagray weep. He had also, for he was yet young in the world, money, liberality, and compassion. Would nature, if it is her business, but give the two latter, wherever fortune is pleased to bestow the former, it is inconceivable how this single circumstance would change, all for the better, the moral face of this our globe. At least, this was the opinion of Epictetus;[4] I answer for nothing.

Sir George went to the king's bench prison to confer with Mr. Lagray, who having proved, that had he been possessed of x+y+z pounds, he might still have been making diagonals in his own attic story, Sir George agreed to replace him there. The probability of such an event, being only as one to ninety-seven against it, according to the marquis of Condorcel's moral calculations,[5] it excited the honest mechanic's wonder, almost as much as it excited his gratitude.

Whilst they were standing in a corner of the area, considering the steps necessary to procure Mr. Lagray's freedom, Sir George saw a middle aged gentleman pass by, in company with another, too gaily dressed to be thought an inhabitant of any prison. The first, who had been a prisoner some years, was decently dressed in a plain suit of broad cloth; had an open agreeable face, but tinged with the hue of sickliness; a pensive cast of feature; eyees which indicated intelligence, and a tout ensemble[6] capable of interesting a profound physiognomist in no small degree.

"Once again, Sir, I answer no. I can have bread here, Sir, bread and peace. What I believe to be wrong, I will not say or write for any man; nor will I owe an obligation to----" was his reply to the gentleman as they passed along; but the close was lost by the distance.

Sir George asked Mr. Lagray if he knew him? Mr. Lagray answered, he knew no more of him than his name, which was Lindsay; and that he was regarded in the prison as a man of nice honour, and active kindness; who never refused pity and comfort to wretchedness, and often found a way to relieve it more substantially.

By the keeper of the prison, Sir George was informed that Mr. Lindsay was the son of a clergyman; and thrown into prison by his father's widow, for a debt of fifty pounds. That he was visited occasionally by respectable people, some of whom had in his hearing solicited leave to pay the debt. That Mr. Lindsay always refused this kindness, saying that it was the demand of malignity, and should not be gratified. That he supported himself by the press, and when he had a superfluity of money, he parted with it to relieve the necessities of those who were most in want. For

more particulars he referred him to the lodgings whence the arrest had taken him.

These were in Bloomsbury, at the house of a widow, who burst into tears at the mention of Mr. Lindsay, and spoke of him in terms which increased Sir George's respect for his character.

Repairing the next day to the prison, and calling for a room, he sent to request Mr. Lindsay's company; and having an idea (would all men had it) that a person in Mr. Lindsay's situation ought to be treated with peculiar delicacy, began the conversation with an apology for the liberty he had presumed to take; but that his character had inspired him with the desire of soliciting his friendship.

Mr. Lindsay, who knew the world, and did not believe that motives of mere benevolence could induce a young man of Sir George's gay appearance to seek him in prison, answered politely, but with some coldness and reserve.

"Mr. Lindsay," says Sir George, "you do right to repress my presumption. Friendship, I know, is not to be had for the mere asking; and yours, I believe, is too valuable to be bestowed upon a man, who may possibly never possess sufficient merit to deserve it. I should have asked your acquaintance only, and left to time and my own attentions, to procure the whole of my desire.

"You treat me with a candour, Sir," replied Mr. Lindsay, "which demands an equal return of candour on my part. I cannot suppose a gentleman would descend into prison with the sole view of adding an unhappy man to the number of his acquaintance. You conceive probably some service I might be able to render you for this condescension."

"So far, Mr. Lindsay," answered Sir George, "you are perfectly right."

"It depends then upon the nature of that service, what reply I ought to make."

"Nothing in the world," says Sir George, but to ingraft your knowledge upon my ignorance; your experience upon my want of it."

"Have the goodness to be more explicit."

"Most willingly, answered Sir George. You have your misfortunes; so have I, but they happen to be the reverse of yours. You have too much poverty; I have too much wealth. I have just experience enough of the world to know my own danger; just prudence enough to desire to take cautions against the follies of the age, and my own. I am a minor of family. My relations are looking out for a tutor. Dare you undertake the task?"

"Indeed I dare not."

"Oh," says Sir George, smiling, "you have a competent idea of its nature."

"I have," answered Mr. Lindsay, "a competent idea of my own impotence. I have never yet been able to govern myself."

"That indeed," says Sir George, "is the most difficult of all government. You'll learn it, as other people do, when you come to three score years and ten. I believe the wise Solomon did not acquire it much before that term. In the mean time, make a few experiments upon other subjects. I offer myself for your first essay."

"If," says Mr. Lindsay, "I could believe myself capable of doing you service, this engaging frankness might determine me to try. But it cannot be; a tutor should be well acquainted with the world. I am not so--at

least not your world. His mind and body ought to be in habits of activity. Mine is lost. Disgusted with mankind--is it for me to introduce a gentleman into a proper commerce with it? It is your humanity, Sir, has betrayed you into this error. It ought to be the part of my integrity to prevent your suffering by the illusion."

"So it is," says Sir George, "men draw conclusions. Hear mine. You have been taught in the great school of adversity, where men best learn prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Now these I have much inclination to learn, but none to go into your school. In short, it was written in the book of fate, that you should buy virtue at the price of affliction, and I should have the benefit of it. And what is it that induces you to quarrel so bitterly with the race of man, oh septuagenary of forty?"

"A long series of distressing sensations."

"Of which you are so violently enamoured, that you will not change them for the agreeable tribe."

"Most willingly, Sir; but what should change them? shall I no longer find selfish meanness, fraud, cunning, and ingratitude, amongst men? Is there in so small a time, so large an increase of moral virtues, with human kindness at their head?

"Excellent," says Sir George; "this is precisely what I want, I love the world too well, especially the fairer part of it. A gentleman of your misantropic turn will mitigate the violence of this passion. It is through magnifiers I look at the world and its pleasures. You turn the glass the opposite way; who knows, but that by our mutual labours, we may at length construct that catoptric instrument, at which divines and philosophers have been lavouring so long, and with so little success--the glass

of truth; and see things as they are."

"It does not appear to me," says Mr. Lindsay with a smile, "that you want a tutor."

"No," replies Sir George, "That is the want of my friends, not mine. Lord Auschamp, my uncle, and Lady Mary Paradyne, my mother, are for sending me the grand tour; and are looking out for me,--one, a guide, who has studied politics under Sir Robert Filmer;[7] the other, who has studied manners under Lord Chesterfield.[8] I am seeking out too--for a gentleman, a scholar and a friend."

"A friend, Sir George? and is it in me you could expect to find one? In a close unsociable contracted heart, shut to pleasure, and unopening even to kindness."

"Oh," replies Sir George, "I could find plenty of friends with hearts open to profess, and hands open to receive, the common currency of coffee-houses and taverns. I want friendship a' la mode d' antiquite.[9] I know too it is not an act of volition, and I know the kind of merit I must have to obtain yours. I request permission to try; consent, Mr. Lindsay, to endure the world and me a year or two. Whatsoever be the result, you shall be so far benefited as to be no more exposed to indigence. When you chuse to retire, you shall retire with the means of comfort; or if (smiling) you prefer this splendid and happy mansion to every other, means may be found to reinstate you in it."

"There are," replies Mr. Lindsay, "worse prisons than this, with far different names. Compared with the Escurial and Versailles, this is a little world of freedom."[10]

"Oh, you need not," says Sir George, "have crossed the seas for a

comparison. I am not yet entered at St. James's."

The conversation did not end here. The gentlemen dined together, and before they parted, Mr. Lindsay consented to Sir George's request; in consequence of which, the following day he was in possession of his old lodgings, which happened fortunately to be unoccupied.

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C H A P. III.

Sir George, eager in the execution of a scheme, formed by the concurring powers of wisdom and benevolence, proposed Mr. Lindsay on the next day, to Lady Mary and Lord Auschamp, relating at the same time the manner in which he became acquainted with him, and dwelling largely on his good sense, his candour, and integrity. Lady Mary was passive; Lord Auschamp desired to see him: Although, says he, I am unable to comprehend how a jail cna be a good seminary for tutors; and I, says Lady Mary, suppose the man may do very well to teach boys their letters; but really, Sir George, you have already too much college rust about you.

Lord Auschamp received Mr. Lindsay with great politeness; and after the usual civilities said, "I have not the honour to know you, Mr. Lindsay: I have no doubt you may be extremely well qualified for the office of tutor, but I believe it is customary to enquire for certain credentials in such cases; and you are too much a gentleman to be offended with proper precautions."

"If it is character, my Lord," answered Mr. Lindsay, "you wish to investigate, I know not how to direct your inquiry; mine is so perfectly unknown, that I am afraid your Lordship cannot be satisfied in that particular."

"My nephew has celebrated your candour, Sir--probably with justice."

Mr. Lindsay bowed.

"Sir George Paradyne, Mr. Lindsay, is a young man of vast fortune, and great political connexions. Betwixt the morals that befit a gentleman, and those which are calculated for common life, I make no doubt you distinguish properly."

"I presume your Lordship means manners, not morals."

"Mr. Lindsay, I understand the English language tolerably well.--There is no necessity to suppose I mean any thing but what I say."

"I beg your lordship's pardon. There may be a commodious morality for the exclusive use of the rich and great; but I own myself unacquainted with it."

"You do not mean to recommend yourself by liberality of idea, I perceive; but let us pass this. Sir George is going to make the grand tour. It is to be wished he may return rather with an enlarged than a diminished affection for his own country."

"As far as depends upon me, my lord, I shall be attentive to this; nor can the task be difficult. The superiority of his own country, when compared with those he visits, will be so evident, that he must love it the more, the more he compares."

"In what, Mr. Lindsay," asked Lord Auschamp, "do you conceive this superiority to consist?"

"In good laws, my lord; by which personal liberty is as well secured, and private property as well guarded, as is consistent with civil society."

"These blessings," says Lord Auschamp, "we owe to the indulgent family upon the throne; to which I suppose you will think it just to

inculcate a peculiar loyalty."

"I hope my lord, I have the proper sentiments of a subject to this illustrious family; to which all loyalty will be due so long as it continues the faithful guardian and executor of our laws. As to the civil blessings we enjoy, I humbly conceive we owe them to our own good sense and manly exertions; nor do I know that liberty like ours ever flowed, with design at least, from any throne on earth."

"Very well Mr.--a--a--Mr. Lindsay," said my lord, "I believe we need not extend the conversation farther; I see you are perfectly qualified, and if it lies in my way to do you service, depend upon me."

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C H A P. IV.

I know not how it is possible to carry politeness higher than it was carried by Lord Auschamp. Unless he conceived himself directly offended by a want of a proper deference to his consequence, he could seldom be brought to say a disagreeable thing. So great a superiority of courtesy have courtiers over the rest of mankind.

Whilst Mr. Lindsay was assuring Sir George, that Lord Auschamp would oppose his schemes with respect to himself; and whilst Sir George was wondering how Lindsay could draw such a presage from a discourse which seemed to promise the contrary, Lady Mary received the following note:

"I have conversed with Lindsay, the person on whom Sir George was so lavish in his encomiums. My opinion is, that he is, as your ladyship justly observed, very well to teach letters to boys, but by no means to introduce into the world the son of Lady Mary Paradyne, and the nephew

of the Earl of Auschamp."

It was kind in Lord Auschamp to pay so polite an attention to Lady Mary's observations; and particularly so, because he had not the highest opinion either of Lady Mary's wisdom or temper. But politeness has many causes; one of these is money. Lady Mary had great power over her son. Sir George had great power of accommodation--at his banker's. And some causes had arisen which rendered accommodation highly convenient to Lord Auschamp.

There were but two people in the world who appeared to Lady Mary to be always right,--Lord Auschamp and herself. The late Sir Jeffery indeed, had formerly contested the opinion in both its branches; but her Ladyship supported it with equal firmness and intrepidity, and Sir Jeffery loving peace, had suffered it to pass sub silentio,[1] so that Lady Mary had no apprehension she should ever more hear it controverted.

"Sir George," says she, "my dear, your uncle, Lord Auschamp, does not like Mr. Lindsay."

"But I do, Madam," answered Sir George.

Lady Mary was struck at once with the simplicity and grandeur of the reply.

"Eh, well," says she, after the astonishment of a minute, "What am I to understand by this?"

"Mr. Lindsey, I presume, is designed to be my tutor, not Lord Auschamp's."

"And when, my pretty master, do boys choose their own tutors?"

"I am so near the age of discretion by law, that I think it scarce worth Lord Auschamp's while to trouble himself about me."

"I wish, Sir George, you were at the age of discretion by nature."

"I think I am, madam."

"Young men are apt to make mistakes upon that head."

"I allow it, madam. Granting then my deficiency, is it to Lord Auschamp I am to apply for wisdom?"

"Certainly, Sir; where can you apply better?"

"My father's will has directed me to my uncle James."

"The boor. Could it have directed you worse?"

"I own I think it might, madam."

"I wonder where?"

"Excuse me, madam."

"What, Sir George--is it possible you can mean Lord Auschamp?" (Sir George did not answer.) "Lord Auschamp despised by his sister's son!"

"Despised, madam! no certainly. I am sensible of the proper respect due to him, and mean to pay it."

"Let me tell you, Sir, he is considered as a man of the very first understanding about court."

"It may be so, madam, I have not the honour to know the court."

"But I suppose you know it is the place which all look up to for the highest degrees of understanding and politeness."

"Oh, for politeness, madam; it is impossible now to look where it is not. An hundred years since, no doubt, the court got it up in a superior manner; but the manufacture has been since so extended, that it is now become a question whether the finest fabric is at St. James's. As to the other article, it was always a question."

"I don't like your Spitalfields wit;[2] and admire your obstinacy, and

persisting in error. As to reasoning with you, it is in vain--therefore I desire, to oblige me, you will give up the design of taking Mr. Lindsay as a tutor."

"I obey, madame. I shall henceforth consider him only as a friend."

"No--I insist upon it you give up his acquaintance."

"I beg you will not think of it, madam; I am engaged to Mr. Lindsay by honour and inclination."

"I don't see what business you have to form acquaintances without my leave. I must have him given up. You take an early opportunity to let me know my authority is gone."

It was Lady Mary's custom, when she got into the strain of declamation, to persist in it a long time with great rapidity of utterance; and it was Sir George's, to hear with respectful silence, and without reply. For the first time in his life, in the midst of a long oration, which had become violent and rather abusive,. he rose, and making his bow, departed.

Before he was dressed to go out, Lord Auschamp called. Sir George, little disposed for a lecture upon the same topic, heard Lord Auschamp's remarks with more impatience; supported the character of Mr. Lindsay with a degree of warmth very well authorized by the occasion, but by no means agreeable to the pride of his uncle. The language of anger ceases to be polite; and the imperial part of Lord Auschamp's character took the ascendant over the art of the courtier.

Sir George Paradyne had his pride also, too much to bear insult or contempt from any man. He had discernment too, perhaps sharpened by resentment; and began to perceive more and more clearly, that Lord Auschamp was not that prodigious luminary he wished to be thought. It is not

indeed always for the benefit of those who shine--especially in courts--to be too deeply appreciated.

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C H A P. V.

Of this new-born spirit of Sir George, Lady Mary formed a prognostic not favourable to the continuance of her authority; and Lord Auschamp began to doubt whether he should draw six new members to the court party next sessions, by the influence of his nephew, or not. As far as politicians can be convinced they have acted wrong, Lord Auschamp was so, in having forgot that dissimulation was the first and greatest quality of a great man; and having in consequence, treated Sir George too much en hauteur.[1]

"This seed of rebellion to paternal and matruclian[2] authority, Lady Mary, says Lord Auschamp, at their next conference, has been sown by that Lindsay. The man has parts; so much the worse. He will the more successfully inculcate his pernicious opinions; opinions calculated to depress the true spirit of allegiance, and change a government one may call divine, into democratic anarchy."

"That is your lordship's province to judge of" answered Lady Mary. "Pray how is the man with regard to elegance and address?"

"Oh," answered Lord Auschamp, who instantly perceived he had not applied his discourse to Lady Mary's ruling ideas, "intolerable, my dear; no man had ever less obligation to the graces. My fear is, lest he should inspire Sir George with a notion that bon ton[3] air is useless to a gentleman.

"My dear lord," says Lady Mary, "I never shall be able to endure him."

"I am confident your ladyship never will. One way or other they must be separated. I will think of it. In the mean time, it may be proper that you should take no notice of it to Sir George at present. The young man is irritable, and the too free laws of this country will support him in disobedience. We must be cautious. I must confess, too peremptory a tone lost us America."

"So well know ministers and ministerial coadjutors the road of secret intelligence, that in three days Lord Auschamp was provided with some respecting Mr. Lindsay, of immense importance as a dernier resort. But as it is the fashion--for all things have fashion--not now to use force 'till influence fails, Lord Auschamp prepared to try his influence once more, and putting on his aspect of ceremony, began thus:

"I flatter myself, Sir George, I need not make use of many words to convince you that I have your interest sincerely at heart, or that I have any motive for giving my advice but your own good. You are of an ancient family, have large property, and may aspire to the first honours of the state. Your education, however, has not been correspondent to your prospects, and I fear, the defect is not to be amended by taking Mr. Lindsay as a tutor. I do not mean that Mr. Lindsay wants learning or good common sense, but it is of the academic kind, and smells of the lamp. Of the world, I presume to say, he is ignorant; nor have I much doubt, whatsoever glosses may have been used, but from this ignorance have arisen his distresses; unless indeed one might suppose him to have been addicted to expensive private vices. Nor is this an improbable supposition. I know mankind pretty well, and I always suspect your men who make a shew of virtue; let this however be as it may, certainly Mr. Lindsay is not a

proper person to be your tutor."

"So," answered Sir George; "so he says himself, and pleads his ignorance as your Lordship does. My mother, Lady Mary, too, thinks he has had a bad dancing master. And indeed, except learning, probity, and a total absence of vice, be qualifications for modern tutorage, which I am informed they are not, I know not how Mr. Lindsay can be recommended. But will your lordship permit me to ask, where is the necessity for any tutor at all?"

"Really, Sir George," answered my lord, "you ought to spare my delicacy on this head."

"I thank your lordship. I had a tutor at Oxford; is it to continue me in the same line of study you wish to provide me a tutor now?"

"By no means. Upon academic science you are now to engraft the science of politics; a very important one to men of rank and fortune. Youthful minds are apt to run impetuously into maxims of liberty--I should rather say licence. A man of experience may be useful, in shewing how to avoid the rocks on which so many politicians wreck their frail barks, in teaching the genuine principles of government; and painting, in their true but abominable colours, the factious principles of the leaders of opposition."

"I hope, my lord, I may be able to build my own system upon general history and the rights of man;[4] not borrow it ready formed, and independent of my own understand, from any teacher--from any advocate of despotism, or of license."

"This is a pretty plausible way of talking, Sir, and must procure you much admiration--from the ladies. But if you will prefer the crude

notions of youth to the experience of age--be it so. It is not my occupation to read lectures on politics to statesmen just sprung up from the banks of the Cam or the Isis;[5] I have really no such time to waste. May I make Lady Mary happy, by letting her know you intend to pay her the compliment of conforming to her inclination respecting this god of your idolatry, this Mr. Lindsay, and that you will give up his acquaintance."

"His tutorage, if your lordship pleases. You are too just to prescribe to me in respect of friendship."

"Then I am to inform Lady Mary of your absolute non-compliance."

"I shall be obliged to your lordship for permission to inform Lady Mary myself. It is a very unfortunate circumstance when mediation is necessary betwixt a mother and son. I have not any idea of this being the case between Lady Mary and me."

"This means then, that you determine to reject my advice and authority."

"I beg your lordship's pardon; it means no such thing. I may often have occasion to look up to your Lordship's superior wisdom and experience. At present, I am under no perplexity; I have no advice to ask, and know not how I could make your lordship's authority useful to me."

Although Sir George said this with the most respectful air possible, there was something in it which offended the dignity of Lord Auschamp. All at once, his politeness was giving way. "Sir George," says he, "you provoke me to say----" A ray of recollection came; he stopt. "You are a very strange young man. However, if you do think you are fit to govern yourself----"

"I shall certainly think so, my lord, a few months hence, and I am endeavouring to accustom myself to the idea."

"Oh--nothing so easy."

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C H A P. VI.

It is probable the policy of Lord Auschamp would have induced him to drop an opposition, which must appear trifling to the reader; but some causes prevented it. In the first place, he had himself given Lady Mary an impression much to Mr. Lindsay's disadvantage; and impressions of dislike were with Lady Mary indeliable. In the second place, Sir George's borough interest was very large; he was a young man of promising talents; and it was of great importance to Lord Auschamp, that Sir George should enter the political career under his auspices, and that he should gain an ascendency which it would not be easy for Sir George himself to break. Lastly, he had learned that Mr. Lindsay was a writer of no small abilities, and that he had exercised his pen, principally, though not constantly, on the side of opposition.

It was no undesirable thing to have such a man for a friend; and next to this was the not having him for an enemy. He considered the means he ought to pursue, and imagining condescension in so great a man as himself, might be a good pre-disposing cause, he took the courteous method of calling upon him at his own lodgings.

"When I had the pleasure of seeing you in South Audley-street,[1] Mr. Lindsay," Lord Auschamp began, "I was not perhaps in proper temper of mind to see all your merit, though I saw you had very much. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish I might be the happy means of placing you out of their reach. I assure you, Sir, it would give me infinite pleasure.

Your talents are really too great to be lost in the little occupation

of a tutor. I do not see why one day you might not serve your country in some conspicuous station; but every thing has its beginning. What should you think of an office under government, requiring attendance only a few hours a-day. I have such an one in my eye, likely to fall in soon, about 200 l. a year; too small for your abilities, no doubt; but small things lead to great."

Mr. Lindsay not offering to answer, Lord Auschamp continued, "I own frankly to you, Mr. Lindsay, that I am not without some self-consideration in my desire to serve you. In a good heart, gratitude is a predominant sentiment. I am informed you write sometimes. Every man of sense allows that the political pro and con, out of doors, is nothing but a play of words, merely to amuse the public, and that it is of no consideration which side a man takes, except so far as regards his own emolument. Now, I presume, Mr. Lindsay, this is better secured on the side of administration than on that of opposition; what think you?"

"I dare say it is, my lord; and if I had nothing in view but my own emolument, I should embrace your lordship's proposals with pleasure; and as your lordship observes, with gratitude. But it would be presumption to trifle with your lordship. I cannot accept of bread with the condition annexed, of no longer daring to think for myself. I have been in that habit so long, that I should find the labour of divesting myself of it too difficult, and as I cannot hope that all the plans of administration merit the public thanks, I should sometimes be in danger of incurring the imputation of ingratitude, even for the exercise of that common right of man, the saying that he thinks. It is probable also I should sometimes incur it, for not doing that which no emolument shall ever persuade me to do--

say what I do not think."

Even that great school of virtue, the court, had not taught Lord Auschamp totally to subdue a certain irrascibility of temper, to which the pride of rank, and other pride, too frequently gave birth; nor could he forbear being piqued, that an argument which had converted so many patriots, should in his hands fail of success with a man so poor.

"I suppose, Sir," says Lord Auschamp, "you depend upon the pliability of my nephew for something greater than you think it is in my power to bestow."

"I do not see," answered Mr. Lindsay, "the necessity or the politeness of your Lordship's supposition."

"Nor do I," says my Lord, "see the necessity of politeness to a man, who I have reason to believe, is making his prey of the easy credulity of my own nephew."

"I must entreat the favour of your lordship to change this language; I have not learned to bear it."

"Learn then, Sir, not to deserve it."

"My lord," said Mr. Lindsay, with a rising spirit, "I have been unfortunate, but never mean. What right have you acquired to insult me?"

"If you call this insult, Sir, I have acquired it, I think, by my rank, and my affinity to Sir George Paradyne."

"You oblige me to tell your lordship I regard not either. Whether you allow me the title of a gentleman or not, I will support the character. If I could think it worth a boast, there is in the family whence I spring, blood as illustrious as your lordship's. Nor shall you or any man insult me with impunity."

"Look up then," says his lordship, "to this illustrious blood for your protection; you will hear from me in a manner that will require it."

"In any manner your lordship pleases."

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C H A P. VII.

Lady Mary Paradyne was the best of mothers; for she doated upon this dear son ever since he became Sir George, and never omitted her daily precepts to him, to behave with dignity and grace. It must be owned they were wanted; for Sir George had yet only the politeness of good humour, of an obliging temper, and of unaffected ease. The more essential politeness of a dancing master he had still to learn.

Lady Mary's affections went to the whole duties of a mother. It was not her fault, if he was not the most accomplished fine gentleman of his age. It was she who regulated his taste in dress, who superintended the friseur in the important decoration of his head, and who most willingly would have taken the trouble to regulate his amusements and even his studies.

Of these maternal cares, Sir George began to be weary; so much the more as they were accompanied with a diffusive oratory; perceptive when Lady Mary was in good humour, vituperative when she was not; and always unwilling to come to a close. This smooth and orderly course of things was interrupted by Lord Auschamp's communication of his last conversation with Mr. Lindsay. Lady Mary could not conceive that such a man as he would dare to offend such a man as Lord Auschamp, unless encouraged, perhaps prompted, by Sir George, and assured of his support. On the first hearing of it, she was almost suffocated with passion; but as Sir George happened

not to be in the way to receive it, it began to subside, and at last sunk into a something, known to the canaille[1] by the name of the sullens; but in the beau monde,[2] which acknowledges nothing in common with roturius,[3] we must give it the appellation of a dignified anger. This agreeable swell of the bosom continued four days, in which time Lady Mary scarce honoured Sir George with a word or even a look. Sir George, who knew the cause but not the remedy, and who liked this mode of reproof, quite as well as the mode oratorial, permitted it quietly to take its course. It terminated towards the conclusion of a dinner, and in a manner quite unexpected. When the servants were withdrawn, Lady Mary took up her fourth glass of madeira, and looking at Sir George with uncommon tendernesss, drank his health. This ceremony over, "You know," says she, "how dearly I love you; you know I doat upon you to distraction." Sir George bowed. "You know you are the comfort of my life; my only comfort." Miss Paradyne bowed. "Don't be silly Emilia," cries Lady Mary; "I do not mean domestic comfort; but Sir George is the only remaining support of the honour and dignity of the Paradyne family; nay, there stands but one life betwixt him and my brother's earldom; if that drops, the dignity of his father's house will be lost in the far superior dignity and splendor of mine.

"To be sure," continued Lady Mary, wiping her eyes when she spoke of Sir Jeffery, "your father was considered in the country--especially after his marriage--he was an affectionate husband, and would have been still more so, but for that brute uncle; I shall never survive his loss many years. It weighs too heavy upon me; especially since I see my cares in forming you, Sir George, to dignity and honour, are thrown away. Oh, if children knew what they owed to parents,--especially mothers! But

what is filial gratitude in this age? and what is a mother but an old woman?"

Lady Mary was not got into her own peculiar strain; in which, aided by the fifth glass of madeira, she might have kept rolling on, a little eternity, without interruption; for Sir George made it a point of duty to attend, or seem to attend, his mother's beneficent lectures. It is true, this was unusually long, but he considered the four preceding days of silence, and armed himself with a dutiful degree of patience accordingly.

But, in an instant, when Lady Mary was peculiarly emphatical, Sir George mechanically,--gave the wonted signal to chloe, who lay at her master's feet, and sprung up to receive her usual caresses at his hand. Sir George was apprised of his error, by the instantaneous cessation of Lady Mary's eloquence, and looking up at her, saw an increased inflammation upon her cheek, and her eyes sparkling with new fire.

"Oh," says she, after the angry pause of a minute, "oh that I was with my dear Sir Jeffery in his watery grave, where no undutiful children trouble!"

"Good Heaven, madam!" says the astonished Sir George, "am I so unhappy as to be the object of your present anger?"

"Yes," answered Lady Mary, "yes, you are; who is there else in this world that can give me any cause of grief? the very son who ought to give me comfort and consolation in my hapless widowed state, despises me, pays no attention to my advice, though all for his own good--and--"

"Dear madam," says Sir George, "why do you say this? sure you have not the least cause--my respect--"

"Yes:-it's very respectful to be sure to interrupt me in the midst of

what I was saying, with a flat contradiction. God help me! Oh! if mothers could but forsee how their pains and tenderness would be rewarded, they would spare themselves a world of anxiety. I suppose it was out of respect to me that you encouraged that Lindsay to affront Lord Auschamp."

"May I take the liberty to say, madam, that Lord Auschamp gave the offence."

"How could such a fellow dare to take offence at the Earl of Auschamp, and presume to affront a peer of the realm? I have not patience."

"I incline to lose my patience also, when I think of a peer of the realm forgetting himself so far as to affront his inferior."

"Who else should they affront, pray? and what business have inferiors to be affronted?"

"Sure, madam, you would not confine all the sensibilities of life to the great."

"I hate to hear you talk. For the dignity of sentiment, you might have been bred and born amongst mechanics; but it does not signify talking, I will have you discharge that Lindsay."

"He is not my servant, madam."

"I don't care what he is; you shall give up his acquaintance."

"In this I am sorry I cannot obey your ladyship. I cannot stoop to affront a gentleman because he is poor."

"You provoking monster. Go--go--I cannot bear to see you." Sir George bowed and withdrew. "Stay," says Lady Mary, "you are mighty fond of this sort of obedience. Stay, I say." But Sir George was not at present in the humour to hear.

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C H A P. VIII.

Lady Mary gave herself and Sir George so little respite, that he now began to find his days pass without enjoyment, and his nights without repose. Miss Paradyne was also drooping under her mother's tyranny; but, like the brother whom she loved, too dutiful to think of resistance.

This Sir George could less bear than his own usage, nor did he know a remedy, such as he durst advise, or Miss Paradyne take. He determined, therefore, as the spring was now come, to take the advice of Mr. Lindsay, to put off his tour abroad till the end of his minority, and to employ the intervening summer, except as much of it as was necessary to become well acquainted with his estates, and to settle a plan of economy equally free from meanness and profusion, in a tour of Great-Britain.

Sir George took leave of his sister with tears, of Lady Mary by a respectful letter, and accompanied by Mr. Lindsay, with each a servant, set out on horseback, and took the road to Dennington, in Sussex, Sir George's principal country seat.

I beg the gentlemen minors of the present day will not suppose I mean Sir George Paradyne as a model of duty for them; I only desire to make his apology. The respect he paid to Lady Mary Paradyne would hardly be paid to the queen of England, if her requests took the air of authority; but Sir George was totally ignorant how slender are now the fashionable ties of affinity.

One mile from Dennington lived Mr. James Paradyne, of whom I have spoke

in the first chapter. Sir George surprised him by a visit; for, "George," says he, "when you went with your mother to London, I gave you up for lost. Lord Auschamp, I knew, would want to enlist you among the court puppies. Lady Mary among the danglers at the tail of the ladies, and the loungers at coffee-houses. I shall be glad to hear of a good escape from both."

Of Lady Mary Sir George spoke with great caution, not to give her to his uncle for a subject of exultation. On Lord Auschamp's account, he had not this delicacy, but gave Mr. Paradyne an exact relation of what had passed betwixt the noble peer, himself, and Mr. Lindsay.

No subject could have pleased him better. He ordered his horse, to ride with Sir George to Dennington, on purpose to dine and make an acquaintance with such a spirited and honest fellow--a man after his own heart.

The plan concerted with Mr. Lindsay made the principal subject of the evenings conversation. Mr. Paradyne thought it good, so far as it drew Sir George away from the auspices of Lord Auschamp and Lady Mary. "But as to travelling, George, why I think looking at other people's estates not so good as cultivating one's own. However, young men must do some foolish things; for how should they do wise ones before they have learnt. And riding through France and Italy! why, I'm told you may sit at home, and see every nook and corner of both; and how many streets and churches there are, and how many miles from town to town. Then, why can't you stay at home and save your money? Look at me George; I am fifty-eight next birth-day; I can rise with the sun and hunt him down,--ay, and afterwards drink 'down the moon,'[1] my boy, as the song says, if I get among the right sort. Never had the headache in my life. Good luck too to keep out of matrimony.--Never rack'd a tenant, George,--no occasion;--never went to court."

"I never could understand, dear uncle," says Sir George, "whence proceeded your aversion to marriage. Did you ever meet with peculiar ill usage from the fair sex?"

"No, nothing peculiar George's jilted and robbed; common luck; it might have been worse with a wife."

"A good wife, they say, is the greatest blessing heaven can bestow upon man here below."

"Too great for mortal man, George. Rara avis.[2] Ever see one, George?"

Sir George answered this question with a smile. Mr. Lindsay with a sigh.

After a month's stay at Dennington, having made the necessary economical regulations in concord with Mr. Paradyne, having been fortified by him with excellent advice, and receiving from him a competent quantity of cash and bank notes, our travellers set forward on their tour.

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C H A P. IX.

Sentimental travellers[1] ought to find matter fit to make books of at every inn. Landlords and landladies have been extremely facetious for twenty years last past; their daughters and chambermaids, patterns of chastity, sensibility, and refined love. Something worthy of notice, out of abundant notes and journals I am favoured with, I hope to be able to extract--for I would please very body. My first ambition, however, is to make a selection agreeable to my fair readers, of whom I promise myself just twenty thousand. If I am happy enough to succeed in this laudable expectation, I shall think little of men, and less of critics.

Now the subject most agreeable to the fair is love; the second in estimation, fashion. These propositions are demonstrable. As to love--it will come when it will come. Fashion is always, and occasionally occupied the attention of our travellers. I hope I shall be able to draw something from their remarks, to extend its influence, and enlarge the power of charming, of the charming sex.

I find by the perusal of their papers, that it was the custom of Sir George and Mr. Lindsay to speculate along the king's highway, both with mental and bodily eyes, and to employ an hour of the evening in recording these speculations, and the present state of their own opinions. Sir George's I find rather characterized with instability; for all objects do not appear to the same eye, under the same angle, every time they are viewed, let mathematicians say what they will. Peace to the manes of the Dioclesians and Carol. Quints![2] they were honest people, who saw at sixty what fools, or knaves perhaps, they had been at forty. But I appeal to my fair readers, whether amongst their numerous acquaintance there may not be some, to whom at twenty a ball room was not the most animating of all objects; and at sixty, a card table.

As Mr. Lindsay, though imprisonment and disquiet had given him an older appearance, was only thirty, and Sir George twenty years and a half old, it might have been expected their sentiments would generally have coincided. So they did, when they talked of Cicero and Demosthenes, of Horace and Virgil;[3] but when the subjects were human manners and improvements; there was as fine an opposition as ever gave birth to argument. According to Sir George, the present times were in all respects the best which England had ever known. Mr. Lindsay allowed them so, for the civilities and exterior

courtesies of life; but contended that what we had gained in the milder virtues, we had lost in the manly ones.

One day they were observing a handsome house a little on the left of the road, beautifully situated, but all around it bore the marks of neglect. Sir George wished to know whose it was, and asked the question of some workmen who were falling trees in the hedge row.

"It belongs to 'squire Garford," says one, "but he does not live here now; he's in Swee--Swee--some where a great way over sea, where living is cheap: they sain here that he's tied up."

The true meaning of the phrase did not occur to Sir George: "Tied up," says he; "what, is he mad?"

"No, Sir," says the woodman, "his estate's out at nurse."

"I understand you," says Sir George, "he lived beyond his income."

"He kept bad hours, Sir."

"Sure a man may keep bad hours, without running out his fortune."

"That's according to how he keeps them, I believe, Sr. "Squire Garford married before he came of age, a very pretty young lady from Londonwards. Neither house nor ground was like what it is now; for the ground would have done you good to look at, it was in such condition; but the house was old. Now ground's old and the house new. Then you see a mort of obelisks they call 'em, and temples up and down; and six hundred acres of prime land as crow e'er flew over, was turned into pleasure ground. But this was not all, Sir; for he built a vast great place for a play-house; so they played plays, and squire Garford treated every body as came to look at 'em. My sister was one of the six chambermaids, and she says, many's the time they have made up four score beds and above, only for guests."

"His fortune was supposed to be large?" says Sir George.

"Aboon ten thousand a year, Sir, as they said; but they lived so cruel comical, an it had been twenty, it would have been scant."

"Pray, how did they live?" asked Sir George.

"Why I'll tell you, Sir: About twelve o'clock they began to breakfast, and by two they had done all over house, for mayhap they'd breakfast in twenty rooms. Then they went some to their airings, and some to their dressings; about four or five o'clock they had soups, and jellies, and what not; then behap, music, and at eight they sat down to dinner."

"Very well," says Sir George, "soon after dinner I suppose they went to bed."

"No Sir, they went to cards all over the house, tag, rag, and bobtail, excepting play nights and ball nights. At two it was supper; and before six, they would have been asleep from the garret to the cellar, only for the stable-boys getting up to their horses."

Giving the men something to drink, our travellers rode on in contemplative silence; only sometimes Mr. Lindsay looked at Sir George with a sort of smile. At length he said, "and this is fashion--fashion in its leading principles, which disdains order, and tramples upon common sense. Are you prepared, Sir George, to be its advocate here?"

"I am not," answered Sir George, "the advocate of disorder, and hope I shall never be troubled with a vanity, which must be gratified at the expence of ruin. But Mr. Garford's case is singular and outrè, consequently not fashion."

"I should rather call it fashion at its apex," says Mr. Lindsay; "but this is only disputing about a name. Is the mode of life, and consequently

the example, pernicious to society? If not, I know no other cause why the natural liberty of man should be restrained."

"Oh, yes," replies Sir George; "I can allow that if all the sons and daughters of labour and industry were to live like Garford, it might rather disarrange the order of society."

"If nature ever speaks intelligibly to man, it is when she says, night, not day, was designed for sleep. It is when she says to all animal existence,--excess is disorder. All but man understand and obey. In the body natural, in the body politic, in health, in economy, excess is disorder."

"Oh," says Sir George, "a new edition of Horace's golden mean;[4] which whosoever does not believe and practise, is damned poetically and morally, to all eternity."

"That whosoever deviates pretty much from the practise, will be punished more or less, is indeed my creed; only it sometimes happens, when a man finishes at once with eclat, his constitution, his fortune, and his life, and can no longer feel poverty, contempt, and the gout,--these descend as an inheritance to his children. He is only punished in his generations. But in general, nature punishes pretty regularly the breach of this her golden rule, and society suffers when it is deviated from too widely--even on the side of virtue."

"Faith, that's hard," answered Sir George; "but supposing we allow the expediency of this famous mean, so constantly recommended, and as you say, so little observed, who shall fix it? Every one for himself, or our gracious lord the king, or the philosophers, or William Lindsay the cynic; he who would rob poor girls of their ostrich plumes and bracelets, unless they could afford to pay for them; who arraigns the taste even of those who can,

and calls them spoilers of beauty and apes of fashion; suppose the dear creatures a little fantastical, is it not their destiny here below to endeavour to please men? and do they not fulfil their destiny?"

"Their endeavours are ill-directed, they apply all to their outsides; this does not please men."

"No--such men as you perhaps; but they are always endeavouring: and who would not pardon a simple error of judgment in favour of such amiable intentions?"

"Oh, any man--every man, if it could be found; but know you any individual in which such judgment resides? If any one has pretensions to elegance of her own, is it not sacrificed at the shrine of fashion? Is there anyone who does not execrate (I do not mean that ladies swear) the tyranny which subjects them to incommodious and ugly habiliments? one who does not cry out upon the shocking--the absurd of this new invented--something, even on their way to the miliners, where they are hastening, like racers to the goal, lest the evanescent cap of folly should be gone before they had worn it?"

"Poor Lindsay," replies Sir George, "these are the infallible symptoms of premature old age--why, splenetic moralizer--why would you circumscribe the bounties of heaven? not a vanity, you know, is given in vain."[5]

"Certainly, Sir George; a poet said it, and poets are inspired. I know also that this agreeable expansion of the mind is so dear to the dear sex--so much their own--makes so conspicuous a part of their identity, that I should think a woman more changed by the loss of it, than by the ravages of the small pox."

"Inhuman satirist! be thy spleen thy punishment. For my part, I do not see what should provoke the bile of a philosopher, in the innocent luxury

of dress."

"Innocent! Sir George; true, in itself it is nothing: I arraign it only as the pander to those numerous follies of which we complain and with which we comply."

"Let us hear how you prosecute the indictment."

"You quoted a poet just now, and will not deny your own authority. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.'[6] Look now at the present generation of mothers; observe how early, by the means of dress, they sow the seeds of vanity in their daughters minds. How plentifully they water these seeds! and keep them free of that unprofitable weed, once called modesty, now better known by the name of awkwardness. Can you wonder at the strength and duration of a plant so carefully cultivated? Now what follows this dissemination? Universal emulation in the most paltry of all vanities; universal contention and expence; nor does it stop at personal ornaments, it extends to every particle of inanimate matter, which custom or convenience has introduced to the service of the ladies; all things must be fine, all must be costly."

"Of the rich and great I am not now speaking; taste and expence are with them in their proper elements, whilst they are contained within the limits of their fortune; their palaces, their gilded ceilings, their lustres,[7] and their girandoles,[8] encourage the arts and reward ingenuity. I stop not here to enquire whether this expence might not be better directed. My censure chiefly applies to the middle ranks. To how many thousands of individuals do these vanities, pursured, prove destructive of tranquillity and ruinous to fortune. So parents give their offspring a thousand wants which nature never gave, and exhausts the springs which should be destined to their supply."

"Had you been a painter, Lindsay," says Sir George, "one may judge by this gloomy declamation, what would have been the genius of your pictures: the dark objects would have been illumined, the bright ones thrown into the shade; and at what are you railing? at that diffusion of wealth through the whole body of a society, which has humanized our manners, purified our religion,--has rendered the nation happy, strong within, terrible without, and unbounded in its resources; if you believe orthodox divines, and statesmen in place. And may not a nation be truly said to flourish, when science is cultivated, the arts cherished, and the accommodations of life abundant?"

"If," replied Mr. Lindsay, "the increase of printing presses, carvers, and gilders, be a proof of the increase of science and of art, you are right. The accommodations of life, meaning, no doubt, down beds and coaches, looking glasses and gauze, are abundant--too abundant. Refinement is progressive; there is somewhere a degree of it, at which if it would stop the happiness of a whole people might be the greatest possible, and the most permanent. This point, I doubt, we have reached, and passed."

"Is it," asked Sir George, "that you regret the elegant times of the Edwards and the Henries? Or at what period would you have stoped the progress?"

"Not at those times, certainly. Perhaps I might have chosen the beginning of the eighteenth century; before nabobs[9] were--when wealth was more moderate, and more equal;--when coxcombry, now swelled into a deluge, entered the land in a gentle current, capable of being checked in its course by the pen of the poet and the moralist; before the poor, that tolerably large proportion of the human race, forgot in all our disquisitions, political and moral, whom we despise, and to whom we owe our subsistence, and the gratification of our pride,--had learned, in an alehouse, to imitate, at humble

distance, the luxury of the tavern; before this imitation had tainted their----"

Mr. Lindsay did not see that they were now under the very sign of the inn, where they had proposed to dine; his horse did; stopt, and broke the period. No matter. I hope there is not one of my fair readers will regret it, or pay any regard to such cold blooded, prudential declaimers. Not one, who will not still do what is right in the eye of fashion. And with this hope I conclude the chapter.

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C H A P. X.

The Falcon at Comber, where our travellers had stopped to dine, was a spacious, but quiet, unfastidious village inn, to which the cold and chilling elegance of more superb houses was unknown. It was beautifully situated on rising ground; in front was a romantic valley, at the bottom of which was the village. It possessed a good bowling-green, and was a favourite house for justice meetings. The hostess, Mrs. Bane, a widow, to a fine open homoured countenance, added great personal gravity, perhaps equal to 250 lb. avoirdupois; and was besides a very reputable and respected good woman.

Behind the house, the ground rose gradually for the space of half a mile; on the higest part was situated the church, an old and large structure, in an ample church-yard, skirted by pines. Hither, after dinner, our travellers chose to walk, and richly was the trouble repaid by the magnificence and grandeur of the views:

Towards the south was a distant view of the Isle of Wight, and the channel; on the north-east, Winchester; on the east, Portsmouth; nearer, a fine view of Southampton. My fair georgraphers will perceive we are now in

Hampshire, not far from the new forest. The landscape immediately surrounding was beautiful; the principal object was the once fine, but now rather neglected seat of Sir Simon Haubert. On the other side, a small dry common skirted round with houses and cots.

Having admired these views to satiety, they returned to the Falcon, where, having invited Mrs. Bane to make their tea, and declared their intention of remaining there till Monday, Sir George asked her, if there was any thing in the neighbourhood worthy the particular attention of travellers.

Mrs. Bane answered, that many gentlemen took views from the churchyard; some went to see the late Sir Simon Haubert's; and now and then one called upon Mr. Holford the clergyman, who was a great florist, and a collector of medals; but what she believed principally recommended him to notice, was some sort of model he was taking of the country a mile or two round, after the manner of some gentleman abroad, who lived, she thought, in Swisserland. No doubt, this was General Oaffer.[1]

The introduction to Mr. Holford was very easy; the good man had a taste for fame, and did not know a better road to it than his exhibitions. It is a charming advantage when we can gratify ourselves, under the appearance of kindness and courtesy to others. Our travellers paid the visit and the price, which was nothing more than a few compliments to the obsequious entertainer. Once, indeed, Sir George was upon a point of quitting his politeness in favour of historical truth; Mr. Holford having in his medalic elucidation made a considerable anachronism. Mr. Lindsay saw its effects upon Sir George, and pushed before him, with something very agreeable to the reverend gentleman. Sir George thought flattery was never worse applied.

In the garden part of the exhibition, Mrs. Holford was so obliging to add herself to the company; they soon found her value; it was suffucient for Mr. Holford to give a hint; she took care to pursue it; discoursed upon the variegated tints of nature; and as the garden commanded a prospect, upon picturesque beauté. Nor did she miss any kind opportunity to correct Mr. Holford's mistakes. Her diffusive powers had kept them an hour longer than the visit was intended; and had began to afflict Sir George with an involuntary hiatus of the mouth; Mr. Lindsay saw this effect also, and thought proper to counter-act it by a still greater profusion of compliment than he had bestowed upon Mr. Holford.

God had given to Mrs. Holford, and will, I hope, give it to every lady who desires to fulfil all the duties of a wife, the agreeable and useful talent of quick penetration into her husband's faults, and indeed into those of most of her neighbours; and she did not bury it in the earth. When Mr. Holford cast the eyes of affection upon her, she was an elderly maiden, and had been accustomed to amuse her leisure hours in writing novels. The several merits of the great mistresses of this noble art she perfectly knew; and from her pen may be expected one day, that great desideratum in this most favoured production of the press, canons of criticism; for want of which, I must needs say, after Mrs. Holford herself, there is rather too much heterogeneity.

A servant maid came into the garden to say something to her mistress, who answered, shew the ladies into the parlour. She was just then informing Mr. Holford, that if, according to her advice, he had managed his bed of auriculas[2] so and so, the colours would have been deeper, and the silk more glossy. Mr. Holford answered that he did not know that any

body knew better than himself the management of these beauties of the garden. Mrs. Holford said, that had it been so, it would have been acknowledged at the late florists's feast; from whence if he would please to remember, he returned home typsey, from mere vexation, at having been honoured with no prize; for nature, she said, was uniform in all her works; and had the best methods been taken, there would have flowed the best results. The reply Mr. Holford was going to make, if it might be judged of from the cast his brow had taken, would not have been the reply courteous; but a chariot at that instant driving by, followed by two footmen, put a stop to it, and Mrs. Holford ran to receive a lady who was in it alone.

Sir George was beginning to thank Mr. Holford for the great pleasure he had given them, and to invite him to the Falcon, when Mrs. Holford sent her compliments to the gentlemen, and hoped they would favour her with their company to tea. The gentlemen, accepting the invitation, were conducted to the parlour by Mr. Holford, who announced Miss Haubert to the gentlemen, and these to the lady, by the names of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Lindsay. Two other ladies were there whom he noticed only by a slight inclination of the head, for it did not amount to a bow.

One of these appeared by her dress to be a quaker; she seemed about thirty, had a pretty face, and a pair of black eyes very intelligent, and denoting a certain archness: this was Miss Carlill.

The other was in deep mourning, about twenty, apparently; a fine shape, blue eyes, expressive of peculiar sweetness, but with that pensive and dejected cast of countenance, which long continued anxiety is wont to give; her name was Colerain.

The other lady, Miss Haubert, appeared to approach her fiftieth year,

was richly drest, with an aspect not quite charming, and a shape not quite regular; but these were trifles, she had 5000 l. a-year, and was patroness of the living.[3]

This lady began the conversation, by enquiring of Sir George if he had been lately in town. He answered in the affirmative, and expected a succession of questions concerning court, perhaps the theatres, or the fashions. No, the next enquiry was, if the town was full of literati?[4] Sir George replied, he was too young to have made a general acquaintance with these gentlemen.

"You have probably been at Oxford, Sir George, or Cambridge?"

"At Oxford, madam."

"I presume the sciences there are in a very flourishing state?"

"I hope they are always so there, madam."

"Has any able metaphysician arisen, or is likely to arise, capable of confuting Mr. Hume's system of universal non-existence."[5]

"Dr. Reid, madam."[6]

"Oh, no;--I have read him; he does not go to the bottom."

"I have often admired, madam," says Mr. Holford, "that a lady of your profound science, should think any thing worth notice which comes from the pen of such a man, so great an enemy to religion and piety."

"A man may be wrong in one thing and right in another, Mr. Holford," answered the lady. "Every man who wants religion, may not want knowledge."

"It is pity but he did," replied Mr. Holford.

"You are certainly right, madam," says Mrs. Holford. "Many of our most celebrated novels have characters tainted with infidelity, in other respects very learned and amiable. As Mr. Wolmar in Rousseau's Eloisa,[7]

the elegant Sir Charles Seymour, in Cornelia Sedley,[8] and many others."

"Very true, Mrs. Holford; I don't read many novels except yours; but I believe it is allowable to draw all sorts of characters as they are, and since it does happen that there are ingenuous people infidels, to be sure they may be drawn."

"I wish," says Mr. Holford, "they were all drawn upon hurdles to the stake."

Miss Colerain absolutely gave a little start, and was upon the point of an exclamation, but corrected herself, and only said, with a smile,--"No, Mr. Holford, I must beg leave to refuse you credit on this head; your theory is cruel, your practice would be merciful."

"I have no mercy for the enemies of God," answered Mr. Holford.

"The lady," says Miss Haubert with a scornful toss of her head, "choses to shew her sensibility."

"I hope," says Miss Carlill, "if the occasion was real, thou would'st shew thine."

Miss Haubert replied with another toss.

"Then you don't approve of zeal in the cause of God, Miss Carlill?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Yea"--answered she,--"if it is of the spirit."

"Oh, ma'm," replies Mr. Holford, "we cannot boast of so plentiful a communication with the spirit, as your people."

"Thy spirit seems not to be of our sort; we persecute no one."

"Nor would Mr. Holford, I am well convinced," says Miss Colerain.

"Why not?" says Miss Haubert; "very great and good men have thought it right to persecute heresy."

"They would have been better employed, perhaps, in praying for it," says Miss Colerain.

"You may think so, madam," answered Miss Haubert; "but without zeal what is religion?"

"We also approve zeal, Miss Haubert, when it tends to improve our own faith; not when it condemns others," says Miss Carlill.

"Ay," says Mr. Holford, "this is the modern doctrine of toleration, by which all unity of christianity is cut off from the face of the earth; and men are led astray by pretended spiritual guides, or permitted to wander without any."

"Thou knowest that in heaven there are many mansions; why should there not be many roads?" says Miss Carlill.

"There can be but one road, madam," answered Mr. Holford, "the road of truth."

"And few there be that find it," replied Miss Carlill.

"It is because they shut their eyes," says Mr. Holford, and harden their hearts, and God gives them up to their own perverseness, and to all unquietness of mind. Here are the presbyterians again, I am told, up in arms, about the repeal of the test act,[9] that bulwark of the church and constitution. Had there been any understanding among them, they must have acknowledged the superior force of our arguments."

"If the arguments of thy people," replied Miss Carlill, "had been as strong as their motives, the dissenters must have found them irresistible long ago."

"Blindness, wilful blindness," says Mr. Holford.

"Nay, now, friend Holford," replied Miss Carlill, "thou must excuse

me; it is so important to see the truth, if they could, that I should rather impute it to their not being able to find good oculists."

"They envy us," says Mr. Holford, "the very bread we eat, and would snatch it out of our mouths."

"I fancy," replies Miss Carlill, "it will take them a great many pulls. Thy church is indeed built upon a rock, if it holds its faith with as firm a hand as its emoluments."

"Have we not a right to them?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Yea, two rights," replied Miss Carlill; "power and possession: neither of these, have the dissenters."

"I say," says the parson, "the dissenters have no rights whatever."

"They were born," answers Miss Carlill, "with as many as other people. What is become of them?"

"They incapacitate themselves, by maintaining religious tenets which government chuses should not be maintained."

"So," says Miss Carlill, "it was in the time of Dioclesian. You know the law, said the emporer; all christians are to be hanged. But you need not incur the penalty; you have nothing to do in order to avoid it, but return to Jupiter, the god of your fathers. Did Dioclesian reason well, thinkest thou?"

"How can you ask such a question, madam?" says Mr. Holford.

"Nay," answered Miss Carlill, "I know not; if it were not that I thought the reasoning of Dioclesian and thy people something similar."

"I assure you, madam," says Mr. Holford, "you never were more mistaken; and you impute motives to us which never entered our pure hearts. All we want is to bring the community into one faith, and thereby avoid the

confusion of sects, and the nonsense of sectaries."

"Thou need'st not tell me this. It is, they say, the distinguishing garb of the priesthood. If a man, in matters of faith, incline to tolerate any nonsense but his own, he hath not on a wedding garment; he is not a true brother."

"You are smart, Miss Carlill," says Mr. Holford, "but smartness is not argument. Let us come to the point. There must be a national religion. Grant that."

"I pray thee," Miss Carlill asked,"which is the national religion of America?"

"Pshaw!" says the parson, rather angrily; "they'll come to nothing for the want of it."

"When they do, the argument will be in thy favour," answered Miss Carlill.

"But if they flourish," says Mr. Holford, "they must have one; they must have a chief magistrate; one or many. This chief must havea religion; he must prefer his own, and the very preference will soon give a decided majority; and a national religion follows of course."

"I do not at present see the justness of thy premises, or of thy conclusion," answered the lady. "A Frenchman of great consequence was once at Amsterdam, and being desirous to see every thing, was attended by a burgomaster, who noticed, as they passed along, many small places of worship. This, says he, belongs to the anabaptists, very industrious people, and good subjects; this to the moravians, very diligent, quiet, good, orderly people; so he went on to twenty different sects, giving each its due praise of industry and obedience to the laws. And, pray, Sir, says the count, what

religion are you of? "Me," answers the magistrate,----"my lord, I am burgomaster of Amsterdam." Dost thou not think it a wise answer?"

"It would not do in England," Mr. Holford said. "The constitution was founded upon the inseparable connexion of church and state."

"Pray of what nature may this connexion be? How may it differ from the general connexion betwixt crown and people?" asked Miss Carlill.

"In being more close and intimate," answered Mr. Holford; "in mutual assistance, when assistance is wanted."

"I believe I understand thee," replied Miss Carlill. "If the crown gets into a scrape, the clergy will kindly help it out. If the crown has something to do the people don't like, the clergy is ready with its aid."

"What right have you to suppose this, madam?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Why," replied Miss Carlill, "when the crown is doing that which the people does approve, it will necessarily have its support--the best of all supports, I think--surely, when it has the whole it cannot want a part."

"There is no reasoning," says Mr. Holford, "with people whose prejudices are so inveterate, they will hear nothing which contradicts them. To me, there is not a problem of Euclid,[10] which is more clear, than that the test act, and subscription to articles, are the bulwarks of the church; and that the church is the best bulwark of the state."

"I have heard of the Euclid, replied Miss Carlill; "pray thee, how came it to pass that his problems were so clear, as to pass almost into a proverb. Did he demonstrate after thy manner?"

"That,--let me tell you, madam, is a very ignorant question, and shews you do not distinguish betwixt mathematical and speculative science," says Miss Haubert, with much dignity of aspect.

"I own my ignorance," says Miss Carlill, "still addressing herself to Mr. Holford, without noticing the rudeness of Miss Haubert--"wilt thou instruct me in the nature of those articles thou hast just mentioned."

Mr. Holford did not seem to relish the employment, and only said, "Read, read, madam, and understand."

"Alas!" says Miss Carlill, "I have read, and do not understand."

"You read, madam, with the prejudice of a sectary."

"Possibly so. Considering, however, the very important part they were to act upon this stage of ours, one might have expected they would have exhibited the collected wisdom of ages. At least one should not have found them incomprehensible."

"There is no necessity, madam," says Miss Haubert, who never opened her lips to-day, but to express scorn or dislike;--"There is no necessity that your comprehension should be the measure of other people's."

"I grant that," replies Miss Carlill; "but do not many of thy communion, learned divines, nay, prelates, acknowledge the same difficulty? have the faculties of mankind degenerated?"

"No, madam," answered Mr. Holford; "God has given to man his wonted capacity; but how does he now apply it? In the luxuries and vanities of this world; and in opposing his own vain imaginations to the mysteries of faith."

"I should imagine, my very good friends," says Miss Colerain, "that you would become weary of an argument in which you conclude nothing; and perhaps in which nothing can be concluded. I apprehend, speculations of this kind do not possess absolute, but relative truth only. Each party may be right, relative to the different views in which their objects are placed.

What I should most complain of is, the loss of mutual benevolence and good will in the conflict. The occasion may call for activity on both sides, but surely need not generate animosity. Why, is it not possible that contentions--for remote objects at least--should be amicable?"

Sir George and Mr. Lindsay had been much amused with the dialogue, and had not once attempted to interrupt it by any observation of their own. This placid speech of Miss Colerain, which denoted gentleness at least, now drew their regards more particularly upon her. Certainly it lost nothing by coming from the lips of a beauty and a grace.

Miss Haubert, as it was warm weather, fanned herself; indeed she was never able to look upon Miss Colerain, or see her looked on by man with complacence, without kindling a sort of fire, which all the wind of Nova Zembla[11] would have been insufficient to cool. If ever I should find myself at leisure to relate the cause, my fair readers will allow its universal potency, and forgive Miss Haubert--almost her rudeness.

A rudeness of an inferior degree was become almost a habit with Miss Haubert, who indeed seldom saw any but flatterers about her, and was supported by a high sense of her own greatness, and a higher still of her intellectual attainments. But this habitual rudeness was become acrimony to Miss Colerain, who seldom spoke but she met with contradiction from her, little short of insult; who, however, from the footstool of humility, looked down upon the throne of greatness, and never condescended to honour her effusions with the least notice.

Not so the lively quaker:--her friendship for Miss Colerain was little short of enthusiasm; she was by education and habit, a free and most determined speaker, and would not probably have borne in silence an insult

an insult upon her friend, scarcely from a queen.

The tea equipage introduced, as usual, tea-table conversation, and the remainder of the visit passed without any remarkable production of malice. The hour of departure came, and I believe Miss Haubert would have gone away without any fresh instance of malevolence to Miss Colerain, had not this lady, in reply to something Sir George had said, made this innocent reflection:--That indeed would be a valuable school, which could teach with success, the happy art of subduing the passions, when they tended to disturb the peace of society.

Whether Miss Haubert saw any thing in this applicable to herself, or whether it was pure kindness to correct Miss Colerain's error, I know not, but she answered rather with too much fierté,[12] that the passions were given us by God himself, that they were the gales of life, that she did not see the necessity of subduing them, and if there was, they would never be conquered by formal speeches, and a studied display of affectation of sentiment.

"Thou art right there," says the animated quaker, "some of them are unconquerable things indeed; I have seen when they would not yield even to the established laws of decorum and politeness."

"Oh,--as to that,"--says Miss Haubert, making the application instantly to herself,--"I always use as much of both as I think necessary."

"It would not be amiss then to rectify thy way of thinking. People of thy rank and fortune think them always necessary, especially to those whom they suppose their inferiors."

"I am not so complaisant. I only pay when due."

"That is to say, when thou canst find inferiors. I own then it will

not often be required of thee."

"My dear Miss Carlill," said Miss Colerain, "cease this unavailing, this unprofitable exertion of spirit on my account. I am not angry at Miss Haubert. When I was prosperous, she was not my friend; I have nothing to ask from her but common civilities of life, when we happen to meet, and it is most probable, (a tear...eyes) she will never more be under this disagreeable necessity."

A black servant was waiting to attend Miss Colerain home. Miss Haubert sprung into her chariot with more than common alertness, and having observed that when people kept black servants, they ought to be able to pay them, bade the coachman drive on.

The black grinned, and muttered a few execrations; Miss Carlill said a prayer or two aloud, to the same purpose; and Miss Colerain took her leave with a silent tear.

On their walk home, Sir George amused himself with remarks on the uncommon character of Miss Haubert, and the very common one of Mr. and Mrs. Holford. He applauded the spirit of Miss Carlill, and admired the dignified placidity of Miss Colerain. From Mr. Lindsay he got nothing but assenting monosyllables, and these oft' misplaced. Sir George had often seen him grave, it was his general habit; but so grave, so distant, so almost sad, he had never seen him before.

At supper, during which Mrs. Bane usually waited, Sir George enquired if she knew Miss Colerain?

Mrs. Bane answered, she knew her only by report, which spoke of her as a very good, but unfortunate young lady.

"Do you know a Miss Carlill?" asked Sir George.

"She is another unfortunate young woman," Mrs. Bane answered; "but is supposed to have more spirit than her friend. She almost supports her mother and herself by peculiar needle-work, much seen and admired."

After supper, Sir George enquired of Mr. Lindsay if any thing had occurred that day which had given him pain. Mr. Lindsay owned he had been much hurt by the circumstances which had deservedly given Sir George much pleasure. Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill were charming women. Two years ago he had lost a wife who constituted his chief happiness, whilst they lived together. Miss Carlill resembled her in person. She seems to have resembled Miss Colerain in mind."

"Dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "I have often wished to know your history, but never chose to ask the relation, fearing some recollections might give you pain."

"You are welcome to the relation," Sir George, "but there is nothing in it, which can gratify curiosity, or reward attention. Tyrannic fathers, improvident sons, and insidious stepmothers, are to be seen every day."

Sir George still expressing the same desire, Mr. Lindsay proceeded as in the next chapter.

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C H A P. XI.

"I am of a Scotch family; there are titles in it too, if titles were of value, when wealth, their most useful and brilliant appendage, was gone. My father, a younger brother, was bred for the kirk; some agreeablenesses in conversation procured him the patronage of a Northumbrian gentleman, who offered him a living of value, which my father accepted, and then saw very little difference betwixt the English and Scotch church, which could

divide sensible people. My father, who had some patrimony of his own, married a lady with a genteel fortune, I was the only issue; she died in the twentieth year of her married state, whilst I was at Cambridge, for I was designed for the church. This loss was fatal to me: In one year my father married a widow, a Mrs. Robarts, whose principal wealth lay in three unportioned daughters, the eldest of whom approached the marriageable state.

At the next vacation I came home to pay my new duty, and rejoice in my father's felicity, but I came with the full remebrance of my mother in my head and heart, and performed my new task but ill; next morning my father sent for me into his study, and accosted me in this manner:

"So, Sir--like other dutiful children of the present day, I see you have sat in judgment upon a father's actions, and condemned them; dead to all sensations of a parent's happiness, their desires and affections are fixed upon possessions and inheritances, upon the joyful hour that gives a father to the grave."

"This, Sir George, is a specimen of my father's manner; it had always inspired me with awe, and now with terror. I made haste to pay my humblest submission, for submission was the only road to my father's affection: He forgave me on proper conditions.

"In reality, as soon as I could forget the dear woman whom I had been accustomed to see mistress of my father's house, I did not find my situation disagreeable. My new mother was all graciousness,--Miss Robarts all softness, the girls playful and good-humoured.

"It was not till toward the middle of the third vacation, that I began to make certain reflections. Such is the condition of human life, that without certain reflections, man is an idiot; with them, too often a wretch. My father was dictatorial, my mother the bending reed: It was her peculiar happiness constantly to receive instruction from the mouth of

wisdom, and to be led into the paths of science by the most enlightened man of this age; this was the tenor of her language to my father, and she had so many various and agreeable modes of speaking it, that he thought her a prodigy of penetration; and believing that mere worldly concerns, were indeed beneath the care of such a man, he consigned these over totally to my mother, who, though with infinite reluctance, condescended to ease him of the burden.

Mrs. Lindsay had this charming politeness in such abundance, that it flowed over even upon me; of all men she ever knew I had the sweetest temper;--yes,--I had quite the manners of a gentleman. Me!--the manners of a gentleman. Mrs. Lindsay, however, did not run into absurdity before company. When my father was present, she praised no one but himself.

"Miss Robarts was very engaging also, though not quite in the same way. A Cambridge scholar has, I should think, no right to give the ton to female elegance, yet Miss Robarts always found my taste so just, that she found no difficulty in conforming to it. Once I said, I thought it a singular fancy, that nature having allotted at a medium, about two hundred cubic inches for a lady's head, she should want an envelope of two thousand to put it in. Miss Robarts's caps were very soon contracted in all their dimensions. All at once, as if it had fallen from heaven upon them for their sins--if ladies can sin,--an ugly protuberence lodged itself upon the hips of the dear sex. On this occasion, I happened to say, I acquitted ladies of being fond and vain of their own persons. It was evident they were fond of any distortion which made them most unlike themselves. Miss Robarts's protuberance vanished.

"This was a delicate flattery, and must have its effect upon the vanity of a raw lad, who had never yet <u>seen</u>--women. I really liked her

company, and was often favoured with it in an alcove of our garden, which she herself had adorned. Our employment there was reading, conversing, and angling for small fish in a little stream which ran on the outside. In any liberty, decent or indecent, which denoted a difference of sex, I never indulged, for I did not love; that passion I was destined to feel for Miss Robarts.

One evening, when the sun was set, and left a beautiful gloom upon the objects it had ceased to illumine, I strolled, on my return from a walk, down to this favourite alcove, and there found Miss Robarts--weeping. Except in haram's and opera-houses, I know not where is to be found any thing in shape of man, insensible to beauty in tears. I sat down by her, and asked the cause of her affliction; she wept the faster; I talked of my regard to her; and how happy it would make me to be the means of diminishing her affliction; she grew by degrees more composed, and began to endeavour to speak; I took her hand, looked at her with all the softness to which I could compose my features, and asked, "Will you not confide the cause of your grief to me?" She answered quick and earnestly, "Oh no--indeed--never."

"Why not? did I say--be assured, Miss Robarts, I shall always take a brother's interest in what concerns you."

"A brother's!" answered she with great quickness, at the same time withdrawing her hand, and applying her handkerchief to her face, as I thought, to hide a blush; there was something in it which struck me--I wanted to think--but this was neither the time nor place. I took her hand again, by a sort of involuntary motion; I had indeed no inclination to press it, but it remained so acquiescent, I could as little think of giving it

its dismission. At this instant the younger ladies came running to the alcove, to inform us supper was ready. We rose to walk, still the hand was not withdrawn. My father and mother were at the parlour window, and saw this awkward piece of gallantry. I afterwards learned, she drew him thither on our distant appearance, observing what a charming thing was family concord.

"Horace has said that women have wiles; and Juvenal, that they have wickedness.[1] In my commerce with Greek, Latin, and English, I have found the feminas caveto[2] so frequently inculcated, that I was not perfectly clear, that some of the dear sex might not formerly have given cause for the caution. This feminas caveto occupied me a part of the night. I was not quite fool enough to be the dupe of art without suspicion, nor wise enough to comprehend clearly upon what to ground it.

The following morning, after we had breakfasted in great good humour, my father sent for me to his study, and with much solemnity began to read me a lecture upon the sacred duties, and the sacred institution of marriage. If my respect had not kept me silent, astonishment would; and my father, uninterrupted, said all he thought proper to say. The closing periods came at last, and brought with them a most luminous elucidation of the dark parts of his discourse:

"Since it has so happened, son William, that you have placed your virtuous affections upon Miss Robarts, and she her's upon you, I believe it is God's doing, to perpetuate concord in a family of love. Most fathers would have chose more wealthy daughter's-in-law; but what are riches? Solomon chose wisdom. I am desirous to make you happy, and Miss Robarts being a perfect copy of her excellent mother, you cannot fail of being so

with her. You must go back to Cambridge, and when you have got into orders, come to me, and I will give you felicity; I will give you the best of wives, and a good living, of which I have just bought the advowson, and the incumbent is in the last stage of a dropsy."

"I never was eloquent, and especially in my father's presence. It was quite necessary to speak, however, and to thank him for his paternal love; this I did as well as I was able, and added a few faltering sentences, calculated to inform him of his error.

"Long accustomed to consider his opinion, and even his ideas, as infallible, my father was some time before he understood me; when he did, he became angry, accused me of deceit, and finally summoned Mrs. Lindsay, to whom he gave this new information.

"It was one of Mrs. Lindsay's virtues not to suffer herself to be betrayed into anger; she said she was sorry, excessively sorry, for the mistake; any one might have fallen into it, who saw the engaging manner in which Mr. William had behaved to Miss Robarts. She did not so well know how to excuse her daughter, who certainly ought to have had decisive proofs before she suffered her affections to be engaged.

"He has deceived her," cried my enraged father; "he has deceived her."

"No--father--no--" I answered.

"You are ready at contradiction, Sir," says he, "but will not find me so easily deluded as a young girl. Send for her, my dear Mrs. Lindsay; let us hear the truth from her own mouth."

"It is my duty, Sir, as it is my inclination; to obey you in all things," my mother answered; "but I hope you will spare my daughter the blushes such as examination must raise; her modesty, Sir; you know, her

modesty is excessive. Permit me to interrogate her, Sir, unless you chuse to let this unhappy affair sink into oblivion."

"Manage it as you please, my dear Mrs. Lindsay, but I insist upon knowing if deceit has been used; I cannot pardon deceit."

Mrs. Lindsay withdrew with a curtesy, a ceremony she usually observed when she left my father's presence; as to me, I was dismissed with a menace, and retired wondering to my own apartment.

"I had not enjoyed the solid comforts of reflecting upon a father's kindness more than twenty minutes, when I heard a bustle below. I opened the door. Heavens, what an alarm! Miss Robarts is dead--Miss Robarts is dying--my sister is fallen into a swoon; and my mamma is going to fall into a swoon too. Lord have mercy! what will become of us all.

"I could not help running down to assist at the obsequies, and met my father at the door of Miss Robarts's apartment. This young lady was not dead; she must have swooned indeed, for her mother said so; at present there was only a disposition to shed tears, which on my father's entrance, flowed profusely. These did not tend to quench my father's anger; (but even in anger he could be pathetic) and he concluded a bitter philippic against me, with a sort of an address to heaven: "Why,--O why!"--says he; "am I punished with an obdurate wretch, whose heart is heardened, and whose eyes are blind to so much merit and softness!"

"In reality my father was mistaken here; those eyes began to see but too clearly.

"Miss Robarts, as soon as she could speak, spoke in extenuation of my culpability. "Love," she said, "was involuntary. It was more her misfortune than my fault. She must own, indeed, that the many agreeable and

flattering things Mr. William had said to her, did seem to indicate affection; she feared she had misinterpreted; gentlemen, now a days, she was informed, took great liberties of language with young women."

"I see it all,"--says my angry father,--"I see it all; he is undone, corrupted, and sunk into perdition, by the vile manners of the age. Go, Sir,--go back to college--and think of your transgressions. But presume not to take holy orders, contaminated as you are with fraud and perfidy.--Go.

"I entreated to be heard; my father would not hear; and my mother, with great gentleness, entreated me to retire for the present--"Till, (says she in a whisper) your father's anger is abated; that shall be my business."

"I waited for this abatement till the next day, but received only a positive order to go back to Cambridge, for that whilst I stayed he should be confined to his study, not being able to endure to see me. So this house of concord fell all into disorder. I left it as soon as possible, not with an humble mind, but proud, angry, and I fear, a little vindictive.

Into this state of mind I was brought, by a sense of my father's ill usage, and Mrs. Lindsay's art; but from submission and repentance, my father's injunctions, I was withheld by love. One mile from Cambridge lived a Miss Johnson, elegant, penny-less, and devoted to anxiety. Family misfortunes had reduced her to the necessity of living a dependent upon a peevish aunt, and submitting to the insults of half a dozen cousins. I had the good fortune to relieve her from the impertinence of a young, rich, licentious scholar, and she thanked me for it--with all her heart. I loved her with all the honour, all the ardour of ingenuous youth, and waited only an establishment to make her my own for life.

"This dear girl I went to see on my arrival at Cambridge, and found her in a worse situation than my own. A disagreeable man had been offered her for a husband; she had refused, and in consequence had received a peremptory dismission, only that the excessive goodness of her aunt, had permitted her to stay one month, that she might have time to seek out a place.

"I wrote to my father with great respect, but my mind was too high set to permit me to use those humiliating terms, which alone could procure my pardon. I was even foolish enough to hint something about women and wiles, and pour le comble,[3] as the French say, I declared my situation with regard to Miss Johnson.

"My father was too indignant to return me an answer; it came from Mrs. Lindsay's pen; and it said, how she had endeavoured, and would continue her endeavours to assuage my father's anger. At present he was more enraged than ever, and had commanded her to tell me----she could not write the harsh sentence----he refused me any remittance whatever, till I returned to my duty, and banished me his house and presence. She was afraid I might be distressed for want of money, and therefore, unknown to him, had inclosed a 20l. bank note.

"My first impulses were to return this note, and reject her friendship; but Miss Johnson"----she indeed declared it better than she should go out to service, or any thing, than that I should confirm my father in his displeasure. I reasoned differently, and as men in love generally do reason. As long, says I, as Miss Robarts and I remain single, Mrs. Lindsay will suppose we may be married. The most prudent step will be to end the controversy by my marriage. My father will be angry for a time, but the anger of parents soon ceases when children are submissive; certainly he will not carry it beyond the grave. I shall be in orders soon. The wants

of nature are easily supplied; let us not distrust providence. We shall have acted virtuously, and virtue is her own reward.

"Upon the strength of these self-evident axioms, Miss Johnson---- for she too was in love----was persuaded to do that which she wished, rather than that which she thought prudent"----and we were married.

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C H A P. XII.

"Our good aunt," continued Mr. Lindsay, "very much approved the match, and even promoted it, when she knew I lay under my father's displeasure; but when, in consequence of my first letter after marriage, my father wrote to the provost of our college, only that he had renounced and disinherited me, it made a great alteration in her manner of thinking. She then said I was a knave and her niece a fool, and that she washed her hands of both of us.

"In effect, not being able to stay at Cambridge, consequently losing the power of getting into orders, I was obliged to have recourse to my pen for a livelihood. I began, as young authors usually do, with newspapers and magazines. I grew by degrees more confident, became a politician, an essayist, and even a poet. I laboured, Mrs. Lindsay was economical; we had two pretty children; loved each other; and were happy.

"Our first distress arose from a long illness of my wife; it exhausted our savings, and enervated my pen. We began to want necessaries, and consequently to acquire humility. I wrote to my father; he was still inexorable; Mrs. Lindsay was so good as to inform me of it with her own pen: She said she was excessively sorry for my distresses, and lamented my father's infexibility. Had she had any power over him, things should not be so.

Out of her own and daughter's savings, she had scraped together 50 l. this she sent me, requiring my note in return; for the time might come, she said, and God knew how soon, when I might abound in wealth, and she be under the necessity of making a claim upon me.

"It was not a time for consideration or delicacy. Nay, I was sometimes grateful enough to think that I might have misinterpreted or judged Mrs. Lindsay too severely, and that she might have a good heart. So I wrote her a letter of thanks, inclosing my note.

"The two following years I lived like most other men; sometimes with tolerable happiness,--sometimes with intolerable misery. The latter arose from my wife's declining health. At the end of this time I was summoned to my father's funeral, without having heard of his illness, though it had been of long continuance.

"I found my mother-in-law overwhelmed with grief; and I said, I know not what unmeaning things, by way of consolation. I inquired after the young ladies, and was answered, they had been sent to the house of a friend, a few days,--God knows, Mr. Lindsay, said she, whether ever to return; for I am ignorant, totally ignorant, whether any provision be made for me, except the slender pittance settled at my marriage. I beg, Mr. Lindsay, you will make perfectly free with every thing in the house. Indeed I believe every thing is yours; and have the goodness to excuse me. So saying, she retired to her apartment.

"My father's funeral had been over several days, for the distance from London was too great to wait for me; so the attorney being sent for, and a neighbour or two, we proceeded to our only business, the promulgation of the will. It was short, but expressive. All his possessions whatsoever

and wheresoever, he bequeathed to his dear wife; except----according to the old, but unnecessary form of disinheritance----one shilling to me.

"My wishes to procure my Charlotte that change of situation, and those other reliefs which her disorder required, had made me indulge some hope during my journey, and the expression of my mother's fears had increased it. My disappointment was almost too strong to bear. I had however the resolution to suppress complaint, and to shew no striking marks of discontent.

"Mrs. Lindsay was not present at the opening of the will; it would have been too much for her feeble spirits; so she requested the attorney to inform her of the melancholy contents. When she had received this information, she sent down by the same gentleman a polite message, to excuse her coming down, but requesting that I would consider her house as my own.

"Her house! The expression mortified me; but it was not my interest, nor indeed my inclination, to shew her any disrespect; so I spent that night alone, amusing myself with reflecting upon the evils brought into the world by unrelenting fathers, and insiduous step-mothers; I might have added improvident sons, but I do not remember that they made any part of my meditation.

"The next day I expected to be favoured with Mrs. Lindsay's company, but she was ill--exceeding ill;--her loss was more than she could bear; she was afraid she should not be able to leave her room many days; hoped I was accommodated to my liking, and that I should stay as long as was convenient and agreeable to myself.

"This message I interpreted into a civil desire that I would leave her house as soon as I could. I obeyed. In a note I thanked my mother for her kind invitation; but said, that as I had now nothing left, not even hope, I was under the necessity of employing my time and talents, such as they were,

for the support of my family. She wished me a good journey.

I mentioned that I had two children; one had died a year before, and had rendered the other doubly dear. It was a sweet little girl, a most beautiful picture of health, innocence, and her mother. Entering my own house, I found this little darling dead upon the bed, my wife in strong convulsions, and the terrified maid screaming for help, which, however, nobody brought.

"Upon this scene I cannot dwell, for I am no painter of agony. My Charlotte recovered, only to present me with the still more distressing scene of death daily expected. All the vigour of my mind was gone; I thought not of living, and suffered poverty to approach me unregarded. It came too soon. Of the full tide of affluence which flowed in upon my mother-in-law, from my ruin, I had constantly expected to be a small partaker; not from her benevolence,--I now knew her too well,--but from a woman who might be desirous to save appearances, and stand well in the opinion of the little world around her. Still nothing came. As I grew more distressed, I became more humble. It was from her alone I had a right to expect relief; and I wrote, just to announce my existence and my necessity.

"Of this she took no notice. A month after I thought myself under the necessity of making a stronger application. Still I wrote with dignity, and indeed stated matters rather too distinctly; but instead of appealing to her generosity, her candour, and her good nature, I made the appeal to her gratitude and her equity. She answered me as follows:

"Sir,

"Since my late most respectable husband, the wisest and best of men,

thought proper to punish filial disobedience, it becomes not me to act contrary to his will and intention, which you appear to expect I ought to do, but which my conscience and reverence for the dear deceased, tell me I ought not. How could I answer making that use of his bounty, which I must know was directly contrary to his pious design; for he had still left so much paternal regard, as to wish you might have all your punishment in this world. So wishing you well, I remain your humble servant,

MARY LINDSAY."

"When I received this answer, I had just paid the last rites to my dear Charlotte. I would not now even have accepted her kindness, since it would benefit myself alone. I felt the insulting hypocrisy of her letter; I determined to sting her malignant soul,--and if I may judge by the event, I did it most effectually.

"This event was an arrest for the debt I owed her; I was conducted to prison; I would have it so; I felt an indignant satisfaction in it. What, says I, is a jail? A gloomy house. I love a gloomy house; besides, every honest man ought to be confined, for he has chosen an unskilful pilot, who knows to steer into no harbour, but of poverty and contempt. This was bad satire, no doubt, and false reasoning; but a man so situated is seldom placid enough to reason well.

"So, Sir George, ends my history, in which I believe the principal virtue I displayed was pride."

"And the principal virtue you did not display," answered Sir George, "was cunning. To be gotten by a tyrant, supplanted by a step-mother, to lose a fortune--these, as you observe, are common enough--but it is not so common to support integrity untainted, and an independent spirit--the pride

and boast of man. My dear Lindsay, (continued Sir George, and pressing his hand with an emotion of tenderness I love you for your pride--I love you for your misfortunes,--and I have an additional reason to wish to be a man by law--to relieve the mind of my long suffering friend from a dependence he is so ill calculated to bear."

Mr. Lindsay returned Sir George's pressure with silent gratitude.

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C H A P. XIII.

Sir George could not reflect with satisfaction, on leaving Combor, without seeing again the fair quaker, and more especially Miss Colerain; but the introduction was difficult; he walked out, however, next morning with Mr. Lindsay, and passed a beautiful white house on the edge of a common, where they saw nobody; this was the habitation of Miss Colerain, and seemed a paradise in miniature. A quarter of a mile farther stood a neat small brick house, where Miss Carlill lived with her mother; they passed it, and saw the young lady at work in the parlour; she came out to look after them; they touched their hats and returned to enquire how she did, and received an invitation to walk in; Miss Carlill was at work upon a landscape in needle-work. Not having seen any thing like it before, Sir George was really surprised to see likenesses so effected, and paid her the proper compliments. One imitation was of a countryman in a cottage garden, suspending the labours of his spade, to look with the delighted eye of a father, upon a little ragged chubby faced boy, defending its bread and butter from a tame magpye.

It occurred to Sir George, what Mrs. Bane had said, that Miss Carlill was supposed almost to support her mother and self with the profits of her

needlework; he requested therefore to know if she had any finished piece upon sale; she produced one; it was the figure of an elephant, carrying a Nabob, whose dress and insignia had given Miss Carlill an opportunity of displaying all her genius. Sir George was profuse in its praise, and asked how long it had employed her. she answered about half a year. And the price, madam? says Sir George. I value it, says she, at twenty-five guineas. And I, says Sir George, at fifty. So taking a fifty pound bank note from his pocket-book, he presented it to Miss Carlill, and requested she would take the trouble of putting it properly up, and forwarding it to Miss Paradyne in Grosvenor-square. A little contest ensued upon Miss Carlill's declining to receive more than her own value; but Sir George insisted she did not understand calculation, and wished he might be permitted to teach her the elements of that useful science--in fine, he conquered. A dissultory conversation ensued, in which Miss Carlill supported her opinions, and she had opinions, with the same spirit as if Sir George had been a baronet, and her recent benefactor, and in two hours the party seemed to have known each other half an age. Sir George even invited himself to tea, which Miss Carlill granted, saying, it is a pleasure she could not refuse herself, though a little out of decorum, she believe, as decorums went now.

As the gentlemen were returning to the inn, Sir George observed to Mr. Lindsay, that he had taken very little share in the conversation to-day, and had not, as far as he remembered, paid Miss Carlill a single compliment, whilst he had scattered his incense yesterday with profusion upon Mr. and Mrs. Holford, two objects, who, in his opinion, had little merit to plead.

"You yourself, Sir George," answered Mr. Lindsay, "are the cause both of the one and the other."

"Me!--Lindsay," says Sir George, "pray explain the enigma."

"Yesterday," replied Mr. Lindsay, "I gave, because you were not disposed to give; to-day, you were liberal enough for both."

"What,--dear Lindsay," says Sir George, "is there no difference betwixt giving applause where it is due, and where it is not?"

"It is on our little self-complacencies, Sir George," answered Mr. Lindsay, "well or ill founded, we build the far greater part of our happiness; and when these are productive of laudable, or no illaudable pursuits, it is a species of robbery to deprive a person of the possession. It is not absolutely necessary that Mr. Holford should distinguish accurately a Caracalla from a Lucius Verus;[1] but it is, that Sir George Paradyne should be polite and well bred, and not give pain in return for intended pleasure. We owe to society, not to be forward in discovering to others their little errors, when no good can result from the correction, and especially not to sacrifice the vanity of others at the shrine of our own."

"Well done!" says Sir George, smiling, "that is home, however; I hope you are not now acting in the teeth of your precept?"

"Fairly retorted," returned Mr. Lindsay; "but you are my pupil, you know, and Mr. Holford was not yours."

"And is not my dear tutor a little inexplicable? Could Marcus Tullius[2] pass higher encomiums upon sincerity, veracity, candor?"

"If time, if place, if occasion, be not considered," replied Sir George, "all the virtues are in danger of falling foul upon each other; not any of them require that we should deprive mankind of a single pleasure it can enjoy with innocence."

The argument was kept up till their arrival at the Falcon; Sir George was convinced--which is not a common consequence of argument--and what is still more uncommon, he had the fortitude to confess it.

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C H A P. XIV.

Our gentlemen were punctual to the hour of tea, and found Mrs. Carlill, with her daughter, prepared for their reception. The old gentlewoman was very sickly, but still loquacious, and could not resist the desire she had to shew her guests that she had seen better days. After thanking Sir George for his generosity, she said, time had been when she could be generous; she had not always lived in a cottage; her father was a substantial citizen of Winchester--but he was gone--gone to his last peaceful abode, where the wicked trouble not--and all her relations. Her husband was Abraham Carlill, a freeman of the city of London, a man well known in his day, well endowed with the good things of this world, which were but vain shadows; yet he thirsted after them, and made rash ventures, and lost all, and died, and left them to lament his indiscretions. Her Abraham had a brother Ghent, in Flanders, a man well respected by the friends, but lost unto them, because he lost money by Abraham's failure, and could never be persuaded that it was owing to her husband's integrity that he was not paid his whole debt, in preference to other creditors. When the good gentlewoman had exhausted her favourite topic and herself, she reposed in silence, and left the conversation to go on how it pleased.

After having enquired how Miss Colerain did, and expressing some sorrow to hear she was unfortunate, Sir George turned the discourse on

Miss Haubert, and said, he could not have believed there was at this day in England a woman of that lady's fortune, who could have behaved with so little politeness, and with so little care to conceal the sense she had of her own importance. There must have been, Sir George said, something singular in her education.

"I believe," answered Miss Carlill, this singularity may be accounted for, but I do not think it will amuse thee to hear it."

"Very much so," Sir George replied; "if the relation would not be too great a fatigue to herself."

"Sir Simon Haubert, the father of this lady," Miss Carlill said, lived as most country gentlemen of his time did. He was a jovial man, a fox hunter, and above all, a lover of money. Sir Simon had two sons and this daughter; at a proper age the eldest went the Tour, the youngest continued at Oxford; the latter was said, by the few who remembered him, to have been an amiable man, worthy of a better fate than he appears to have met with, though indeed very little is known about him.

"The eldest son married a Mrs. Palick, a widow, very rich in copper mines; she died without issue at an early period, and left behind her the character of a woman of the very first economy. Indeed it appeared this pair were so happily suited to each other, that they quitted all society for the dear enjoyment of themselves and their money.

"This inclination to living alone was usually ascribed to the lady; and it was thought Sir Simon would now open his doors and live like a man of fortune. No--the man had acquired in solitude a taste for architecture; he had amused himself with drawing plans; and at length conceived the humble idea, that he had nothing to do but to build, to be acknowledged the first

architect in this kingdom at least.

"The mansion-house, it seems, was what they called gothic; so he began by building two Greek wings; somehow these did not accord, and Sir Simon found himself under the necessity of pulling down the house and joining it to the wings; by some error in the design they did not unite; the unemployed builders laughed, and said, Sir Simon wanted nothing but taste and knowledge to build a very good house. The fabric received the honour of a criticism in the London papers. Sir Simon answered by building his wings over again.

"At length friend Haubert perceived his labour was like to be in vain, so he desisted, and returned again to his accounts--would thee believe it? he had expended eighty thousand pounds, twenty of which had been lent him by his steward. He died soon after, it was said, of grief, at making this double discovery.

"The succession, as friend Haubert died intestate, fell of course to his sister. Catherine Haubert had merit. The flatteries of the men had not rendered her vain, for flattery is usually founded on beauty, and she had it not. From ten to eighteen she was an enigma; she did every thing by fits; was docile, indocile, tractable, intractable, dutiful, disobedient, and these humours succeeded each other as day follows night, only with less certainty as to the times of coming and going; about eighteen her character began to fix. Sullenness and pride appeared to be predominating qualities.

"When Catherine Haubert lost her mother, she got a governess, a good sort of woman, and as well qualified to correct the errors of the understanding as a woman who has none well can be. As brother Simon was

constantly putting her out of humour, by telling her she was ugly, her governess was under the necessity of putting her in again, by telling her she had amazing talents; and it is actually true that an intellectual taste was formed by this flattery, which in time grew to be a passion; but being cultivated as chance or whim directed, it was not likely science in friend Catherine's head should be perfectly regular.

"By the will of her father she had six thousand pounds; and fame, always liberal upon these occasions, had doubled it. An economical gentleman in the neighbourhood calculated that he could supply Catharine Haubert with books, for half the money it would cost to furnish cloaths only for any well brought up woman, and that under the copious catalogue of expenses which come under the general head of dissipation, there would be great savings; in favour of these he overlooked her learning, which husbands, I suppose, do not covet in a wife, and bowed down and worshipped her.

"Upon this occasion, her features, which are rather hard, took the most placid and smiling turn they are capable of; and fearing, as it was the first, it might be the last tale of love that would ever be addressed to her ear--she early and graciously granted his suit, and for the matters of commerce that belonged to it, referred him to her brother.

"From friend Simon he learned that he had reasoned upon false premises, and that Catharine Haubert's accomplishments were less, by half, than he had conceived them; so he went home to form his calculation anew. It did not answer. So he wrote his mistress that circumstances had arisen betwen the baronet and him, which rendered it impossible for him to pursue the dear delightful hope of calling her his own, and took his leave for ever with all the needful expressions of anguish, and a broken heart.

Catharine Haubert could not conceive what these circumstances could be; but when she had learned them from her brother, she began to entertain the most sovereign contempt for mankind, and at length it became certain that a creature so immersed in earthly things, was not entitled to any regard from so exalted a person as herself.

"Catherine Haubert endeavoured to get above this earth; since man was not, what else could be worthy her notice? so she took flight into the region of metaphysics. They say she has been lost ever since; but a friend of ours has traced her steps, and has given us the following account:

"He says, that Catherine Haubert was first struck with amazement at what appeared to be the greatest of human conceptions--the monades and pre-established harmony of Leibnitz.[1] This system fixed her faith a long time; but Malbranche[2] came, and with him she saw all things in God; how then should she see any thing wrong? Mr. Locke[3] shewed her clearly ideas, although begotten by outward objects, were born and brought up within; and that the mind, let it look out as sharp as it would, could hear, see, smell, taste, touch, nothing but these ideas whatever. Then says the bishop of Cloyne,[4] how can we be certain there is any thing else whatever, to hear, see, smell, taste, or touch. Certain, it is more worthy an omnipotent being, to raise ideas in the minds of intelligent creatures, by an expansion of his own----what? of his own will, than to incumber the universe with gross and senseless matter; and the phenomena were better accounted for by this sublime system, and christian faith more firmly supported. Thus, by one catholic apostolic decree, every thing but spirit would have been banished for ever from the infinite regions of space, had not David Hume[5] shewed, by very clear induction from the bishop's premises, that in spite of Des Cartes--"I think, therefore I am--" it is very likely

that there was no existence whatever.

"I, for my part," continued Miss Carlill, "do not understand a word of all this; but my friend, who sees Catherine Haubert often, tells me she still travels in air, and flies from cloud to cloud."

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C H A P. XV.

Sir George, after thanking Miss Carlill for the pains she had taken for his information, observed, that from the pride of birth and fortune, joined to much ignorance of the world, he could easily conceive Miss Haubert's behaviour might incline too much to arrogance; but for the marked rudeness shewn to so amiable a lady as Miss Colerain, there must be some additional cause.

There are many," Miss Carlill replied; the first was, that when neighbour Haubert visited any where, the company were so full of Cornelia Colerain's praise, there was none left for herself. This was a general cause. It happened also that a small farmer, tenant of friend Haubert, died, leaving a wife and four small children. The two succeeding half years, the poor woman was deficient in rent, so the bailiff took away one of her two milking cows; the other indeed, gave her children milk, but could not furnish the butter and small cheeses, of which she must make the principal part of her rent. It was needful for poor neighbor Haubert to have the other cow; the orders were actually given. When it came to the ears of Cornelia Colerain, who was almost as much celebrated for benevolence as beauty, she paid the rent, and replaced the lost cow with a better. Neighbour Haubert thought it was terribly insolent, that a stranger should presume to be kind to her tenants; she ordered her to quit, and

Cornelia Colerain was obliged to provide the woman with another farm, on which she now does very well.

"But there was still worse: a young man of Scotland, not abounding in wealth, son of him they call Lord Abskirk, came to pay his addresses to Catherine Haubert. I do not know what his success was there--they, say equal to his hopes. But going to Southampton, he chanced, at one of the assemblies, to dance with Cornelia Colerain, whose fortune, no none at that time doubted, would be fifty thousand pounds. I fear the young man was rude to Catherine Haubert; he went to see her no more. Cornelia Colerain suited his taste better, and he did all he could to obtain her. It is true, he failed, for Cornelia has a way of judging about men, of which few, very few indeed, can stand the test."

"What I have seen, and what you tell me of this young lady, says Sir George, interests me exceedingly. Is she reduced to absolute poverty?"

"She is," replied Miss Carlill.

"Is it improper, asked Sir George, to inquire by what means?"

"Not at all; no inquiry can hurt Cornelia Colerain. But what will repay thy attention? In her little story there is no romance; and thou mayest judge by the event, that she was never under the protection of any beneficent fairy. Indeed there is nothing extraordinary in the circumstances which relate to her. I know no remedy. There will be villains among mankind, notwithstanding religion or the gallows--notwithstanding even Botany Bay;[1] and those who have property are the only people who have a chance for losing it."

At this remark, the good Mrs. Carlill began to sigh, to sob, to groan, to raise her eyes to Heaven; all this was an exordium to the long

tale of Abraham Carlill's ruin, which lasted till it was proper for the gentleman to take leave for the evening, and made it necessary for Sir George to beg a dish of tea the next afternoon. Miss Carlill granted the request, and they took leave.

They passed by the door of a cottage; a woman was holding the head of a poor man, in an agony of retching; some ragged children were running about; it does not signigy, John, says the woman, you must have help, and I will go to the overseers, you know there is no charity left hereabouts, since Miss Colerain lost her means.

This called back Sir George. "You seem distressed, good woman." "Ay, sorely, sir. My husband has had Kentish ague six weeks; he's never willing to apply to parish, so we've rubbed on wi help of gentlewoman o' yonder white house, thof she's nothing left for hersel--vengeance o' the rogue as brought her down."

Sir George gave her what silver he had, and Mr. Lindsay directions how to manage her husband, to whom, as he wanted medicines, Sir George determined to send an apothecary in the morning; he even rose earlier than common for the purpose, and rode to a Mr. Ward, at Winton, to whom he related the poor man's case. I know the man, answered Mr. Ward, he's honest but poor; I suppose it will be a love case, but as the man is so bad--why my way is this--to cure people first if I can, and then consider how I can get paid; when I find the inclination to pay wanting, and not the means, it vexes me, and I talk of lawyers; when I find it is the means, and not the inclination, I put it down to the account of good works.

"An excellent system, says Sir George, has it made you rich?"

"Rich in good works."

"This man, says Sir George, may want medicine and attendance for a month, and I beg he may have all that is necessary; Mrs. Bane, at the Falcon, will pay your bill. I wish you good morrow."

Both Sir George and Mr. Lindsay thought the day long, both were impatient for the hour of tea; at length it came, and after a desultory conversation, in which the gentlemen and the lady found themselves as friendly and familiar as a long acquaintance could have made them. Miss Carlill spoke in this manner:

Cornelia Colerain lost her mother when she was about seventeen; her father was a merchant at Southhampton, who had his fortune to make when he settled there, and he had at this time made a large one. He purchased that white house, with forty acres of land around it; and it became the province of Cornelia to superintend there, whilst the family at Southampton was put under the care of Mrs. Colerain, a sister of his, who in the prime of life had been a governess to some children of family in Cornwall, and who was rewarded with a pension of one hundred pounds for life. At this house Cornelia delighted to live, and to exercise her benevolent propensities; here she avoided many things which were disagreeable to her in society; and so many were her avocations, that I know not whether she ever felt for a minute, the fatigue of indolence, which I am told, is the pre-disposing cause of most modern female diseases.

Cornelia Colerain reads much, and writes charmingly; her letters were my great consolation in our family distress. She draws well, paints prettily, and is said to excel upon the harpsichord. These are what are called accomplishments. I could deservedly praise her more and better, but my business is only to tell her story.

Cornelia had many lovers, or pretenders, but her mode of thinking was not favourable. She tried them by certain ideas of moral excellency, which I believe does not suit the times. It is likely she would have continued long in her maiden state, had her fortune proved stable. It is now probable she will never change it.

John Colerain had taken into his 'compting house, a young man whose name was Talbot. In his youth, it seems, he had been the Corydon[2] of a village. He supposed himself to be a very pretty man, and that pretty men were the most valuable of the species. In London, where he served my father three years as a clerk, he kept company only with low women and looking-glasses; and neither of them taught him to correct his vices or his vanity. But though he was a coxcomb he had talents, and became valuable for his knowledge of business, and for his application.

John Colerain, on experience of his capacity, took him a one-eight partner, to interest him more in the business and he had apartments in the house. At this time I was much with Cornelia, and we amused ourselves with his airs and graces. I had before known him to be strongly impressed with a notion that he had attractions which few women could resist; the sweet temper and engaging disposition of Cornelia Colerain, was not calculated to correct this idea. She did not think herself entitled to pay the attentions of civility, though more assidious than common, with disdain, as I had done; and this gentleness persuaded the young fool, that Cornelia was enamoured of his person, and that this must be the cause of her quick dismission of lover after lover; of two even who had titles.

Cornelia Colerain considered herself as mistress, at their country house, and endeavoured to make every one happy in it. When it was Thomas

Talbot's fortune to visit here, her superior attention confirmed him in his unfortunate delusion; he was assured a declaration would be received with secret joy, and he took an opportunity to make it, with all the modesty of a coxcomb.

Cornelia Colerain, though astonished and vexed, did not take fire at this declaration, as I suppose most young women would have done in similar circumstances; she only said, she was very sorry he had entertained such an affection, for she could not return it, and did not like to give pain to any one.

This was so gentle a rejection, that I dare say it might have emboldened men more modest than Thomas Talbot. He did persevere till he became intolerable, and obliged Cornelia to treat him with anger and disdain. this also failing, she was under the necessity of applying to her father.

John Colerain was angry. His first step was to dismiss the offender from his house. His next would have been to have dissolved the partnership, but that the young man humbled himself, and promised never to repeat the offence.

But the affront rankled in his bosom. It was indeed a severe mortification, for it shook the whole fabric of coxcombry to its foundation; he found he wanted comfort, and sought it in wine, and in the company of abandoned women.

Things were thus situated, when John Colerain was called to Bourdeaux, upon the failure of a great house there. It was an alarming circumstance, for he had accepted bills to a large amount, for wines, not yet collected. It is true, the honour of the house was unimpeached, but it had been imprudent.

Great fatigue brought upon John Colerain an illness which left him with an alarming debility. In his letters to his daughter he concealed this, only saying, his stay was occasioned by business. Thomas Talbot had more regard for truth; he told her the whole of her father's danger. It is probable he aspired to be her conductor to Bourdeaux; for he said it was dangerous to go through France without one, and he would endeavour to put business in such a train as to be able to attend her, if she chose to go. She chose to go indeed, but not with Thomas Talbot. He was odious for his pretensions, and more odius for his libertinism. Cornelia answered his proposal with asperity; nay--she even hinted an intention of laying before her father, the flagitious part of his conduct.

This little insinuation put Thomas Talbot into anger; for men cannot always be kindly disposed to women who abuse them. In that frame of mind, several suspicious things fell from him; nay, he told her plainly, that high as she was in the world, there were circumstances which might pull her down, and even make her repent her proud treatment of himself. That, assuming a smile of the utmost contempt--that, she said, was impossible.

Cornelia Colerain set out for France, with her maid and a black servant, a man much regarded for his faithful attachment to her father, and for circumstances which happened in Barbadoes,[3] and will be long remembered there. She did not seek adventures; adventures did not seek her; and she arrived at Bourdeaux, with fatigue indeed, but without accident.

At the sight of her emaciated father, she fainted in his arms. To him, her coming was a cordial of the most reviving kind; his spirits were raised, his malady appeared to have given way, and in a week he made preparations for leaving his friends at Bourdeaux, and took his passage

home in a vessel to sail for England.

About the third day a storm arose, which drove them to the south of Cape Finisterre; and the wind continuing adverse, it was six weeks before they could enter the channel. The inconveniences they suffered in consequence, would have been severely felt by Cornelia, but for a much deeper affliction.

Her father's illness returned with double violence; he declined rapidly, and died in his daughter's arms, two days before the vessel entered Poole harbour. You are men of humanity, you will feel for Cornelia's afflictions, they are beyond my power to describe.

It was evening when they came on shore. Cornelia got into a chaise with her maid, and Fidel, the black servant, attending her on horseback, she arrived at Southampton about ten o'clock, and was driven to her father's house. Fidel rapped long and long, no one came to answer; at length a woman who kept a little shop at three doors distance, ran to the chaise with a candle. "The Lord be good unto me, Miss, says she, is it you? God be thanked; then I hopes things are not so bad as folks say."

"You terrify me to death, Mrs. Mercer, says Cornelia, what do you mean? why is my father's house deserted? and where is my aunt?"

"Gracious--Miss--the good woman answered--why you talk as if you knew nothing of what happened."

"I do not indeed, replied Cornelia."

"Goodness--says Mrs. Mercer--what not know how Mr. Talbot is run away with a power of money? and how they got your father into the Gazette? then they turned the servants and clerks all out of the house."

Cornelia sunk to the bottom of the chaise whence she was carried by

Fidel and another neighbour into Mrs. Mercer's back room. She was not long however deprived of recollection; and when she had learned that her aunt was at Combor Common, insisted upon Fidel's procuring another chaise, and in three hours found herself pressed to the bosom of her affectionate aunt. They afflicted and consoled each other. When they retired to rest, the unburied body of her father swam before Cornelia's eyes, her disordered imagination painted sad scenes of poverty and want; a fever and delirium came on; her life was despaired of many days; during which the more immediate friends of John Colerain, took care of his interment.

At the first meeting of the creditors, after Thomas Talbot had disappeared, a general prejudice prevailed against John Colerain, and even his daughter, as accomplices in fraud. Some went so far as to deny the father's death, and to say it was a mock funeral. But when the commission came on, when the books were examined, and the evidences, when all circumstances were compared, these malignant opinions lost all force--except amongst two sorts of people--those who had been most vehement in their propagation and support, and those who found it convenient to seem to entertain them; because, having been the most intimate friends of Cornelia, something more than pity might have been expected from them. Amongst the rest, who had no such powerful motives of belief, there was but one opinion, that Thomas Talbot was the sole delinquent--an abandoned miscreant--whose irregularity of life and malignant disposition, had reduced to ruin the fortune of his benefactor.

For immediately after the departure of Cornelia for France, Thomas Talbot was detected in an amour with a barber's wife, and the barber, a man of spirit, forced him to purchase safety at a pretty dear rate. It was

believed that Thomas Talbot meditated to raise what money he could, and decamp with it, not daring to wait John Colerain's coming home, when a letter of attorney to sell stock in the public funds, to supply the exigencies of trade, arrived from Bourdeaux. John Colerain had twenty thousand pounds in the stock; Thomas Talbot thus impowered, sold it all; though the credit of the house would have been well supported by five thousand; and having raised about six thousand more, went off, no one knows whither.

Although it is a year since the commission began, it is not yet closed. Fifteen shillings in the pound have been paid, and nearly enough remains to clear the whole. An old humane merchant bought the white house there, intending Cornelia Colerain and her aunt should possess it rent free for their lives; but see how every thing is unfortunate for Cornelia Colerain. Three months since, she lost her aunt, and was by her death reduced to absolute poverty. About the same time also, died suddenly the old merchant, who had neglected to put his humane intentions into a legal form. His heirs have quarrelled about the possession of this very house, and not being able to adjust it, have ordered it to be sold, Cornelia having the proper notice to quit.

Miss Carlill having finished Miss Colerain's little history, received the thanks of the gentlemen, who expressed much concern for the unfortunate subject. After a little fit of musing, Sir George enquired how far it was possible to express sensation or passion by needlework; Miss Carlill answered,-- "Not very accurately, thou may'st be sure; but something may be done." "I am disposed, says Sir George, to indulge myself with a piece of your execution, representing the scene at Southampton, on the return of Miss

Colerain; dare you undertake it?" "I will do all I can to oblige thee, replied Miss Carlill, but thou thyself must point out the group of particulars which must be represented by a single instant." "Then, says Sir George, I will take the liberty to wait upon you in the morning, in order to confer with you upon the subject, after having dreamt about it. So for the present we will bid you adieu.

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C H A P. XVI.

I wish I knew the cause of dreams. I never shall, till the gentlemen philosophers have settled whether thinking is done and performed by vibrations, or by impressions, or by the action of nothing upon something, which is so well explained by the immaterialists.[1] I comfort myself with reflecting, that by the upward reasoning of the physicians, and the downward reasoning of divines, we shall come to know every thing in time, and that my grandson will explain, in the twenty-fifth edition of this work, the cause why, and the manner how, Sir George Paradyne, the ensuing night, made seas, and ships, and rocks, and more Miss Colerains than an Esquimaux can count; she called for his assistance in a thousand dangers; he flew, he swam, he dived, he fought to save her.

To this kind of sleep, Sir George was little indebted for refreshment. He shook it off early to indulge in meditation. He considered his projected scene of the evening at Southampton; but he considered still more, how it might be possible to get introduced to Miss Colerain; whether there was any refined and delicate mode of benevolence, by which she could be assisted. Of all delicate things, to give was the most delicate. It was necessary to know a multitude of preparatory things, such as Miss Colerain's degree of

refinement, her delicacy, intentions, inclinations, in short it was necessary to be intimately acquainted with her.

Weary at length with the labour of an excursive imagination, which could find nothing solid to rest upon, Sir George rose--before the sun. The rising sun is a charming object; but it is the peculiar unhappiness of English ladies and gentlemen, seldom to have an opportunity to enjoy it. The reason of this seems to be, that Brookes's and the Pantheon[2] are so unskilfully situated, that a view of the horizon is not to be had; so was not the churchyard of Comber, the thither Sir George bent his morning course. It was once more to behold the magnificent views, which had so charmed him the first time, that Sir George sought this beautiful summit; the scenery of the country was equally rich, the cities as majestic, the sea as grand as before; yet none of these had so many attractions for Sir George's eyes, as the white house on Comber common; an object not rich, nor grand, nor majestic. He soon perceived, however, that objects are not so distinct at the distance of half a mile, as of half a yard, and he wanted to see it distinctly. He had a prospect-glass in his hand, by the help of which he saw that the house had twelve sash-windows in front, and that there was a small court before it, in which moved something that seemed--a woman. The foot-path which led toward the house was not in its front, so that Sir George, before he was seen himself, found a position in which he could view the flower-garden, and the lady in it, at his ease. He had never before seen such beauty, so unadorned, and it appeared the more to be beauty. Her shape, "fine by degrees,"[3] had no cloak, or cardinal,[4] or shawl, to conceal it; a straw hiat with a black ribbon shaded her lovely and pensive face, and her fine mild eyes seemed to shine with uncommon lustre.

As Sir George had drank tea with Miss Colerain, there did not seem to be any impropriety in accosting her, and he gave her the morning salutation; she returned it, not without some apparent flutter. "You seem, madam, by your early rising," says Sir George, "to be an admirer of the beauties of nature?" "I hope I am, sir," she answered, moving towards the door. "May I, madam," asked Sir George in a hurry, "may I be permitted to admire your collection of polyanthus's?" "You are welcome, sir," replied the lady; "you will have the goodness to excuse my doing the honours of the garden. I wish you a good morning." "I thank you, madam,--but without you--" but the lady had entered the house, and had shut the door gently, not rudely, and yet it was vastly rude to do so any way; and Sir George concluded that Miss Colerain, whatever she might possess of other accomplishments, had not that of politeness. A little angry, he turned his steps to the Falcon.

Mr. Lindsay was more than usually thoughtful at breakfast, and to Sir Georges's inquiry into the cause, he answered, that he had been amusing himself with a London paper, and saw himself attacked under the signature of Galgacus, for his last political pamphlet. If Sir George wished to see Miss Carlill, he begged to stay in his apartment in order to digest his answer. Sir George consented, and went alone.

The conversation began upon the tablet, the ostensible business of the day. But, says Sir George, interrupting an observation of Miss Carlill, all this elegance denotes an extraordinary degree of politeness, and you know Miss Carlill, your friend is not polite.

Miss Carlill seemed surprised--after half a minute's pause, she said hast thou ever seen her otherwise?

"This morning,"--answered Sir George.

"Thou hast introduced thyself then? I should like to know the manner."

"She was in her flower-garden, taking off some decayed leaves; I told her her polyanthus's were very pretty, and desired leave to admire them; this request, as far as regarded the polyanthus's, was granted: but the moment I entered the garden, she entered the house; the door was shut against me, and I was left to admire--what I could."

"Thou wert angry, no doubt," said Miss Carlill.

"Not much pleased, I own," Sir George replied. "I could not help considering it rather as an abatement of the sum total of Miss Colerain's accomplishments."

"Thou judgest," Miss Carlill answered, as if there were no quality of an estimation but this politeness; if it were worth the rout thou makest about it, I would tell thee there is not a politer woman on earth than Cornelia Colerain; in my mind she has more than enough of it. But let me ask thee, if six o'clock in the morning was the proper hour to shew it thee? alone too? If politeness accuses, will not delicacy acquit her?

"it seemed, Miss Carlill," said Sir George, "more like apprehension than delicacy; yet I hope I have not the appearance of a footpad."[5]

"No,"--answered, Miss Carlill,--"thou hast rather the appearance of a fine young gentleman, a much more formidable being to Cornelia Colerain, than a footpad."

"Why so, Miss Carlill?"

"Perhaps her delicacy may be increased by misfortunes, and she may

be more apprehensive than is necessary; there are libertines in Southampton as well as elsewhere. From the impertinence of one rich licentious young man she has suffered much."

"Damn him!--" says Sir George, with tolerable emphasis--and a small glow upon his cheek.

Miss Carlill smiled and said, "For a lady who wants politeness, thou enterest into her interests, seemingly with a superabundant zeal."

"Zeal--Miss Carlill--zeal," Sir George replied, no--no zeal at all; I should like to do the young lady good indeed if I knew how, because--because--she may have some good qualities, and because--she is your friend, Miss Carlill."

"I thank thee. What doest thou think of her person. It has been thought handsome."

"She is very well, Miss Carlill, but I have seen taller women; however I do not want to depreciate her merit; I am sorry, quite sorry for her. What does she intend to do?"

"She has an intention, and one which does her honour, but I am not at liberty to mention it."

"Some view of establishment by marriage, I suppose."

"If thou canst guess no better, thou wilt not be resorted to as an oracle."

"Nay, I do not want to guess; she is her own mistress. Only, if her views were such as I could have assisted her in--"

"Oh, thou wouldst find a great difference betwixt Cornelia Colerain, and Rebecca Carlill. She has no needle work to sell."

"Too proud I suppose to accept. Was not Miss Carlill once accustomed

to give?"

"Yes--too proud. I hope thou wilt pardon her, when thou considerest how much she has been accustomed to give:"

"If thou delightest in similies, thou mayest compare my benevolence to the moon, Cornelia's to the sun; I am moreover nine years older, have had some years to get rid of my pride, and a mother's distresses to assist me."

"There is more just judgment, Miss Carlill, in conforming to situation, as you have done, than in soaring above it."

"Cornelia Colerain has that just judgment; her thoughts are humble, not soaring; but she prefers employment to indolence, labour to dependence."

"Labour! Miss Colerain labour?"--says Sir George with eagerness, and rising to stride across the room.

"It is thou that art proud now; Cornelia Colerain does not consider industry as degrading."

"Industry! says Sir George--the devil--what--will she take in cloaths to wash?"

Miss Carlill laughed outright.--"Has thy honour," says she, "no new shirts for her to make?"

"Well,"--answered Sir George, "well, Miss Carlill--if you will not let me take an interest in your friend, I cannot help it."

"It is, says Miss Carlill, her fixed,--thou will call it her proud principle,--to be independent to the last hour of her life--if she can. Next to that, is to be obscure and unknown; and in some sequestered abode, to find a means of exchanging the products of some of the elegant arts, which have hiterto been her amusement, for the common and convenient

necessaries of life; her plan is arranged, but not yet ready for execution. Yet I fear, says Miss Carlill, sighing,--I fear I have an advertisement here, which will precipitate her into it before the time, and occasion her some unexpected difficulties."

"I almost wish," say Sir George, they may be insurmountable. But what is the advertisement?" She put into his hand the following handbill:

To be sold by auction, at the Falcon, at Combor, on the 31st day of August next, unless previously disposed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given; all the messuage standing and being upon Combor common, called the White house, with all its appurtenances, furniture, library of books, and about forty acres of land. Enquire of Mr. Merrick, attorney at law, Southampton.

Miss Colerain will shew the premises.

"Now it is about the middle of next month," continues Miss Carlill, "her notice expires; in case the house had not been sold or taken, she might have hoped a few months longer indulgence. Now, she cannot expect it."

"By heaven!" says Sir George, starting up--"but--my bear Miss Carlill you must give me leave to wait upon you to-morrow morning; I had almost forgot an engagement." "I wish thee a good day," says Miss Carlill--but, thought she--thou art subject to strange sudden emotions.

The sentiment which hurried Sir George away so rapidly, was not a sentiment of sorrow; it was one that made him tread lighter upon the earth, which made that earth seem elastic under his feet; in short, it was nothing more or less, than that he would go to Southampton, purchase these premises, and then--consider what he should do with them.

It is the will of heaven, I believe, that the volition of young men

should direct their understandings; and it is happy if they are able to change this retrograde motion into its direct and proper course--when they are old.

"Was Sir George in love with Miss Colerain?" Of my twenty thousand fair readers, nineteen thousand at least must have asked this question. I answer, no--dear ladies--no--he had not time.

"Then you would persuade us it was pure compassion?"

"Yes--dear ladies--yes."

"We did not apprehend you were writing a romance; we know something of love, and something of pity, and we advise you not to make effects greater than their causes."

Good! This is the philosophic age--of ladies.

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C H A P. XVII.

Leaving Mr. Lindsay to his pen, Sir George rode to Southampton, and with all the eagerness of a young man, and none of the subtilty of an old one, applied to Mr. Merrick, who did not want the proper wisdom of his profession. "You are Sir George Paradyne, says this gentleman, the son of Sir Jeffery Paradyne. I knew Sir Jeffery, a most worthy gentleman as any in Surry; ay,--his was a sad catastrophe--but we are all liable to accidents by wind and by water. Pray, Sir George, how long is it since?" "Six months," Sir George replied. "Yes--time flies; I read it in the papers; his next heir was said to be a minor; wrong informed there, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Merrick," Sir George answered, "I still want a few months of being of age."

"I fear then, the business you came about cannot be pursued; a minor cannot purchase; this did not occur to you, Sir George?"

"It did not, Mr. Merrick; is the difficulty not to be got over?"

"If it was my own affair, I should not," says the attorney, "make the least scruple, I should have full confidence in your honour; but we are not allowed to run risques for clients."

"Well," says Sir George, if it cannot be done, we must rest it where it is; I am sorry, for I wished to serve Miss Colerain."

"You are acquainted with Miss Colerain?"

"I have scarce seen her," answered Sir George; but I have heard of her distress, and wish to remove a part of it."

"I wish," says Mr. Merrick, "I wish gentlemen of your fortune, had generally more of your benevolence. Miss Colerain is a most worthy young lady, and has been rather ungenteelly used by the commissioners; but I know the cause; it has been all at the instigation of one Claverly, a merchant here, a creditor of old Colerain's, but who hated him because he had refused him his daughter; the fact was, the young lady did not like him; he was rich too--but she did not like him. Well--that is over and past. There is a way Sir George, but perhaps you will not like it."

"Let me know it, Mr. Merrick."

"I will purchase of the heirs, and you purchase of me; and as is customary, deposit in my hands, ten per cent. of the purchase money, for a forfeit, in case the purchase is not made good on your side, when you have compleated your twenty-first year. It is true, there will be double writings,[1] but that is a trifle, not worth Sir George Paradyne's consideration."

"I agree to it, Mr. Merrick," answered Sir George' supposing that

the premises shall be considered as mine; and no one exercise any authority over them whatever."

"The premises," replied Mr. Merrick, "shall be considered as yours from this day, and no one shall presume to exercise authority over any thing within, or any thing without; a condition to which you yourself must also be bound, till you have legal possession."

"Agreed," Sir George answered. "What then is the purchase money?" Observe, Mr. Merrick, I consider you in this affair as my agent, as well as the seller. I leave the price and every other circumstance totally to you."

Mr. Merrick knew very well that the common want of young men was prudence, and that that was most durable which was dearest bought; he had therefore determined to sell him a portion of it for five hundred pounds; but this appeal, which Sir George at once made as it were, to his honour, sunk it in an instant to four hundred; and at that price above two thousand pounds which an honest valuer had put upon it, was the bargain struck. Could an honest man do more? Sir George had luckily bank notes sufficient for a deposit, which he paid; and ordering the conveyances to be made, which Mr. Merrick thought necessary, he took his leave.

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C H A P. XVIII.

At ten the next morning, he took alone the road to Miss Carlill's. Upon the common, near the door of his new purchase, was a servant walking two horses saddled; without thinking much of it, he was passing by, when the sash[1] was instantly thrown up, and he heard himself called by his name; he hastened to the door which was opened by a maid servant, seemingly

much frightened. A man's voice in the parlour, said, "I insist on seeing Miss Colerain." "I tell thee," says a female voice, which Sir George knew was Miss Carlill's, "I tell thee again thou canst not, she is not well enough to attend thee."

"Mere female caprice and perverseness; I have questions to ask which only she can answer," says the gentleman.

"Ask thy questions," says Miss Carlill; "I will repeat them to her and bring thee answers."

"That will not do," replied the man; "I am referred to by public advertisement, and I will see her."

Sir George was now in the room. Miss Carlill sprung to him, saying I am glad to see thee; here is neighbour Claverly, from Southampton; he is abstinate to day, and rather rude; his business is to see the premises, and nothing will serve him but he will see Cornelia Colerain."

"against her will?" says Sir George.

"What is that to you, sir?" says Mr. Claverly, fiercely.

"Nothing at all," answers Sir George, except the concern one gentleman is apt to feel, when another does not act like one."

"I imagine," says Mr. Claverly, "I know what belongs to a gentleman as well as you; I fear no man, and do not chuse to be made a fool of even by a lady. I apply to Miss Colerain, upon the faith of a public advertisement; she was to shew the premises, she only can shew them properly."

"Neighbour Claverly," says Miss Carlill, "Cornelia Colerain was not consulted respecting the advertisement; she does not choose to obey its dictates; and who has a right to force her to compliance?"

"I believe," answered Claverly, the hardest lesson on earth for a

woman to learn is humility."

"Dost not think," says Miss Carlill, it is as hard for a man to learn good manners?"

"I am not come hither only on a fool's errand," says Claverly, to lose my time for the indulgence of Miss Colerain's pride, but I must submit also to the thee and thou pertness of a female quaker."

"Thou hast only to walk forth, and thou art rid of it," answered Miss Carlill."

"No,--I will stay by G--, if it be only to plague thee."

"I think, Mr. Claverly," said Sir George, the manners of the times require something more of civility and attention to ladies; but to cut short this dispute, and all pretence for your remaining here, be pleased to know, this house is not now on sale."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am the purchaser, Mr. Claverly; if you chuse to take the trouble of enquiry, Mr. Merrick will satisfy you."

"I have a right, sir, to suppose it unsold, till it is publickly contradicted;" said Claverly.

"You have, sir," Sir George answered; "but what other right do you build upon this? not that surely of disturbing Miss Colerain, or insulting Miss Carlill."

"Is it your doughty arm that is to defend them if I should? I beg leave to congratulate the ladies on a champion of such prowess."

"I have no right to force you out of the house, Mr. Claverly," said Sir George, Miss Colerain has the sole right; but give me leave to invite you out of it."

"With all my heart," answered Claverly."

"No--no--no--" says Miss Carlill, holding Sir George's arm."

"Do not be alarmed, dear Miss Carlill," said Sir George; "I only invite Mr. Claverly to a friendly expostulation. I have no weapons of offence, nor I presume has he."

"I do not know that," says the terrified Miss Carlill, still holding Sir George."

"Oh," says Claverly, this is a league I see, offensive and defensive; I must now congratulate you, sir; seven bull hides are a less potent shield than a petticoat."

"It is well, Mr. Claverly, says Sir George, I attend you. My dear Miss Carlill, I must give myself the pleasure to hear in what language Mr. Claverly talks only to gentlemen; before ladies, his stile is the stile valiant."

Sir George had gently broke from Miss Carlill, and was going out of the room when Miss Colerain entered it; she passed Sir George with a curtsy, and advancing with a graceful and dignified resentment, spoke in this manner: "In every situation of life, I find I am to be obliged to Mr. Claverly; I know not for what cause he should single me out for persecution, but much desire to know?"

"I am ready, Miss Colerain," says Claverly, to give you any explanation you require, but I chuse to give it to you only."

"I never had," replied Miss Colerain, I never can have any connection with Mr. Claverly, of which I wish the world to be ignorant; I had rather there were more, than fewer auditors."

"The subject on which I request your attention, madam," says Claverly,

"requires none but yourself."

"Is it, Mr. Claverly, to repeat the kind and liberal offer you had the goodness to make me by letter, the day after my aunt's interment?"

"It is extreamly odd, madam," said Claverly, "You should chuse to speak upon a subject of confidence before strangers."

"I do chuse it however," answered Miss Colerain; it was an honourable offer, you thought it generous also, considering, as you were pleased to say, circumstances; of that species of honour and generosity I own myself no judge. When I was supposed to be rich, Mr. Claverly offered me his hand; now I am poor, and consequently contemptible, he offers me his--heart--and a comfortable maintenance, and money in my purse; could you wish such generosity to be unknown? and--oh, Mr. Claverly--what a time did you chuse for this generous proposal? my aunt--my mother--my only remaining relation--my sole support on earth--to whom I gave, as she deserved, all my affection--four days before, died in my arms. Misfortune had sunk me beneath the world's notice; this was the interesting period you chose for sinking me beneath my own. Had you been as dear to me as the strongest affection ever made man dear to woman, such an offer--I hope at any any time--certainly at such a time--must have rendered you the object of my detestation; so--Mr. Claverly--for the first and last time--permit me to say--so you are to me."

"Of your detestation, Miss Colerain?"

"I would not unnecessarily repeat harsh words, but I desire so to speak that I may cut off for ever, all expectation that there can ever exist the least possible connection betwixt you and me."

"Might I not presume, madam," says Claverly, curling his nose, "and

smiling a malignant smile, might I not presume you would honour me with your hand, were I to renew my original proposal. Your prudence, madam, might not it engage you to lay aside your de-tes-ta-ti-on?"

"Every thing you say, Mr. Claverly, adds to my contempt of you. I beg we may end the conversation. Be assured there is nothing you can offer, I can or will accept."

"You carry it with a damned high hand, Miss Colerain; that pride must be great indeed, which ruin cannot humble. I fancy I have contributed no small sum to its growth."

"Fie, Mr. Claverly!" says Sir George, with glowing cheeks, "is this the language of a gentleman to a lady?"

"Sir George Paradyne," says Miss Colerain, "shall I entreat the favour of your company along with Miss Carlill? Fidel you will attend Mr. Claverly."

"Do--Sir George Paradyne--attend the lady. It is a safe and honourable post."

"Safe!" says Sir George, laying his hand instinctively where his sword would have been, had he been full full dressed, then recollecting himself, he said--"Honourable I am sure it is, and I accept it with pleasure. I attend you, madam."

"The commisioners meet tomorrow," said Claverly, "for the final settlement of your father's affairs; shall I inform them of your exalted notion, and your powerful alliance with Sir George Paradyne?"

"Base and unmanly insult!" says Sir George, low, to Claverly."

"Stop my angry boy;" says the other, putting himself in the doorway, Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill having already gone out, Sir George, without

an instant of hesitation, seized him with both hands by the collar, and giving him a hearty shake, threw him from him into the middle of the hall, and then walked quietly after the ladies.

Whether Mr. Claverly did not like themuscular strength Sir George had exerted, or was come to a more gentlemanly sense of things, I know not, but after a few imprecations, and those not very loud, he mounted his horse and rode away.

Miss Colerain had thrown herself breathless and almost fainting upon a sofa, and when she had turned her eyes upon Sir George, they were filled with the tears of sensibility and gratitude; Sir George requested she would dismiss her fear.

"For myself," she answered, "I have; but for you, Sir George--I know not what consequences your kind interposition may have drawn upon you. The character of Mr. Claverly is bold and brutal."

Sir George replied to Miss Colerain, "He hoped she would honour him so far as to lay aside her apprehensions; a man who could bluster in the presence of ladies, and insult them--could such a man be feared?"

"Oh," replies Miss Colerain, he values himself upon his courage, tho' I believe it has not yet been put to the proof; lest it should, I am told he fences daily, and shoots at a mark."

"No more, amiable Miss Colerain, no more of a man who takes such pains to manufacture valour. Do me the honour to think, a man whom you despise so justly, cannot inspire me with fear."

"It is not always that those who are most incapable of fear, are safest from brutality;" said Miss Colerain.

"Generally, I should think they were," Sir George replied; but let me conclude this topic, with assuring Miss Colerain, that any essential service she will permit me to do her, will be a remembrance of the most pleasing kind."

Miss Colerain could only bow to this; she was too much affected to be able to speak. Sir George directly changed the conversation, in which Miss Colerain was not in spirits to bear a considerable share; what she said, however, was so said, that Sir George wished only to hear; but he soon perceived that in her present state of mind, desultory conversation seemed to afford her no pleasure, and concluding that she wished to be alone with her friend, he rose to take leave. In doing this, he said, with a respectful air of tenderness, "I hope Miss Colerain will not find it disagreeable that I have purchased these premises; I know not in what language Miss Carlill could have told me the tale of your misfortunes, without inspiring me with respect for your virtues. I feared, lest by the hasty sale according to advertisement, you might be precipitated into some disagreeable or inconvenient situation; I agreed therefore with Mr. Merrick, that handbills should be this morning distributed at Southhampton, to give notice that the purchase was made, and also in the papers; I entreat therefore you will be perfectly at ease; take all the time you wish for consideration, the premises are yours as long as you please--and if you please for ever."

Miss Colerain only bowed to this; a hectic of a moment flushed her cheek, and was succeeded instantly by a morbid paleness; she seemed almost to faint--when Sir George hastily withdrew.

As a natural philosopher, the irritabilities--I believe politeness

requires I should say sensibilities--of the ladies, have made no inconsiderable part of the study of a life devoted to their service; but I find that the beautiful matter of which they are composed, has properties--essences I mean--which I cannot discover; unless one looks phisiologically into the matter, there seems little difficulty for the paleness of a lady seized with sudden fear; but that kindness, generosity, should have effects marked by the same exterior symptom! Dear irreconcileables! dear inexplicables! henceforwards I study mathematics only."

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C H A P. XIX.

Sir George Paradyne left the common, with two emotions more than any confirmed stoick would have permitted the entrance of into his bosom--anger and pity--Miss Colerain the cause, remote or proximate, of both. If the brutal image of Claverly presented itself to his imagination, it was quickly followed by that of Miss Colerain, accosting the savage with a dignity that gave a higher character to beauty; her firm calm tone of contempt, expressed at once a mind intrepid and untainted. She was not lovely only, she was great.

Sir George had not yet communicated to Mr. Lindsay the business of the preceding day at Southampton; though he was certain the action had for its basis the pure principles of benevolence, he was conscious of a degree of precipitancy in it; nor could he be positive that he could clearly prove to his friend, either the wisdom of it, or the necessity; he must know, however, and Sir George prefaced the intelligence by the scene of the morning, in which the beauty, grace and dignity of Miss Colerain were by

no means forgot.

When the narration was compleat, Sir George had the mortification to find Mr. Lindsay look grave, and not answer. Sir George asked if he had the misfortune to incur his disapprobation? Mr. Lindsay replied, that although Sir George had repeatedly requested him to assume the friend whenever he had occasion for advice; when admonition, the tutor; the latter office was too disagreeable to be taken up except on extraordinary occasions. There was, however, no possibility of appreciating human actions justly, without a knowledge of the motives. Many splendid actions were the offspring of ostentation; charity herself was sometimes only the handmaid of vanity.

Sir George was eager to interrupt him. "Dear Lindsay," he said, "why reflections of this nature?" How is it possible to suppose, in this case, any other motives than pity and compassion?"

"It is possible notwithstanding," Mr. Lindsay replied; "very powerful motives sometimes enter at the eyes." Smiling he said this.

"I declare, dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "if I know my own heart------" "Oh--nothing more easy," replied Lindsay.

"Pshaw!" says Sir George, "I am confident it was nothing but the absolute distress of Miss Colerain which excited me; what, I ask you, could beauty do, so little seen?"

"Oh, nothing,"--Mr. Lindsay answered,--"Nothing. I give you credit for the purest benevolence that ever warmed the heart of man. Simple benevolence, unmixed with baser matter. Had a man--a boy--an old woman--been the object, instead of Miss Colerain, there is not the shadow of a doubt but you would have done the same, and with equal expedition."

"Pshaw! Lindsay--no--damn it--no, Lindsay--I do not feel myself quite so perfect neither--" Sir George replied. "But tell me now--do you really, and in your heart, disapprove what I have done?"

"No,"--Mr. Lindsay said; -- "No,--Sir George--not in my heart, it is only in my head."

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C H A P. XX.

I do not mean that conversations ended where I end them. No; should I detail all the antique morality of Mr. Lindsay, what good purpose could it answer, except that of laying my fair readers to sleep, whilst they read? I give only specimens; and in spite of vanity I can be made to believe, that nobody will desire more.

Our gentlemen, having gone thro' the customary morning exercises sat down to dinner, which they usually seasoned with gaiety; but to day an invincible thoughtfulness had seized Mr. Lindsay, proceeding even to abstraction. Sir George went out unperceived, and having stayed half an hour, he found the fit not ended.

"Where," says he, giving Mr. Lindsay a slap on the shoulder, "where has thy soul taken its flight?"

Lindsay starting, answered, "To the field of honour. Do not you expect to hear from Mr. Claverly, Sir George?"

"Undoubtedly," Sir George answered, "I do."

"And will you meet him, Sir George?"

"Can you doubt it, Lindsay?"

"I could wish," Mr. Lindsay replied, "to doubt it; I could wish to

see the day when magnanimity was founded upon the senses of right, not upon the sense of the vague term, honour."

"Pray tell me, Lindsay, how can I avoid meeting Mr. Claverly, if he is genteel enough to ask it?"

"By a simple refusal," answered Mr. Lindsay.

"Yes," said Sir George, "and see myself posted in town and country coffee-houses; kicked, or ready to be kicked out ofevery society; affronted in conversation; insulted by big looks; pulled by the nose by every great and small coxcomb who wears a sword."

"Suppose--" Mr. Lindsay asked, "you kill your man?"

"The world will be rid of a troublesome fellow?"

"Suppose he kills you?"

"He annihilates a cypher."

"My dear Sir George," said Lindsay, "I perceive your sole view has been fixed upon certain supposed consequences here; of consequences elsewhere you have not seemed to reflect."

"Lindsay," repled Sir George, "I know them not; nor you neither. Duellists are said to act against divine and human laws; but juries feel the sense of injured honour, and human laws sleep, or become harmless; nor is it probable that heaven will punish this noble feeling very severely."

"If divines are right, you are wrong," Mr. Lindsay answered;--"but you mistook my meaning; I only wanted to direct your view, which seemed to rest upon consequences to yourself only--to mere human injuries. What think you of unprotected, unsupported widows and orphans? What think you of making fathers, mothers, sisters wretched?"

"I think not of it. No man can think of it. His attention is

necessarily confined to the warm sensation glowing for himself."

"It is said to have been a question at some of our town academies, whether it would be better for a true christian to be pulled by the nose from Dover to the Orknies, or to have killed his man?"

"I," said Sir George, "whatsoever might be the decision of your academies, in such a situation, should have killed every man who had applied himself to my nose, if every yard had produced a man, frankly, willingly, greedily."

"Your zeal is not lukewarm in this honourable cause," said Mr. Lindsay; "it should seem you would not bear the contempt of man--even for heaven."

"When you have demonstrated that heaven will be the certain reward," "Sir George replied, "I will think of that question; till then, or till I find it no longer the indelible attribute of a gentleman, I must go with the current. To strong feelings, arguments will be always opposed in vain."

"And yet, my dear Sir George, arguments have been often applied to change the feelings of mankind; have succeeded sometimes, and man has been the better for it: this might be the case here."

"Set about it, philosopher," said Sir George; "and when you have made a decent progress in this grand change, I will become a disciple; but in arranging your argumentations, do not, as polemics usually do--play hide and seek."

"How is that, Sir George?"

"Hide all your good arguments which oppose you, and seek the bad ones."

"Of good arguments in favour of duelling, I know only one. It is that, were it not for this apprehension, society would be exposed to the

insults, mockeries, bravadoes of every scoundrel who could combine courage with rudeness; and that half a dozen members annually cut off, is a cheap purchase of the peace of the whole community."

"Can you deny it, Lindsay?" Sir George asked.

"I can question it, Sir George," replied Lindsay. "This point of honour, which all who reason upon it consider as savage, and derived from savage ancestors, is dependant for its support, only upon a mode of thinking. Were it essentially necessary for the peace of society, how subsisted the polished Greeks and brave Romans without it? how subsist, at this day, the European Turks, and all theasiatics? how, the middle and lower ranks of our own people? Is their peace disturbed by the want of this polite barbarism? or are their societies much stigmatized for rude behaviour? No. It is alone the all accomplished Christian--European--Gentleman--on whom is bestowed this flattering compliment."

"That it does not subsist necessarily, I speak of duelling," continued Mr. Lindsay, "I am well convinced; nor to abolish it altogether, does any thing seem necessary, but a change in our habits of thought. Were it the fashion to mark the aggressor with contempt, indecency of behaviour would be destroyed. If every small, as well as every large society, would but consider such an offence against an individual, as one against itself--farewell duelling. But valour, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. What I dare do, I dare defend. This is the magic, or its ape, effrontery, which keeps this part of our civilization at so wretched a distance. Spirit is so animating, so alluring, that in its favour, injury and injustice find pardon and defenders. I weary you, Sir George."

"I agree to it," Sir George answered; "you are throwing away, upon

a solitary individual, that wisdom which should convert half a world; save it dear Lindsay; I can only exhibit to your wondering eyes, the triumph of feeling, over reason."

"Alas!" says Lindsay, "you are not solitary in this."

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C H A P. XXI.

In the cool of the evening, Sir George took a walk to the common, intending to enquire of Miss Carlill how her fair friend did; she had not yet left Miss Colerain's; so Sir George was obliged to call himself, or remain unsatisfied. Miss Colerain, in very polite and sweet terms, thanked him for his kind attention to her, but without hinting at particulars. After this they entered into general conversation.

Hitherto, Sir George knew little of the composition of Miss Colerain's mind; he was indeed perfectly satisfied, that from the hands of nature, the dear sex come equally qualified with men for solid attainments; but he feared that novels, cards, and fashion, said--though I do not believe it--to be the prevailing fabricators of ladies minds, make them of shreds, soft indeed, and light, and glossy, but of no strong continuity of web. These unpolite satyrists do allow, that there are exceptions; and Sir George had reason to believe Miss Colerain was one.

In attending Miss Carlill home, Sir George, who began to feel more and more Miss Colerain's perfections, was fluent in her praise. "And much I wonder, says he, that of the numerous acquaintance, one so lovely, so accomplished, must have had; no superior mind should be found of her own sex, to whom fortune has given abilities, and nature a heart, who would step

forward on such an occasion, to protect so fair a flower, and to whom Miss Colerain would not blush to be obliged."

"Thou thinkest then," said Miss Carlill, "she must have been a favourite with her own sex?"

"I cannot doubt it," Sir George answered.

"Must this be for her beauty, or her great endowments?" the fair quaker asked.

Sir George replied, "certainly for both."

"In time," said Miss Carlill, "thou wilt know our sex better; but I must set thee right in a few particulars. Cornelia Colerain was not perfect; she was singular, and singularity thou knowest is imperfection."

"Not always," Sir George replied.

"I have read some novels, and some other books, which assure me of it," said Miss Carlill.

"One may be assured," answered Sir George, "without being convinced. I shall judge better however, when I know these imperfections."

"What dost thou think," said Miss Carlill, "of a woman always well drest, without paying regard to fashion? is it not a phenomenon?"

"I confess I have never yet seen it," said Sir George.

"Cornelia Colerain," said Miss Carlill, "always consulted her own taste. I confess I do not know the elements on which she grounded it, but it satisfied the men and disturbed the women; I think it was a sort of medium between our simplicity, and the unsimplicity, I hope thou understandest me, of the general modes. But this was not all, she was not content with disregarding fashion, but she disregarded fashionable folks also; especially the misses who have no other discourse. Add to this, that she neglected too

much the routine of visits; that she loved books better than cards; and that she never was so happy as when she was buried alive, as they called it, on Combor heath. Could these things please? are there many mothers who would chuse to place Cornelia Colerain by the side of their daughters? or would like to pay for being convinced of their own inferiority? Besides, Cornelia has the humour of owing obligation to no body; I am speaking of her imperfections, thou knowest. Thyself perhaps, has obliged her too much."

"Indeed!" says Sir George. "Pray Miss Carlill did she say any think of this kind?"

"Why, she did ask me," Miss Carlill replied, "whether I knew Sir George Paradyne? whether it was common for young gentlemen to be so ready to oblige strangers? in short, whether I met with no objection in my own mind, to imputing such kindness to pure beneficence?"

"Your answer, dear Miss Carlill?"

"I was obliged to confess I knew thee only by report; and that was in thy favour. As far as I knew thee personally, I thought thee gentle, benevolent, and romantic."

"Could you not have spared the last, dear madam?" Sir George asked. "One should not spare the truth, thou knowest," Miss Carlill replied.

"So then," said Sir George, "I have been suspected by Miss Colerain of--of--impertinence--and God knows what beside?"

"Caution," Miss Carlill answered, "is not always suspicion. Would it be in character with Cornelia Colerain to accept obligations, without troubling herself to whom, or to what kind of people she owes them?"--men too?

"I own," Sir George said, "it would not."

Being now arrived at Mrs. Carlill's door, Sir George took leave, and turned his ruminating step toward the Falcon.

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C H A P. XXII.

As it was not in Miss Colerain's nature to be rude or capricious, she could not sternly forbid the occasional calls of Sir George Paradyne, especially as he was usually accompanied by Miss Carlill. Ten days had produced a friendly and agreeable intimacy; and such was the correct behaviour, so lively the wit, and so great the power of pleasing, which Sir George really possessed, that the rigid delicacy of Miss Colerain could find nothing exceptionable in his visits--except the visits themselves. She too had her power of pleasing; and they did please Sir George to such a degree, that he forgot he was a traveller, and was in danger of forgetting that he was the son of Lady Mary Paradyne, the nephew of Lord Auschamp, and twenty other things very essential to be remembered by all men of rank and fortune;--in short, he was in love.

But Mr. Lindsay had not the same cause for abbreviation of memory. He had frequently given hints concerning loss of time; Sir George could not entertain the idea, that time so well spent could be lost. Mr. Lindsay found it necessary to proceed to expostulation, and he began it by wondering why Sir George should burthen himself with the expence of a man so useless to him.

"Useless! dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "what new thing has entered your imagination?"

"I own I am uneasy with the idea of my own inutility," said Lindsay.

"Then you are weary of me," replied Sir George.

"No--" Mr. Lindsay answered; "No--I am only weary of being insignificant."

"Why you should think so, my dear Lindsay," said Sir George, I know not; but this I know, that I repose with perfect confidence upon your friendship, am sensible of my own inexperience, and foresee on my entrance into life, a thousand occasions for availing myself of yours. In short, it is you who must be my guide; it is you who must point out the way I am to go."

"Am I also," said Lindsay, "to tell you the way you ought not to go?"

"Without doubt," Sir George replied, "the minor you know is contained in the major."[1]

"Then," said Mr. Lindsay, with a smile, "in my humble opinion, you ought not to take the road so often to Combor Common."

"It is clean," said Sir George, returning the smile, "and pleasant."

"Oh," replied Lindsay, "a perfect path of roses; but roses have thorns."

"I see," said Sir George, "you are afraid of Miss Colerain; afraid I should contaminate my greatness, no doubt, by committing the foul crime of matrimony with the child of poverty and misfortune."

"Sir George," replied Lindsay, with a more serious air, "you know how these things are generally considered; I own, I would not willingly you should give an early impression against yourself, by an act, certainly not prudent, nor, though I have no ambition to stand high in the opinion of Lord Auschamp, I should not wish to be execrated by him, or by Lady Mary Paradyne, as I shall be if I am supposed the friend, with whose concurrence you acted. Besides, Sir George, when I had the honour to assist in forming

your plan of life for the next seven years, you declared your intention in the most decided terms, of adhering strictly to what we had agreed upon?"

"I do so still, Lindsay," Sir George replied. "But, added he gaily, "does the plan necessarily exclude love?"

"Love--" Mr. Lindsay replied--"would probably exclude it. Not that a man in love may not talk, or travel; or for ought I know, be a minister of state. But it usually happens, that under the auspices of this idle and voluptuous deity, the nobler faculties of the mind are lost."

"You forget, Lindsay, the Cymon's[2] of the world," said Sir George.

"You, Sir George," Mr. Lindsay replied, "you want no powers of mind, nor any powers, to give you a full title to the possession of miss Colerain; you may marry and be happy; for this, you need not an atom more of knowledge than you already possess. But let not two incompatible desires invade you at once. The love of women and the love of fame lead to different things; no one knows better than myself, how fatal love, as a passion, is to manly exertion. If you can quietly resign the desire of superior esteem--superior consideration--do--it is well; but do not retain the desire, and lose the power of making those acquisitions which can lone insure them."

"You are right, dear Lindsay," answered Sir George; "no--I have still the ambition of making a better figure in the world, than can be made by an embroidered coat, or a splendid coach. The pleasure I feel in Miss Colerain's company--for it is only pleasure, Lindsay, not fascination--I must resolve to give up, lest it become a habit and cost me too dear. Yes; I will take leave of the ladies soon. Before we go, we will give a dinner to Mr. Holford, to Mr. Ward, the apothecary, and to the two gentlemen with

whom we have got an acquaintance upon the bowling-green----and then steer our course to the North."

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C H A P. XXIII.

It may be now expedient to take a peep into the gentle bosom of Miss Colerain. How far she has offended against the laws, in such cases made and provided, by permitting the visits of Sir George Paradyne, is not for me to judge; this office belongs to that part of my twenty thousand fair readers, who have no longer any thing to hope or fear from love; whose judgments must therefore be unclouded and impartial. To this awful court, I would only plead in mitigation of sentence, the gratitude a mind like Miss Colerain's must feel, at becoming the object of Sir George's attentive benevolence, at a time, when distress had accumulated around her, and no friendly hand was stretched out to her relief.

At such a time, would it be surprising, or fix an indeliable stain upon her, if, when gratitude had opened the door, love should have stolen in, and nestled somewhere about the heart? So I fear it was, however.

It is true, the moment she felt the attack of this treacherous deity, she ought to have sat down to the serious consideration of the nature of mankind; she ought to have reflected sedately upon the versatility of young men; of the pride of the rich and great; and of the small probability there was, that Sir George should be a phoenix or a black swan. This is, no doubt, what all young ladies have done, or will do--provided they have time.

Although I desire no more than twenty thousand fair readers, who shall be the handsomest, discreetest, best, in the realm of England, yet have I some doubt, whether I shall be able to make up the whole charming

number of those, who, when love sparkled in the eyes of their lovers, and languished in their own, did find time to go into the prudential question, cui bono?[1] who, when the words which fell from a lover's lips, were soft, sweet, and tender, were eager to analize them, and to inquire with precision, if they were also words of honour and of truth? at least, at the time I am now speaking of, it is to be doubted if Miss Colerain had advanced very far in such an analysis.

It is indeed very true, that Sir George had hitherto made no declaration--except with his eyes. In the common and orderly course of things, words soon follow. Miss Colerain had expected them, and was prepared, though she apprehended it would add to her misery, to give a decided negative. She reasoned, when she did reason, thus: Sir George Paradyne is young, warm, animated, and benevolent. If he loves me, though it would form my highest felicity to be the cause of his, it would be most ungenerous to take advantage of his youthful ardor, and clog his fairer prospects with a wife, poor, unfriended, and even with some stain of infamy upon her; for mankind, in forming its opinions, will too often punish children, not for the sins only, but for the misfortunes of their fathers. By his relations and friends, I shall be considered as an unprincipled and insidious creature; and who knows when the bandage which love has tied over his eyes, is taken off, how I may be regarded by Sir George himself. To marry me, would be a manifest mark of his imprudence; and surely imprudence is no good foundation to build happiness upon. I should trust my happiness to a man whom I scarce knew, who has all the eagar impetuosity of youth, whose propensities indeed seem virtues; but how oft' has seeming virtue been discovered to be real vice? how oft' has benevolence been the pander to illegal desires?

I risque then by a marriage with Sir George Paradyne now, supposing marriage to be his intention--his happiness, and my own. This is quite too much. No, I cannot, ought not, will not hear him upon this subject. Perhaps he will say I am stubborn, capricious, and that I sacrifice to false delicacy. From his judgment now, I will appeal to his judgment when a few years more have matured it. If at twenty-five he confirms the affection he honoured me with at twenty, it will be a proof of its solidity, and a prognostic of future happiness. If not, I may fairly presume possession would have been as fatal to it as absence; and what greater cause of misery to woman, than the lost affections of a beloved husband?

Miss Carlill, who assisted at these reasonings, did not entirely agree in sentiments with her friend; she thought the probable contingences lay on the other side of the question; that a marriage with Miss Colerain was likely to prevent the abberations of Sir George Paradyne, and that so splendid an establishment for her friend, was not to be refined away, on the ground of barely probable contingences; but all the arguments of this strenuous friend, could not prevail upon Miss Colerain to ay aside her delicate apprehensions.

It flowed from Miss Colerain's reasoning that her present situation was not favourable to the preservation of character, and she determined to change it.

It is, I believe, easier to resolve upon a measure imposed by hard necessity against inclination, than to execute it. Miss Colerain resolved from day to day; Sir George did the same regarding his own departure; and once a day at least, paid her a visit, with an intention to press a farther benefaction upon her; and to bid her adieu. For the first, he ever could

find a sufficiently delicate expression, and for the last, he never could find a heart.

Miss Colerain hitherto had had no stimulus for the execution of her resolve, but what she had drawn from within. Now she acquired one from without, in the following manner:

The reverend Mr. Holford called upon her one morning, and after due salutations began thus: "I am afraid, Miss Colerain, that you may think me impertinently officious in what I am about to say; but you must know, madam, that I think it the duty of every good clergyman, to be attentive to the spiritual good of all his parishioners, and also to the temporal, when it leads to spiritual concerns, and that he ought to exhort, advise, console, or admonish, as occasions may offer."

Miss Colerain never had a profound veneration for Mr. Holford, and his behaviour, when she accompanied her friend to the tea visit, mentioned before, had not increased it. There was a time, still fresh in the memory of Miss Colerain, when Mr. Holford's adulation was as much at her service almost, as at Miss Haubert's. With her fortune, she lost this valuable possession also. The quick and evident alteration could not but be remarked, and be remarked with contempt. She did not therefore hear this exordium, with all the humility which becomes young ladies to their spiritual pastor; so that when Mr. Holford paused for a moment in expectation of Miss Colerain's reply--or rather her assent--she only said--"and for which of these purposes has Mr. Holford taken the trouble to call upon me now?"

"It is madam, and I am sorry to say it, for the purpose of admonition." Miss Colerain started; and after a moment said, "Good sir, were you called

upon?"

"I perceive," says Mr. Holford, "you are of the opinion of those, who think it is not the province of a clergyman, more than of any other person, to intrude his advice, or whatever else it may be, unasked; but give me leave to tell you, madam, that those people know little of the clerical institution. It is our sacred function not only to advise, but even to controul to virtue. Formerly, the church was armed with salutary powers for this beneficial purpose; now, unhappily for mankind, taken away by pride, power, and corruption."

"Is it," Miss Colerain asked, "is it in order to controul me to virtue, Mr. Holford, you now take all this trouble?"

"I hope, madam, I shall not need to go beyond persuasion, answered Mr. Holford."

"I hope," said Miss Colerain, "you will not need to go so far, and I shall be much obliged to you to be brief and explicit."

"I shall so, madam," said Mr. Holford, "for I perceive my admonitions are not likely to be taken in good part: A gentleman from Southampton dined with me yesterday, and he informed me that you, madam, made up the principal conversation of that idle town."

"In what manner, sir," Miss Colerain asked.

"They are the frequent visits of Sir George Paradyne, madam, which have excited observation."

"Probably,"--said Miss Colerain, with a sigh..

And the report is, madam, that you have entered into terms with him."

"Terms, sir!" said Miss Colerain.

"Not, madam," continued the parson, "that I have any thing to say, particularly, against Sir George Paradyne; nor am I so ignornant of the world as not to know that gentlemen do form such connexions very often; neither am I so illiberal as to suppose, that if such connexion be honourably adhered to, according to the terms, that it is unpardonable in the sight of God."

"No, Sir?" said Miss Colerain, with astonished simplicity.

"No, madam; Mr. Madan[2] has corrected some false ideas on this head, and proved, that what God allowed to the Patriarchs, though now wrong, cannot be eternally reprobated by his justice and mercy."

"If you are offering this for my consolation, Mr. Holford," said Miss Colerain, it is unnecessary."

"It may be necessary, madam, for you to think of it hereafter," said Mr. Holford. "At present, you may be full of the bliss of the connexion, but that cannot last; the illusion of the senses will vanish, and then----"

"What then sir?" Miss Colerain asked.

"You will then want the consolations of wisdom, madam," answered Mr. Holford.

"And where can I have them, sir?" said Miss Colerain.

"I offer you, madam, my friendship and good services."

"To what purpose, sir?"

"I am not, madam, a rigid censor of the private failings of human nature; neither am I insensible to the charms of beauty, but I think always, the utmost external decency and decorum ought to be preserved, for the sake of good examale to the lower classes--and--"

"This," said Miss Colerain, rising from her seat, "this, from a clergyman, and married!"--you have still ideas which ought to be corrected; assuredly, I am not the person you have done me the honour to suppose I am; nor will I make terms with Sir George Paradyne, even for the friendship and consolations of the reverend Mr. Holford, to whom I have the honour of wishing a good morning." On saying this, Miss Colerain left the room.

The parson was angry, very angry; the kindness he intended to shew Miss Colerain--to be thus received--and by a person, of whose lapse from virtue, notwithstanding her hints of innocence, he had, as he imagined, the fullest proofs. It was however the day on which he was to dine at the Falcon, by Sir George's invitation, an honourable gentleman, who along with the invitation had sent a dozen of wine. It was not in his nature to be angry at such a gentleman, for a peccadillo, not strictly moral indeed, but countenanced by the times.

High spirited and conscious of innocence as Miss Colerain was, she felt, notwithstanding, the full force of her unhappy and delicate situation. A while she wept, then took the way to Miss Carlill's to communicate to her what had just past, and notify her determination to execute instantly her plan of migration.

Miss Carlill, who could not bear to think of a step which would convey her friend to a great distance, pleaded against it with greater force of friendship than of argument, and finally advised her to acquaint Sir George with what Mr. Holford had said. This her good sense led her to determine against decisively, for two reasons; the first, that Sir George might think it a plan to precipitate him into a declaration he had not yet made--an idea insupportable to her delicate mind; the second, that

Sir George in endeavouring to discover the source of this infamous report, might only propagate it the farther, and perhaps involve himself in danger.

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C H A P. XXIV.

It was in consequence of many edifying discourses which Mr. Lindsay directed to Sir George, that the latter had got so far in the high road of resolution, as to invite the friends formerly mentioned to dinner; which was the preparatory step to his bidding adieu to the Falcon and all its charming vicinities.

This idea did not add to Sir George's felicity. No man could well be more impressed with the laudable ambition of acquiring esteem and consideration; but no man could well be more in love. This latter, so far from being an open and avowed sentiment, was unknown, nay unsuspected, even by Sir George himself. He did not think of love, he thought only of Miss Colerain. So charming in person, so amiable in mind; philosphy itself could scarcely engage his attention more strongly.

Just as the company were sitting down to dinner, a traveller arrived on horseback, attended by one servant. He was a thin, meagre, gentleman, with a countenance which Mr. Lavater[1] would have studied with peculiar pleasure. There was an animation in his eye, which indicated vivacity of imagination; but his dejected air shewed this vivacity was repressed. Sir George invited him to dinner, because at a solitary table he could not this day be so properly attended to. During dinner he spoke little, eat breat and roots[2] only, and drank water.

The company then consisted of seven gentlemen; Sir George with Mr.

Lindsay, the stranger, the revered Mr. Holford and Mr. Apothecary Ward, and the two gentlemen bowlers, whom, as they make no part of our future business, we need not announce in form.

Of Mr. Holford we know something: he was a sound divine, orthodox in preaching and in eating, could bear a little infidelity, and free-thinking, provided they were accompanied with good wine and good venison. In politics he was less indulgent, and always found himself much heated with obedience to the higher powers was called in question. Add to this, that he was seldom found wanting in complaisance to the fortunate beings of wealth and title, and where these were wanting, seldom took the trouble to acquire any.

Mr. Ward the apothecary, had not the same order of ideas. Strongly addicted to scepticism in medicine, he carried it a little into religion and politics; so he was known to have controverted often what Mr. Holford considered as first principles. They were considered therefore as antagonists, and seldom met without a dispute, or parted without a quarrel.

I believe it is just as possible for English gentlemen to meet over a bottle without canvassing affairs of government, as for English ladies--or any ladies--to meet over a tea-table without canvassing fashions or reputations. Amongst other refractory matters, soluble only in wine, our company set seriously to work to decide upon the quantum of good or of evil produced in England by parties.

Parties--according to Mr. Holford--were the bane of all government, which, to be strong and vigorous, ought to go on in a smooth, free, uninterrupted course; and best of all, when governed by a single will; for Mr. Holford was a sound tory, and would have been a Jacobite, if that sect of

idolators had not vanished from amongst us for want of a deity. Mr. Holford said all that was to be said on that side the question, and was plyed with counter arguments by Mr. Ward, who not only thought parties useful in a state, but deviated from his subject to prove that kings--an individual here and there excepted--were a breed pernicious to man, and which mankind ought to extinguish or to muzzle.

Irreverence to kings was blasphemy, in the opinion of Mr. Holford. His eyes sparkled with holy rage, and was scarce to be restrained by good manners from anathematizing the wretch who could maintain such opinions. The argument went into abuse, and very much into diffusion. Mr. Lindsay heard all with the calm tranquillity of a philosopher. Sir George enjoyed the controversy; and if he spoke, it was with the mischievous view of animating the combatants.

Not so the stranger; he cared little indeed for the argument, but much for the peace of this small society. Twice he called to order, without effect; the third time with a voice and look that seemed to say, I will be heard, he said, "Gentlemen--anger may breed contention, but cannot be productive of wisdom. A little reflection will convince you, that you are wasting words, and giving good sense to be scattered by the winds of heaven. What! has experience so little taught mankind the road to truth, that men will seek it by ways in which it is not to be found. Things not known, are to be sought for by the medium of things that are known; this is an axiom not less true in politics than in mathematics; but gentlemen--where are your data?

Sir George and Mr. Lindsay, struck with the stranger's good sense as well as his manner, applauded what he had just said; Mr. Holford and

Mr. Ward were reduced to silence, more by the commanding emphasis with which the gentleman spoke, than by his axiom.

"It is," continued he, "a rule in well ordered societies, that every person should say what he chuses without interruption; and this rule preserves decorum, and may gain attention; without it, gentlemen are too apt to attend to no ideas but their own. In such a case, Michael the archangel might speak, and speak in vain. Every man expects to be heard; every man then should be ready to hear.

"It is to be observed, gentlemen," continued the stranger, "that a good argument is nothing but a series of antecedents and consequents, or propositions, proofs, and deductions; the conclusions ought to be taken from the premises strictly, but perspicuously. I hope I have the honour of your assent to these particulars."

All bowed and were silent except Sir George, whose curiosity being highly raised by this exordium, said, "Certainly, sir; and I wish a gentleman who knows so well to give the precept, would also give the example."

"If," said the gentleman, "you will accept a feeble specimen of what may be done by your superior powers rightly directed, I will endeavour to satisfy you." They bowed assent.

"Government," the stranger proceeded, "whether of divine or human ordinance, has for its end the good of mankind.

"Man is carried by instinct, or something as strong as instinct, to the gratification of his appetities, and to the indulgence of his passions.

"Kings are men.

"When the love of power becomes a passion--and when does it not become a passion in kings? it seeks its own enlargement.

"Power may be directed to the increase of the general welfare; it may also be directed to its injury.

"If ten kings stretch it to the injury of mankind, for one who uses it for their benefit--and I fear the history of mankind will not lead us to deny the proposition--the reason for restraining it is ten times as great, as the reason for leaving is unlimited.

"Therefore it ought to be restrained." This argument being directed against Mr. Holford's principal position, I attend his reply.

Mr. Holford declined to answer--for, says he, "Though perhaps I might find matter, I cannot, for want of practice, dispose of it by logical arrangement."

"May I be permitted," the stranger asked, "without offence, to endeavour it, as far as I have this day heard your argument?"

Mr. Holford nodded an ungracious assent.

"Since," continued the speaker, "the powers that be, are ordained of God; government is of divine authority.

"Kings are therefore the delegates of heaven, and how can it be supoosed that delegates of heaven can abuse their power?

"If men are ever unfortunate enough to think they do, it ought to be considered as permitted by heaven, and therefore a chastisement for the sins of a people.

"In such a case, resistance would be impious. We ought to bow down our heads before the Lord, and before his anointed."

This was said with so imposing a tone of gravity and importance, that Mr. Holford cried out exultingly, "Yes, certainly, these are my elements, as I may call them; these are my fundamental propositions, and

I think they will not be easily refuted."

"They may be denied, however," Mr. Ward answered.

"Any thing may be denied, sir," said Mr. Holford; "a man may deny the incarnation."

That he may indeed," replied Mr. Ward. "Let us however return to our subject. I flatly and positively deny that kings are delegates of heaven."

"We must prove it then," said the stranger, with his accustomed gravity. "God governs the world; then all the active powers in it are his ministers. Kings are active powers. Then kings are his ministers."

"I deny that he governs the world in any such sense," said Ward. "As we go on," said the stranger, "we must give up the argument for want of data on which we can build. Let us try again."

"God made the world, and all things in it." The speaker looked at Mr. Ward for his assent, who not answering, he added, "for the use of man."

"With that addition," replied the apothecary, "I deny the proposition."

"If so," resumed the stranger, "I must turn you over to the clergy;" for, continues he, smiling, "when I think upon gnats, locusts, and mosquitoes, I dare not enter upon the proof."

Mr. Holford at this conclusion, happening to be in the midst of a pipe, sucked in the grateful perfume with double avidity; probably hoping amidst his other inspirations, a small blast of the spirit. As it was rather too long in coming, Sir George asked the stranger, if he thought the question concerning parties was capable of logical decision?

"One might reason upon it," said the stranger, looking at the

apothecary with complacency, "if the gentlemen of the faculty would not deny us our data, thus:

"Laws are necessary for man, and require certain individuals to execute them.

"Generally--man will not take a trouble without expectation of an emolument. There are emoluments of ambition, of vanity, of pride, of revenge, as well as of avarice.

"Generally--for I would not absolutely deny the existence of pure patriotism, though I consider it as a rare virtue--contention for office, is a contention of these and other similar passions.

"Generally--the servants of the crown are desirous to preserve their emoluments; whilst they have upon their right hand and upon their left, those who desire to obtain them for themselves.

"In every proposition that comes from the part of government, there is odds to lay, that the ostensible is not the sole, and seldom the principal motive. That there is some cabal to gratify, some concealed interest to promote, some crooked politics which shun the face of day.

"The eye of the people is not that of a Lynx. The keen eye of opposition is alone competent to see the barbed hook, which too often lies concealed under the splendid baits of government. So far parties are good.

"If all were fair on the part of administration, still, disquisition is necessary for finding the good or the evil of an unknown object; and party is necessary for disquisition. Parties then are generally good."

It is true, that neither the antecedents of the consequents in these arguments, were indebted to their author for precision; but the mode was

new, and as none of the gentlemen seemed disposed to follow it, Sir George, after a compliment paid to the stranger, adroitly changed the subject.

After many diffusive turns and changes, in which the stranger took little share, the conversation fell upon the manners and morals of the age. Many good things were said which have been said before, and others not so good, and none deserving repetition.

After disputing long with little hope of concordance, the stranger was requested to give his opinion.

"We have, said he, corrected many faults, and we have brought many into more general existence. The manly manners of our more immediate ancestors, we have exchanged for the manners of women. We have gained in gentleness and humanity; we have lost in firmness of nerve, and strength of constitution. The vices of our more remote ancestors were great and ferocious; ours are of softer temperament, but more diffused. In point of quantity, their follies bore but a small proportion to our frivolities; in short, we have lost tobacco; but we have made it up to the revenue in pomades, in essences, and in hair-powder."

This conclusion, seeming to descend into the pathos, drew a general smile from the company.

"But what shall I say," continued the stranger, his eyes sparkling with superior animation: "what shall I say of our women? heavens! what pen or tongue can enumerate the evils which arise from our connexions, our matrimonial connexions with this frail and feeble sex? which of our corruptions may we not trace to thei vanities?"

Here the stranger stopped, seemingly wrapped in some strong

cogitation. Surprise kept the company silent. Soon, however, he recovered from his reverie, became sensible of his abstraction, and apologized for it; then filling a glass with wine, the first he had drank undiluted, "Come," said he, "A health to the universal good of mankind; and may the time come when the commerce of the sexes shall be pure and unmixed, flowing always from the heart, unshackled, unrestrained."

The company, without knowing to what this mysterious health pledged them, drank it from pure complaisance; the stranger then assuming a sportive air, said, "If you knew gentlemen, the obligations I have to the sex, you would the less wonder at the strengh of my regard for it."

Sir George answered, "That whatever was agreeable to him to communicate, would certainly be agreeable to the company to hear."

"My father," he began, "was a gentleman of two thousand pounds a year, in Cumberland. He was comparatively a happy man in marriage; for my mother's principal fault being a clamorous tongue, and he being a man of learning and philosophy, he could generally avoid her exhibitions in the sanctuary of his study.

"At my mother's death, which happened when I was thirteen, I was the only surviving child, and the idol of my father, who, not being able to bear my absence from him, sought a perceptor to assist him in my education at home. I got virtue therefore and science, but not one of those brilliant talents which dazzle the eyes of an admiring world.

"At twenty-three I lost my father, and one year after married the daughter of a neighbouring baronet; he had a very good estate, and lived in great elegance and poverty; for he had a fine lady to his wife, two sons, fine young gentlemen, and six fashionable daughters. He promised

me a few thousands by way of portion, but was never able to raise the money.

"I was happy--several days, for Mrs. Mowbray was pretty, had a charming vivacity, she had also an unbounded passion for admiration, and lived but in a croud. As I had hitherto seen but little of the great world, I yielded to her solicitations to spend our first winter in London. The eclat with which we entered our career of fashion, and the spirit with which we kept it up for the first six months, only cost me eleven thousand pounds. I brought into the country a reluctant wife, an auctioneer to sell a fourth part of my estate, and an head that ached at its own folly.

"Now began our daily altercations, those peculiar felicities, which I have since found cause to believe, form the most considerable portion of bliss in a large majority of families. I wanted to economise, Mrs. Mowbray sickened at the idea; she could not read--scarce even a novel. She hated work, was no proficient in music, and family cares were below her attention. Her mornings were usually spent in yawning, stretching, lounging, and all the listless symptoms of enui; her evenings in reproaches and tears. She was miserable,--and so was I.

"To comply with Mrs. Mowbray's inclinations was certain ruin; not to comply was certain wretchedness. For I was still loving and uxorious, and she had cunning enough to make her advantage of it. The duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon king of Spain, had a wife who did the same; and there was a general similitude between the queen's pushing away the king's half of the synonime bed, till she brought him to her will, and Mrs. Mowbray's arts to bring me to her's. At length I ceased to contend, and my house became the general rendezvous of half the idlers in the county.

"Why need I be particular in my description of things, now grown so familiar to the public eye, that they have ceased to create surprise. I was soon called upon by my creditors, for the sale of another estate; nor was this second memento mori, as I may call it, able to overcome my conjugal weakness.

"Amongst the number of friends Mrs. Mowbray's elegant mode of living procured me, was the son of Lord ------, a soft and silky gentleman, the monkey of the ladies, and never in his element when not employed in their service. Mrs. Mowbray had great freedom of manners with gentlemen, which is, I suppose, the ton, and my heart had sometimes felt a pang on that account; but to be jealous of such a man! I should have thought it as reasonable to suspect Mrs. Mowbray's woman.

"My wife's dressing-room I seldom entered. One morning, having occasion to consult her upon some folly of the day, I stepped in. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I know not in what words to describe the ridiculous object which met my eyes. Mrs. Mowbray was seated on a chair, and my young lordling was seated on her lap----face to face.----Her hands were clasped upon his back, no doubt to support him, whilst he was applying the rouge to her cheeks. At my entrance, Mrs. Mowbray gave a little scream, loosed her hold, and my gentleman fell backwards upon the carpet.

"At this instant it never entered my head, that this familiarity might, upon our improved system of manners, be quite consistent with innocence. I was too mad to reflect, or even to listen to the protestations of the honourable gentleman, who, protested, vowed upon his honour and his faith, that he never entertained a thought of injuring me in so delicate a point; and for farther justification, assured me he had the honour to be

face-painter to two countesses. All would not do. I still insisted upon immediate satisfaction. Coxcomb as he was, he did not want courage; for when I had sufficiently provoked him, he ran to his apartment for his sword, and followed me into the park. Servants raised by Mrs. Mowbray's clamour were coming to us, so that we had no time for quart and tierce, and did nothing more than just pass our swords through each other's body. We both fell, were carried into our apartments, had each our own surgeon, who pronounced our wounds to be mortal. Their skill happened to be superior to their prognostics, for after a fortnight we were both out of danger.

"All the time I lay ill, and whilst my physician condemned me to darkness and to silence, my house was the house of mourning, and filled with condolents. Mrs. Mowbray had much to do; for it is a great undertaking to grieve in ton, so that I seldom saw her, and but for an instant. It is true, my reception of her was not the most inviting. Politeness obliged her to be more attentive to her wounded guest; and what lady would be deficient in politeness.

"In the mean time, the world around did us the honour to reason upon the cause of this phenomenon. In one place it was politics, gaming in another, and gallantry in a third; but to the gentlemen, who knew I never meddled with gaming or politics, it was puzzling; and quite an enigma to the ladies, how Mr. Lambington, so our beau was called, could either be an object of jealousy to me, or of gallantry to Mrs. Mowbray.

"When I was able to walk about the room, Lord Lambington honoured me with a visit. His son had been at home for some days. After some apologies, he entered upon the subject of our contest. I told him the provocation; Lord Lambington smiled, and asked me if I should have played

the jealous, had I seen his son adjust Mrs. Mowbray's shoe-buckle? I answered, no. I might, he said, with equal justice.

"But the posture, my Lord!" said I.

"Was commodious, no doubt," answered Lord Lambington. "Was you ever in France, Mr. Mowbray?"

"I replied, "No."

"Had you," said he, "studied the women at Paris, instead of the stars at home, it would have been impossible this ridiculous rencontre could have happened. Gentlemen who have no pretensions to the last favour, are there in possession of several important and delicate personal offices at a lady's toilette, such as would excite frenzy in the head of an English husband who has not travelled. And you know, Mr. Mowbray, no importation from France is now contraband here.

"The French," continued Lord Lambington, "do really go beyond us in the great art of happiness; for amongst a people arrived at a certain degree of refinement, no man--that is, no man of quality--marries with expectation of deriving felicity from love and domestic harmony. Or, if he does marry with that egregious error in his head, he may be pretty certain of an early correction. There are laws of convenience, notwithstanding, which may render marriage desirable. Well then! the Frenchman marries the convenience; he expects nothing more, and avoids the misery of disappointment. The hearts of both sexes are still free; and all that is required is a certain attention to decorum."

"My heart and head were both too English, too barbarian, to relish Lord Lambington's accommodating ideas; they did serve, however, rather to calm my emotions of revenge.--Against Mrs. Mowbray I took no resolution;

but against her mode of life, a decided one. I dismissed my superfluous servants, sold my carriages and horses, except a chaise and pair, and boldly shut my doors against the greatest part of Mrs. Mowbray's acquaintances.

"Why, gentlemen, should I trouble you with an excruciating detail of particulars? Mrs. Mowbray went to London, and contracted debts; I refused to pay, was sued and cast with costs; I became half frantic with vexation and disappointment; my friends, or relations rather, called it insanity, and consigned me to the care of a gentleman, who spared not medicine or coercion. This I endured two years. Friends interposed, and my disorder, if it was insanity, being harmless, I was released. Articles of separation were drawn up betwixt Mrs. Mowbray and I; we divided betwixt us my remaining fortune; I retired, a solitary afflicted being, to my own house, always thanking heaven for one kindness, that it had given me no children.

"Ever since the hour that has given me up to liberty and retirement, my whole study has been to benefit mankind in the important article of marriage. My intention is to offer a bill to the consideration of both houses of parliament; the principal design of which will be to facilitate divorces. I have gone deep into the study, and have almost compleated my plan; but I must first travel into those countries where divorces have been long established; I must note their effects upon police; I must know all the actual modes; I must combine them; and from the whole draw the best possible. I am now going to Armenia, where marriages are contracted before the civil magistrate, for time. I go the eastern extremity of China. I will pierce into Thibet; I will visit Hindostan; I will return through Persia; crossing Syria, into Egypt; I will penetrate Ethiopia, and coast the South of Africa; I will return on its westemside, and finish my

researches in----."

This journey was performed with too much energy. Mr. Mowbray's voice rose to the highest pitch; it was heard by the person who attended him. This man ran into the parlour, at sight of whom Mr. Mowbray stopt short, seemed to have conceived a terror, leaned back upon his chair, and burst into tears. Seeing this, the man made a respectful bow and retired.

The case was now plain, and the predominant feeling of the company was compassion. Sir George followed the servant out, who confirmed all the particulars of Mrs. Mowbray, but painted her in more detestable colours. He had lived twenty years with his master; and "Sure," says he, "a kinder, better man never lived. Before his misfortunes he was equally respected and beloved. I attended him to the house where he was confined; and because I loved him, bore to be the minister of his greatest torments, lest some unfeeling hand should afflict him still more harshly; so when he wanders, poor gentleman, the very sight of me recalls to his mind both the disorder and his punishment. He is much amaciated," continues the man, "and having taken the idea of travelling, his friends have committed him to my care, with orders never to contradict this idea, but lead him by slow, easy journies on horseback, through the South of France."

Soon after, the company at the Falcon departed. Sir George recommended to Mr. Lindsay a walk to the church-yard, by way of amusement to Mr. Mowbray; he himself took the road to the common.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

VOLUME II.

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MAN AS HE IS.

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CHAP. I.

When a young man is a little elevated with wine, he thinks the faster for it; though what the mind gains in volocity, in loses, perhaps, in precision. During Sir George's walk, it was all Mowbray and matrimony, Lambington and convenience, Lindsay and admonition, love and Miss Colerain; so that my fair readers will not be surprised, if, when he arrived in the lady's presence, he should be a little inexplicable. Miss Colerain, notwithstanding the animating dose given her in the morning by Mr. Holford, was low in spirits, and more than usually pensive. In order to enliven her, Sir George told the little history of Mr. Mowbray--with his own comments; and these comments surprised Miss Colerain.

In all former visits, Sir George had been attentive to propriety, and even to delicacy; nor had he ever hazarded a random expression, which could induce Miss Colerain to imagine he had the least tincture of libertinism. This evening, but without the least design of offending, or indeed, any design--he had more liberal notions, and assumed a corresponding freedom, and liberality of expression; still there was not any thing to ground offence upon, yet sufficient to alarm so apprehensive a delicacy as Miss Colerain's. For the first time, this lady felt pleasure on Sir George's taking his leave.

She sat down then to renew the considerations of the day, with this addition. Sir George had been elevated this evening, and more than commonly eloquent; in such a situation, it was more than probable, that what his heart had preconceived, his tongue would have uttered. But it appeared from the whole of his discourse, or rather rattle, that evening, that he had no views; although, for the delicate and prudential reasons before given, she had decided, that had Sir George views of the most honourable kind, she ought to reject them; yet, I suppose, there might lurk about her heart a secret wish, that she might have an opportunity at least to shew her disinterestedness and integrity by the rejection. This wish she could not any longer indulge, nor could she conceal from herself, that Sir George's behaviour this evening, had not weakened the reasonings by which she had that day <u>almost</u> convinced Miss Carlill, that her stay at his house was equally imprudent and improper; nor that she ought to delay a day the execution of the plan she had formed by the help of that valuable friend.

She immediately summoned her faithful Susanna, and communicated her resolution to leave Combor on the morrow. Susanna appeared surprised. "What astonishes you," Miss Colerain asked, "has it not been long agreed on?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Susanna; "only the suddenness, as one may say." Miss Colerain burst into tears.

"Well, my dear mistress," said Susanna, "if it must be, it must. As to my sister, she's settled by this time, I warrant; and we shall do well enough, if you won't let yourself be cast down. After all, what does it signify?--I'm not a bit afraid of living; and if I can live with you, I'm sure I shall be happy. If a body can but be content, there's not so much

difference between white bread and brown; a stuff gown keeps one as warm in winter as a silk; and what are coaches good for, but to spoil one's legs."

"My dear, my affectionate Susanna," said her weeping mistress, "you are the comfort of my life."

"God for ever bless you, Madam; you are the pride of mine," replied Susanna.--

"You must no longer think of me as your mistress," said Miss Colerain, "you must treat me as your equal and your friend."

"Dear Madam;" replied Susanna, "one learns impertinence fast enough, but I hope I shall never learn that. Pray, Ma'am, may I take the liberty to ask one question? Does Sir George Paradyne know of your going tomorrow?"

"No, Susanna," replied Miss Colerain.

"He'll be mortally surprised," says Susanna.

"Why so? asked her mistress.

"Nay, I don't know," answered Susanna, "but I think so. To my mind, if ever any gentleman was in love, it is he."

Miss Colerain had the curiosity--(what not--what else could it be)? to wish to know upon what circumstances so strange an opinion could be founded. It was founded principally upon Sir George's generosity to Susanna; and I believe most ladies women think love cannot be better demonstrated. Nor does it appear upon this occasion, that Miss Colerain fell into the usual custom of masters and mistresses, who make it a rule to despise a servant's opinion;--nay, their own, when it happens to have been contaminated by vulgar mouths.

Fidel, the black, entered to lay the cloth, and never was cloth so laid. The sight of his mistress weeping, suspended his faculties, and made him commit a blunder in every motion.

"How I shall ever reward you, Fidel," said his mistress, "for all your attention to me, in the midst of misfortune, I know not."

"Indeed, Madam," answered the black, "it is poor reward to see you miserable, for all my prayers to the good God to make you happy."

"Generous Fidel," said his mistress, "why has fortune denied me the power to retain you with me and repay your generosity? I leave Combor to-morrow, and must get you to procure a chaise for nine in the morning."

"Are you going then, Madam, for ever?" asked the black;--"and may I not have leave to attend you--work for you--die for you."

"Wherever I go," said his mistress, "I must wish to be unknown. Your being with me will suit neither that intention, nor my fortune, nor any thing but my inclination. But poor Fidel, what will you do?"

"Oh! Madam," answered the sobbing black, "if happiness could be got as easily as bread, I should do well enough; But Madam--Miss Colerain, am I never to see you again?"

"You may hear of me by means of Miss Carlill," answered his mistress, "if you are in a situation which enables you to inquire; and here, Fidel, here are ten guineas, I can spare you that--a poor reward--."

Fidel vanished in an instant, and returned almost immediately with two purses in his hand, and the tears running plentifully down his cheeks.

"In this purse," said he, "is my wages, Madam, and your bounty; in this, Sir George Paradyne's. I did take his money wid more pleasure dan I did take money before ever; for I did think he was going to make himself de happiest man in de world, and me too. Pray forgive me dis impertinence, Matam, and if you would borrow one or both these purses, I should be more happier to part with you."

"No," answered Miss Colerain, "no, Fidel, If I cannot add to your little fortune, sure I will not diminish it." So ended the contest.

The evening was spent in packing-up; and at nine the next day, a chaise rolled Miss Colerain and Susan.[1] away upon the road to Bath.

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C H A P. II.

At that hour Sir George was amusing himself with the recollection of his own levity the preceding evening, and his candour obliged him to condem it. It was not that his behaviour had been alarming to modesty; of this Sir George was incapable. But there was something in it improper and unsuitable to Miss Colerain, whose delicacy of situation demanded the utmost attention to politeness and decorum. He remembered that once or twice she had seemed to shew symptoms of dislike.

He rose not much pleased with himself, and went down to breakfast; Mr. Lindsay was preparing for departure, and asked Sir George whether he proposed it this morning or afternoon. The question came upon him mal-apropos,[1] and he had the weakness to answer with some little acerbity; for when a man is out of humour with himself, he is seldom much in with others; and the only good reason I have ever heard for indulging, <u>at the heart</u>, the little vanities, is, that they served to keep one in good humour. I only wonder that man, the being of reason, endowed with an immortal soul, would not chuse rather to contemplate for this purpose, some of the many celestial attributes with which he has been complimented by the liberality of divines, or the works of nature, rather than of taylors. In Turkey, where the ladies have no souls,[2] I excuse them with all my heart.

Mr. Lindsay said, gravely, "if you have any reason, Sir George, for changing your mind, it is not for me to oppose it; only as I cannot assist you in the studies or pursuits which detain you, I beg permission to return to town."

Amongst the individuals who form the total of mankind, some few there are who have acquired a facility of being blind and deaf, when the objects to be seen and heard, are their own faults or follies, and a commodious facility it is. Sir George had not yet learned it. He blushed like a rural nymph; then taking Mr. Lindsay's hand, he pressed it, would have asked forgiveness, but not at the instant being able to speak distinctly, half a tear started, and he sat down in silence. A minute after, Mr. Fidel entered, and presented him with a letter.

In the face of the poor black, sorrow was legibly wrote. Sir George saw it, and fearing, he knew not what, asked "if Miss Colerain was well?"--"I not know that, Sir, she left Combor this morning."--"Gone!--Miss Colerain gone!" said Sir George, with quickness; "has any thing particular happened?"

"Not that I do know," replied the servant, and retired.

A secret consciousness struck Sir George; a confused idea that his vivacity last night might have been greater than he remembered, and perhaps the cause of Miss Colerain's sudden departure. At length Sir George ventured to break the seal, and read the following:

"An occurrence of yesterday obliges me, sooner than I otherwise should have chose, to hasten into that situation where I hope to pass my life in satisfied and obscure industry. I have to return my very grateful thanks to Sir George Paradyne, for his kind attention to my accommodation. I flatter myself, pure compassion for the unfortunate was his sole motive,

and that those who judge otherwise, injure him as much as myself. Perhaps I should have gone away with the happy assurance it was so, had I perfectly understood Sir George last night. Fidel, my late servant, is desired to present you with this, and to take your orders concerning the house. I am unhappy not to have it in my power to reward so great attachment as this faithful creature has always shewn for my father and myself. Once more I thank you, Sir George, and wish you all the rewards of virtue.

"CORNELIA COLERAIN."

It is one thing to read, it is another to comprehend. All the mental powers Sir George possessed, at present scarce sufficed for the first; for the last, they were wholly incompetent. He retired to his apartment; he wondered at his own turbulent feelings; he endeavoured to persuade himself, that except so far as humanity was concerned, Miss Colerain was nothing to him; that she pursued her own predetermined mode of acting, independent of him; or if the very little he had said without intention, had alarmed Miss Colerain, she was most superlatively delicate, perhaps capricious. In his opinion, this lady had by no means treated him so kindly as his benevolence, nor so politely as his rank and fortune deserved. On more mature consideration, it was clear he was the offended person, and that it became a man of his consequence, to consign her remembrance to oblivion.

But all things change in this world, and above all things, man. This train of angry ideas was dissipated by a phantom, in the form of a female; appearing in attitudes that give a grace to beauty, in employments that render beauty more pleasing. From its lips seemed to issue the most delightful sounds; on its left cheek was a dimple, that gave additional

beauty to a smile. Thus alternately, pride gained the ascendant over love, and Miss Colerain over Sir George Pardyne. From one or two obscure hints in Miss Colerain's note, it appeared to Sir George that his gaity had given her suspicion. He wished to know the truth, and in order to extract it from Miss Carlill, resolved, if she hinted at accusation, to seem for a time, rather to justify than deny it.

He found this young lady with eyes yet red, and with a face that did not wear the expressive satisfaction it used to do, when he called. It is thought he, as I expected.

"I have in my hand," said Sir George, "a very extraordinary note from Miss Colerain; it informs me she has left Combor."

"Dost thou doubt the intelligence?" asked Miss Carlill.

"Oh, no, Sir George answered; "but I don't comprehend the reason."

"What is there extraordinary in Cornelia Colerain's going where she pleases? asked Miss Carlill.

"Nothing--nothing," Sir George replied;" the extraordinary would be in a woman's doing--what, she did not please. But is not your friend capricious, Miss Carlill?"

"I dare day she is in thy eyes," the lady answered.

"Will you--can you be frank and ingenuous enough to tell me where she is gone, and why she went?" asked Sir George.

"The first," Miss Carlill replied, "we have agreed not to tell thee; and as to the second, there is nothing more in it than that she is gone where she intended; but before she intended; and to tell thee frankly, thou are the cause."

Good, thought Sir George--we are right. "I," says he, appearing surprised.

"I will not," said Miss Carlill, "keep thee in suspence. Mr. Holford called upon her yesterday in his way to the Falcon, like a good shepherd who careth for his flock; and indeed like a stern shepherd, who is inclined to beat them when they go astray. He did not trouble himself to make an apology, but told Cornelia Colerain roundly, that he had been told, that she had made an agreement, an arrangement, I think, the French call it, with thee."

"Good God!" said Sir George, "I hope, however, Miss Colerain acquits me of any thought of such impertinence?"

"Cornelia Colerain," answered Miss Carlill, gravely, "does not read the thoughts of others;--nor does she accuse thee;--only this she said, friend Paradyne, and she wept when she said it;--that lower than fame and fortune could sink her, she would not sink; nor add remorse to adversity, even for George Paradyne."

"Good Heaven!" said Sir George, "then she does suspect me?"

"I think that cannot be said," answered Miss Carlill, "and yet, I will own to thee, thy conversation last night was not to her taste."

"Has she an aversion to mirth and good humour?" Sir George asked.

"Not in the least," replied Miss Carlill, "as mirth and good humour."

"How did I offend?" asked Sir George.

"I think Cornelia told me, how lavish thy praises were upon her person. Thou saidst she had a lovely shape and fine eyes, with other expressions of similar import."

"And is it not so?"

"It may.--But I must tell thee, Cornelia Colerain does not value herself upon these things; and thy talk seemed to her to denote thy mind was more intent upon the outward than the inward form."

"Suppose it was," said Sir George, "sure it was no unpardonable crime."

"Thou wilt easily pardon thyself, no doubt," replied Miss Carlill; "and had that been all, I at least, would have pardoned thee also; fond as the people of our profession are said to be of the spirit. But didst thou talk about one Mowbray, who had a bad wife, and dist thou not inveigh against the holy state of matrimony?"

"Perhaps," said Sir George, "I may not have the most profound veneration for it."

"Nothing more probable," Miss Carlill answered; "but was that a fit subject to talk of to Cornelia Colerain?"

"If," said Sir George, "I could ever expect to meet with liberality of sentiment in woman, and contempt of prejudices, I might expect it in Miss Colerain."

"Thou wilt be more likely to find it," replied Miss Carlill, "amongst thy women of quality.[3] <u>That</u> liberality, do not expect to find in Cornelia Colerain. Nor do I think thou wouldst have asked it of her when she had fifty thousand pounds."

"Perhaps not," Sir George answered;--"but my dear Miss Carlill, do reflect a moment upon our modes and customs, and tell me, from your heart, does it not make a difference?"

"I grant it," said Miss Carlill, --"a difference of fifty thousand pounds."

"Pshaw!" said Sir George.

"I am told too, that customs and modes are merely prejudices; and am sorry thou canst not find that liberality of sentiment in thyself, thou

requirest in Cornelia Colerain."

"You seem to plead your friend's cause with a proper quantity of zeal," said Sir George.

"Plead--plead--" answered the fair Quaker with quickness;--"I admire the word, and the vanity which dictated it. I must tell thee, however, if I were successful in pleading her cause with thee, I should still, poor and humble as she is, have thine to plead with her, and possibly not be able to boast of my success."

"You are angry, my dear Miss Carlill," said Sir George.

"Not over pleased, I own. Yesterday I looked up to thee with respect and admiration."

"Alas!" said Sir George, humourously--"that time, as said Friar Bacon's head--that time is past.[4] But women are very inconstant in their admiration. What did you admire me for yesterday, Miss Carlill?"

"Yesterday," answered Miss Carlill, "I took thee for a gentleman. To-day thou seemest only a man of birth and fortune."

"Do these," Sir George asked, "exclude the gentleman?"

"No," replied the lady, "nor necessarily include him."

The conversation went to a much greater length; but I suppose my fair readers have enough. Sir George endeavoured to tread back upon his steps, to unsay what he had said, and to convince Miss Carlill, which indeed was true, that he never had the least design upon the honour of Miss Colerain. In this, Sir George had not the success he deserved. That Cornelia Colerain should be thought on as a conveniency, was insupportable to Miss Carlill; and the anger raised by this idea, shut up, for the present, the avenues of her mind to every other; so Sir George and she parted, with each a lowered opinion of the other.

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C H A P. III.

Sir George strode away towards the Falcon, resolved that day to leave that country, and bid adieu to love and Miss Colerain. He had to pass the white house, now his own; before it were assembled, a small crowd of poor women and children, who were receiving the last of her bounty, in that part of the remaining provisions which Mr. Fidel could spare. It was received with tears, and in silence, except now and then a small voice might be heard, praying, God bless her. The scene was affecting. It put to flight the crowd of proud and angry ideas which he had begun to indulge, and brought back Miss Colerain, her dignified simplicity, her unmerited distress; it brought back also the proximate cause of that distress, the insulting admonition of Mr. Holford. This turned his steps to the parsonage house.

It was Sir George's business to know by what authority this reverend gentleman had joined Miss Colerain and himself together in this sinister mode of marriage. Mr. Holford was not one of those obstinate people who refuse to give a reason upon compulsion; on the contrary, he was disposed to give up all the reason he had in the world upon compulsion; so without much hesitation, he acquainted Sir George with the following circumstances:

His friend was a clergyman of Southampton; and being at an assembly, had gone in the intervals of dancing, to a side room for refreshment. Five or six of their wild young men were taking off their glasses freely; one of them said, "a pretty story you tell us, Claverly; damme, but I would have eat the smooth chinned young dog of a Baronet, before he should have seized my first fruits so summarily."

"Oh!" Mr. Claverly answered, "I am not done with the boy yet;

however, in point of purse, there is no coping with the child.--They report him to have twenty thousand pounds a year."

"And what are the terms, my buck?" one of them asked.

"It cannot," Mr. Claverly answered," be less than five hundred a year for life; for to tell you a secret, I bid her that myself; perhaps the additional present of the house, which she was always fond of, might have turned the balance against me." My friend says he did not then stay to hear more; but after that, it was for two or three days the common talk of Southampton.

Sir George left Mr. Holford's with much increase of anger, but with an entire change of its object. He sought for ease, and found it by unbosoming himself to Lindsay with full confidence. After this, he said, "I suppose you guess what must be my next step?"

"I am afraid I do," Mr. Lindsay answered.

"And you approve it?" said Sir George.

"That I cannot say," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"Shew me," said Sir George, "in your infinite wisdom, how it is to be avoided--how it is possible to avoid it with honour?"

"How are you supposed to know the report; or especially that it has Mr. Claverly for its author?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"But I do know it," answered Sir George.

"It is so seldom," Mr. Lindsay said, "that young gentlemen are seized with these benevolent propensities, that one can hardly wonder the world should call the sincerity of them in question--especially when the objects are beautiful young women."

"I let the world alone," Sir George replied, "but that maligant rascal, Claverly----"

"Has judged," interrupted Lindsay, "by the most general, and perhaps by the truest rule of judging--self."

"Curse me if I can or will forgive him for it," said Sir George. "Call me a mad man--laugh at me for a fool--anything but persuade me from my purpose."

"If so," said Mr. Lindsay, "I cease to remonstrate. I only claim the privilege of being your second and your agent."

"Yes,--dear Lindsay," replied Sir George, "I demand it of you on the score of friendship."

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C H A P. IV.

I am now to beg pardon of my dear fair readers, for an intended breach of the veracity of history. I had conceived an opinion that duelling did not do honour to any human beings who had heads to reason or hearts to feel. I own, therefore, I did meditate to suppress this circumstance in the history of Sir George Paradyne. Not that I did not know that a hero must have valour, and that the only way for the refined and peaceable gentleman of the reign of George the Third to obtain it, or the reputation of it, which is quite as good, is to kill his man. I was not yet become an advocate for the custom, even by these ponderous arguments in its favour; but my confined ideas have been suddenly expanded, by a gentleman of some quality in the republic of letter, who has lately done us, the humble novelists of Great Britain, the honour to put himself at our head.[1] He has taught us that the duel is the grand support of good manners, and that a score or two of lives annually, is a cheap purchase of this precious

commodity.--I am convinced--for I love good manners, and do henceforth maintain, that a gentleman hath a natural right, from his gentility, to be the interpreter of another gentleman's looks and words; and if these are not to his taste, to pink him.[2] This process I direct in future, to be called the pink of good manners.

After all, I need not have given myself so much unnecessary trouble on the present occasion; for when Sir George arrived at Southampton, he found that Mr. Claverly had that very morning set sail for Havre de Grace; not to shun Sir George, for that would have been ill manners, and indeed he knew nothing of Sir George's intent; but, as was supposed, on mercantile concerns.

The complaisant Sir George determined instantly to wait upon him there; and as, in all the Southampton waters, there was not a vessel with sails actually spread for Normandy, he took post horses for Dover, sailed over to Calais, and on the sixth day found himself at Havre, with unpowdered hair, pulse ninety a minute, and so altogether unlike a fine gentleman, that poor Claverly must have been struck with a panic at least, had he not by good luck been half way over the British channel on his return.

The indefatigable Sir George, enraged at this contre-tems,[3] would have turned his back upon the first post in Normandy in half an hour, but that it pleased Mr. Lindsay to fall commodiously ill. This gentleman had not the same animating cause which Sir George had, to enable him to resist fatigue; and he had a vexation from which Sir George was exempt. He had before been chagrined to see philosophy yield the pas[4] to love; he was equally disturbed now, to see it give way to--good manners.

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C H A P. V.

When Mr. Lindsay began to recover, it became the principal amusement of our gentlemen, to discuss the important points of the first and second philosophy; for if man be the first, women must be the second. In the actual constitution of things, Mr. Lindsay contended, that it was best to forget Miss Colerain; and that, to pursure Mr. Claverly, ad necem,[1] was not Christian, nor philosophical, nor just, nor humane. These points, one by one, Sir George gave up, but still insisted it was honourable; and honour, every body knows, can rear its lofty head and stand, whilst all the virtues are falling round it.

At length Mr. Lindsay so far prevailed, that Sir George promised, unless upon fresh provocation, he would not go out of his way to seek Mr. Claverly; after which, Mr. Lindsay recovered with double velocity, and very soon arrived with Sir George at his seat at Dennington, in Sussex.

He found there Lady Mary and his sister. The latter he certainly loved with the most sincere affection; Lady Mary he strove to love, but there was something more than commonly repulsive in her manner to him, so that his virtuous propensity received perpetual checks. Still he desired to pay her all the duty of a son, and was not therefore sorry to find her at Dennington.

Immediately on his arrival, he sent up a proper message of respect, desiring permission to attend her; Lady Mary granted this permission, but remembring Mr. Lindsay, her son's disobedience, and her own dignity, she received him with that awful and chilling stateliness, such a remembrance was likely to inspire.

After the first salutations, Sir George said, "your ladyship makes me happy to find you here."

Lady Mary answered, "it must be owned, Sir George, you take an early and polite method to let me know I am in your house."

"Bless me, Madam!" said the really astonished Sir George, "this is so strained an interpretation, that--that--I am afraid, Madam, I have not the power to say any thing agreeable to you."

"I should rather suppose you had not the inclination. You can hardly have forgot--I am sure I never shall--your undutiful behaviour before you left town, about that odious fellow, that Lindsay, with whom I hear you have been rambling all over the country; I hope you have thought proper to leave him behind you now."

"He is with me, Madam, and desirous to pay his respects to you."

"Here, Sir George," said Lady Mary;--"and have you really had the cruelty to bring into my presence, a man who had the audacity to affront Lord Auschamp, and who is the cause of dissention betwixt you and me."

This was a proper place to shed tears, and Lady Mary shed them copiously. They affected Sir George--not quite indeed in the manner Miss Colerain's had done, but so as to make him earnest in his assurance of duty.

Lady Mary said, "she expected a better proof than words could give; she expected the dismission of a man so odious to her."

Sir George answered, "he would take care Mr. Lindsay should not give her personal offence;" and added, for he could not totally conceal the impression this behaviour made upon him, "nor himself neither." Saying so, he bowed, left the room, and ordering horses, took Mr. Lindsay, in order to accommodate him at his uncle's.

Here they found Miss Faradyne, who had called upon her uncle, in her morning ride.--She ran into his arms, murmuring.--"Oh! my dear unkind brother,

where have you been so long, and not a line to your poor Emilia?" Sir George excused himself as well as he could, and then announced Mr. Lindsay to her.

She, with great sweetness, said, "you are welcome, Sir; I hope we shall make Dennington agreeable to you."

Mr. Lindsay answered, "he had now an additional reason to regret his exclusion thence."

"I am sorry, Sir," she answered; "Lady Mary, I suppose, brother?"

"Yes, Emilia," Sir George replied.--"I know my uncle will be glad to accommodate my friend."

"He will," answered Miss Paradyne; "he has spoke of Mr. Lindsay with much pleasure. But I must lament Lady Mary's prejudices."

"Let it be mine to lament, Miss Paradyne; I should be unhappy to excite your concern," Mr. Lindsay said, not with the air of a man of letters, but of a gentleman.

Miss Paradyne answered, "I am much obliged to you, Sir." Then, with a smile to Sir George, "For so grave a personage as a tutor, brother, Mr. Lindsay is sufficiently gallant."

"See your power, Emilia," said Sir George. "Mr. Lindsay is not himself at present; he is most natural in the character of a cynic philosopher; neither the moral fabric of man, nor the silly fabric of woman, are to his taste."

"Thank you, Sir George," said Lindsay; "it is to prevent Miss Paradyne's falling in love with my didactic face, that you chuse to dress me thus, I suppose."

"I shall certainly do it for novelty's sake," replied Miss Paradyne;

"our present beaux are so sweetly panegyrical, that I am absolutely sick of my own beauty and accomplishments."

"A rare disease indeed," replied Sir George; "but depend upon Lindsay for a cure."

Sir George now went in to his uncle, who was confined by a gouty complaint, and having acquainted him with the purport of his errand, the old gentleman said, "Why, George, I like him; you could not have brought any body to please me so well; he spoke like a man to that Lord Auschamp, I remember. I shall offend your mother, I suppose; but curse me if I had not rather do it than not, so send him in to me; he shall have the best apartment in my house."

Things being thus settled, Sir George took leave, and rode home with Miss Paradyne, who said, "I wanted to see this Mr. Lindsay, and now I have seen him, I find myself disappointed."

"You expected to see a man?" said Sir George.

"Yes," replied Miss Paradyne, "with an oracular face; with the pride of learning situated upon his brow."

"This, sister," said Sir George, "is a direct inversion of the rules of physiognomy.[2]--You conceive the character first, and then fit it with a face; but how did you come by the character?"

"You," said Miss Paradyne, "spoke of his learning; Lord Auschamp and Lady Mary of his pride. Amongst you, I was much perplexed to form an opinion; when I did, it had more of admiration in it, than so dutiful a niece and daughter ought to have entertained."

"Thank you, dear Emilia," said Sir George, "and it is a very pretty, and rather new idea, that opinions are to be governed by consanguinities."

"I did not expect, however," Miss Paradyne said, "to have seen so handsome a man, nor of so polite and easy manners."

"He can," replied Sir George, "be all things to all men, as far as the exterior goes; but it is not for every body he will take the trouble to be polite and easy; and indeed it is pity he should ever be put out of his way; which is that which approved good sense and integrity direct. Would you believe it Emilia? in a situation which makes nineteen parasites out of twenty men, this Lindsay has never once subscribed to my opinion, when it was not his own, nor has had the complaisance to refrain from pretty free remonstrances, whenever I have happened to do that which I ought not to have done."

"I shall certainly like him extremely," said Miss Paradyne."

"You had better not," replied Sir George; "he is a widower, a man of misfortunes, all originating from woman, and is something of an infidel as to the celestial attributes, with which sublime poets and sublime lovers decorate the fair."

"I believe I shall not like him extremely," said Miss Paradyne. More conversation was prevented, by their arrival at the hall.

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C H A P. VI.

Sir George's birth-day approached, and Lady Mary had always expressed her intention that it should be splendidly kept.--Sir George was of opinion, that so soon after the death of his father and brother,[1] it would be adding indecency to vanity. Lady Mary thought this was a reflection upon herself, and said she needed not to have the memory of her misfortunes intruded on

her on every occasion. God help her; she thought but too much of them on her own accord. There was young Lord S. had a birth-day, though his father had been dead only five months, and it was nine since she had lost her dear Sir Jeffery.

Sir George said, "that unless the example met his approbation, he did not see the necessity of following that of Lord S. or any Lord."

Lady Mary replied, "she knew perfectly well what was meant by any lord. He need not take such odious pains to shew the small respect he had for her or her relations.

"I am afraid," Sir George said, "your ladyship will make speaking too difficult for me to venture upon. I did not think of Lord Auschamp; and by no means of offending your Ladyship."

"Sir George," Lady Mary replied, "any thing may be denied, or glossed over; but I cannot always be commodiously blind to an affront, nor commodiously credulous, when it is endeavoured to be explained away."

"Then," said Sir George, "my only resource is silence."

Without hearing this, Lady Mary continued: "I consulted Lord Auschamp about the day, who said it was absolutely necessary, as it gave you an opportunity to keep up your political connexions, and brought you acquainted with half your county at once.--He also said, that although in the affair of that impertinent fellow, that Lindsay, you had not behaved to him with proper deference, he would forget every thing, and come down to do you honour upon the occasion."

"Honour!" said Sir George.

Physiologists know, some of them but too well--that when the angry blood rushes from the heart into the face, it takes the tongue in its way,

and puts it in violent motion, before the brain can issue its counter orders. Sir George had determined, that in no future conversation, should the least asperity escape him toward his mother; so he stopt short at the word honour;--then said, "Lord Auschamp, Madam, is well known to have formed his party. My intention is, to be of no party, but form myself by what I can find good in both."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Mary; "If Lord Auschamp has formed his party, it is because he is convinced that party is the right."

"I do not doubt it," Sir George replied, "and when I am convinced too, I suppose I shall act according to conviction.

So the dialogue went on; and as it brought no conviction to either of the disputants, Lady Mary sent off to Lord Auschamp a letter complaining of Sir George's obstinacy. Lord Auschamp thought the matter of so much importance, that he hastened to answer it in person.

He met his nephew all smile; for he was not like some kings of former days, who would go no road to what they wanted, but the high road of authority. He said the most obliging things that could be said; and he even extended his complaisance so far, as to inquire after Mr. Lindsay, and to express his regret that that gentleman and he should misunderstand each other. For his part, he liked a man of independent spirit. Men of liberal ideas, always forget the little contentions arising from contrariety of opinion.

Although Sir George might not, perhaps, give Lord Auschamp credit to the full extent of his polite language, he was very well pleased to hear it, for he loved conciliation, and had no particular desire to be at variance with his uncle. Lady Mary too, being privately, though with some difficulty, convinced by Lord Auschamp, that it was better Sir George should

take his own way with that Lindsay, she was so good to desire that gentleman might be invited to the Hall; for she durst say, upon better acquaintance she should like him very well.

On this important subject, a council was held at Mr. James Paradyne's, who very liberally damned the project and its contrivers. Sir George spoke eloquently, and proved that forgiveness was a true Christian virtue, and recommended even by Catholic divines, except in the abominable cases of heresy and contumacy, respecting spiritual decrees.

Mr. Lindsay said, it was one thing to lay aside resentment, another to court the hand that wounded, to wound again.

Miss Paradyne observed, that though the disposition might still remain with Lord Auschamp, the occasion was probably gone for ever.

Mr. Lindsay said, he was more disposed to yield to the wishes of so amiable a persuader than to her reasons; but that he could not see why it should be her wish.

To this Miss Paradyne answered, that a man of Mr. Lindsay's good sense must be an agreeable addition to any society; but added, that in this request, she was more directly selfish: "For you must know," she continued, "that I have the honour to be umpire in the little disputes which occasionally arise betwixt my mother and uncle; the chief source of them is this young gentleman's perverseness, and his indolence in the business going forward, though it only regards himself.----Now I am often unhappy in my arbitration, and seldom please either side; no wonder, therefore, that I wish to decline the honour, and bestow it upon Mr. Lindsay."

"Well done, Emilia," said Sir George; "this is, I suppose, what ladies call bestowing favours upon gentlemen."

"Certainly," answered Miss Paradyne;--"and I dare say Mr. Lindsay will tell me, any pain endured for my sake will be pleasure."

"Without doubt," replied Mr. Lindsay, laughing; "but how Miss Paradyne will put me in a way of enjoying that pleasure I cannot conceive."

"Nothing so easy," replied the lady; "I am convinced Lord Auschamp's friendship would flow in full stream upon any man, who would give him hopes of governing this headstrong youth the right way; and I hope Mr. Lindsay will do this for my sake."

Words from beautiful lips, all men know can persuade full as well without reason as with it.--So Mr. Lindsay went to the hall.

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C H A P. VII.

In my first exhibition of Lord Auschamp, he might not, perhaps, appear to my fair readers so polite a man as a Lord ought to be. I now hope they will think better of him, especially when I assure them, he persisted to the last hour of his stay in this most charming mode of behaviour; complimented Sir George on his capacity for distinguishing men of sterling merit; and when he ascended his chaise, shook Mr. Lindsay cordially by the hand, and assured him, nothing could make him so happy as to give him an opportunity of shewing how sincerely he was his friend.

Now this pleased Sir George, and one would think must please every body; for it is the true current politeness, and being made up of grace (I do not mean the grace of God), smiles, bows, and other small cloaths[1] of the mind, and put on with so much ease, I wonder any man should prefer that other unregarded sort of politeness, which consists of a real feeling, the

wish to serve and please, and therefore not in every man's power.

Now such a man was Lindsay. I despair of bringing this man into favour with the ladies; and must confess, he has few or none of those shining qualities, by which their favour is usually acquired.

Lord Auschamp having taken leave, Sir George has more at leisure to consider his sister, who, though occasionally gay, signed frequently, and indulged herself in the solitude of groves and grots.[2]

A rumour had reached Sir George's ear, that Miss Paradyne was soon to be married; but it was so incredible that he should hear of this only by a rumour, that he considered it as unfounded. He was, however, mistaken; Lord Auschamp had the goodness to look out for his niece, and by a singular circumstance operating on the young lady's delicacy, added to the daily mortifications she endured from her mother's temper, she was induced to give a passive consent to her will and Lord Auschamp's. Her little story is this:

One evening at Ranelagh,[3] the party she was with was joined by a young gentleman, of a genteel person, and amiable manners, whose good sense and free elocution rendered him an agreeable and entertaining companion. His name was Birimport, and he had lately returned from abroad. Of Miss Paradyne, he took considerable notice. Once afterwards, she saw and danced with him at the Pantheon,[4] and received from him rather more attention and assiduity than in such accidental circumstances is usually given or required.

One day Lord Auschamp, calling upon Lady Mary, and entertaining her with some news of the town, said abruptly, "apropos, Emilia, I believe I have to congratulate you upon a new conquest."

"That is well, my Lord," said Miss Paradyne, smiling through a blush, "some great man, I hope, who will make me the envy of my sex."

"If great wealth, great merit, and great talents, are to the taste of a young lady, I should hope Mr. Birimport may not be disagreeable," said Lord Auschamp.

"Oh!" replied Miss Paradyne, with a deeper blush, "these things are charming as well as great. How have I had the good fortune to attract his notice?"

"I think," said my Lord, "he saw you at the opera."

"Perhaps at the Pantheon," replied Miss Paradyne; "I think I danced there with a gentleman of that name."

"Ah! well," said his Lordship, "but that was not the place to exhibit such talents as his to the best advantage. How did he appear to you?"

"Very well for a partner," Miss Paradyne replied, "he seemed sensible, and not deficient inpoliteness."

"He is," said his Lordship, "of extraordinary good sense, of a good family in the West of England, and possessed of large fortune, acquired in the East; he has great political connexions, and commands two boroughs. At a ministerial dinner the other day, he gave Miss Paradyne for his toast; and understanding I was her uncle, desired to be particularly introduced to me. I had the satisfaction to find his sentiments and my own very similar. He was eloquent in your praise, Emilia, and said it would complete his happiness to be known to Lady Mary, and to be permitted to visit here with hopes, provided, on better acquaintance, he should prove agreeable to Lady Mary and yourself. What say your Emilia?"

"That I am not in haste to be married," answered Miss Paradyne.

"That is no answer," said Lady Mary. "I desire, my Lord, you will act as you think proper. Emilia ought to be much obliged to you, for condescending to interest yourself about her. As to my approbation, that I know is little to be regarded."

"Dear madam," said Miss Paradyne, "how can you suppose that?"

"How?" answered Lady Mary, "why, from experience. There was Lord M's son, and Sir Charles Brandcote's; there was Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Clayton; I approved of these, what then; one was effeminate, one wanted understanding, another good-nature, and another good manners; I was a fool; I ought to have forbid their addresses; then we should have seen you upon the high road to Scotland long ago. There is not a mother in all England doats upon her children as I do, and not one that meets with so much contradiction and ingratitude."

Miss Paradyne wept, and was silent.

Some days after, Lady Mary and Miss Paradyne dined by invitation at Lord Auschamp's. Several strangers were present; one, a tall, thin, emaciated gentleman, about middle age. He talked little, but that little was expressive, Though his look was sickly, his eyes were keen and penetrating, with a small degree of wildness in them. Miss Paradyne almost started, when she heard him addressed by the name of Birimport. A second thought gave her the idea of its being the father or uncle of the gentleman she had seen; and this idea made her blush. However, though this gentleman attended the ladies to coffee and stayed some time, he took no particular notice of Miss Paradyne. She even left Lord Auschamp's, without being undeceived; but found her error on the road, by Lady Mary's congratulations. "Your happiness," says this lady to her daughter, "is as secure as any happiness

can be in this mortal life; a man of Mr. Birimport's fine sense and fine fortune falls but to the lot of few."

Would to heaven I was not one of the few--Miss Paradyne would have said, if she durst have spoke;--but she was surprised and embarrassed. It occurred to her that she had owned she had seen a Mr. Birimport, and had even spoke rather in his praise. If she objected to this Mr. Birimport as a gentleman she did not know, or did not like, it would follow that there was another Mr. Birimport whom she did know, and perhaps did like; and she by no means chose to lay herself at the mercy of such an interpreter as her mother.

It must be owned that Miss Paradyne had indulged rather too much in the contemplation of the amiabilities of the Mr. Birimport of the Pantheon, and she did not think the less of them for the fine sense and fine fortune of the other; but another discovery, which she made by chance in a conversation with her bosom friend, Miss Hatley, rendered her almost indifferent as to the foolish things of this world, and consequently acquiescent to the will of her mother. It was nothing more than that the Birimport who had had the honour of taking her attention, was not of the same family with the other, and that he was a young man of small fortune, which he was upon the point of meliorating by marriage with Miss Perry, a city lady.

A few days after, when Miss Paradyne went down to dinner, without any previous notice given her, she found at the table Lord Auschamp and Mr. Birimport. It was a small party, and Miss Paradyne had more leisure to attend to Mr. Birimport. He talked more to-day. If his conversation had a fault, it seemed to be the peremptory tone of decision and importance.

After dinner Lord Auschamp made one excuse to withdraw, and Lady Mary another. These were awful preparations to Miss Paradyne. They frighted and vexed her. Love is never so welcome to young ladies, I presume, as when it lies in their way, and they find it. Mr. Birimport however appeared perfectly cool and temperate; and without any of the timidities of love, addressed her thus:

"I presume it has been hinted to you, Miss Paradyne, that I did not wait upon Lady Mary to day, merely to dine. I am at present too much occupied, to permit me to waste time in the common courtesies of those who have little to do. But the essential purposes of life and happiness must be attended to. I saw you at the opera, and thought you beautiful; I enquired of you, and learned that wisdom and good humour were more decidedly yours even than beauty. Since that hour, whenever I have thought of happiness, you idea has always been joined with it.

"But you have happiness to seek as well as myself, and it is possible it may be totally incompatible with the union I seek. I know it is presumption in me to suppose that I have any thing to compensate a too great disparity of years, and an infirm constitution. But I have been taught that you have refused birth, rank, and affluence, joined with accomplishments to which I have no pretensions. I have therefore concluded you had a mind which rested its happiness on private virtue rather than public splendor."

Mr. Birimport stopped here, and seemed to wait an answer.

Miss Paradyne said, "that the affectation of trifling with a man like him would be preposterous; that she would imitate his candour at least, if she could not his good sense. She thought the marriage union required a more perfect knowledge of each other, than at present they could be supposed

to have. That advanced years and growing infirmities were undoubtedly not recommendations, and possibly might prevent her ever being able to acquire those sentiments for him, which every woman should feel for the man she marries."

Mr. Birimport said, "that an object like himself could not be supposed able to raise those sentiments, but by a thousand delicate attentions which marriage would give him an opportunity of paying."

After a great many fine and pretty things of this nature had been said on both sides, Mr. Birimport found himself permitted to say them over again; which is, I believe, a concession that every lover considers as much in his favour; so having rehearsed them a few times more, and Miss Paradyne conceiving it better to be Mr. Birimport's wife than Lady Mary's daughter, gave a sort of consent, which authorized the customary writings to be drawn; and as she supposed they were now finished, she expected Mr. Birimport every day to claim his reward.

All that was necessary of this, Miss Paradyne related to Sir George, who, embracing her tenderly, asked, "if she had found any reason to change her opinion of Mr. Birimport?"

"I cannot say I have," answered Miss Paradyne; "Miss Hatley indeed had heard he was subject to hypochrondriacism[5] but it would be silly to expect perfect health in any man, either of mind or body."

"What then," Sir George asked, "makes you uneasy?"

"I am not absolutely uneasy, brother," Miss Paradyne replied, "tho' I am not absolutely content; what vexes me most, is my mother's prohibition to make you acquainted with it."

"This," said Sir George, "is astonishing; "what cause did she assign?"

"Only," answered Miss Paradyne, "that you were rash and headstrong; that you would interfere without any judgment; and perhaps undo what Lord Auschamp and herself had done with united wisdom."

"I am excessively obliged to my mother," said Sir George, "and if my sister desires it, I will certainly confirm her prediction."

"No, dear brother," answered Miss Paradyne, "I will not carry my caprices so far. Mr. Birimport has a right to expect I will fulfil my engagement, and I will fulfil it. All I ask is my brother's consoling affection."

"It is," said Sir George, "entirely yours."

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C H A P. VIII.

Lady Mary had the condescension to join Sir George, Miss Paradyne, and Mr. Lindsay at breakfast the next morning, when she told Sir George she expected company to dinner.

"Any of our neighbours, madam?" asked Sir George.

"No;" Lady Mary answered, "Lord Auschamp and a Mr. Birimport from town. He comes down to marry your sister."

Mr. Lindsay was at this instant carrying a cup of coffee to his mouth. It is probable the abruptness of the information hurt his comprehension, the coffee scalded his so severely that he dropt the cup.

Lady Mary was near dropping hers from anger. "This is really being monstrous awkward," said she, "You have broke me a set that every body has admired; Count Tunstein made me a present of it; it is the finest Dresden, and cannot be matched in all London."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Lindsay.

"What signifies being sorry," said Lady Mary; "when people come to other people's houses, they should learn how to behave."

"I go to learn," said Mr. Lindsay, with a bow, and immediately retired.

Sir George made the most vigorous resolutions to have no sort of contention with his mother. One sudden impulse or other broke them. So it happened now. "Madam--" says he, rising in disorder, then stopped, sat down, and covering his face with his handkerchief, gave way to a mingled mass of emotion, formed of anger, sorrow, filial duty, and fraternal love.

"I wonder," said Lady Mary, "what I am to be madam'd for now? I suppose I must not speak to that Lindsay, because he is such a favourite. He may well be a favourite. I dare say he does nothing but flatter you. He never opens his mouth to tell you any thing you do amiss, I dare answer for him. And it is only because I give you good advice, that you hate me and cross me in every thing, and bring a man into the house to mortify me and break my things."

"Heaven grant me patience!" said Sir George.

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried Lady Mary. "Heaven grant me patience, if you come to that; sure I have need of it, when I must not speak to my own children, but they fly into passions, as if the fault was mine, not theirs."

"Is it my fault," said Sir George, "that my only sister is engaged in marriage without my knowledge? is it my fault that my friend is treated like a school-boy, and driven from my house?"

"Why, as to the first," answered Lady Mary, "I wonder what business you have with it. She is my daughter, not yours. And for the other, I declare I think that man was born for nothing but to make mischief; and I

shan't be easy whilst he is in the house."

"I beg you would be easy, madam," said Sir George, "after this morning, our united families have not wherewith to bribe him to stay. And permit me to say, that as I am only made miserable here, I must rid you of my presence also. Emilia--one word with you in your dressing room."

Miss Paradyne overflowing in tears, gave Sir George her hand. Lady Mary became furious, and commanded her daughter not to stir from her presence. Sir George gave her a tender kiss, left the room, and in an hour the house, along with Mr. Lindsay.

As to Lady Mary, when calmness came, it was very near bringing penitence along with it; but penitence is only for faults; and the acknowledgement of this, even to herself, was too painful for Lady Mary to bear; so she ordered her chariot, and drove to a few of her most familiar neighbours, just to complain that she had the must undutiful son upon earth; that her daughter was going to be married, and she was the unhappiest of women. Whilst she was performing this agreeable exercise, Sir George and Mr. Lindsay taking leave of Mr. James Paradyne upon the road, were some miles upon their way to London.

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C H A P. IX.

It is possible my fair readers may imagine, that the lovely Miss Colerain has slipped out of Sir George's memory, or mine; for it is, I find, a sort of maxim with the dear creatures, that a man in love does not perform the duties of his station, unless he goes mad some way or other--upon disappointment. Now Sir George Paradyne being in his perfect senses, could not be in love.

I never said he was, dear ladies; at least, I never said love was his sole passion. As a man may love and be very hungry, he may love and be very proud. Probably this was Sir George's case. For there were times when he could not deny the possession of his imagination to Miss Colerain--especially in the dark night--so friendly to love. Then it was she seemed formed for the very direct purpose of making him happy; then, he constantly debated the question, whether solid happiness was not better than empty fame. Then, he as constantly decided that it was--till day, and London, and Lindsay, introduced a contrary association of ideas.

And this is the prerogative of man! always to oppose the shield of reason; a shield that defends him against the passions--like a bulrush.

But whatsoever becomes of love, men, whilst they are in their senses, should think of paying their debts. Sir George did, and declared his intention of going to Southampton, to finish with Mr. Merrick for Combor White House.

Associated with the idea of Combor White House, was that of a row of chesnuts, Miss Colerain's favourite walk. Of a summer-house adorned with work of genius, works of Miss Colerain's hand. Of a painting there, representing a man suspending his rural labour, and mute with astonishment and fear. Two men had just entered his cottage, sent by the steward of the manor, to take an equivalent for rent. His wife was brought to bed of twins the evening before. They did not have her bed from under her--no--they did not; whatever else they could find they did take. Miss Colerain heard of this distress, and at that time, to hear and to relieve, was with this lady, the same thing. By her means, the man is now in possession of a moderate farm, and always blessing his benefactress, lives in comfort and happiness.

Is it a proof of love, dear ladies, that Sir George was seized with a desire, almost to longing, of indulging himself with a sight of those inferior objects, which Miss Colerain, now far distant, had endeared to him?

As Sir George was not an adept in the royal and noble arts of simulation and dissimulation, the fluctation of his mind, though not all his actions in consequence of it, was well known to Mr. Lindsay. Now Mr. Lindsay thought more of Mr. Claverly than Miss Colerain; but as he did not chuse to assign this as a reason for Sir George's not going to Southampton, he found it necessary to have recourse to arguments of a different kind; and against tender sentiments, to support the pride of wealth and family, from which Sir George was by no means exempt; nor perhaps any of the sons of men. At length Mr. Lindsay conquered, and got himself substituted for SirGeorge, for the business at Southampton.

When he arrived there, he found all things ready, and himself expected. Having settled the account, Mr. Merrick delivered him certain writings to sign, and wished him, as is customary, joy of the purchase.

"I thank you, sir," Mr. Lindsay answered; "a friend's joy ought to be our own."

"But you are the immediate purchaser," said Merrick.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"You sign as principal," said Mr. Merrick; "your own name is every where inserted instead of Sir George Paradyne's. To say the truth, our first instructions were to make the conveyance to Miss Colerain. We did so; and we did it with sorrow--for we were told it was the price of the lady's honour; we have since had reason to believe our information was ill founded. Ten days since we were favoured with Sir George's orders to substitute you for Miss Colerain."

"I cannot accept it," says Mr. Lindsay, walking about in disorder."

"That, sir, is your affair, not mine," Mr. Merrick replied; "I own I do not see the impossibility. But I beg pardon, sir, I don't presume to offer my advice; both the gift and the refusal being without a precedent in my office."

Mr. Lindsay considered a moment, then signed, and took the road to Combor. The next morning he made a visit to Miss Carlill.

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C H A P. X.

He was received by this lady with a most sullen civility; for she imputed to him some part of Sir George Paradyne's sentiments respecting her friend. Mr. Lindsay asked' "if he had been so unfortunate as to offend?

"Not in thy own person," Miss Carlill answered, for she always spoke what she thought; "but I did not admire thy friend's conversation the last time I saw him."

"Of what nature was it?" Mr. Lindsay asked.

"Of a licentious nature; she answered.

"I do not know," said Mr. Lindsay, "that Sir George is guilty of a licentious action. But Miss Carlill will scarce wonder he should catch some portion of the prevailing sentiment of the day."

"If sentiment leads to action," said Miss Carlill, "it would become thee to endeavour to prevent all that is improper."

"I hope I have so endeavoured," Mr. Lindsay replied.

"I wish thy success had been greater," said Miss Carlill. "Once indeed I had a higher opinion of George Paradyne than of any man; and because I had, I wished him united to Cornelia Colerain."

"That union I thought improper," said Mr. Lindsay.

"So I suspect," replied Miss Carlill; "and perhaps it was owing principally to thee, it did not take place."

"I do not know that," said Mr. Lindsay, "what influence I had, I own frankly I exerted against it."

"On the old ground of inequality, I suppose," said Miss Carlill.

"Partly that, partly his early age," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"If the world goes as I am told it does," said Miss Carlill, "thou would'st have done better not to have exposed him so much to it. Cornelia Colerain would have formed him to virtue better than all thy philosophy."

"I learn by this," said Mr. Lindsay, "that Miss Carlill has a great opinion of the influence of her sex over ours; and a little one of the merit of divine philosophy."

"Not a great one, I own," said Miss Carlill; "for I have never yet seen it govern any man. If it had that power, I also should call it divine. In my mind, Cornelia Colerain would govern better than the passions."

As the conversation proceeded, Miss Carlill's reserve wore away; and Mr. Lindsay related to her his business at Southampton, and his surprise.

"Perhaps," said Miss Carlill, "thou wilt find a solution of that enigma in this copy of a letter, which Cornelia Colerain sent through my hands to friend Paradyne:"

Sir,

"I have your favour inclosed by Miss Carlill. In the offer you make me of Combor White House and precincts, with fifty pounds, paid quarterly, I have no right to suppose you influenced by any motive but

generosity and compassion; especially as you add a promise never to see me--if I so decree. But permit me to ask you, Sir George, upon what pretence I can accept so liberal a donation. You are not my relation. Our families were total strangers to each other. No tie subsists between us, which could justify so glaring an indecorum. Even if it could be justified to the world, it could not to myself; and I think you will allow that self-approbation ought not to be bartered, even for a crown. I thank you therefore, gratefully and sincerely. Farther than this I cannot go. To hear of Sir George Paradyne's happiness will always add to that of his obliged humble servant,

"CORNELIA COLERAIN,"

"What dost thou think of this?" asked Miss Carlill.

Mr. Lindsay answered, "that it became Miss Colerain so to write."

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C H A P. XI.

The morning in which Mr. Lindsay left London, Sir George spent in reflection, not upon the things he ought, but upon those he ought not. Weary of an internal civil war, he dressed and strolled to a neighbouring coffee-house, where he met a Mr. Lake, with whom he had a slight acquaintance at Oxford. This gentleman was designed for the church; and being now in mourning, Sir George did not distinguish between the canonicals of a young divine,[1] and the elegant sables of an heir. "So Jack," says he, "you have put on your clericles, I observe, you are ordained, no doubt."

"Yes," Mr. Lake answered, "heaven and my old grandmother be praised,

I am ordained to be a gentleman. My mother's mother, Mrs. Fielding, a good old lady, in whom time and accident had concentred the greatest part of the fortunes of her family, has been pleased to die, and leave me forty thousand pounds, on condition of my taking the family name. So here I am--John Lake Fielding, Esquire, at your service."

"I wish you joy sincerely," said Sir George.

"I thank you," answered the other, "and faith I have it. A curacy of forty pounds per annum, is a splendid establishment, no doubt; but a man may live altogether as well upon the solid basis of forty thousand. I had always this notion, and looked up to my grandmother with prodigious veneration, in consequence of it. I have great obligation to my father for begetting me; it would be impious to deny it; in other respects, his paternity was null and void. He died, and left me for an interitance my grandmother's love; without reflecting upon the changes and chances of this mortal life; and how possible it is for an old woman to think wisely one day and foolishly another. Luckily the good old soul continued in possession of wisdom to her dying hour. How indeed should she do otherwise? I wrote her a weekly discourse, in which I scattered sundry small pieces of greek and latin. My most abundant topic was the follies and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; and the felicity of attaining a state of wisdom. How difficult this was to youth. How I had known but one individual, wise early in life, and that a woman, good as wise. I took care also that, without writing her name under the picture, my dear grandmother should not mistake this woman good as wise. So much pains deserved a reward. Whilst living, she paid alma mater for my milk;[2] and died before an hundred. Heaven rest her soul, she was the wisest, best of women."

"I think," says Sir George, "in your presence her wisdom cannot be decently denied; and to this sad event it was owing, I suppose, that I have now the pleasure to see you in town."

"No, Sir George," Mr. Fielding replied; "you owe it to my fraternal piety. My grandmother's will excited an unhappy mania in my elder brother; he did not think it according to the fitness of things, that he, the head of the family, should have but five hundred a year, and I, the tail of it, fifteen hundred. So he modestly desired me to give him ten thousand pounds. I told him I durst not presume to be wiser than my grandmother. So he sent me a challenge; I, more addicted to love than war, ran piously hither."

This specimen of John Lake Fieldings' vivacity, happening to take Sir George's taste, he demanded his friendship. The demand was granted, and he promised, at Sir George's intreaty, to dine with him that day in Grosvenor-square.

At home, Sir George found an unexpected guest, Lady Mary just arrived from Dennington. She desired him not to be surprised, that the anger of a mother was but short lived. She had reflected. Perhaps she might have been wrong. No woman could be sooner convinced of her errors. A little misunderstanding usually happened in all families. That was no reason why a mother and son should live separate till he was married. His house ought to be under the government of some prudent female, and she knew none so proper as herself.

Now Sir George had himself often made this latter reflèction, and had often sighed to think Lady Mary's temper rendered her not this proper person; or that his own was not fitted to bear her provocations. The idea of variance with a mother was intolerable; and he would bear any thing, he could have borne to have lived with her on amicable terms.

These being Sir George's sentiments, he was rather surprised than displeased at Lady Mary's appearance in town. He received her therefore with much respect, and even thanked her for her condescention; her good humour rose to its highest pitch; she received Mr. Fielding very graciously, and they all dined together in great harmony.

But this apparent change in Lady Mary's disposition did not proceed from her own heart, but from Lord Auschamp's head. He came down to Dennington to honour the nuptials of his niece; and Lady Mary entertained him with bitter complaints of her son. He knew something of his sister's temper, and it was easy to perceive, even from her own account, that Sir George had been justly provoked.

Lord Auschamp piqued himself, as every good politician does, upon being a manager of men; and he found that he succeeded best, not by telling them of their faults, but of their virtues. He told Lady Mary therefore, that she was the best and fondest of mothers; that he was certain, had it not been for Sir George's precipitance, she would have conceded a little, rather than have suffered a breach. That it were much to be wished young people were more wise and docile, but that since they were not, it was the more incumbent upon wise parents to bear their follies, and shew them patiently the way to good. That he knew this was Lady Mary's own opinion, and that her actions would be always wise and prudent, if she had time for reflection.

As to the wedding, all things had gone on pretty well; for Miss Paradyne wept only in private. The bride and bridegroom proceeded to a seat of Mr. Birimport's in Wiltshire; and were every day expected at their house in Portland-place.

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C H A P. XII

To keep Lady Mary at the highest pitch of good humour that was possible in nature, required only these few things: to eat, sleep, and digest well, to live in the most superb style, and to subject the wills of all about her to her own.

It was in the last article she had found the principal obstructions; servants would sometimes presume to swear they would not be slaves to pride and caprice; and even the gentle Emilia would sometimes demur, and sometimes pout.

Notwithstanding Lord Auschamp's excellent advice, and more excellent mode of giving it, as he could not administer it every day, Lady Mary sunk into her old habits, and saw plainer and plainer how wrong Sir George was, and the necessity of parental admonition. It was usually administered at the hour of breakfast. One morning she saw him disposed to be unusually pensive. Doubtless that was the properest disposition of mind to benefit most by her labours. It was true, her periods were wasted on the desert air. Not that Sir George had obtained the useful power of hearing or not hearing at will, but because he was totally engrossed by the remembrance of a vision. It was of a female all in white, standing before the door of Combor White House which was shut against her, and which she looked at with a pity-moving eye; she turned that eye upon Sir George, then again to the excluding door, and when he was going to address her, vanished like an angel.

Lady Mary had said much, without observing Sir George's auditory nerves to be out of order, and had still much to say, when Mr. Fielding called to invite Sir George to a walk. Politeness required that she should stop a minute to rehearse the every day courtesies of good breeding;

this done, Lady Mary resumed her discourse, not doubting they might benefit Mr. Fielding also. He, who had a certain humour of his own, appeared to listen with the most respectful attention; and when lady Mary seemed disposed to conclude her admonitions, said with a serious air, "he was sorry, extremely sorry, his friend had given occasion for it, which he concluded must be the case, he said, from his penitent air; otherwise he hoped to be the better for Lady Mary's documents as long as he lived. Many things which had fallen from her lips, might be put up in churches, in golden letters".

Sir George blushed, rose up, and went out of the room. Lady Mary shook her head, and said, "she should be a happy mother, if Sir George had been blessed with Mr. Fielding's docility and reverence for the precepts of wisdom."

Mr. Fielding in return, owned "that he had never heard so good things from any of the heads of colleges in Oxford; nor were better to be found in Tully's offices[1], or even in Antonine's Meditations[2]. That she had nothing to do but repeat them sufficiently often, and they could not possibly fail of persuasion." So saying he made his reverential bow, and went to join his friend.

His friend, instead of meeting him with the applause he expected, met him with rebuke. "Fielding," says he, "Lady Mary has foibles, but it can never be agreeable to me to see them exposed, and herself subjected to ridicule."

"Good," answered Fielding, "she has the honour to be your mother, to be sure; and having benefited the universe by bringing you into it, has a right to be exempted from all taxes the rest of her life."

"Dear Fielding," said Sir George, "I am content to be the butt of your satire in my own person, but spare me in that of my mother."

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C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Fielding's company was this morning less agreeable to Sir George than usual. They parted, and he fell again into contemplation of his vision of the night.--And have I, said he, given away that little paradise, so late Miss Colerain's? the furniture she occupied? the beds in which she slept? the ornament with which she decorated the palace of sweets? her very picture? these were the texts, from which Sir George had the dexterity to deduce a mass of sermonic matter, as well calculated to grieve his heart, as any heart could wish.

Whilst he was thus delightfully disquieting himself, a chaise drove to the door with Mr. Lindsay. The first person he saw belonging to the house was Lady Mary's footman. His inquiry was answered by the information of Lady Mary's arrival; so he ordered to drive to his old lodgings in Bloomsbury, which luckily were vacant. The impatient Sir George followed, with an intention to persuade him to overlook Lady Mary's caprice, and reside in Grosvernor-square. Mr. Lindsay begged to decline it on two grounds; his own comfort; and what was of much greater importance, not to give Lady Mary so great a cause of losing her temper. The argument was short, for Sir George was soon convinced, and what is extraordinary in a young academician, acquiescence followed conviction.

This point settled, Mr. Lindsay looked at Sir George with a certain look, and said, "you have given me leave to point out to you an erroneous intention; will you have the goodness to bear my accusing you of erroneous action? This parchment will bear witness against you. How could you, Sir George," continued he smiling, "put it out of your own power to oblige Miss Colerain, if you should ever find her disposed to be obliged?"

"Because," said Sir George, "she has rejected my kindness;--twice rejected it."

"Respect her delicacy, Sir George," Mr. Lindsay replied; "attention to decorum is so proper, and so lovely in woman, that philosophy itself can scarce condemn it, even when founded upon erroneous notions."

"Your opinion of this lady seems changed," said Sir George; "what has caused it?"

"No," answered Mr. Lindsay; "no, Sir George. I never said any thing personal against her. It was against marriage I spoke. It is possible I might do you an injury by the advice I gave. But it is not given to man to see into futurity. I meant your benefit. As a woman, Miss Colerain is one of the most amiable. As being without family or fortune, improper for you."

"I want not family or fortune," said Sir George.

"No," Mr. Lindsay replied; "the world would chuse to want them for you; and you have not yet resolved to brave its opinions."

"Had you used no other arguments," said Sir George, "it is possible I might have been more governed by inclination. You objected my youth, and still more properly, my ignorance. Let us suppose now that I was seven years older and wiser, should you then object to my seeking my happiness with Miss Colerain?"

"Oh, certainly no, Sir George," answered Mr. Lindsay, "affection that had borne the test of such a time must be firm. Then also, it would have the appearance of being, what indeed it would be, the result of mature deliberation. Now, it would be ascribed to the impetuosity of youth."

"Seven years," said Sir George, smiling, "is an eternity for a lover."

"I will make you an abatement," answered Mr. Lindsay, returning his smile, "in favour of love--and Miss Colerain."

"Say what you will, Lindsay," said Sir George, "you have certainly changed something in your sentiments concerning this lady."

"I always thought her most amiable," answered Mr. Lindsay. "I have had nothing more than a confirmation of that opinion. They have talked much of her of late. The ladies abuse her, especially the handsome and fashionable. So proud, she paid very little attention to the card parties of the first families in Southampton. She was not a beauty neither, with all her pride; her forehead was too high, her nose too concave, her fingers too long. For taste in dress, she had none, absolutely none; always limping after the fashion; neither in nor out. So far the ladies. The gentlemen joined the ladies in abusing her for pride. It was true she was a sweet pretty girl; and there was so much neatness and propriety about her, that whether in fashion or out, she always seemed the best dressed lady in company. But d--n her pride, she behaved to me as if she thought no man worthy of her."

"The whole secret," says Sir John Avery, a respectable old gentleman with whom I dined at Merrick's, "is this: Miss Colerain had the most active mind, Mr. Lindsay, you ever knew in woman, and was seldom pleased or satisfied, but when she was doing something with this mind, or for it; always advancing in some art or science, she was not at her ease in the act of doing--nothing. How should the ladies like her?"

"Upon my soul, Sir George," continued Mr. Lindsay, "I should blush internally at the thoughts of becoming possessed by law, of Miss Colerain's right by equity. And what should I do with it? I cannot occupy it; and poverty itself should not make me sell it, whilst I know Miss Colerain, wandering, unsettled, and distressed."

"Well," said Sir George, with a moistened eye that beamed gratitude

upon Lindsay; I own I have been a penitent in this particular, ever since your departure. These deeds you shall cancel, and Merrick shall make the conveyance to me. Then let us see what power less than Miss Colerain's can take these favoured premises from me."

In return, Sir George presented Mr. Lindsay with a deed of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum for his life.

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C H A P. XIV.

Mr. and Mrs. Birimport arrived in town. With this beloved sister, Sir George spent many of his hours. He looked often and attentively at her, to see if he could find happiness in her eyes. He did not find positive misery there, nor did he chuse to ask questions, which might eventually produce it. As to Mr. Birimport, he was almost inaccessible.

Lady Mary Paradyne, as she had lost many of the most valuable years of her life, by living in the country, was determined to make herself all possible amends. One porter was scarce sufficient to receive, and two footmen to deliver, those important cards[1] and messages by which the essential business of greatness is conducted. It might have been hoped that so much agreeable occupation would have left no room in a lady's mind, for regular and systematic ill-humour. Every man, whose education has not been very ill conducted, has learned to bear the little agreeable asperities of the gentle sex, not merely as a necessary evil, but as a variety, vastly conducive to female embellishment, and consequently to man's felicity. But lady Mary's asperities were not these evanescent things; nor could Sir George, though assisted by Lindsay and Seneca[2], learn to bear them. It was more easy to learn to avoid. In consequence, he was seldom at Grosvenor

square, except from twelve at night to twelve at noon; and Lady Mary, fond of repose, would scarcely give herself the trouble to rise so early, more than once or twice a week, for the edification of an ungrateful son.

How young gentlemen spend that time in London, which mothers do not superintend, my fair readers may know as well as myself. To taste, betwixt one and two P. M. the fragrant breath of incense breathing more--to admire with connoiseural eyes, pictures at an exhibition, or old china at an auction, to lounge in the coffee-house, to loiter at the booksellers, to trifle at the toilette of some sweet Parisatis[3], to dress, to dine, to see the ladies at an opera, or the ladies in ---------; these things fill up the void of time, till the hours of business at Brooks's[4] arrive--those charming hours, when dignity takes its nap, when love and ambition cease, when the soul is alive to nothing but the animated joys of thousands lost or won.

But it happens to some young gentlemen, to pick up in the course of their education, certain moral and rectitudinal notions, which they cannot divest themselves of all at once. Some little time is required to change, even good habits into bad; so that I hope it will form no violent contempt of Sir George's faculties, if it shall appear, that he did not, in one winter, learn all the university of London can teach; though I own, no university brings forward its genteel pupils with more facility.

One morning Lady Mary having requested, by a note, Sir George's company at her breakfast table, instead of honouring him with admonition as he had expected, surprised him with the agreeable account that his uncle, Lord Auschamp, would do him the honour to dine with him that day. Lady Ann Brixworth would be of the party, and a few more ladies and gentlemen, not more than twenty at the utmost, for I know my dear, said she, you don't love crowded dinners.

Lady Ann Brixworth was an heiress, and having received an heiress's education, was, I suppose, what every lady of quality aspires to be--a sparkler. Few ladies could boast superior talents. What she wanted in wit, she compensated by vivacity; and if her judgment was not of the most solid kind, she had very white teeth, and the prettiest pouting lip that could be desired. Her range of ideas too was as great as that of the generality of people of quality, who are not under the necessity of studying any thing but trifles; and how to give these trifles a brillancy and distinction, which may make them pass in the world for things of the very first importance; a point in which they succeed very well.

For the rest, Lady Ann was not a beauty, and it was well. She had a competent proportion of vanity without that addition. She had danced a minuet with one of the princes of the blood. She had been noticed by the king and queen. Since when, the royal family was the charming topic of her eloquence.

The dinner was well conducted; for Sir George had a good cook, and Lady Mary doing the honours of the genteel table, was perfectly in her element. Very wise observations were made, both concerning French wines, French sauces, and French cambrics.[5] After dinner Lady Ann Brixworth took the lead; and having observed that the Count palatine of C---- was a well-looking man for a foreigner; that a star was a charming ornament; and that the duke of Orleans danced in a princely manner, she made a transition to love; and those who were not acquainted with the recent intrigues of the beau monde,[6] became so now, in the most agreeable manner. Every one seemed pleased, every one paid a tribute of applause to the vivacious Lady Ann, except Sir George Paradyne. He, unfortunately, had stumbled into a reverie,

occasioned by a comparison of Lady Ann Brixworth, the heiress, the ornament of the beau monde, with Miss Colerain. Lady Ann was piqued; and as titled beauties usually assume what privilege of language they think proper, she said to Lady Mary Paradyne, in an audible whisper, "how philosophic Sir George is to-day, Lady Mary? how judiciously he has chosen his time and place for meditation?"

"Sir George bowed, and thanked Lady Ann for her particular notice."

"Oh," she answered, "it is not a distinction in your favour."

"To be any how distinguished by Lady Ann Brixworth," Sir George replied, "is an honour."

"Why you creature you," said Lady Ann, "I was told you had your first essay in compliment to make. If this be it, you will make a figure in time. But what is the cause one hears so seldom of you in the ton?"

"It is," Sir George replied, "because I am at present only in my A, B, C, and for first elements, one does not require such eminent masters as Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Oh," Lady Ann answered, "some of our beaux must hide their heads, when you come to your primmer."

"With such a preceptress, I should take my learning very fast," said Sir George.

"And I," answered Lady Ann, "should be delighted with such a pupil."

The consequence of this was, that Sir George found himself insensibly engaged to make one in her ladyship's train.

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C H A P. XV.

When the company rose to form their card parties, Lord Auschamp,

whose time was too precious to be so spent, desired, before his chariot drew up, half an hour's conversation with Sir George in his library; where, when they were seated, Lord Auschamp began gravely thus:

Hitherto, Sir George, I have found it difficult to make you conceive, that I had a more material interest in you than mere consanguinity can give. You have rather shunned me as an enemy, than courted me as a friend; but I wish not to revive a grievance, or say any thing the least disagreeable, I only wish you would observe, that your succeeding to my coronet is not an improbable circumstance. Both Lord Willingcourt and the Colonel are devoted to the bottle. I scarcely expect the first will be able to compleat the grand tour; and there is great feebleness in the Colonel's constitution. For these reasons, I cannot help considering you sometimes as the probable heir to my estate and title, and am therefore the more solicitous you should enter the political world under my auspice."

Sir George imagined he saw something concerted and artful in this preamble, and did not doubt but Lord Auschamp's view was personal or political interest of some sort or other; he was therefore something prejudiced against any proposition, and determined to be upon his guard. He answered, "that if he entered the political world at all, it must be under no man's auspice. He begged his lordship would excuse him in this particular; but he was fixed in the resolution of never engaging in political concerns at all; or with perfect freedom of judgment and of action."

"Very well," Lord Auschamp answered, "you will see your error one day, but no more of that. How do you like Lady Ann Brixworth?"

Sir George, a little struck by the abrupt oddity of the question, replied, why I don't know, my Lord; very well I believe."

"She is a charming woman, and universally admired. You know I was one of her guardians. Her fortune passes for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, but in reality is not more than one hundred and forty thousand. I had many solicitations for liberty of addressing her. I kept them away by management; for to say the truth, I thought of her for Lord Willingcourt. She is past twenty-one, and says she will not marry before twenty-five. I fancy, Sir George, by the help of my influence, you might persuade her to break that resolution."

Sir George thanked his uncle, and said, "he found in himself no inclination at present to marry. He did not wish to depreciate Lady Ann's merit. At present he had not perceived in her that sort of merit to which he was most attached; and as he did not want fortune, fortune would be no allurement."

"Young men," Lord Auschamp said, "think they display a might gallant spirit of disinterestedness, by pretending to despise money. For his part, he thought, a man who knew its use, could never have too much. His own fortune was too much confined for the support of his rank and importance. Very often he had found the inconvenience of it. Indeed he had been obliged by some great occasions to dip considerably. Nay, he was at that very time under the necessity of taking up ten thousand pounds. He had mentioned this to his sister, who said, she believed Sir George had it in his power to serve him."

Sir George replied, "he had, and would order that sum to be sold out of the funds whenever Lord Auschamp pleased."

"My dear nephew," said Lord Auschamp, pressing his hand; I knew you would not refuse me. Indeed I don't believe there is that thing in my power, which I could refuse you. Apropos, Mr. B. is dead; one of your members for

the borough of Niltown. We had intelligence this morning. If you don't stand yourself, do me the favour to permit me the next nomination."

"I do not understand," replied Sir George, "why you should ask that as a favour, which under a certain qualification, is the right of all his Majesty's subjects, peers excepted."

"But, says Lord Auschamp, "a simple qualification is not sufficient. He ought to have an interest with his constituents."

"I think he ought, my Lord," answered Sir George.

"This interest," said Lord Auschamp, "you can supply."

"I have indeed," said Sir George, "much of the property in that borough, but certainly the votes of the inhabitants are not included in it."

"Sir George," said Lord Auschamp, "it is not worth your while to set up for a virtue the times will not bear. The price of your borough, if you chuse to sell it, would be four times the value of your property in it."

"I shall never make it an object of venality, my Lord," said Sir George.

"I have known," answered Lord Auschamp, "many young statesmen profess this inflexibility of public virtue; not one who did not change it."

"I am sorry for it," said Sir George, "and wish great men better minds."

"Did your Greeks and your Romans," resumed Lord Auschamp, "who said these fine things, practise them?"

"Once they did," Sir George answered.

"I wish," said Lord Auschamp, rather peevishly, "I wish, Sir George, you would be content to take the world as it is."

"I must, my Lord," Sir George answered.

"Then," said Lord Auschamp, "you will oblige me in what I ask?"

"Never, my Lord," answered Sir George, with emphasis that marked his displeasure at the request, "you see me ready to accommodate your Lordship

with what is my own. The free votes of my fellow citizens are not my own."

"Upon honour," said Lord Auschamp, correcting a little emotion of anger, "you are an inflexible young man. Well,--remember the other point, and do not forget Lady Ann Brixworth; so good even."

"Good even my Lord."

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C H A P. XVI.

The ostensible mistress of the house in which Lady Ann Brixworth resided, was a Mrs. Harcourt, widow of a younger brother of family, who, to a small patrimony, having added a place under government, of two thousand pounds a year, with perquisites,[1] made a hard shift to live.

Mr. Harcourt died, leaving one son, a lieutenant in a regiment of foot. His widow, reduced to a revenue of three hundred pounds per annum, managed to live in London with great virtue and discretion, about two years, when she found herself insensibly a thousand pounds in debt, without being able to conceive the possibility of such an event.

Just at this time Lady Ann Brixworth arrived at twenty-one. She had been placed by her guardians in a respectable family who resided chiefly in the country, but usually came to London three months in winter, to partake of its diversions moderately.

Lady Ann had no taste for moderation. A superficial education, and early flattery, had given her but one passion, that of vanity. No sooner mistress of herself and fortune, than she sought a more abundant gratification of this than a sober family allowed. Mrs. Harcourt was a distant relation. Lady Ann visited her when in town, admired her freer manners, and longed to imitate them. She knew her distresses and relieved them; proposed an

association of pure friendship; and finally settled herself in a large house in Cavendish-square, under Mrs. Harcourt's auspicious protection. Here were assembled all the innocent pleasures of the ton--dress, cards, and scandal. Under the rank of a countess, scarce any lady could boast of more crowded routs than Mrs. Hacourt; and no lady could boast more conquests than Lady Ann Brixworth.

Lady Ann was not an ideot; very far from it. She had to be sure some of the greatest disappointments in life, as all ladies have. Her gens de mode[2] would sometimes rack her with their horrid want of taste. There were some times when her frizeur was no better than a blockhead Englishman. Her down bed was sometimes suspected of being made up of mere gooses feathers. She herself, was apt to be taken, in the morning, with a most distressing languor; and her mirror, in a morning also, had the unpoliteness to reflect an image, so unlike that of the preceding evening, she could scarce recognize it for her own.

These poisons of the felicity of the great excepted, and a few, perhaps, which might arise from envy, or a little uncharitableness, Lady Ann was happy enough. All that she much desired, she had. Love, the refined love of poets and sentimentalists, she knew nothing of. She was a lady in her own right. It was scarce in the possibility that marriage should enlarge her enjoyments; it was much more probable it might diminish or control them.

So at present thought Lady Ann; and Mrs. Harcourt, who knew well the value of such a way of thinking, endeavoured to strengthen it by frequent conversation; railed at the laws for giving such unreasonable power to man, and collected stories of all the morose husbands and poor distressed wives within the bills of mortality.

Such was the enviable situation of Lady Ann Brixworth, when Sir George Paradyne inlisted himself in her train; and soon acquired a distinguished perference over his rivals in gallantry. To him was now given the honour of her hand to the chariot, and a seat next herself in the box; but the most enviable of all his distinctions, was admission to the early part of her toilette, before she was visible to the admiring world.

"This partiality on the side of the fair lady, and some little assiduity on the part of the gentleman, produced the usual effects. It began to be clear that the reign of gallantry was near its close, and that Sir George was the happy man. The newspapers ventured to announce it to the universe; and Sir George received the congratulations of Lord Auschamp, and something of the same nature from Lady Mary; but accompanied with a stately remonstrance for the manifest omission of filial duty, in entering into so important an engagement without her consent.

Lady Ann herself had not the least doubt but conquest was compleat. Her only debate was, whether she should give up her darling liberty, even to the amiable Sir George Paradyne. It was indeed true, that Sir George had not yet actually made the essential declaration; but it was because love, true love, was timid; and timidity still made a part of Sir George's character. About this, she gave herself no pain. All that opposed her growing inclination, were vanity, and Mrs. Harcourt.

To Sir George, it were captivating, no doubt, to carry away a prize disputed by coronets. What young man could resist such a gratification of his vanity? For the rest, the more he appreciated the merits of Lady Ann Brixworth, the less he was inclined to enter with her into any ties, but those of gallantry. Comparisons would enter his head, even when he was little disposed to make them; and Miss Colerain only rose the higher in

Sir George's scale of estimation, the oftener these comparisons were made.

Amongst Sir George's rivals we must reckon Count Colliano of Turin, and the Marquis de Valine in Dauphiné. Not that they could form to themselves any probability of success in such a suit, but not having in their own countries, fortunes suitable to their titles, they thought it better to travel, and dispose themselves to receive the favours of fortune in any place, or in any form. Men of infinite courage, they would have fought for Lady Ann from the Rhone to the Po; but their business in England depending upon their politeness, they did not chuse to offend any man, much more a man of Sir George's importance. I must indeed, do justice to their courteous humanity; they were always readier to play than fight. In this humour they were liberally indulged at Mrs. Harcourt's, and together with Sir George and Lieutenant Harcourt, a gay careless lad, with a blunt humorous oddity about him, constituted that set of familiar visitants, in whose favour, the ceremonies which keep the polite world at such a well bred distance, were dispensed with.

The free and odd good humour of the young lieutenant, was extremely pleasing to Sir George Paradyne. An intimacy commenced betwixt them, which might be called a friendship; not so strong as that of Pylades and Orestes,[3] but pretty well, considering times.

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C H A P. XVII.

For my part, says the Count one day, when these four gentlemen were en famille[1] with Lady Ann and Mrs. Harcourt, it was in answer to a humane sentiment which had fallen from Sir George; For my part, I do not know why so much sensibility should be lavished upon the Canaille.[2]

The common herd want nothing more than mere animal gratification."

"If they are satisfied with that," said Sir George, "it is a pity no government will contrive they should have it with rather less labour, and in something greater abundance."

"It is absolutely necessary," the Marquis observed, "that the greater part of mankind should labour; or how should the finer spirits invent and enjoy all the arts of elegance."

"The finer spirits, according to your thesis, Monsieur le Marquis," said Sir George, "must be all those who happen to be born to affluence."

"Sans doute,"[3] the Marquis replied, "religion teaches us that heaven has its elect, upon whom it showers down all earthly blessings. If I happen to be one of these elect, ought I not to enjoy the bounties of heaven. My Chateau is opon the finest spot in all Dauphiné; the finest province in the world; upon the banks of the Rhone, the grandest river in the universe. My hills are covered with vines, my pastures with flocks, the golden grain waves through the whole extent of my domains. On the one I have Lyons, famous for its labours to adorn beauty, on the other Marseilles, where a thousand vessels pour out the wealth of the East. What then? is it incumbent upon me to take care that my horses, cows, hogs, and peasants should fare as well as myself?"

"By no means," said the Lieutenant; "humanity is an accidental circumstance in a man's disposition, perfectly unnatural, and not too frequent. It is not incumbent upon any man to have it, but it is, to have the finest chateau in the universe, if he can get it. Yours is in Gascony, you say?"

"Pardonnez moi,[4] Monsieur Harcourt," said the Marquis;" "no, in Dauphiné."

"Indeed!" said the Lieutenant; "nay, I own-my want of geography. I thought all this sort of French Chateaus had been in Gascony."[5]

The Marquis did not blush, nor attempt to put himself in a passion at this gross mistake of the Lieutenant's, which many a man would have done, nor was he in haste to answer; so that it gave the Count time to slip in, and perform the Italian gasconade,[6] which he did very much to the satisfaction of the ladies.

He allowed that the Marquis's chateau was ravishingly beautiful; but for the grand and majestic, he must beg leave to prefer his house upon St. Salvadore's Hill. Turin to the North, Genoa to the East, and the Mediterranean to the South. What mortal eye ever saw such a situation, pour la beauté pittoresque![7]

The Count and the Marquis thus proceeded to praise their respective countries, their chateaus, each other, and themselves. Mrs. Harcourt expressed her admiration by declaring, "that were she young and rich, she should of all things like to travel and see such charming places."

"So," said the Lieutenant, "should I--if they were to be seen."

"Sir," says the Marquis.

"Sir," says the Count.

"A little of the embellishment," cries the Lieutenant, "must be allowed to travellers, and a little more for lovers.

"It is well, Monsieur le Capitain," said the Marquis; "I imagined you thought proper to question the existence of my chateau in Dauphiné."

"Oh no," replied the Lieutenant, "I could not possibly be so unpolite; could I, Lady Ann?"

"You can be careless, Harcourt," Lady Ann answered.

"And cannot you, my dear Lady Ann?" asked the Lieutenant. "Not," continued he, "that I desire to abridge the privileges of the rich and fair; and their's it has been, ever since I can remember, to be careless not only of what they say themselves, but of what others say of them."

Lady Ann gave her head the quality toss.

"Are there human beings," asked the Count, "who can speak of Lady Ann Brixworth, but in terms of approbation?"

"If I knew any such!" said the Marquis.

"People may be careless of what they say sometimes," said Harcourt.

"Will you, in your censorial gravity," said Lady Ann, "be pleased to inform me that they say, or rather what you say for them?"

"Me, Lady Ann! this accusation of me, your devoted slave! how could you, dear Lady Ann, say any thing so immensely cruel. Me, who have adored you openly for many many months, and sighed in secret for years; me, whom cruel love has wasted to skin and bone! Dear Lady Ann, when will you put an end to my torments?"

"Impertinent!" said Lady Ann.

"Oh! but I know not whether impertinent means next week or next month; however, I am devoted to your will, and ready whenever you please to call."

"Stay till then," answered she.

"Yes, Lady Ann; but for pity's sake don't let it be long. Think what happiness you are preparing for me and yourself by so judicious a choice. Delays are dangerous; young men volatile. Where can you expect to meet with another lover like me? one that would indulge you so readily in all your pious wishes. Your two hundred thousand pounds, added to my three and six-

pence a-day, will provide us with all the decent comforts of life. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, I know you despise as I do. I know how you pant after piety, and wish to exchange your cards for prayer-books. I am not a man to refuse you the indulgence of such reasonable wishes."

"I wish, Charles," said Mrs. Harcourt, "you would not indulge yourself in such wild unprofitable talk."

The Lieutenant had taken out his watch. "I make it an absolute point to obey you, madam," said he, rising. "But dear Lady Ann, let the words you have this day heard be engrafted in your heart; and so adieu, adieu, adieu."

As Sir George had an appointment this morning, he rose also, and taking leave, went out with the young officer; to whom he said, "you have surprised me to-day, Harcourt. Is it that you dislike the Count and Marquis, that you have made this attack upon them to-day?"

"I had not much reverence for them, I own," said the Lieutenant, "and this morning's rodomontade[8] has not served to increase it."

"Oh! forgive them this little fault," said Sir George, "they are men of politeness, and not deficient in understanding. But perhaps you consider them as lovers. You are not afraid either of them should carry off Lady Ann?"

"I know, I think," said the Lieutenant, "one who has it in his power to prevent it. May I take the liberty to ask you a question, Sir George?"

"I am rather offended that you ask that liberty," answered Sir George. "We are friends, I hope."

"It is," replied the Lieutenant, "my pride to think so. Has Lady Ann attached your heart?"

"No, Harcourt," answered Sir George.

"Do you design her your hand?" asked the other.

"I have no such design," replied Sir George.

"You are here then purely for amusement?" said the Lieutenant.

"Purely," Sir George answered; "one must be somewhere."

"I own," said Harcourt, "I do not admire the academy, though my mother is professor. You play; may I ask with what success?"

"One would not win money of ladies," said Sir George, "that would not be to make one's self agreeable; and as to the foreigners, I own they are much my superiors."

"I dare say they are," said Harcourt, "have you lost much?"

"Not above a thousand or so," Sir George replied.

"A thousand! ah, Sir George!" exclaimed the officer.

"Why yes, Lindsay has been at his ah's too," said Sir George. "To say truth, I am not well pleased with myself. I hoped I should have detested gaming. I think I should have resisted all temptations from man. Fielding, who has the rage, has never been able to seduce my virtue; but woman,-- lovely woman.--

"Ah," said Harcourt, "beware of men, and especially of Counts and Marquisses, who have splendid chateaus. Be cautious, and forgive my impertinence."

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C H A P. XVIII.

Sir George's appointment was to meet a Mr. Sampson at Mr. Birimport's. He had taken some pains to cultivate the friendship of his sister's husband; but Mr. Birimport was generally inaccessible. Never seen at any of the theatres, at any coffee-house, or any rout.[1] This Sir George attributed to business, to a soul superior to the arts of trifling, and capable of drawing

amusement from its own fund. But Mrs. Birimport was become a recluse also; and for this Sir George could not account. Friday morning was a kind of levee day with Mr. Birimport, when he condescended to be visible to his most intimate friends for one hour. Some weeks before Sir George had happened to be present at one of these hours; when this Mr. Sampson spoke with some acrimony, not only against Mr. Hastings,[2] but against the whole system of East India corruption.

Mr. Birimport, who chanced to be in one of his talking humours, said, "it was now no longer necessary to have been in India, to be thoroughly acquainted with its accumulating miseries. The orators of the House of Commons have furnished a copious supply to our coffee-houses and taverns; all resound with complaints of peculation unnoticed, and inhumanity uncurbed. I, who have been upon the spot, see with different eyes. To me, this ferocious delinquent, now at the bar of the Lords, appears to have received from heaven an uncommon portion of wisdom, and to have used it politically for the service of his country; and as far as his influence extended, benevolently for the service of mankind. I have known his cares, watchings, solicitudes; I have known his magnanimity, and I have said, "certainly this man has supernatural powers."

"But," says his enemies, "the people are oppressed." Yes, with ease, plenty, and indulgence. "He murdered Nundcomar."[3] Yes by law. "His crimes were as black as his hue; a money-griping rascal, who betrayed his friends, and, for half a lack of rupees, would have betrayed himself."

"What a coil," continued Mr. Birimport, "they kept about the Begums;[4] foolish and vain women, always desirous to raise disturbances; and puling, like the rest of their silly sex, when theyfound themselves perfectly inconsequential."

"Sir George stole a glance at his sister, who did not appear to notice this polite compliment.

"And," Mr. Birimport continued, "they rail at Hastings for taking bribes; as if it was incongruous in the nature of things, to receive a reward for performing a service. Are bribes and recompences then the same things? let them look round in their own assembly; there are amongst them, I apprehend, men who know the intrinsic difference.

"But Mr. Hastings was disobedient to the orders of the directors. The devil must have been in him, if he was not. One ship orders him to the right, another to the left. Their public letters all sermonics, preaching over the ten commandments. The private, Euge,[5] well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy lords."

This harangue Mr. Sampson answered with a smile, and rising to go; the rest of the company also rose and took leave. Sir George said to Mr. Sampson as they walked, "Mr. Birimport has been quite eloquent this morning; and is, I perceive, a most determined supporter of Mr. Hastings."

"He is not always loquacious," said Mr. Sampson, "nor always a defender of this gentleman. If I should meet you there again, Sir George, it may be in my power to shew him you as the accuser of Mr. Hastings, and the declaimer against Indian politics."

Since this time Sir George had always taken a very polite notice of Mr. Sampson, and they had agreed to meet at Mr. Birimport's this morning, and to dine together in Grosvenor-square.

A gentleman present, at Mr. Sampson's private request, began an harangue in praise of Mr. Hastings, of whom he made a demi-god; to abuse the managers of the house of commons, came in course; and he concluded by drawing a flattering picture of India prosperity, and the superior happiness

of the inhabitants under our government, compared with that under the native princes.

"If Sir George thought Mr. Birimport eloquent before, he thought him more so now. Whether panegyric be a less potent subject for oratory than satire; or whether these were his true sentiments,--this gentleman was now warm, animated, and pathetic: he painted Mr. Hasting's delinquency in the blackest colours; drew the wretched condition of the natives under our government; did not spare the directors; and had very little complaisance for the board of controul.

Lady Mary happened to dine out, and as Sir George had no other company, he had opportunity to make what enquiries he thought proper of Mr. Sampson, respecting his brother-in-law.

"I am sorry," said he, "to see Mr Birimport so immersed in business. He has no time for friendship and social enjoyment.

Mr. Sampson replied, "That it would be more proper to say, he had no taste for them. His first passion is to be a man of importance. His necessary business lies now in small compass; his humour is to be thought to have a great deal.

"A man of his good sense," said Sir George, "might keep up his importance, and probably increase it, by mixing more with mankind."

"That I do not know," Mr. Sampson answered: "he has good sense, no doubt; but has not variety of knowledge. In the East he acquired more things than money. A habit of command, which he can scarce remember to lay aside when speaking to free people. An overbearing pride, which renders it necessary to his own happiness, to be always the dictator of the company.---- It is perhaps to some little affronts he has received, on account of too magisterial a behaviour, that his inaccessibility is owing. He must domineer

some where. Englishmen will not let him do it abroad; so he stays at home to indulge himself in this humour."

Sir George trembled for his sister. "I suppose then," said he, "his domestics have not the easiest of lives with him."

"You shall hear," said Mr. Sampson. "I wanted a servant. A Scotsman applied, who told me he was leaving Mr. Birimport. We agreed on terms, but I required a character.[6] Mr. Macreith brought me one next day in these terms: 'The bearer is an honest man for any thing I know; with more learning than is wanted for a valet de chambre; and more pride than is requisite for any service. Signed T. B."

"I suppose," says I, "Mr. Macreith, you owe the loss of Mr. Birimport's place and favour to this pride he speaks of here.

"Indeed I do," said the Scotchman. "Weel as my countrymen are said to bear slavery, I found Mr. Birimport's too heavy. The East has spoiled his eye-sight; so that he canno ken the deefference between a free mon and a slave."

"Mr. Macreith," said I, "your notions may be too free to bear servitude in any degree?"

"Sir," answered my learned valet, "I canno answer that question, tull I get a definition o' servitude. As soon as I left school, I became footman in Lord Glencairn's family; I rose to be his gentlemon, or valet de chambre. I ay considered this to be a contract betwixt my lord and mysell; on his part, to find me subsistence, and a sma' spell o' money over; on mine, to perform the offices that are implied in the names of footman and valet de chambre."

"It is," said I, "the true idea. How long did you live with Lord Glencairn?"

"Eleven years and three months," Mr. Macreith said, " and he dissolved the contract by dying in my arms. I loved him," continued this honest fellow, the tears springing from his eyes, "I loved him muckle weel. He was my countryman, and did na' take it amiss that I had a smattering o' leetters.

"And Mr. Birimport did, I suppose?" said I.

"Indeed and he did," replied Macreith, "and mony a foul taunt I had on this hede. This I should na' ha' minded, gin I could ha' speered his humour; but that was aboon my abilities, tho' I took lesson o' physiognomy from Mr. Lavater himself, as I stood behind his chair; for he dined often with Lord Glencairn, who lived at Lausanne three years; but the lines of Mr. Birimport's face, and the bones of his scull too, deceived me ten times a day. His body is broken doon, and I could have pitied him for that wi' all my heart, gin his mind had na' been lifted aboon aw reasonable height; but its no easy talk to learn to plaise a mon who has na' learned to plaise himsell. There is na' eend of his variability. King Solomon could na' ha' spoken wiser than he, when right in his hede; nor any king more lik a fu' when the blue deels[7] are about him.

"Hypochrondriacism is a true disease, Mr. Macreith," said I, "and deserves our pity and relief."

"I should na' deny his right to compassion," Macreith replied, "gin his poours o' plaguing his domestics were exerted ainly when he suffered himsell. Ane day he sent his groom to Smithfield with an auld coach horse; and I was sent after with orders to sell him for ten pounds. I did so, and twa mare. I laid him down the money, and expected applause at least.---- And so, sir, says he, you have presumed to disobey my orders?

"As hoo, sir?" I asked.

"I think sir" says he, "I ordered you to sell the horse for ten pounds."

"Sure enough you did sir," says I.

"And you sold him for twelve?" said he.

"Sure enough I did," answered I.

"Then, sir, for the future, I request that you will learn precision in your duty, and obey me according to the letter."

"Sure enough I will, Sir," said I, "in aw sic like cases."

Ane fine frosty mairn, he had chosen to walk doon to Leadenhall-street. A thaw came on, wi' snaw and sleet. So I sent the chariot to bring him hame; and sure enough it did. He sent for me into his presence, and said,--you know his way, sir,--"By what authority, sir, did you presume to send out the chariot." I could ha' said, by my mistress's; for I had her approbation; but I suppressed this, for I ken'd well she had enough of the like sort of her ain: So I answered, I thought sir, on sic an occasion, a little care o' my master would na' be taken amiss."

"Sir," says he, "you are here to act; not to think. I desire to instruct you, Mr. Macreith, if you are not too learned for instruction, that I wish no body to take the trouble of thinking here, but myself. It is sufficient that I assign you and the rest of my domestics, the executive power; the legislative I chuse myself."

"I could not help laughing at this, which encouraged my talkative valet; who continued thus:"

"One day he ordered me into Wapping, with a message to the captain of a vessel. The day was cold and moist, and I had happened to take a little mercurial physic.[8] I told him so, hoping the commission might be deferred till next day."

"And so, sir," says he, "you have been taking mercury."

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but for no shameful disorder: I assure you it is what the apothecary pleased to give me for a little inward complaint."

"Then, sir," says he, "I must take the liberty to tell you, and your apothecary, and your physician too, if you please to have one, that no domestic of mine shall take physic, but by my prescription."

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C H A P. XIX.

Sir George, after this conversation, could not be easy till he had seen his sister; till he had related a part of it, and expressed his fears that she was less happy than she ought to be.

"Mr dear brother," Mrs. Birimport answered, "do not be alarmed on my account; I shall do very well. It is true, I mistook Mr. Birimport. His good sense I took for an indication of all the virtues, I might very well dispense with some accomplishments. But, my dear Sir George, Mr. Birimport is rather an odd than an ill man. His caprices are partly the effect of infirmity, and partly of that tyranny which is said to be so easily learned in the East. However, were he much worse than he is, I am his wife, and know my duty.

"But, my dear sister," said Sir George, "one sees you no where. You do not partake of the pleasures of society, by way of compensation for disagreeable hours at home. I suppose Mr. Birimport has commanded this; and you think it your duty to obey."

Mrs. Birimport assured Sir George, that he was mistaken in his supposition. "I go," says she, "where I please, without Mr. Birimport's interference. Only at may return, he is apt to make very sensible and keen observations, on the nature of pleasure and dissipation; which, in order to

avoid, I chuse to stay at home. After all, I may perhaps be benefited by the deprivation, and taught to depend upon my own proper energies for happiness; a lesson which most fine ladies, like myself, might possibly learn with advantage; and who knows but the little impediments thrown in the way of our inclinations may not be benefits in disguise."

Sir George was, undoubtedly, pleased with the rectitude and magnanimity of his sister's sentiments. Embracing her tenderly, he conjured her not to suffer too much; and depend upon his affection for relief, whenever she found it expedient to seek it.

Full of the subject, he spoke of it to Lady Mary, who wondered what Mrs. Birimport had to complain of. It was well known that she herself had been cooped up in the country twenty years, deprived of all the elegant pleasures. Mrs. Birimport could enjoy them all; and all she had to pay for the enjoyment, was a sarcasm. What was that, to what she had endured from Sir Jeffery's violence; and every body knew how submissive she had been to all his arbitrary commands. This was a secret, however, unknown to Sir Jeffery himself.

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C H A P. XX.

The spring was approaching, and Sir George did not see its approach with infinite pleasure. It was destined to carry him from London, where, under the auspices of Mr. Fielding, he began to taste the animated joys which are to be obtained by shaking two cubes of ivory in a box. This was Mr. Fielding's first and greatest pleasure; to this succeeded, as the second in estimation, wine; and to wine, woman. In my mind this was inverting the order of things; but this gentleman was not of my mind; nor I, thank heaven and lovely women, of his.

Though ghosts and apparitions have fled this guilty land, and left it to its fate, there are still phantoms which trouble the repose of young men, at their first entrance into a course of guilty pleasure. If he sipped of animation at Weltjie's;[1] Minerva, in the shape of Lindsay, would pursue him by day; if he tasted the unhallowed fruit of some Mrs. Sinclair,[2] connubial Juno, in the softened majesty of Miss Colerain, haunted him by night. But for Miss Colerain, Lady Ann Brixworth's empire over Sir George, might have extended beyond his vanity: Some brilliant Circe might have mingled for him the enchanted cup, which transforms a man into---a man of mode.

If it was the lot of mankind to find its felicity in those glittering things which make all people happy, but those who have them; of what would Lady Ann Brixworth have had to complain? Of nothing--but the want of something else; a want, extremely apt to get to bed to very great men, and very fine women; nay--to kings and queens.

Nothwithstanding the firm resolution Lady Ann had made to enjoy the world a few years in perfect freedom? there was a something in Sir George which seemed to diminish the value of this perfect freedom. She knew, indeed, that he was devoted to her; no man could be more so; yet he had never talked of love. What this could be owing to, but the timidity which a genuine passion always inspires, she could not conceive. As a proof of her divinity, she found this timidity extremely agreeable; but it had become troublesome by its duration; and as Sir George began to talk of the continent, Lady Ann thought it expedient to inspire him with confidence; for which purpose she took some very proper and genteel pains, which exposed her elegant person to more of those little pleasing, gallant liberties, than are allowed in any of the present codes of female decorums.

One day Sir George, not in the timid respectful way, but in a most assuming and confident manner, dared to ravish a kiss; which, all the world knows, is a most shocking impropriety, and must of necessity kindle a fierce and terrible anger in a young lady's bosom. Lady Ann's beat tumultuously. She raised her delicate arm, to punish the audacious outrage. It overthrew the guilty baronet upon a sofa. Men in falling, catch any thing. Sir George caught the lady's waist; and poor dear Lady Ann fell upon the sofa also. There are bodies in nature which kindle as they fall; but of that nature, ours cannot be. Nothing passed upon the sofa,---no, certainly nothing----censurable by canon laws,-----or any laws, but those of a refined delicacy,--and yet Lady Ann was angry,--monstrous angry, and called Sir George very hard names.

But the dear gentle sex cannot be long under the influence of the stormy passions. Sir George had the pleasure to see the last sparks of anger fly from her lovely eyes. Some other expression filled them! when, turning them upon Sir Sir George, she said, "Monster! how could you treat me with so little ceremony!"

Sir George did not endeavour to vindicate himself: That was impossible. He only laid the fault upon the force of her beauty;--upon the power of her charms. "My dear Lady Ann," says he, "there are moments when you are absolutely irresistible. If the cupids will lie in ambush about that lovely bosom,--will wanton upon those charming lips, have I not a right to seize my enemies, wherever they may lie concealed.

"You wretch," says she, "it is plain what you want. It is to draw me into marriage before my time, and against my will."

Sir George assured her he had no such design.

"Nay," says she, "I must confess, my partial inclinations have long been yours."

Sir George began to recover the timidity of his character very fast, and to feel himself look as simple as Lady Ann could wish.

"I did indeed wish to have enjoyed my freedom a few years longer; and I could have preserved it against all mankind but you," continued Lady Ann. "But you are born to be my fate, you wretch; so take my hand, and----

Who can refuse a lady's hand? Sir George did take it,---but mechanically.---It did not make the heart vibrate with pleasure,--it only made the head feel--"like a smoke jack,"[3]--and gave his face a fine air of fatuity.

Lady Ann saw this vacancy of intelligence, in Sir George's aspect, and attributed it to the sudden manifestation of her own kindness: She saw him overwhelmed, deprived of the power of speech, and exulted in the force of her charms. But she had not contemplated this agreeable spectacle half a minute, when Mrs. Harcourt rapped at her dressing-room door, to inform her, that Miss Chittick and Lady Bridget Waterford waited to have the pleasure of seeing her.

"You wretch!" says she, adjusting herself in the glass, "come lead me down." Sir George obeyed this welcome command. He took her hand. It did not tremble, as it ought to have done, considering how this delicate confession should have disordered the nervous system. He led her in to the ladies; then, remembering an appointment, took his leave.

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C H A P. XXI.

Sir George Paradyne now found it absolutely necessary to think; for which purpose he hastened to Grosvenor-square, precipitated himself into

his library, and then prepared himself for intensity of cogitation in an easy chair.

Man, as all orthodox people know, is an animal perfectly master of himself. His volition is quite at his own disposal. His ideas come at command, and follow each other exactly in the order he describes; of all this, Sir George was well convinced, for he had pleased the cause of liberty and free will, against the few advocates for necessity, which were to be found at Oxford; and against Lindsay, who was unfortunately tainted by this heretic and abominable doctrine. It vexed and surprised him therefore to find, that in the present critical emergency, his trusty and obedient ideas, had set up the standard of rebellion. However, like a wise prince, he took the best possible method to reduce them to their duty; not by hanging and quartering, but by going to sleep, out of which he was elevated by a summons to dinner.

At this dinner Sir George was not disposed to talk; nor Lady Mary either, till the fourth glass of Madeira had revived her drooping spirits. Then she found means to inform Sir George that this was her night; and to let him know, in the most acrimonious terms our language will permit, how void he was of filial duty, never to attend these her routs. It is true, Lady Mary's lectures had now arrived at their ne plus ultra[1] of perfection; they no longer hurt Sir George. At every opportunity, he knew they must come, as certainly as fate; he therefore gave his imagination leave to wander, and was often rewarded for this dutiful inattention, by delightful reveries, in which Miss Colerain formed the principle object.

This night, however, not knowing what better to do, he attended Lady Mary's route, which he was surprised to find so fashionable and splendid.

Lady Ann was there in all the insignia of wealth and beauty. No cloud was upon her brown, nor did she appear to have fallen asleep with the agitation of thinking: Oh, you wretch! said she, who expected to have found your philosophy at a route? come, you shall be at my table; I will absolutely engage you at whist the whole evening, at guinea points, to punish you for all your sins. Sir George admired, bowed, and obeyed.

On his pillow the next morning, Sir George found his mental powers more his own, but not sufficiently capacious to comprehend all Lady Ann. Of having said, or designed to say, any thing but what modern gallantry permits, or perhaps demands, he entirely acquited himself. On what then could her notions be founded? Did she draw them from Lord Auschamp, or from Lady Mary? could there be design in Lady Ann's conduct? Was she an actress?

A month was wanting of the time fixed for Sir George's continental tour, and nothing was yet arranged. But since little indiscretions were likely to be attended with claims upon his affection or his honour, it was best to avoid little indiscretions. He could not stay in London without seeing Lady Ann; it was therefore best to leave it, repair to his country seat, and there prepare for his journey.

The same day he respectfully acquainted Lady Mary with his intention, at the same time requesting her to make use of his town or country house, at the expence, if she pleased, of half his annual income. This was perfectly agreeable to Lady Mary; nor did she once question him concerning the cause of this sudden resolution, so satisfied was she with the effect.

Common politeness required that Sir George should take leave of Lady Ann, and the fear of indiscretions made him wish it might be not solus cum sola;[2] so he called at Mr. Harcourt's lodging, and fortunately found him at

home. To Sir George's request of walking with him to Mrs. Harcourt's, he answered, "that he came most opportunely; for he was going there to thank Lady Ann Brixworth for a Captain's commission, which had been given him that morning unsolicited and unexpected. He said, he knew the government of the army too well, to suppose that favour would be conferred upon him without interest; nor, amongst the number of his friends, could he imagine any one, except his fair and opulent relation, Lady Ann, likely to think of him unasked."

Lady Ann was in her dressing-room, where the gentlemen were admitted on sending up their names. "I am come says Sir George, "to take leave of Lady Ann for three long years, and to thank her for the many agreeable hours spent in her society." "And I," says the Captain," "to thank her for my future hours, which her kindness will enable me to enjoy more at my ease."

"And I, gentlemen," said Lady Ann, "shall have my thanks to pay, if you will be so good to tell the meaning of this odd address."

"I really have no meaning," said Sir George, "but what my words import. A circumstance relative to a friend, has anticipated the tiem[3] of my going abroad. I leave town to-day."

Lady Ann blushed. A blush of anger, perhaps, or of disdain.

"The import of my words," said Harcourt, "is very sincerely to thank Lady Ann for my Captain's commission, which I have this morning received; and to dedicate my sword and its owner to her service."

"As to you, Harcourt," replied Lady Ann, "you always rattle; so there is no necessity to suppose you have any meaning whatever. To Sir George," added she, with an air of disdain, "I have only to wish bon voyage; and if he finds honour put up to sale at any foreign markets, to recommend the

purchase of a little, for his own use."

"Is it that you think me deficient, Lady Ann?" said Sir George.

"It must be my endeavour," answered Lady Ann, "not to think of Sir George Paradyne."

Captain Harcourt was astonished to see Lady Ann?" alternately pale and red, and walked backwards and forwards with indignant majesty, whilst Sir George had the air of a man confused. Recovering himself, he said, "if I have offended Lady Ann by any particular inadvertency, I ask her pardon. My general behaviour, I am confident, warrants no such charge against me; nor can I patiently endure the imputation, even from a lady."

"It would have been better not to have merited it," said Lady Ann.

"I have not," answered Sir George, simply.

"Oh!" says Lady Ann, "it is very easy for gentlemen to make mistakes upon this head. To me, Sir George Paradyne stands open and confest; I wish I could say, for the virtues of honour and sincerity."

"It is not for me," replied Sir George, "to dispute a lady's prerogative, especially that of liberty of speech. Nor can it be agreeable to bear reproaches which my heart tells me I have not deserved."

"Your heart," cried Lady Ann, with emotion, "have you a heart?"

"Peace and happiness to Lady Ann Brixworth," said Sir George, bowing; "as long as I have a heart, that will be one of its warmest wishes." So saying, Sir George hastily withdrew.

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C H A P. XXII.

There is no thinking well in the streets of Westminister; but the park, when it is not high mall, affords tolerable opportunity. He could not find

in his heart to be angry at Lady Ann Brixworth, the cause of her resentment was too flattering to his vanity; but if there arose in his mind, sentiments of piety in her favour, which inclined him to hesitate, before he decided absolutely against an union with an opulent young heiress, who had ever confessed an affection for him; it was opposed by her vanity, her love of play, her want of solid accomplishment, and Miss Colerain. For the idea of this lady was perpetually intruding amongst his other ideas, without any sort of right, much against Sir George's will, and sometimes to his displeasure.

When he returned to Grosvenor-square, he found a letter which run thus:

"SIR GEORGE,

"The suddenness of your departure from Lady Ann B's, prevented an explanation which seems to be necessary between that lady and you. It seems, from what escaped her, you have taken pains to gain her affections, only to give an eclat to your vanity. This, however common, is not the part of a man of honour; and if true, you must answer it to me. Gratitude demands that I should not tamely suffer Lady Ann to be injured or insulted: I hope you will wait upon her, and save me the infinite pain of meeting you as an enemy,

"Your most obedient,

"W. HARCOURT."

Let us see now the nature of the point of honour, the present governing principle of the nobility and gentry of Europe. Sir George knew well that Captain Harcourt was seduced into error by gratitude, the most amiable of human motives. He knew that he had only to speak, and the cloud that obscured Harcourt's mental discernment would be dispelled. But the

point of honour would not permit him to speak. The pride, by which this point of honour is supported, could not stoop for a moment to a sense of justice, though death and horror might be the result of an adherence to its dictates. Sir George then answered thus:

"You imagine then Captain Harcourt, that if I am the delinquent you do me the favour to suppose me, it is by the point of your sword I am compelled to justice. Be pleased to know that I acknowledge neither the delinquency, nor your right to punish it; and if you chuse to prefer your Quixotism to friendship, I am, extremely at your service.

"Your very humble servant,

"G. PARADYNE."

The consequence of this retort courteous, was a meeting at the next day's dawn.

It is probable, not one of my fair readers was ever present at a duel; I beg leave to introduce them to the ceremony. They may imagine, that when two people meet to kill each other, if there is truth in Lavater, then is the time to read in their faces the purposes of their hearts. My fair readers forget that it is a point of good manners, and therefore capable of the highest politeness.

When Sir George, accompanied by John Lake Fielding, Esq. and Captain Harcourt, by a brother officer, entered the field of honour, the action was begun, like the battle of Fontenoy,[1] by taking off their hats to each other. They then advanced, in order to shake each other by the hand. The seconds inquired whether the affair was of a nature not to be terminated by proceeding to the last extremities. The capitain said that Sir George knew well what

was expected from him, which if he did not chuse to comply with, it was he who chose the consequence. Sir George replied, that the Captain had called him into the field upon a very frivolous motive, and, as it appeared to him, upon a very impertinent one; it lay with him therefore to retract and apologize, which, if he did not chuse, it was he who chose the consequence."

The point of honour being thus settled, the pistols were given up to the seconds, and each loaded under the other's inspection. Twelve being the number of the holy apostles, twelve yards were measured for the distance. Each took his station; and once more saluted each other with their hats, waited the determination of the seconds, whose should be the first fire. The lot fell upon the captain; who fired. Sir George returned it. The seconds then inquired of the firsts,[2] if either were wounded; which being answered in the negative, if either were disposed to recede, and this being negatived also, the captain fired again, and the pistol fell from Sir George's hand. On inquiry, the ball was found to have lodged in the fleshy part of Sir George's right arm; and rendered him unable to return the fire. Thus the lady was avenged; honour was satisfied; and nothing remained to be done by the combatants, but to pay the proper compliments on each other's valour.

The ball was easily extracted, and the wound of little consequence. The surgeon required only four days for a cure. So, Lady Mary being out, Sir George sent for Lindsay to dine with him, and they spent the evening very usefully, in moralizing upon the various follies of mankind.

A morning paper of the next day announced to the world the dreadful encounter of the day before, and without attempting to assign the cause;--a marvellous modesty. It happened to be one of the papers with which Lady Mary

amused herself. She saw it, and inquiring if Sir George was at home, had the goodness, even before breakfast, to go to his apartment. It might have been expected, that maternal fondness would have led her to inquire into the nature and danger of Sir George's wound. But maternal fondness, in Lady Mary, seldom operated this way. "My dear Sir George," said she, "you will certainly drive me one day to distraction. How could you hazard your precious life, when you knew mine was involved in it? And that you had no right. No,"--continued she--"you are God's creature and mine; and you are accountable to both of us for the life we gave you. What was the cause, pray, of this undutiful and unrighteous presumption?--Some wench, I suppose."

Sir George answered, "That gentlemen made it a rule never to talk about these things when they were over."

Lady Mary considered this answer as flat rebellion; and her tender acrimony exceeded all reasonable bounds. But she had more causes than one for this redundancy of bile. Fortune had been uncomplaisant the evening before; and it came into her mind, that this presumptuous affair would postpone Sir George's intention of leaving town; and, consequently, her sole and undivided authority.

Notwithstanding Sir George's dutiful prayers to heaven, he could not obtain from it a patience----without bounds. He replied, with too little consideration, "Since, madam, I am never to experience any part of the maternal character, but its harshness and its discord, I know not what obligation nature or society imposes on me to endure it. Nor can I endure it. You have giving me so many convincing proofs that I am totally disagreeable to you, that I think it must be obliging you, to withdraw from your presence, perhaps, for ever. Nor will you wonder, that, after such provocation, I use the power the laws have given me, and apply the patrimony

of my ancestors to my own use." So saying, Sir George with his handkerchief at his eyes, withdrew to his library.

There was not, perhaps, in all the materia medica,[3] one article which could have so soon alleviated Lady Mary's complaint, as the last clause in Sir George's speech. Her pride, however, was still too great to admit the proper application; so she ordered the chariot, and was conveyed to Lord Auschamp's.

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C H A P. XXIII.

The post-coach was at the door, ready to convey Sir George, Mr. Lindsay, and the surgeon to Dennington; when Captain Harcourt, pale and trembling with agitation, made his way to the room where Sir George was giving the last orders to old Cartwright, his steward. Him the Captain regarded not; and seeming, without being able to speak, about to throw himself at Sir George's feet. "If I am any way the cause of this perturbation, Captain Harcourt," said Sir George, "be pacified. Assure yourself I have no resentment against you."

"I ought to have the more against myself," Harcourt replied; "and indeed I have ample cause. I have been the dupe of a silly woman: I have raised my arm to kill the only human being who has a superior claim to my esteem and reverence: The man, whose silent unostentatious benevolence ought to have bound me to him for ever. It was to you then, Sir George, not to Lady Ann, I was indebted for my commission. In one thing only unkind,--in suffering my gratitude to take a wrong and unworthy direction. Yes,-- even when I returned yesterday to give her an account of my shameful triumph, even then she did not undeceive me. It was to Major Metcalf I owe

the knowledge of my benefactor. He asked me, an hour ago, if Sir George Paradyne had ravished my mother? It must be that, says he, or something as atrocious, that could make you raise your arm against the man from whom, two days since, you accepted a commission.--Heavens! Major!--What mean you? I asked. It is to Lady Ann Brixworth, my relation, I am indebted for this obligation."

"I know nothing of the matter," said the Major, "But that it was obtained by Sir George Paradyne's interest, his application, and his money. If Lady Ann pays him again, that, in part lessens the obligation."

"I flew to Lady Ann. I found she knew not a syllable of the commission. I could not restrain my anger. I reproached her in terms suited to the sense I had of her art, her malevolence, and duplicity. She smiled with all the calm malignity----of a woman,--and said, she had no service for such fools as myself, but to rid her of other fools, when she was weary of them."

"Ladies,"--said the smiling Sir George,--"have no weapons of offence but their tongues and their nails; and you may think youself happy, Harcourt, in having excited only the former."

The captain railed at the dear sex outrageously, and was beginning after the manner of Castalio,[1] to enumerate all the evils they had brought upon unhappy man; but Sir George, who loved the sweet kind, and did not believe them capable of any thing but a little innocent mischief for love's sake, found means to stop, to sooth, to console, and to dismiss him, well satisfied, and assured of Sir George's friendship.

Lady Mary, with all possible expedition, only calling in upon four of her most intimate friends, just to complain that she was the most miserable of mothers, hastened to Lord Auschamp's, and poured a flood of disconsolation

into his fraternal bosom. But what was Lady Mary's surprise and indignation, when Lord Auschamp told her, though in the most polite terms, that it was she herself who was to blame.--For his part,--except in the affair of the boroughs--he had found his nephew a well instructed and well disposed young man. However he would as soon as he had dispatched a very momentous concern, which could not wait, he would attend her back, and see what could be done. When they arrived in Grosvenor-square, Sir George was gone.

This was a cruel precipitation. So prodigiously did if affect Lady Mary's nerves, that she once determined not to be present at the Countess of C.'s rout that night. This resolution she wisely altered; and fortune, in the forms of kings and aces, condescended to give her ample consolation. Lord Auschamp wrote to Dennington, and the placable Sir George yielded to permit his mother the use of his town and country house; with the addition of 3000 l. per annum, to her jointure: a negociation which gave Lady Mary almost entire satisfaction.

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C H A P. XXIV.

Mr. James Paradyne was gone to a celebrated hunt in a neighbouring county; the country was dull; it wanted a month before travelling on the continent could be pleasant; and Sir George was unhappy without knowing why.--Mr. Lindsay, who thought he did know why, proposed a tour, the object of which should be to inspect his own country's arts and manufactures, its agriculture and its commerce. Sir George embraced the proposal with alacrity; and they set out. A decent volume might be added to these, invaluable memoirs, from the journals of our travellers. But--will my fair readers be gratified by it? Since I write solely to please them, I must consult théir elegant tastes; and as the dear sex has been the study, as well as the joy

of my life, I may be supposed to know something of them; and I presume to say, that in books,--I do not pretent to extend the observation farther,--but in books,--the dear creatures do prefer the dulce to the utile[1]--that they do.

They had proceeded through Yorkshire into Lancashire, and happened to stop at a village inn to dine, where a concourse of villagers were assembled round a mountebank's stage, and waiting for his exhibition. Mr. Andrew[2] amused the crowd, as usual, for half an hour, when the doctor himself came forth; a man of most venerable appearance; whose white bread fell down upon his breast;--some rolls of linen, designed for a Turkish turban, adorned his head; and his dress bore no resemblance to any thing our company had hitherto seen. He mounted, looked round him with a lofty air, and waved his hand for silence, like a man of authority, spoke as follows:

"When I inform you, good people, that I come among you, against my will; not seeking my own good, but your's, you will naturally infer, that I am an impostor. It is not in my power to prevent this conclusion; but you make it, the error will be your's; and if you will be deprived of an assistance, which I am not ashamed to say, is altogether supernatural. They are not the trifling ails of the body only, which I am sent to cure; they are those of the soul also. It is true, I am a mortal enemy to gout, gravel, and rheumatism; to tooth-ache, corns, and chilblains; but I am a still greater enemy to drunkenness, to evil speaking, lying, and slandering, to fornications and adulteries. Who is it amongst you, that does not break some of the ten commandments. How many of you covet his neighbour's chattels? or his wife, or his daughter, or his maid servants? I speak to you all as one corrupt body, breaking amongst you the whole decalogue.[3] But all your offences, jointly and separately, I will send back to the devil from whence they come.

Yes,--I will cure you of all diseases, corporeal and mental. For particular diseases I have particular remedies. But what I wish is to strike at the root of all your diseases; and for this purpose, I recommend to you my two universal medicines, which you are to have recourse to when I am gone. See here, two small phials. On this, sealed with red wax, is inscribed, body; on this, with black wax, soul. Take them and hand them round."

This being done, there was a general murmur,--we see nothing in them. "You do not," replied the doctor. "They are essential essences of essences; and not subject to the perception of our gross senses.----Nine drops of the red,--mark me,--nine drops,--taken upon the ninth day of every month, will purify the blood; and you all know that from impure blood proceed all bodily diseases. For the black phial, which contains the proper physic of the soul, the application is to the brain; for you all know, that from an impure brain all diseases of the soul proceed. These I would willingly give you, and will give you, as soon as I have compleated my Catholicon,[4] which is to enable me to live my appointed time without food. At present I eat you all know, that to eat requires money. The intrinsic value of these phials cannot be estimated; but take them at what you please. Let those who can afford it give me a shilling; those who cannot, sixpence."

Here the doctor paused, in expectation of the fruit of his rhetoric; but all hands were inactive, probably because no man had the boldness to begin first. The doctor then said,

"What; is there not amongst you one wise? Not one sensible of his mental or corporeal maladies? Not one! How I pity you! So it is. You had rather see this gentleman tumble, than hear the words of wisdom and of science. Tumble then, Mr. Andrew. Tumble into their pockets; into their

hearts. Whilst I go and pray, that truth and common sense may enter there." So saying, he descended with dignity, and retired into the house.

After a few tumbles, Mr. Andrew presented his cap; telling his audience, that it was his misfortune to eat as well as his master; and his rewards were liberally bestowed in the form of halfpence.

The collection over, the doctor reascended, with an awe-inspiring aspect. "Oh!" cries he, "the folly and degeneracy of these times! It is now two hundred and ninety years and nine, since I was upon this spot before. They wanted no tumbling then. The holy monks came out of that monastery, now in ruins; bought up all my phials, and sold them again to their penitents, at a profit of a thousand fold. Well! keep,--since you are so fond of them,--keep your sins and your diseases. But before I dismiss you to the consequence of your folly, know who I am. Perhaps you may imagine I was begotten and amongst this perverse generation. No. I saw the light in the 94th Olympiad, the very day that Alexander the Great won the battle of Arbela.[5] You have all heard of Alexander the Great, and of the great Esculapius.[6] I am the seventh son of the seventh son of the ninth daughter of Esculapius. For some sins of my youth, I am doomed to live till the year 2201; and I must expiate my offences by an assiduous endeavour to cure mankind--of folly. But how can I cure those who reject my medicines? who prefer a shilling to wisdom and sixpence to health."

Sir George, who stood at the parlour window, beckoned to his servant, who was among the crowd, and gave him some orders in a whisper. Philip went to the doctor, and demanded two phials, for each of which he paid one shilling. Nine drops to purify the blood, you say?

"Nine,"--answered the doctor.

"How,"--asked Philip--"shall I count them."

The doctor turned to the window, with a look most piteously significant. "Drill," says he, "a hole in the cork with an invisible needle; invert the phial with your mouth; count nine by a pendulum thirty-nine inches and two-tenths long,--the thing is done."

Philip carried the phials to his master; who again sent him to the doctor to ask, how his medicines could act if they were not to be perceived? The doctor threw a look of entreaty at the window, and then said, "there might be action without a correspondent perception, as well as a perception without correspondent action.--Young man approach. You see this ring; take it. Are you satisified it is a ring?" "Yes," answered Philip. "Hold your hand," says the doctor, "you have the ring in it." "I have, says Philip.. "Gripe it fast," says the doctor. "I do," says the other. The doctor gently touched Philip's hand with a phial, and asked if he had it still? "Yes," answered Philip, "I have." "You have perception then without a correspondent action. Open your hand." The ring was gone, and poor Philip had a loud laugh against him. He was sent again by his master to say, that he desired to have all the phials at a shilling each. The people no sooner heard the message, than they began to put their hands in their pockets. The barber said to the shoe maker, damn all monopolies, Tom. The exciseman swore it was all a damned hum; the butcher, that it was a good take in for cockneys, but would not do in Lancashire. So they slipped away one after the other, with tolerable expedition.

Sir George, pleased with the doctor's dexterity of evasion, sent him a present of five guineas, and desired his company to dinner. He accepted both the money and the invitation with great thankfulness; and

retired to his chamber to disrobe. When he appeared in the parlour, he presented to the wondering eyes of Mr. Lindsay, the well known features of a fellow student at Cambridge, with whom he had had some degree of intimacy.

Common Gratulations ended, they dined; after which Sir George said, "It is evident, Mr Jones, that you are a scholar and a man of sense; I fear we owe the pleasure of your company here to some misfortune.

"Sir George," Mr. Jones replied, "I must own that I am not without misfortunes; nor without the follies that deserve them. I have the misfortune to be poor; to be a welch curate, a poet, and a mountebank, and to be in love."

"These are unfortunate circumstances, no doubt," said Sir George,--"may we inquire how you came into such a group."

"That I was born to be a poet," said Mr. Jones. "I am afraid no body but myself will allow. That I was born to be poor, no body I fear will take the trouble to disprove; and for love, it lay in my way, and I found it. I am the youngest of two sons and a daughter, of a farmer in Glamorganshire; and, if it had pleased God, I might have been a credit to the plough.--But I was a genius; so some silly people told my father; and it was pity I should be brought up to farming, which does not require any."

"A most extraordinary idea," exclaimed Sir George, "as if the first, the most important of all arts, had arrived at its ultimate perfection; or if it was possible to apply genius better, than to the improvement of that, by which all conditions of human life subsist."

"You are undoubtedly right, Sir George," said Mr. Jones. "The notion however sent me to college, and made my father, assisted by my mother's brother, the grocer of the village, strain hard to support me there. When my education was finished, I returned to my native place,

to wait patiently for a living which was promised me by Mr. Howel, my father's landlord.

"Whilst I was leading a life of idleness, the devil put it in my head to make verses, celebrating the majesty of Juno, the wisdom of Minerva, and the beauty of Venus, in the person of Miss Higgins, daughter of the shoe-maker of our village. I did not indeed think her a goddess; but I thought that in old poetic times, goddesses had been made of as bad matter. We loved each other very poetically, and very platonically too, till my father forbad the connexion. Love then, became an invinsible passion, capable of breaking down all the barriers of prudence; and we agreed to steel away together, and get married; then return and pray forgiveness.---- An accident prevented this. Mr. Howel, my patron that was to be, died; a very honest man; who would indeed get fuddled sometimes, but never broke his word. His son and successor, was a man of nice honour; well known in the great world, and a slave to his word also, except his memory failed him, or except in cases of expediency.

"This young gentleman was at my father's a fortnight, in order to inspect his estate; for all around was his. He took a liking to us, for my sister was rather a pretty girl, though a little shy; and very readily declared his intention to fulfil the promise of his father, when the incumbent died; an event which had been long expected; for the present rector was old and dropsical. He was very much my friend, and took a taste to my poetry; which he said was quite classical and ingenious; and he desired to see my goddess. Now Miss Higgins was really prettier than my sister, and much gayer, and better acquainted with the polite sort of things; so that she did not run away, and hide herself at the approach of

Mr. Howel, which my simple sister had often done.

"When this dear friend took leave of us, he shook me by the hand with excessive cordiality, and said, "Jones, remember, whenever you want, you have a friend in Tom Howel." I wept with affection.

Three days had elapsed since his departure, and I began to think, that with the friendship of so great a man, I might wed my dear Molly with a certainty of being forgiven. I had settled the particulars in my mind, and was going to communicate them to her, when my sister said, Lord, brother, can it be true, what people say, that Molly Higgins is gone off after Mr. Howel.

"I believe, gentlemen, it will be no peculiar entertainment to you, to hear related the well laid stratagems and bold manoeuvers which brought this matter to bear, nor the despair which a novice in the world, like myself, must feel, from the double treachery of love and friendship. I got a fever by it, which kept me lingering betwixt life and death, about four months. I was beginning to recover when news came of the rector's death, whose successor I was to be. The custom is, I believe, to gallop to the patron on such an occasion, and lick his feet. But I was too ill to gallop, too sulky to write, and too resentful to admit that I ought to accept favours from such a man. My brother thought I was a fool, and besides, began to be afraid I might lie upon his hands very much to his detriment. So he undertook, unknown to me, the part of solicitation. Mr. Howell was then in Wales, and received him graciously. He declared himself perfectly willing and desirous to bestow the living upon me; but it must be upon condition that I married Polly Higgins. I was honourably engaged to her, he said, and he hoped that the circumstance ofher having been his housekeeper a few

months, would make no alteration in my affection. Such things were not regarded now a-days. He would be very kind to me, and would take upon himself to furnish the parsonage house from the attic story to the cellar, reserving one room for his own use in the shooting season.

"Over and above all these good words, my brother had plenty of good ale; so he rode merrily home to communicate to me the fine disposition of goodness which Mr. Howel had unto me. I, unhappily did not see with my brother's eyes, and peremptorily rejected the proposal; so betwixt him and me there was strife. At length I resolved to seek my fortune; and having obtained ten pounds of my father, I set out for London with two dozen of sermons, and some sonnets and elegies. I sought a purchaser amongst the booksellers, but found none. At length I found a customer in a young divine, well born and indolent, who had acquired habits of spending his time more to his taste than in his study. By degrees too, I got employment among the magazine and newspaper editors; so that sometimes I might get as far as a guinea a week; sometimes a crown. When my pockets were empty, I dived for a dinner;[7] when full, I indulged in a beef steak. I chose to climb for my lodgings, because the air in the upper regions is more salubrious to gentlemen who follow the muses.[8] Thus I lived in London seven years. About this time, at my leisure hours, I ventured to write two small volumes in the novel way, which produced me six pounds. A whim now took me, since I was rich and could so well afford it, to go out and see the world; and for my first excursion I fixed upon the county of Kent, but my progress was stopt at Maidstone. Passing by the prison there, a voice called me by my name; it came from a pale visage, looking through a grate, and proved to be that of John Higgins, my school-fellow and play-fellow, in my native village; and moreover, the brother of my once dear Molly. Though I had

lived so long in London, and seen a great deal of misery, my heart was not hardened. I got admittance to my old friend, relieved his wants, and heard his story. John had left his father's house, to improve himself in the art of shoe-making. John got more money than he well knew what to do with; however he soon found those who taught him. John learned to drink, and to be idle; and at last liked rather to live by his wits than by his last. Amongst other arts, John learned slight of hand; I don't mean picking of pockets in the way of Mr. Barrington,[9] but of Mr. Breslaw.[10] At length John set up trade with a mountebank, and followed it two or three years with variable success; but becoming suspected of doing some things which ought not to be done, John and his master were thrown into Maidstone goal, where the latter died.

"It wanted but few days to the summer assizes; so I comforted John as well as I could, and prayed by him; for, being in orders, I still considered myself as a clergyman, though I had no cure. The evidence against John, at his trial, was only presumptive; and the judge, not being in the humour to admit it, directed the jury to find for the prisoner; and John was acquitted. After this he had nothing to do, but to pay his fees, for which my money was of signal use.

"I had preached so much to John about the happiness of living an orderly and virtuous life, and John had suffered so much in prison, that I easily persuaded him to go down to our village, and settle at his business; and I engaged him when there to give me an account of my family, of whom I had heard nothing for some years. This is John's first letter, which I keep about me for my own edification.

"Reverande Sur and dear frend I was received here by father and mother like unto the prodigale sun for god help my poor father he is loosing all busness for want o' knowing to do it in the jimmy way.[11] As to sister Mary why she han't been hard of some yeres having left Squire Houels service and gon I cant tell whear. Im sorry to tel you that youre father and mother was tornd out of theire farm the nexte yeare after you wud not here o' having sister Mary--which to be shure of a woise man was but simplush--for you meet ha been parson o' Cloig, and Im sure molly ware not mich worse for ware at that there time thos god knows how she may ha bin haggd and har ussd sin And mester Panut lets youre father twenty acres o' pasture land and he keeps too or three milchers, and youre sister Hannah dos al the work both at hom and abrode and for all her industre theyre pore enough God helpe em Now I understand the parson o' Ruon wants a coorate and purpuses to give twenty pounds a yare which is worth fifty at London and healthfuller for both body and sole. So if you like wroite me wurd next poste as I may go ax for it being all at present,

"from youre frend til deth-

"JOHN HIGGINS.

"Posecrip Youre brother drank so hard when Squer Hovel was so out o' the way as it kild him.----Father and mother longen to se you."

"I must own that I am not fit for a hero, for on receipt of John's letter I sat down and cried like any woman. I wrote back instantly to secure the curacy, and staying one week only to settle with my masters the booksellers, and sell up stock. I set out for my native village, and had the satisfaction to find my father, mother, and sister well, though poor; and more affectionate than I had dared to hope. I obtained the curacy,

which being a small parish, only three miles off, it gave me an opportunity to live with them. You may be sure we are not in the splendid stile; and indeed we wanted so many of the common conveniences of life, that I became desirous of getting a penny some other way. In order to be useful to my parishioners I studied practical physic, or rather surgery, and got together many good receipts for simple ailments. Into complicated diseases I never ventured; for I chose not to play with the life of any man. A little present of butter or eggs sufficed for my payment.

"News now came of poor Molly Higgins. She had taken refuge in the Magdalen;[12] and wrote home to express her penitence, and desire of returning to a life of virtue and industry. John was willing; so Mary came, and added to our sorrows and our wants.

"In talking over these things together, John remembered his old trade, and knowing how great a doctor I was, for the celebrity of a man who works for nothing is pretty sure to be greater than his merit, proposed that we should, in proper disguises, make excursions as large as a week would permit; which he assured me he knew how to make profitable, by only selling at a fair apothecary's price, those common things which I was in the habit of making up. After many persuasions I ventured; and upon the whole have met with tolerable success."

"You are the first of your profession," said Sir George, "who has attempted to sell nothing in the shape of nothing; how came such a thought to strike you?"

"By mere accident," answered Jones. "At a late visitation, some of my brethren were talking of the excessive credulity of mankind; and instanced the well known story of the man proposing to get into a quart bottle at

the Hay-market. Others affirmed it was curiosity, not credulity, which brought that concourse together. I had a mind to try how far I could practise upon one or both these qualities. You have spoiled my experiment, Sir George, but have not certainly diminished my profits. For the future, however, I believe I shall not venture to soar into the region of metaphysics."

"But what," said Sir George, "would your bishop say, if he knew this trade of yours?"

"I hope," replied Jones, "he would connive at it, as he does at selling a pot of ale, or fiddling at wakes and merriments; which sundry of my brethren must do or starve."

"Well," said Sir George, "should you leave it off think you, if your salary was doubled? Or do you make more of it? Or do you find pleasure in it as well as profit?"

"Not pleasure, certainly, for I always enter upon it with reluctance; and as to profit, if we have 10 l. each at the year's end, we call it a good year."

"This being so," said Sir George, "do me the favour to accept this 20 l. bank note. You are an ingenious man, and deserve better fortune than you have found. I hope it may one day be in my power to place you better. Till then I will cause this sum to be paid you yearly; and five more to your partner, provided he will engage to stick by his trade, and leave off tumbling. I must confess, though I can excuse it on the score of necessity, I think your profession and your trade agree very ill together."

"I allow it," said Jones; "and I accept your bounty with great gratitude, and no reluctance; and will so act in future, that it shall not be said you have bestowed it upon a base and unworthy object."

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C H A P. XXV.

A scene of a far different kind was preparing for Sir George at Birmingham, a place scarcely more distinguished for useful and ornamental manufacture, than for gentlemen who excel in natural philosophy, in mechanics, and in chemistry. One of these has a manufactory at a small distance from the town, scarce better known in England, than in France and Italy, Holland, Germany, and Russia, or wherever commerce has displayed the British flag.[1] In the exhibition room here, Sir George Paradyne's eye was caught by some ornamental toys, finished in a taste superior to the rest. Some paintings upon certain of these arrested his view. He thought he saw here the representation of objects he had somewhere really seen. On a more accurate examination, for the objects were in miniature, he recognized a vew he had oft admired,--the south view from Combor church yard.--Another little landscape contained the church itself, the common, the White House, just distinguishable, and a distant view of Southampton.

A small degree of sickness took Sir George on the recognition of these objects, and leaning on Lindsay, he went a few minutes into the open air. Mr. Lindsay guessed the cause; but chose to leave love ot its own operations. Sir George recovered soon, and returned into the room with agitated nerves, a quickened pulse, and an air of assumed unconcernedness. He resolved upon a perfect apathy to all foolish sensations; to ask questions with cool indifference; and was surprised to find his functions no longer in the power of his will.

Mr. Lindsay saw all this, without seeming to observe; and he took upon himself to ask Sir George's questions. "These," said he to the proprietor, "seem to be works of superior taste."

"They are, sir," the proprietor answered; "the paintings in particular; and what is something extraordinary, they are the works of a lady."

"Is it extraordinary then, sir, that a lady should have taste and talent?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"It is rather extraordinary," answered the gentleman, "to find dilettanti performers in any art, superior to professors."

"This lady then," said Mr. Lindsay, "paints for amusement only?"

"I don't say that," the proprietor replied; "but it is pretty certain she learned and practised the art, for amusement only, till very lately."

"Is she," Mr. Lindsay asked, "of a neighbouring family?"

"No,"--answered the proprietor; "she is of Southampton. Her father was a merchant, and is lately dead. Her name is Colerain."

"I think," says Lindsay, "I knew a lady of that name there; but she was young."

"Miss Colerain," answered the proprietor, "is young also, and most accomplished."

"Then she has many admirers no doubt?" said Sir George, with a tremulous voice.

"All who know her," answered the proprietor;--"but these are few. She shuns acquaintance. She has indeed honoured my table with her company twice; when I have been favoured with the company of Dr. Priestly;[2] with that of Mr. Keir,[3] the well-known translator and elucidator of Macquer's Chemistry; or the celebrated author of the botanic garden,[4] to whom all arts and all sciences have obligation. But without some such inducement, she never stirs abroad; and has, I believe, never yet admitted a visitor, male or female."

"If she had a lover," said Sir George, "he might apprehend no contemptible rival in you, sir."

"If I were young and a bachelor," returned the other, "I would contend for her, as pro aris et focis.[5] But I am old and married; and besides, think less of the force of love, than of the force of steam!"[6]

"Does she live near you?" asked Sir George.

"In that house," answered the proprietor, pointing to a neat building upon the common.

"Alone?" asked Sir George.

"No, sir," the proprietor replied. "The house was taken by a young person in the manteau-making line; she had a sister, many years Miss Colerain's maid, before the death of her father, and whilst she was high in affluence. The sisters have associated; and Miss Colerain has chosen to be with them, and to pursue her favourite art for subsistence, rather than to be a dependant upon any proud relation or rich acquaintance."

"Sir George rewarded the courtesy of the master of the works, by a purchase of all those toys which had received the embellishing hand of Miss Colerain; and he ordered them to be sent to Miss Carlill, to whom he wrote his desire that they might be deposited at Combor White House.

This done, he returned to Birmingham.

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C H A P. XXVI.

Upon the road, Sir George gave himself up wholly to the pleasures of silence and sighs. Not a single observation escaped him. Other works were to be visited. Sir George found he had seen enough, and requested Mr. Lindsay to go alone. This gentleman began as usual to reason.

Sir George could not reason; he could only feel. All the answer he made to a most excellent discourse, was, that infinitely beyond all comparison, Miss Colerain had the greatest combination of talents to please, that ever he saw in woman. "She plays," said Sir George, "as well as she paints. How beautiful are all her movements! I dare say she is the best dancer in England."

"I don't dispute the truth of your observation," said Lindsay; "but it is rather out of place. We were not talking of Miss Colerain."

"No!"--says Sir George,--"Of who then?" Lindsay laughed. "I was thinking of her however," continued Sir George.

"So it seems," replied the other.

"Dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "have you no feeling?"

"I feel hunger sensibly at this very instant," answered Lindsay.

"Dine then," replied the baronet. "Feast thy sensual appetites. I feed upon memory.--But Lindsay!"

"Sir George!"

"I must see Miss Colerain."

"No reasoning against a Must.--But to what purpose?"

"To tell her I adore her."

"Have not you already told her so?"

"Never.--My damned pride, and your wise argumentations prevented me. I feel that I grow wiser. I feel that Miss Colerain is better than philosophy; and that it is folly to refuse happiness in any shape."

"You would marry then?"

"Yes.--To-morrow.--To-day. She shall travel with us Lindsay. By heaven! We shall learn more, rather than less, by such a companion. We will

teach her Euclid and Aristotle; and she will teach us the humanities and the felicities. I will go this instant."

"You will then," said Lindsay, "give Miss Colerain an irrefragable proof of love--of love that disregards the dull forms of common politeness. But for this, I would rather advise you to send a servant with compliments, requesting leave to wait upon her to tea."

As soon as Sir George could be made to perceive the reasonableness of this proposal, he assented to it. Miss Colerain returned for answer, that though unacccustomed to visits of any kind, she could not reconcile herself to a failure of respect to Sir George Paradyne, to whom she should always own great obligations.

The second story of the house, was wholly appropriated to Miss Colerain. She received Sir George in her sitting apartment, where every thing had the air of simple neatness, and most of all, herself.

Neither ease nor grace, those most conspicuous qualities in our modern heroes or heroines, whose manners are upon record in every circulating library, were at the instant of meeting, conspicuous in Sir George Paradyne or in Miss Colerain. Nor is the conversation, as here recorded, perfectly exact, except as to its true sense and meaning. The real expression I believe was what the critics would call mutilated; or not classical, or not grammatical; perhaps they will say so of this; but I will appeal to my peeresses; and if they acquit me, I am content to be hanged in effigy, in all the major and minor reviews of great Britain.

Upon the road from Birmingham, Sir George had thought of nothing but the pleasure he was going to give and to receive; for having obtained

a solid victory over his pride, and diminished, if not annihilated the opposition of Mr. Lindsay, it never occurred to him that any other difficulties remained. He supposed indeed that Miss Colerain would endeavour to conceal her joy; but thought that her lovely eyes would betray the silent rapture.

When after the first ceremonies therefore, Sir George hastened into the midst of things, and with all the impetuosity of a lover, and confidence of success, he had declared he came to throw himself and fortune at her feet; he was surprised to find no exterior symptoms of emotion; no emanation from Miss Colerain's eyes that denoted even that the proposition was agreeable to her. She gave however, no interruption to his ebullitions; but permitted him to say quietly, what he thought proper. When he seemed to pause, expecting her answer, she said with a sweet, though serious simplicity, "I thank you, Sir George; but it is too late."

Sir George started from his chair, as if an asp had bit him. "Too late!" cried he, as he strode about her apartment. "Good heavens! too late! And have you then, Miss Colerain, been in such haste to forget me! In such to form engagements! What a lot is mine! When I had determined to disregard the remonstrances of your relations, the advice of friends, and to brave the contempt of my equals, I am informed it is too late! Too late! repeated Sir George, once a minute.

When he had sufficiently wearied himself, he sat down; and venturing to take a look at Miss Colerain, and seeing that young lady all calm, neither ruffled by his reproaches, nor moved by his complaints; he cried,--"Cruel, cruel Miss Colerain! What, not deign to pity the wretchedness you create!"

"I am much at a loss to know how the very few words I have said, could have raised this passion," said Miss Colerain, "which I hope is the sole creator of the wretchedness of which you, Sir George, complain."

"What!" answered Sir George,--"did you not tell me you were engaged? Can you then wonder?"

"I might wonder;" Miss Colerain replied, "although I had said I was engaged----which indeed I have not."

"Blessed be the lips," saidSir George, "that have given me this ray of hope. What then might be the meaning of those terrible words,--it is too late."

"Simply," answered Miss Colerain, "that I have resolved at present to listen to no overtures of the kind you mention."

"But," said Sir George, "the words too late imply, do they not, that there was a time, when I might have pleaded this cause with some hopes of success."

"There was," replied Miss Colerain; "I owe Sir George Paradyne too much respect, to amuse him with any thing which would deserve the names of feigned reserve, or female caprice."

"When! dear Miss Colerain, you interest and alarm me," said Sir George.

"When your benevolent and kind attentions had gained upon a grateful heart, which felt, but could not resist its weakness," replied Miss Colerain.

"Have I then lost that heart?" asked Sir George.

"I have undoubtedly changed my sentiments," answered Miss Colerain.

"Oh why?" Sir George asked.

"Merely," Miss Colerain replied, "because they were not reciprocal."

"Certainly they were reciprocal, my dear Miss Colerain," said Sir George.

"That was a secret," replied Miss Colerain, smiling, "you did not chuse to entrust me with. But to be perfectly frank and explicit, I did see or thought I saw, in you a growing affection. I easily comprehended your struggles against it, and your motives. I held myself ready to assist those struggles and enforce those motives--against myself--had you rendered it necessary: You conquered without my assistance."

"You reproach me, Miss Colerain," said Sir George.

"Indeed I do not," answered Miss Colerain. "Your sentiments were proper for your rank and quality. There was not any thing wrong in them; and certainly you had a right to dispose of your affections how you pleased."

"Alas!" said Sir George, "they were no longer in my own power. But my dear Miss Colerain, you laid an emphasis upon the words in them; as if to intimate, that though these were right, there were others wrong."

"I alluded to our last conversation," Miss Colerain replied; "it appeared probable from thence, that you had improved upon that class of sentiments which I thought became your rank; and advanced into the more free and fashionable mode of thinking."

"I hope," said Sir George, "you accuse me wrongfully. I hope I did not say any thing which could justly alarm your honour or delicacy."

"Perhaps not," Miss Colerain replied; "but it seemed such a prelude as a libertine might have employed, who had formed designs which he did not chuse at once to avow."

"Whatsoever it was," said Sir George, "if it offended you, Miss Colerain, I ask your pardon, and entreat you to forget it."

"I have no desire," Miss Colerain answered, "to remember any thing to the prejudice of Sir George Paradyne."

"I hope then," said Sir George, "you will retract your heart-chilling negative, and say no more, it is too late."

"That," Miss Colerain replied, "I cannot do."

"If," said Sir George, "I once possessed, or might have possessed your affections, what have I since done to forfeit this blessing, more than you have now forgiven?"

"You are above me, Sir George," said Miss Colerain. "You have felt your superiority. You have struggled against it, and believe you have conquered. You have taken the generous resolution in my favour, to disregard relations, friends, and the contempt of the world. I ought, according to the opinions current in society, to be excessively obliged; and to repay his condescension with an uncommon portion of gratitude. But I really want humility. I am too proud to be excessively obliged. If I marry--a most improbable circumstance--it will not be to bring dissentions into a family, nor to procure my husband contempt. It will be to a mind, which balancing good and evil, will not throw money into either scale. It will be to a man who possesses my unbounded esteem; whose general conduct and pursuits deserve the applause of the wise and good."

"Good heavens! Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "how many reproaches do you make me!"

"I have no such presumption," Miss Colerain replied.

"Be candid, madam," said Sir George; "do not your last words imply a censure on my conduct?"

"Certainly not," Miss Colerain answered. "We may prefer one series of sentiment, or one series of action to another, without implying censure."

"This will not do, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "you are not

candid now. Something you certainly dislike."

"I keep no spies upon your conduct, Sir George," answered Miss Colerain. "Miss Carlill mentions you sometimes in her letters."

"But not with approbation," said Sir George.

"Not always," replied Miss Colerain. "It is with pleasure I hear you retain your goodness of heart; but as I sincerely wish your highest felicity, it is not with pleasure I hear of your entering with spirit into the----I know not what to call them----dissipations, I believe of the town; you would have laughed if I had said its gallantries. There are however, who tolerate this species of gallantry, who think gaming a serious evil."

"Gaming! Miss Colerain," said Sir George, amazed.

"I beg you will excuse my impertinence," continued Miss Colerain; "indeed I could not speak to you thus improperly, if--if--though certain to be nothing more to Sir George Paradyne, than I now am--" Miss Colerain's voice failed her; her eyes were suffused with tears. So, on seeing them, were Sir George's. He took her hand, and said, with trembling tenderness, "Is it for me and my errors you weep, Miss Colerain?" She did not answer. "No--do not weep," resumed Sir George, "Though your tears do me honour, they afflict me. If I am not now,--accept my devoted heart--and I will be what you wish." On this subject Sir George became eloquent, insinuating, and almost irresistible. It was for Miss Colerain a trying moment. She recollected, however, that she had resolved, under the calm influence of reason; would she lose its advantages by the softness of a moment? And this recollection was decisive.

"No, Sir George," said she, withdrawing her hand; "no--I entreat

I may be no more importuned upon this subject--as distressing to me as unavailing to you."

"Cruel, inflexible Miss Colerain!" cried Sir George. You dare not then trust your happiness in my hand. You dare not confide in my promise to be all you desire."

"Indeed, Sir George," Miss Colerain replied, "I am too young for a preceptress; and you are young. It is from experience in the great school of the world you must learn what is wanting--if any thing is wanting--to compleat the character of a gentleman. You are going abroad."

"From whence have you this intelligence?" Sir George asked.

"Once," replied Miss Colerain, "I had it from yourself. Miss Carlill also has lately mentioned it."

"I fear," said Sir George, "I am not obliged to Miss Carlill. It is she who learns and communicates my little errors, I suppose, in form of anecdote."

"You would not wish to do good and great things unnoticed," said Miss Colerain; "and cannot expect so to do those that are not good or great."

"I own, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "that I have not spent all my time to the best purposes; but I know not that I have done any thing worthy of severe reproof."

"No," replied Miss Colerain, smiling; "no--as times go. I, however, wish, and must always wish your character unstained; and that you might never deviate into actions which can only plead the pitiful excuse of being fashionable. Such is gaming. Such are duels. Can duelling be honourable? Can fashion sanctify it? And is it compatible to fight for Lady Ann

Brixworth to-day; and offer your devoted heart to Miss Colerain to-morrow?"

"My fair and severe reprover," said Sir George; "you have erroneous information. I fought not for Lady Ann Brixworth, nor was she to me more than an acquaintance."

"An intimate one no doubt," Miss Colerain answered, laughing; or the newspapers would not have given you to her in marriage.

"Did you believe them?" asked Sir George.

"I am not," returned Miss Colerain, "much accustomed to confide in them; but I had no particular reason to doubt their intelligence here."

"Upon my honour, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "I never gave any cause for such a report, but that of frequenting Lady Ann's house."

"That," returned Miss Colerain, must have a cause. But I beg this kind of discourse may finish. I blush to have been guilty of so much impertinence."

Sir George made another effort to conquer Miss Colerain's prejudices; but in vain. It was time to depart. He begged permission to renew his visits. She answered, "That as she had resolutely declined receiving any visits whatever, his would be the more remarked. She had already suffered so much by her imprudence in that particular, she hoped he would have the goodness to excuse her."

"Let me," said Sir George, "obtain something from you. Let it be permitted me, during my absence, to have the comfort of knowing you are not exposed to the casual calamities of indigence."

"Of that," Miss Colerain replied, "I have nothing to fear. Industry is amusement. It is even consolation. I beg pardon, Sir George, but I prefer it to obligation, infinitely."

"May I not hope," Sir George asked, "a kinder reception when I return?"

"Sir George," replied Miss Colerain, with quickness, "I will neither give nor receive a promise."

"Surely, surely," said Sir George, "you are cruel to an extreme."

"No," Miss Colerain answered, "I am only just. The mind has its revolutions, especially in youth. You may live to thank me, that I did not subject you to a future contest betwixt your honour and your affection."

"Impossible, Miss Colerain. May I take the liberty to write?"

"It were better you did not ask it, Sir George; but be that as you please."

"And will you answer?"

"For that I do not engage."

"I hope on reflection you will think you have been too rigid; I had almost said inhuman. But with whatsoever will heaven pleases to inspire you, I must endeavour to find submission to it. Adieu, dear Miss Colerain, (kissing her hand,) adieu, Heaven forgive you for your manifold sins against me, and give you penitence and love; and me faith, hope, and patience. Dear Miss Colerain adieu."

Below, Sir George enquired for Susanna, and leaving his purse in her hand, with the same effort of good humour with which he had bid adieu to Miss Colerain, he desired she would pray for him to her mistress, three times a-day; then stepping into the carriage he drove off.

To Mr. Lindsay, after supper, he related all which had passed; mingling resentment and sorrow together, and eagerly endeavouring to drown both the sensations in wine.

As to Miss Colerain----but with the examples of ladies, who, when love has assailed their gentle bosoms, have bid him be dumb, and have listened to his great antagonist Reason; I am but little acquainted. I cannot therefore describe their sensations. All I know is, that Miss Colerain spent the night in tears; and I hope, there are few of my fair readers, who will not think she was justly punished for her obduracy.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

VOLUME III.

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MAN AS HE IS

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CHAP. I.

We must now leave the ungracious Miss Colerain to her fate, and attend the tender-hearted and generous Sir George Paradyne to Germany.--As he was extremely restless, dejected, incapable of business, and detesting study, Mr. Lindsay thought it expedient to give him as much motion as he could bear, in a country which would present the fewest incitements to ease and indolence, and to give him subjects to exercise the understanding, without softening the heart.

Letters to the Queen, by Monsieur de Luc,[1] had sometimes engrossed their attention; and Mr. Lindsay proposed to Sir George to visit Germany with the books in their hands, and to endeavour to believe as Monsieur de Luc has believed.--Sir George was perfectly acquiescent, and as Mr. Fielding had proposed going the tour with Sir George, it was necessary to write, to inform him of their intention, and where he might join them in any part of the ensuing summer he chose.--Mr. Fielding returned the following answer:

"I thank you, dear Paradyne, for your superlative kindness; but I find Monsieur de Luc rather unreasonable.--In order to read Genesis, as Genesis ought to be read, he prescribes a dozen journies into Germany, or at least the reading of them. I thank God, I can have the faith without the fatigue. Heaven forbid I should deny that the miners of Hartz are the

happiest of human beings. How should they be otherwise, when they see their wives but once a week? It is true, their bread might be better, and they might be allowed onions at least to eat with it.--But after all, they are mad ample amends, by their wives scrubbing brushes on Saturday night, and by going with clean faces to church on Sunday.

Heaven forbid, too, that I should deny the happiness of that other class of felicitants, who live in the pure stile of simple nature, "when man and beast, joint tenants of the shade,"[2] performed their functions so lovingly together, that nothing, quite like it, is to be seen in all London.

"Heaven forbid, in short, that I should deny any thing which Monsieur de Luc, a man so largely endowed with talents for faith, would have me believe; especially since it is so easy to conceive that God might not like his antediluvian world, and that therefore he chose to tumble it into the sea, and to tumble this other out, this world of ours, Paradyne, so full of valorous men and beauteous women.

"To this dear bewitching part of his new work, I find myself rather addicted, insomuch, that 'till towards autumn, when my charming Hyenas' have left their watering places, and gone into village cantonments, I cannot leave them. About this time, I calculate, you will be bored sufficiently with German cosmology, and will be returning towards the Spa, where I intend to join you.

"Interim, I am your's entirely,

"JOHN LAKE FIELDING."

Sir George then, having wrote to Lady Mary, to Mrs. Birimport, and Mr. James Paradyne, crossed the sea, and travelled through Holland to Osnaburgh, where he had directed the first letters from England to be sent.

There he found many; amongst others, the following:

"Dear George,

"What, with this damned gout, and your cursed haste, I had not time to give you my opinion of things.--As to good advice, I know that Mr. Lindsay, a stayed, sober, man, rather too sober, will give you enough, if you will take it.--But the thing is, what business have you out of your own country? I am a justice of peace, and you ought to be member for the county, and to take care of your hounds and your stud.--I wish I had had the care of your education; but who could foresee things? Your Greek and Latin was well enough for a parson, but they will not do for a gentleman, George.--Colleges don't turn out men now a-days. The whipsters get into the field by ten o'clock, walk their horses a mile or two after a fox, and then go home, half killed with the fatigues of the day. The women have them all now a-days, George, and teach them the ton; that is, to dress, and dance, and paint. When you have had your folly out, come home, and do as I do. Ride me a fifty mile chace, or kill me a dozen partridges before breakfast; better, I think, than walking through your parterres[3] in red Morocco slippers, like my young Lord Fantail.--I could write a great deal more, but I will not; for perhaps you'll only laugh at the old put.--So I conclude your loving uncle,

"JAMES PARADYNE."

"Please your Honor,

"Your Honor, not giving me proper orders, I make bold to write to your Honor that Bishop Blase, as your Honor would have new christened Quad, though I never knew a Quad good for much should be put into trimmings

for to catch up a King's plate or two this summer, and the two best hunters should be fired, that they mayn't get sprains in the back sinews, and the bay filly, rising three years, should begin to think of honour and glory.--As to old Flounder, he's done, and I would advise your Honor to sell him for a coal carrier, or to draw in a gin.--This is all I has to say to your Honor, wishing your Honor a speedy return, and the best stud in all the county, which would be barring accidents in three years as sure as I am your Honor's humble sarvant to command,

"JOHN WAVELL."

"Good Sir,

"You was in such haste, that I had not time to consult you about many things.--In particular, what must I do with Thomas Fox, and James Speed, and widow Blacklock; I'm afraid none of them can hold their farms, and it does not become me, your faithful steward, to see your rents decline, and your farms run to ruin.

"Mr. Beard has made application for the Ryecroft farm; so has John Dent; I'm affraid the latter is too weak for it, though an honest man.

"Mr. Pillerton desires your commands about the octagon.--So, in hopes of speedy orders,

"I am, Sir,

"Your most faithful Servant,

"JOHN CARTWRIGHT."

The travellers occupied themselves several days in the environs of Osnaburg, whence Sir George wrote the following answers:

"To Mr. James Paradyne,

"I am always pleased to hear from my dear uncle, and thank him for his opinion of things. The fashion of the times is so much changed, that I cannot be quite like you, my dear Sir, if I would.--A horse is an excellent physician, I allow, and hounds and pointers are most exhilerating animals. We have changed them for the worse, no doubt, but who can help it? We have ragouts, instead of sirloins; we have Italian concerto's, instead of the early horn; but we have Humphrie's and Mendoza's[4] still; and Epsom and Newmarket;[5] so that you see we have not totally degenerated.--Then for animation, we have four by cards, and seven's the main;[6] even your Rochwood and Bowman[7] must yield to them, for the productions of lively sensations.

"Yes, dear uncle, England has good things in plenty.--But as one sets a greater value on health for having been sick, so I go to look upon other nations, in order to love my own. When I have done this, I return, and make haste to be as like my uncle as I can.

"I am his affectionate and
obedient nephew,
"GEORGE PARADYNE."

"To Mr. Cartwright.

"The management of the Sussex estates were put under your care by my respected father; nor will I interfere with you, except so far as to desire, that in all dubious cases, you will incline towards the tenant; more especially if he is poor, and has a family.

"Let us instance in the case of Thomas Fox.--This man is sober;

he is industrious; and he has a large family. All these are incitements to my favour. But he has been unfortunate, and is sinking under his distresses.--This must not be, Mr. Cartwright;--he must be supported, encouraged, and made easy.--He owes rent, you say; the only way to recover it, is to lend him money. In reality, it is only lending it to my land.

"If Speed's character were the same, I would do as much for him; but this man is drunken and vicious.--Get him off, but let him take all his property."

"Widow Blacklock! How could you suppose, Mr. Cartwright, I could think of distressing her? A woman with five ungrown up children! Blacklock was my father's bailiff--a very honest man.--His father served my grandfather.--Why, man, they have been an appendage to our family ever since William the Conqueror, for any thing I know; and they shall not be sent to seek a maintenance amongst strangers, whilst their only fault is poverty.

"Wavel has offended me; Flounder was my father's favourite, and is now old. The unfeeling wretch would, for a guinea, consign him to want and misery the remainder of his life.--I would turn him away, if I had not you to controul him. Pray look into the stables with a curious eye. Humanity is well shewn in taking care of dumb animals, whom we fetter and prevent from taking care of themselves. As to the silly questions Wavel asks me about the racers and hunters, pray order what you please.--You will pay Pillerton his bill, and dismiss him 'till my return.

"Your friend,

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

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C H A P. II.

If to make books of words, and money of books, were my sole, or principal design, what could I do better than give a full and true account of Germany--its roads and rivers, and towns and woods;--its fashions, and its politesse?[1] A birth day ball at the court of Dresden, would probably gratify many of my fair readers; for who, but must love Dresden, whence they draw such power to charm. To those who discover their martial inclinations by their attachment to a red coat and cockade, a review at Potsdam must be entertaining.--Other English travellers have found, at the courts of this granary of great and small kings, the most polite, most condescending, most conversible amongst the rulers of men; and why may not Sir George Paradyne import a few regal smiles, regal apothegms, and regal bon mots?[2]

But, in the journal of Mr. Lindsay, I find little else but Schorl,[3] and petrefactions, and lavas; old worlds and new. As to Sir George, it appears that he was not in the humour to think a matter, animate or inanimate, worth his notice. He kept no journal;--made no remarks; visited no connoisseurs; danced with no ladies; dined with no kings. In short, as far as corporeal motion was concerned, he was an automaton, moved by the will of Mr. Lindsay:--With respect to intellect, he endeavoured to turn it toward Monsieur de Luc; some power, greater than his own, directed it towards the image of Miss Colerain.

It was soon apparent to Mr. Lindsay, that he had not chose this journey with judgment; and that something more than philosophy was necessary to eradicate a passion. Afraid the growing indifference of Sir George

might lead to undesirable effects, he determined to shorten the tour one half, and wrote Mr. Fielding a request to meet them at Spa as early as midsummer. This indeed was a reluctant step; for Mr. Lindsay did not like Mr. Fielding; but politeness required it, because at this place they had appointed to meet.

Sir George had written twice to Mrs. Birimport, and had once been answered.--This answer was grave and moral, and had in it very wise reflections relative to the world and its vanities, but nothing about herself--save that she had heard of Lord Auschamp and seen Lady Mary once.--Sir George had shewn it to Mr. Lindsay; and was expressing his fears for his sister's happiness one morning at breakfast, when Sir George's gentleman, a Mr. Carter, a decent middle-aged man, who was waiting, looked as if he had something to say, but was with-held by a respectful timidity.--A little encouragement, however, made him tell the gentlemen, that he had some years courted Mrs. Plant, Mrs. Birimport's woman; that he had received a letter from her by the last English mail, of which the chief subject was Mrs. Birimport; that it was not indeed pretty to shew love letters; but that there was nothing in this, except bad spelling perhaps, which did not do credit to Mrs. Plant.----This was the letter.

"Dear Mr. Carter,

"I received your's from Osnaburgh, and am vastly glad to hear you are contented and happy. I wish it was so with us; but we go on in the old way. My mistress, for patience and sweetness of temper, is an angel.--My master, as you know, has not much of either; but he has a great deal of understanding;--and he employs it in teasing his lady, which is no uncommon thing in London. He is what the doctors call a hypochondric or some such

word, which means hip'd; and to be sure they are right; for I never saw any fine lady, and I have been pretty much among them, so full of vapours. He has got rid of all manner of business, on purpose, as he tells my lady, to enjoy happiness; so having nothing to do, he indulges us with a vast deal of his company.--I say us, because my lady makes me sit with her; being both busy in a great piece of embroidery;--and to tell you a secret, I don't think she cares much for being alone with him; I believe because he is so fond. Then he has a way with him, of making a noise as regular as the ticking of a clock; you may just hear it; but I cannot tell you what it's like; its so very odd; and it is to denote that he is in pain; but he has done it so long, that it comes now whenever he sits still, pain or no pain.

"But he is monstrous odd in words, as well as things. You must know my lady seldom stirs from home; so he takes it in his head she is discontented; and then he says he does not like a woman to have the recluse virtues of a nun.--So he maunders 'till he gets her out, and as one engagement often brings on another, perhaps she will be out three or fours times running. Then his tone changes, and he says a great many comical ill-natured things about a woman's disposition for gadding. He makes it out, as we inherit it from our first mother; because she would not stay by Adam, though he desired it; but would go gadding about the garden by herself, to see what devils she could pick up. But this is monstrous wicked, as I think.

"Sometimes he'll look over our work, and find fault; and one day he said to my lady, now I suppose you think this clever, and expect I should applaud it. So I should perhaps, had I never been abroad; but

English women are children in these arts , compared with the women of Bengal. My lady said, I suppose they practise more, Mr. Birimport.--Assuredly, replies my master; they practise always: They are always at home, Mrs. Birimport. Now this was just after she had been at the opera, and at Lady Mary Paradyne's rout. So she said.--Is it by their own choice, Mr. Birimport? Now what was there in this question, Mr. Carter? And she spoke it so mildly; and yet it nonplussed him; for he hesitated and stammered, and said,--Yes--no--yes--zounds--choice--yes, to be sure--why they are brought up to it.

"I suppose then," my mistress said, "it must be quite easy and agreeable to them."

"It ought to be," he said; "but that there was a certain perversity in women all over the globle."

"Pray what is that, Mr. Birimport?" my mistress asked.

He said, "It was chusing to please themselves rather than their husbands."

And she smiled and said, "she believed that sort of perversity might be general enough.--"But," says she, "won't you make me an exception, Mr. Birimport? Don't I stay at home and work?"

"But do you do it by choice, Madam?" said he.

To which she answered in a smiling manner, "Why yes--no--yes--you know I am brought up to it now."

Now they had been joking hitherto, as it were; but then my master said peevishly, "So you would insinuate, Madam, that I am your tyrant, your jailor; and that I keep you cooped up in a cage."

"Surely," my Mistress said, "this is a very harsh interpretation

of a playful repetition of your own words."

"Oh! then, Madam," says he, "you only meant to poison in jest."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Birimport," she said, "I did not mean to offend."

However, he was cross and provoking for a good half hour; but he never could get her to answer him one word more, though he fell to abusing her for her silence.

"But I have somewhat to tell you, worse and wickeder than all this--for one Sunday evening he comes into my mistress's dressing-room, where I was a doing something, and she was reading in the Bible.--"So," says he, "and so you are poring over that silly book now, and think you are pious; and that you are spending the Sabbath after God's holy will and commandment."

"At least," says she, "Mr. Birimport, I hope I am not offending him."

"You, you offend him," says my Master, in a proud sort of way, "you offend Omnipotence. I should not have supposed it possible, even for a fine lady. Mortal vanity must have arrived at an extravagant pitch, before this could have entered a human head."

"It has entered most human heads notwithstanding," my lady answered, "and I hope without doing them much harm."

"For fear of offending God, Madam," said my master, "I suppose you would not oblige me with a little music; it would alarm Heaven with noise. It would be still worse, no doubt, to make up a whist party; and prodigiously inconsonant to your notions of piety."

My mistress said, "I had rather let them alone, Mr. Birimport; but if you chuse them, I do not think them of so offensive a nature as to justify me in not obliging my husband."

Then my Master said, "Nothing was so easy as to corrupt a woman. Present to her imagination any sin she likes, though contrary to her most sacred duties, and she will be sure to find some decent excuse for running headlong into it."

"Was not my master vastly wicked, Mr. Carter? and I thought him so spiteful.

"To be sure, Mr. Carter, I should be glad of your safe return; though I'm not in haste to be married; for my mistress is so kind; and I should think it cruel to leave her 'till she's a better prospect. I know its a great sin to wish any body's death, and so I don't. However, if it pleases God to take my Master, I don't think I should cry about a week. So I subscribe myself,

"Yours, 'till death,

"SARAH PLANT."

Sir George wrote to his sister in the kindest manner; and grieved that it was not in his power to give her more essential consolation. He wrote also to Miss Colerain, as he had done several times before, by way of consolation to himself; after which the travellers turned their steps through the Austrian territories towards Spa, where livelier scenes awaited them.

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C H A P. III.

Although it was the latter end of July when they arrived, they found neither Mr. Fielding, nor letters from him. There was, however, much company, and such as might have amused a less sickly mind than Sir George's. But, the waters once tasted, the country once seen, the music once heard,

and the ladies once admired, all the pleasures of Spa were to him exhausted. He was actually meditating to proceed for Italy, when the arrival of Mr. Fielding, in company with Sir George's English acquaintance, Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, changed his intention and himself.

What are the supreme joys of gaming, a poor author, like myself, is never likely to know. Reasoning a priori,[1] no one would ever have conjectured that it could have done any thing more than amuse a leisure hour, or kill a tedious one. But that it has joys, joys ineffable, superior even to any in the power of lovely woman to give, we must suppose from its effects; effects, which the sober man of business, beholds with astonishment; and for which the philosopher seeks an adequate cause in vain. Some of the most profound of these seem to have anticipated (for the soul) the system of the late John Brown, of stimulating memory.[2]

According to this, it must begin with a gentle tickling of the imagination, and go on with a regular, though sometimes tolerably rapid progression, 'till it acquires a power to shake, to tear the soul; and from this charming power are derived the excesses, so justly the objects of our admiration.

In what stage of the progress Sir George was, when he left London, I do not know exactly. But he had renounced it; for both Lindsay and reason had demonstrated its follies. Yes, he had renounced it; and had temptation never approached him, I dare say, would have renounced it for ever. But for four long months he had been travelling in Germany; and philosophizing upon matter that had no life in it.--Dear ladies, I am sure I must have made his apology.

"I should have been with you something sooner, my dear Paradyne,"

said Mr. Fielding, "but that upon the road I fell in with a family from Wales. The father, Mr. David Fluellen, a descendant of that very Captain Fluellen, who gained immortal renown at Agincourt; his sister and daughter."

"A family of merit, I suppose," said Sir George.

"Oh! infinite!" Mr. Fielding replied.--"What is the first merit of a Christian, man? Faith.--And faith he has it.--The sister is a believer also, in ghosts, witches, dreams, and omens; above all in the efficacy of her own prayers; quite a favourite in Heaven. The daughter -- Ah! Paradyne----there's the girl of girls; the child of pure nature; all red and white, and kind and coming."

"You would not seduce her, sure," said Sir George.

"Oh! Lord! no," replied Fielding;--"but I am afraid she'll seduce me. It is impossible to look at her without being convinced of the frailty of man's nature."

"Oh! fie, Fielding," said Sir George;--"spare her innocence."

"Is love in thy creed a guilty thing, then?" asked Fielding.

"Marry," said Sir George, "and love as much as thou wilt."

"As I can thou meanest," replied Fielding.--"Knowest thou any cure for love, so quick as matrimony, and so sure?"

"Common place," answered Sir George.

"Will the fire of virtue never be out in thy Lindsaic soul?" said Fielding.--"Let us talk of Fluellen. Till this journey, the old gentleman has never been twenty miles from the foot of Plimlimmon, where he possesses a clear estate of 200 l. per annum. As he could not afford to give his daughter half of it for dress and boarding-school, he kept her at home. His wife died in the second year of her marriage; and ever since, this trio have been cooped up in their cage, and by the help of a dog, a gun, prayer-book, a pack of cards, and a shuttlecock, they have enjoyed perfect happiness."

"Latterly, the old gentleman has added brandy to his other enjoyments; and this has brought on a complaint which the Welch apothecary says is quite anomalous. Now, Miss, you must know, has had 2000 l. left her by a maternal aunt. This has given birth to a desire to see the world; and especially foreign parts. After twelve councils, it was decided for Spa; for, says the son of Esculapius,[3] some of the Spa waters are good for one thing, some for another; so if you drink them all 'Squire, some of them may hit your case." This was unanswerable.

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C H A P. IV.

In one month, such is the prevalence of good company, Sir George began to think again this world had its pleasures; in two, he partook of these pleasures liberally. I cannot help it; I am only the recorder of things, not the fabricator. Most willingly I would have exhibited in Sir George Paradyne, a character always wise, good, chaste, benevolent, and patriotic; a model for faithful lovers; a pattern card for posterity.

When I found this would not be without a deviation from the strait line of truth, what, said I, is veracity, when it stands in the way of great designs? Answer this, ye men of the great world; answer this, ye critics.--And the critics answered, to endue a young rich gentleman of quality, in the reign of George the Third, with too many virtues, is to violate the rules of probability so much, that--"That what?"--"Excuse, us, Mr. Editor, This true history of your's smells enough of the lamp already. We a little suspect your line of life. It may appear to some, that you never saw a gentleman;" But the critics are mistaken. I have seen some very good ones.

Every good Englishmen believes, that excellence is only to be found

in his own country; or is attainable only by his own countrymen. With due deference to this part of our national creed, I can scarcely think it well founded. After every possible exertion, our gentlemen found themselves eclipsed in dress, and in dance, by the Marquis de Crayence; they were totally unable to arrive at the coolness of calculation with which Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines carried on their operations, and were fairly vanquished in the fields of Burgandy, by the superior valour of the Barons Dedpraw and Gronk of Westphalia. But in the articles of whim, frolic, and profusion, who shall vie with Englishmen? Here, at least, they supported the national character; and Spa had not been so vivacious, since the joyous days of Lord ---- and Colonel ----.

These vivacities were not to the taste of Mr. Lindsay: He made remonstrances, which Mr. Fielding laughed at, and Sir George neglected. The good sense of his young friend was giving way to the flash of wit; his excellent morals to gallantry, to dissipation, and riot. He saw his influence lost, and would have returned immediately to England; but that he wished to prevent the ruin of the ignorant but innocent Miss Fluellen, to which he discovered the insidious attentions of Mr. Fielding were manifestly directed.

At an entertainment, given by our gentlemen at the Hotel de Liege, Mr. Fielding engaged in a certain argument with the Marquis de Crayence, and having unfortunately the weakest side to support, was under the necessity, which often afflicts an Englishman, of supplying, by warmth, what was deficient in argument. Count Sarkoski, a polish nobleman, whispered, but rather too audibly, to Baron Dedpraw, Quam fervens! Sol Angliae. This was unhappily said too, at the sole instant, perhaps, in

which Mr. Fielding could have heard it. Sol Podoliae, quam frigidus! quam crassus![1] answered he, with great quickness. The quam crassus was certainly too much. The Palatine[2] complained of it, and demanded an apology. The other demanded an apology for the quam fervens. They said disagreeable things to each other, 'till it became the sense of the company, the offence on both sides was inexpiable, but by honour. Accordingly they met next morning, each with a second, a surgeon, and footman. They fired twice; the seconds said that honour was satisfied; they advanced, shook hands, praised each other's valour, and went back to town arm in arm.

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C H A P. V.

On the morning of this memorable day, before the return of the champions, Mr. Hugh[1] Fluellen salutes his sister Miss Winifred, on her appearance in the breakfast palour, with a "Sister Win,--what do you think? There's sad news.----Lord have mercy! What fools men be now a-days."

"Yes, brother, Miss Winifred answered, "I do think men be great fools now a-days; and as to bad news, you know I agnosticated it no longer ago than yesterday, since, when the three crows flew away to the left hand.--You may remember, too, brother, when we walked beyond the Geronstere, how an old woman, in an high crowned hat, with her cloaths all in geometry, was picking sticks, and muttering to herself. She was an old witch, as sure as you are alive, and was a saying the Lord's prayer backward, to do mischief;--mayhap that very mischief you talks of.--Then I had sich a dream."

Miss Deborah had entered at the beginning of her aunt's harangue, and said now, "But what's the bad news, papa?"

"Why," answered Mr. Fluellen, "would you believe it? What fools men are now a-days. Mr. Fielding's gone to be killed."

"Lord Jesus!" says Miss Deb, "you terrify me to death, papa."

"Then my dream's out," says aunt Win; "for I dreamed I saw two cross bones upon a coffin; and a spirit all in white--and----."

"Oh dear!" says Miss Deb, "that's me. I can't live," she continued, half fainting upon a settee; "I can't live; I'm all over a cold sweat."

"Poor dear Debby," says honest Hugh.

"For matter of that," said the good aunt, "you shew yourself forward enough, Miss. Mr. Fielding's not your husband, as yet;--and it's not becoming to be so fond before hand. You've no occasion to go to disparage yourself. There are other gentlemen, sure, if Mr. Fielding should be killed. There's Sir George Paradyne, as pretty a man to the full, and a deal richer. He says to me, not three days ago,--your niece is a divine creature, Miss Fluellen, and pressed my hand, just as though he had been a lover. She has a most sweet bloom. You must live in a fine air in Wales. Every thing denotes it. You yourself, Miss Fluellen, are the very picture of health and good humour. If I was a trifle older, I should be tempted to aspire to the honour of your hand. Your niece has a thousand graces, which she must have learned from you. And don't you remember, Deb, whilst Sir George was talking in this polite elegant stile to me, what was you doing? Romping with Mr. Fielding, that half pulled your cloaths off your back."

"Dear laws!" says Miss, "how my aunt runs on, and all the while they're killing Mr. Fielding. Pray, Papa, do you know what it's about?"

"It's the Poland Lord there," said Mr. Fluellen; "him with the great

whiskers.--Mr. Fielding and he had words together.--Some say, about you, Deb; some say about the Empress of Russia.--Some say, about the sun. But it was all Latin; so nobody knows much about it. Howsoever, it is certain they are gone out with sword and pistol, and Sir George and the French gentleman are gone to see fair play. What fools gentlemen are now a-days!"

"I dare say its about our Debby," says the aunt; "for how should Mr. Fielding quarrel about a woman as he never see'd, and as lives may be a thousand miles off. Then the sun, that's comicaler still; how could they quarrel about that?"

"Why," replied Mr. Fluellen, "one said it was hot, and the other said it was cold, so they fell to calling Latin names, 'till they fell quite out. What fools gentlemen are now a-days!"

"Dear laws!" says Miss Deb; "then it's only a duel after all.--But nobody's never killed in them duels, are they, papa?"

"Sometimes, Deb, if God pleases."

"Oh dear! that's true; it's all as God pleases. I'm sure he'll grant Mr. Fielding's life to my prayers, for I never prays in vain. I should be a bad Christian, if I did not speak a word to him for a life; so away went aunt Win to prayer.

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C H A P. VI.

Mr. Fluellen went to the coffee-house for news. The pious Miss Winfred was still speaking to the Lord, when the efficacy of her prayers became manifest in the person of Mr. Fielding himself. He found his lovely Deborah all in tears. He saluted her with infinite tenderness, and inquired the cause of her grief.

"It's you," said she.

"Me, my dear Miss Fluellen," answered Mr. Fielding; "have I been unhappy enough to make you shed tears?"

"Yes," she replied, "they said you were gone to fight that outlandish man with great whiskers, and that you would be killed."

"Oh! no," Mr. Fielding returned, "I did not mean to be killed. I would not die for a million, whilst you are alive, and so lovely."

"What did you quarrel about, pray," asked she? "Some say it was about me."

"Certainly, my angel," answered this adorer; "I know nothing here on earth worth quarrelling for, but you."

"How you jeer," said the pretty Deborah; "but tell me now, what had that foreign man to say about me?"

"He said," Mr. Fielding replied, "you were not a compleat beauty."

"Why, am I?" asked Miss Fluellen.

"In my eyes," replied the lover.

"But what did he say?"

"That you did not know how to love."

"What should ail me, I wonder?"

"He says that women know how to love only in Poland."

"I dare say he's vastly mistaken."

"He wanted to carry you thither, to teach you. That was the very thing we differed about. I wanted to carry you to Paris, to teach you myself."

"Why can't you teach me here?"

"Not so well. The air is foggy here.--You see it rains almost every day."

"Gracious! Mr. Fielding, how you talk! If I did not know you was a joker, I should think you were a bit of a noddy; as if people did not love every where, and in all weathers."

"Really, my dear Miss Fluellen, they do not. The spring of the soul, as philosophers say, has more elasticity under a fine sky."

"Spring of the soul," cries Miss Fluellin; then, after a pause of a minute, she burst into a laugh.--"Oh!" says she, "as my papa says, what fools men are now a-days."

"It seems to me," answered this humble suitor, "that we are really wiser than our fathers, and know better how to love. What did they do when they fell in love, but marry; and matrimony kills love, as sure as foxes eat geese. We, on the contrary, never marry but for convenience, and this leaves us free to form connexions with the girls of our hearts."

"Mr. Fielding!" says the astonished Miss Fluellen, "do you ever say your prayers, and your catechism?"

"Yes, sure, every day, almost."

"Then you could never be so wicked.--And it's silly too, to talk of matrimony killing love? Does eating kill you, Mr. Fielding?"

"Eating too much kills many people, Miss Fluellen."

"People aren't forced to eat too much, are they?"

"They are very apt, when they have what they like."

"Goodness!" says Miss Fluellen. "well, we are talking now about--I don't know what. Oh, you want to run away with me, you say, and all for pure love."

"Yes, my angel--free, pure, unrestrained love."

"Pray, Mr. Fielding, don't love die of more diseases than matrimony?

Don't it die of neglect, and cruelty, and scorn? And sometimes of a surfeit? And if its so apt to die, it is better, sure, for a woman to join convenience to it, all she can; so I'm for matrimony. If you don't like of that, why tell me so plainly, and there's an end."

"An end of me, certainly, my adorable Miss Fluellen. No--whatsoever you command, I execute. I can have no will but yours. But I must intreat for one favour; let the ceremony be performed at Paris."

"With all my heart, if papa likes it, and aunt."

"Papa and aunt! my dear Miss Fluellen; surely you don't mean to go formally to work, and let them know. It is enough to stifle love in the cradle.

"Better it had, if it's such a sickly brat.--As to papa, he's your well-wisher; and for aunt, she's been upon her knees to God for you this hour, to pray for your preservation. However, you'll say I court you by and by. So let's say no more about it."

Miss Fluellen appearing to be really angry, Mr. Fielding changed his mode of attack.--What might have been the success, I know not; but Mr. Fluellen came home, and was over-joyed to see him return in safety.--Miss Winifred, too, stepping down, and casting her eyes upon him, threw them up to Heaven, with a pious thanksgiving for so valuable a life being granted to her prayers.

Mr. Fielding could not help being penetrated with so much goodness. He thanked the good lady for her pious fervour, and hastened away, to laugh, and to contrive.--I conclude this chapter with a sigh, to find that good faith to woman is not an attribute of man; no, is not an attribute of man.

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C H A P. VII.

Spa was at this time honoured with the company of two Russian noblemen, not brothers, but of brotherly affections. They travelled together, lodged together, and married together, or, what was equivalent, had prevailed upon two English ladies to do them the honour of bearing their names.

Before this fortunate step, our two Boiards[1] had lavished, scattered, dissipated their money, without measure, and without taste. Now it became concentrated, or, if you will, funded, and formed a bank for the support of chastity to come; for chastity will come upon all woman kind who want it, in time, if time permit. At present, the helpless state of these foreigners touched the benevolent hearts of Mrs. Almon and Mrs. Hammet, and induced them to second the patriotic design of the good Empress of Russia, for improving her young nobility.[2]

It is now well known, that every thing in this world is done and performed by stimile; and beneficence, of all mortal qualities, is not that which requires the weakest, both to excite and support it. The partie quarree[3] had been at Paris, and had seen such an abundance of spectacles, that gold, a stimulus sui generis,[4] and peculiarly adapted to excite the very benevolence in the praise of which I have been so lavish. Gold, I say, was wanting. It must be owned, also, that those who have seen London and Paris, have seen the world. More is unnecessary. From all which it followed, that it was proper and prudent that the Russes should return homeward; and that one side, being weary of love, and the other of benevolence, nothing was wanting to conclude the embarrassment, but an explanation.

Mrs. Almon, the lady of Mr. Shabirideretoff, saw the necessity of this explanation, before they advanced farther to the North, which they were now upon the point to do. But she had infinite delicacy, and tenderness of heart; and not knowing the dreadful effect it might have upon the poor Boiard, she chose to make the explanation to Sir George Paradyne.

Sir George admired Mrs. Almon. She added to beauty an engaging freedom of manners; and without violation of exterior decency, was a stranger to mau vaise honte.[5] At the assemblies, Sir George sought her for his partner, and had sometimes pressed her fair hand harder than the dance required.--Of late, too, he had begun to sigh; for there are cases in which men sigh, as easily as women weep; and the lady having once thrown an air of pity into her face, he paid half a dozen rich compliments to her beauty and fine sense, and lamented the loss his country would suffer by her emigration.

"You are very polite," the lady said, "the loss of an individual----"

"Such an individual as Lady Shabirideretoff!" answered Sir George; "with charms to captivate monarchs, going to bury herself in the cold regions of the North, where love freezes.--Why was it not my lot to have seen you before the happy Mr. Shabirideretoff. Hard should have been the struggle, before I would have lost----."

Now this was very tender, and almost pathetic; and being accompanied by the language of the hand and eye, had a proper effect. The lady returned the pressure, accompanied with a sigh; no doubt, involuntary, both. "I own," says she, "I should be unhappy in my engagement with Mr. Shabirideretoff, were not the duration of it at my own pleasure; for really the man has too frequent fits of the bear, and cannot always

remember to lay aside the Lord Paramount, even to ladies."

"How you charm me, Madam," Sir George replied; "my own freedom can scarce please me more, than to hear your's is to be recalled at pleasure."

What a heavy load upon veracity is politeness.--By means of an English gentleman, who had lately left Spa, Sir George knew very well the nature of the contract between the ladies and the Boiards. It had even gone forth in a whisper. But what is a whisper? The Russes gave genteel entertainments; and les belles Angloises[6] presided like divinities. A rigid scrutiny would have been unpolite.

"You seem," said Mrs. Almon, "to value liberty, Sir George, like an Englishman."

"Yes," the gentleman answered; "I bear no chains but those of love; and even those I shall break, if they gall."

"At least this is novel," said the lady.--"My Russian talked of loving infinitely, and eternally; so indeed do most Englishmen, when they begin to talk upon the subject.--But what, Sir George, you are too young to have felt the galling yoke."

"It is enough," Sir George answered, "to have seen the necks of my neighbours. They have cured me of all passion for slavery, political or hymeneal."

"Really, Sir George," said the lady, "you are an agreeable gentleman.--Only that I am determined against any fresh folly, or a frolic with you might be pleasant enough.--But no; when I bid adieu to Shabirideretoff, I bid adieu to engagements.--I shall soon be at an age when wisdom will be more becoming."

Sir George endeavoured to convince the lady, it was much too soon to be wise; and the lady was convinced, not at once, but after every thing proper for conviction had been said and done.

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C H A P. VIII.

Mrs. Hammet, the dearest friend of Mrs. Almon, shared her councils;--and being also weary of the Russ, from whom no more was to be got; and not seeing that wisdom was at all more necessary for herself than friend, she determined also to share her fortune. Accordingly, her doux yeux[1] began to be directed to Mr. Fielding, who could not but answer them as a man of gallantry; yet, having now hopes of the compliance of the lovely Miss Fluellen, could not meet her advances with all the ardor so fine a woman had a right to expect.

Two reasons determined him to the preference of Miss Fluellen, provided he could bring matters to bear, his own way. The first, she would cost little. The second, there was more reputation to be obtained by the conquest of a young lady of some fortune and consideration, than by a mere arrangement with one who was not very young, was not a virgin, and who would expect something more from him than love for love. Mrs. Hammet therefore formed his corps de reserve,[2] in case he failed of his principal intention; and he had some reason to fear it from the officious interposition of Mr. Lindsay.

This gentleman looked with a sorrowful and anxious eye upon the descending morality of his friend and pupil. He had reason to believe Sir George was the confidant of Mr. Fielding, in his design upon the innocent Miss Fluellen; and he could not but conclude, that a man who

could assist in seducing innocence, was not himself far from the arts of seduction.

The family mind of the Fluellens was compounded of honesty, credulity, and ignorance; and God knows in what condition they would have been restored to Plimlimmon, if Mr. Lindsay had not undertaken their patronage. He had done them many kind offices, and they had sense enough to recognize him as their friend. His only fault with the head of the family was, that he flinched his bottle. With the aunt, he was a personable man enough; but she was afraid he was not quite orthodox in religion, for he questioned the authenticity of many of this good lady's ghostly tales. Miss Deb thought him monstrous sensible, and prodigious obliging, and had very little difficulty in speaking to him with all the simplicity of heart she possessed.

My fair readers will remember the last conversation between Miss Fluellen and her adorer. Some subsequent ones to the same purport had filled her so full, that she was ready to flow over. One day, being alone with Mr. Lindsay, she said, "I cannot think now why Mr. Fielding can't as well marry me here as at Paris. Can you, Mr. Lindsay?"

"No, Miss Fluellen, I cannot, indeed."

"I wish," says she, "Mr. Fielding was not so obstinate; he's a charming man, if he would but be ruled. Nothing will serve him but I must go with him to Paris to be married, without telling either my father or my aunt."

"That is very odd, Miss Fluellen, is it not?"

"In my mind," she answered, "it's quite foolish. But I can't drive him out of it;--for he says it will be noble, it will make an eclaw;

I suppose that's a great noise, is it not? He hates formality."

"I dare say he does, Miss Fluellen; and when you get to Paris, perhaps he may hate the formality of marriage."

"May be so; but I'll not humour him; for what though people do live together that way sometimes, that's no reason I should, if I don't like it?"

"None at all, Miss Fluellen."

"I've a fortune, have not I? Besides aunt would think it such a sin."

"Sould not you think it a sin, Miss Fluellen?"

"I should, before I was acquainted with Mr. Fielding; but he says it's nothing but nonsense of the parsons. Very genteel people do it every day."

"Very genteel poeple do wrong every day, Miss Fluellen; but I do not see why you should imitate them."

"No, not if I was sure it was wrong.--But is it though; and what makes it?"

"In the first place, Miss Fluellen, the law forbids it."

"Nay, never tell me that, Mr. Lindsay, when hundreds and hundreds do it, and the law takes no notice of 'em."

"The scripture forbids it."

"What part, pray? I'm sure there's enough of it in the first part.

"You lose the esteem of all good people."

"What then? I want nothing of them."

"I am sorry, Miss Fluellen; you seem to have resolved to oblige Mr. Fielding his own way. My advice can therefore be of no service."

"You're mistaken indeed, Mr. Lindsay. I want advice of all things, for I don't know what in the world to do. And I'm sure I like

nobody's advice better than your's; for every body says you are sensible; and you are so kind and gentle. But then you are vastly too rigid. Mr. Fielding says you always preach."

"I certainly preach, if I do preach, Miss Fluellen, a doctrine very different from Mr. Fielding's. I tell you that his proposals are with a view to seduce and ruin you; that he does not intend to marry you; and that you are too good, and innocent, and virtuous, not to be miserable in such a way of life."

"You're quite mistaken, indeed, Mr. Lindsay, about the marrying part. He'd have me to-morrow, if I insisted. Only he wants to persuade me off, because we shall have more happiness when we are quite free, and do what we do from pure love, than if we were bound to love one another; for he says love won't be bound. You cant think how pretty his arguments are."

After a very long conversation Mr. Lindsay found his progress tolerably great; for he brought Miss Fluellen to acknowledge that men might deceive; and that it was just possible Mr. Fielding did not mean every thing he said.

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C H A P. IX.

The next morning, Mr. Fielding came earlier than common, to renew his suit, and to take, as usual, the little innocent favours which love, when it is not frightened by sentiment, delights to grant. Miss Fluellen was reserved; I believe I might say sullen, and shewed no disposition to receive his caresses. This was a caprice Mr. Fielding had not before experienced. With all the grace of tragedy, he threw himself at her feet, and entreated her to kill him any way, rather than by scorn.

"I don't scorn you, Mr. Fielding," said she; "but I positively won't go to Paris without being married."

"Then positively, my dear, answered Fielding, "you won't go to Paris at all." --Now Mr. Fielding did not intend to say any thing like this; but it is so hard upon a wit to lose a good thing."

"So you won't have me at last?" says Miss Fluellen.

"Certainly, my dear," returned the gentleman--but--but--but there is no occasion to go to Paris to be married, if we marry before we set out."

"Oh! I'm glad that's all," said the lady; "for Mr. Lindsay says as you don't mean to marry me at all."

"Oh! Mr. Lindsay says so--does he?"

"Yes, and you know he is very sensible."

"Oh! damn'd sensible.--But pray, my dear Miss Fluellen, how came Mr. Lindsay to have the honor of being your confident."

"Why," answered the lady, "you would not let me tell my father or my aunt; so I'd nobody else to tell. And he's as good and as kind to me as a brother."

"Is he? Then you tell him all your secrets?"

"Yes I do; for he'll not tell again.--However, when people are going to be married, what need it be a secret. Then I had a mind to know his opinion about going to Paris first."

"Well, my lovely Miss Fluellen, you are so charming, so excessively attractive, I find I can have no will but your's.--So if you like to be married to-morrow, with all my heart."

"I'm in no such hurry, neither," answered the lady.

"But I am, my angel," said the gentleman. "I cannot live without

the full possession of those dear bewitching beauties."

A vast deal more Mr. Fielding said to the same agreeable purposes, with suitable accompaniments. In short, he saw, that all the fruit of all the pains, the unwearied pains he had hitherto taken, was in danger of being lost; unless he could carry her by a coup de main;[1] and this was the instant of attack.--It was an early hour. Mr. Fluellen had not yet risen. Miss Winifred had not finished her matins. It was an hour before the usual time of assembling to breakfast. Good heavens! what vast events have not an hour produced!--What might have been the event of the contest between practised art, and almost willing simplicity, I can only conjecture; had the guardian genius, who presides over chastity, been asleep, or engaged among the maids of honour. Luckily he was upon duty, and in a proper moment, walks into the room in the shape of Mr. Lindsay.

There was a little disorder in the appearance of Miss Fluellen, which called forth a blush. Mr. Fielding blushed too, but it was not the blush of shame. Gentlemen, arrived at a certain degree of politesse, are superior to that unbecoming sensation. It was the blush of anger.

"Sir," says he to Mr. Lindsay, "I have obligations to you here, which, in a proper place, I shall be glad to acknowledge."

"I am always at your service," was Mr. Lindsay's answer. Mr. Fielding, taking his hat and cane, walked indignantly away.

"What does he mean, Mr. Lindsay?" the young lady asked; "he is not angry, is he?"

"Apparently he is, Miss Fluellen."

"How can gentlemen change so soon;--he was in the sweetest humour in the world, just before you came in."

"Very likely.--Had you any conversation with him about the subject we were upon yesterday."

"Yes, I told him all about it; and how you advised me not to go to Paris with him 'till we were married; and he said it was all very well; that he had no will but mine; if I pleased, he would be married to-morrow."

"Did you please?"

"No.--I told him I was not in such a hurry? and so he began romping, and then we said no more about it."

"Is it right to permit him to romp with you, Miss Fluellen?"

Why, its innocent, is not it? With a man that is to be my husband? and then it passes time away."

"Gentlemen, after marriage, are apt to reflect upon those wives, with whom they have had much innocent pastime before."

"What for, pray? It's they that begin."

Mr. Lindsay, not caring to continue a conversation which could only enlighten the lady at the expence of her simplicity, remembered he was to meet a gentleman at the Pouhoun spring, and took his leave.

Let us now attend a little to the actions of men, and see how they are influenced by what we call sentiment, or maxim, or precept. Mr. Lindsay thought duelling a most anti-christian, anti-reasonable business, and would have maintained it to be so, argumentatively, before all the lords and all the commons, if he had been called upon. Yet he no sooner received a call in the gentleman-like manner of Mr. Fielding, than he was instantly disposed to obedience. Nay, so much was he, in an instant, improved in the science of <u>good manners</u>, that he thought it incumbent upon him to go directly to Mr. Fielding's lodging, to offer immediate

attendance. As he did not find him there, he returned to his own apartments; to meditate upon the dangers of frail virginity; upon the nature of vice and virtue--and upon the properties of gunpowder.

Sir George had that morning attended Mrs. Almon to the Geronstore; when he returned, Mr. Lindsay went into his apartment, and with no small solemnity of countenance, requested an hour's audience.

"To indulge me with the humours of a splenetic morality," said Sir George--"I know well the nature of these preludes.--Well, come; I believe I have not had a lecture this three long days. I am in danger of forgetting the aphorisms of the seven wise masters of Greece."

"I have done," answered Mr. Lindsay.--"If you have any commands for England, continued he, with a tremulous voice.

"Pshaw--prithee Lindsay--come, let me know what it is that draws down upon me thy virtuous indignation.--"What! I have exchanged Tactitus[2] for woman.--"Prithee, Lindsay, what has the charming sex done, that it is excluded thy sustem of pleasure?"

"I cannot trifle now, Sir George," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Well, then be serious," Sir George replied.

"To be serious, then," answered Mr. Lindsay; "you are no longer that Sir George Paradyne I loved and honoured."

"Good!" says Sir George, "this is to the point."

"I have no time for flattery," replied Lindsay; "and no taste. You are running into immorality and vice; no man need to go faster. Illicit love you laugh at. Who more detested ebriety and gaming? Who now drinks, and games with more spirit than Sir George Paradyne? That I am going to offend you, I know; but I know also, that if you again become the man I can

look up to with superior esteem, you will forgive me. If not, I must submit a misfortune, perhaps the severest of my unfortunate life."

The entrance of Mr. Fielding prevented Sir George's reply. With a look of angry contempt, he told Mr. Lindsay he was happy to see him.

"In order to accelerate your felicity," Mr. Lindsay replied, "I just now called at your lodgings. I now attend your commands."

"I shall request the favour of your company, Sir, an hour's ride, just out of the Bishop of Liege's territories," said Mr. Fielding.

"Sir," answered Mr. Lindsay, "I am at your service."

"Upon my word, gentleman," said Sir George, "a mighty polite and agreeable tone this; and on the part of Lindsay, quite unexpected. May I do myself the honour to inquire what has given occasion to this excess of civility?"

"Why," answered Fielding, "this Don Quixote of chastity has thought proper to interfere in my concerns with Miss Fluellen. I consider this as ungenteel, and wish to teach the gentleman better manners."

"In gratitude to my preceptor," replied Lindsay, "I hope I may be able to teach him better morals."

"Allons,[3] done," says Fielding.

"There is so little inimical rancour, gentlemen, in this quarrel of yours," said Sir George, "that you must give me leave to try if I cannot make you friends."

"I bear the gentleman no extraordinary degree of ill will," said Fielding.--"All I desire of him, is not to meddle in my concerns."

"This is but reasonable," said Sir George.

"If," answered Lindsay, "Mr. Fielding calls it meddling with his

concerns, the giving my opinion and advice to Miss Fluellen when she asks it, I assure him frankly I shall not have that degree of complaisance."

"You hear, Sir George," said Fielding. The virtuous gentleman will put myself in my way. I must, if I can, put him out of it. If you can suggest a better mode than a bullet, do."

"You hear, Lindsay," said Sir George; I hope you will oblige Mr. Fielding."

"Mr. Fielding," said Lindsay, "has, without a blush, declared himself the premeditated seducer of Miss Fluellen; I hope I need not blush to declare that I will defeat him, if I can."

"Damn your moral cant," said Fielding; "if you once begin to preach, we shall never conclude. I am for the shortest way."

"I think, Lindsay," said Sir George, "considering Mr. Fielding as my fiend, you might put off a little of this stern virtue."

"My virtue," such as it is, is my warmest, perhaps my only cordial. I will not put it off on any consideration," said Lindsay, "no, not for you, Sir George; not if you yourself were the principal in this very honourable business, instead of the auxiliary, which, to my eternal regret, I find you are."

Sir George was rather struck with this, and not answering, Lindsay went on.

"The love of Miss Fluellen to Mr. Fielding is great, and full of confidence. She is herself perfectly unsuspecting and unguarded. To deceive her, I must take the liberty to say it, is perfidy of the blackest dye. Nor can I conceive any thing more cruel, than to bring designedly upon any human being, the keen remorse, the insupportable anguish, which

I know will be the portion of this young lady, when she becomes enlightened upon the subject of her ruin."

"And so, Sir," says Mr. Fielding, "having taken upon yourself to be Sir George's tutor, you are willing to extend your gracious liberality to all his friends. But I beg, good Sir, you will not take this trouble on my account. Suffer me to go to the devil my own way. Oblige me so far, good Mr. Lindsay."

"Most willingly, Sir," Mr. Lindsay answered; "I only object to taking Miss Fluellen with you. But this is idle play.--Mr. Fielding will go on his way; I in mine. If he chuses to call me out on this very honourable business, I am ready. My life is of little value. I have often been weary of it; nor do I at present know why I should cherish it with any extraordinary care."

"That is for me," said Sir George.----"Lindsay, in his rage for virtue, spares nor friend nor foe. But a word with you, Fielding."

When they were in the next apartment, Sir George began by saying, "that although he had had the complaisance to fall in with his views upon Miss Fluellen, he must not suppose he would carry it to such a serious length as to put the life of his friend to the risk; a man of firm honour and integrity;--that the business with the young lady was bad enough of itself, and would by no means bear inspection, but if it were to be further loaded with actions, which honour could not justify, he must beg leave to leave the pursuit of them entirdy to himself.

Mr. Fielding, who was indeed much disposed to mirth, laughed out right.

"Actions which honour will not justify," cries he, "and honour

justifies them every day? Faith, it seems, to be her principal business."

"Just now, dear Fielding," said Sir George, "I could wish to be serious."

"And I hate thee damnable, in this moral humour," returned the other.--"Whatsoever I may give up to friendship, I fancy I shall never be preached out of a penny or a purpose."

"Unless I preach women," said Sir George.--"Well, give it up to my friendship and Mrs. Hammet's."

What more Sir George said concerning Mrs. Hammet, is not come to my knowledge. Perhaps it may be guessed at by consequences. More probably, it is not worth a conjecture.

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C H A P. X.

Sir George took such incessant care to be engaged, that for several successive days Mr. Lindsay had not once an opportunity to see him. At length he heard that the two Boiards had left the Spa with their ladies, and that Sir George and Mr. Fielding had the complaisance to attend them as far as Liege. Two days he waited, not indeed very patiently, their return; the third morning arose with a rumour, that two English Milords had stolen the wives of two foreign noblemen, and carried them to France. If Mr. Lindsay could have doubted either the report or the identity of the two Milords Angloises, he was certified of both very soon, by the appearance of a servant of Mr. Fielding's, sent to conduct the gentlemen's baggage to Paris, who brought him the following letter:

"Dear Lindsay,

"It is not to be expected that a young fellow, flying to Paris

on the wings of love and folly, should stop in the midst of his flight to rehearse his compunctions and his remorse; yet it is certain, Lindsay, that when I do turn my eyes upon myself, which, by the bye, is as seldom as possible, I am not very well pleased at the sight of so much fool.

"Every wise judge, however, before he condemns, will take into consideration the quantity and quality of the temptation.--Strong temptations require strong powers of resistance. When the head and the heart join their forces honestly, conquest is sure.--But alas! what is a head, when the heart is in opposition? What, but a mere automaton, with speaking eyes and tongue, all whose springs are put in motion by the heart.

"I know not whether you will admit this apology, or any apology, without repentance; and I have not had time to weave the penitential web, but of so slight a contexture, that it dissolves with a smile.

"Will you come to Paris, Lindsay?"

"No, Sir George, not to see the man I once loved, lost to honour and to himself."--This is your language--I know it well; it's general fault is too great energy. I allow I am floating upon the great sea of folly, not sunk.

"I presume, if you chuse not to come to Paris, my letter will find you at your old lodgings in Bloomsbury, whither I will write, if I am not absolutely drowned at Paris, and inform you where you may address your admonitions, which will be always welcome to your sincere, but foolish friend,

"G. PARADYNE."

The letter contained a two hundred pound bank note, and a postscript,

requesting Mr. Lindsay to discharge his and Fielding's debts, and carry the remainder to the account of friendship.

There are minds, though not so thick upon the earth, as the stars in Heaven, which sicken at pecuniary obligation, when the reciprocal sentiment which makes it easy, and perhaps delightful, is expiring. Such was Lindsay's. A double necessity obliged him how to submit. He had scarcely cash enough to carry him to England; or if he had, did he know yet whence to transmit to Sir George.

It might have been expected, that with whatsoever philosophy our Russians had been endued, such a loss, and such an insult, ought to have overthrown it. In the nature of human things, blood and death ought to have followed. Whether it was owing to the mild temper of Christianity, for Russians are Christians, some of them, or to some other cause, it is certain our Boiards did not lose their tranquillity. Instead of a revengeful pursuit, they visited the grand cathedral at Liege with quiet curiosity, and with pious, perhaps grateful, hearts.

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C H A P. XI.

Let us now call in at Mr. Fluellen's.--When the young lady could be brought to believe the report of her own desertion, she behaved with great dignity of spirit; she cried indeed, but she scolded also. As to the aunt, she received the account with great composure; for she had been warned by three successive dreams, and three cups of coffee had shewn her the fatality which hung over her niece.

'Squire Fluellen had much greater evils to complain of, than the loss of a son-in-law.--He was now confined to his room; his stomach refused

to concoct the little aliment he gave it; wine was no longer a cordial; the powers of brandy were feeble. In such a case, man thinks only of himself.

Mr. Lindsay had now nothing to prevent his immediate return to England but his humanity. He saw Fluellen would die, and knew the consequent distress of two such females. When he mentioned his departure, the old gentleman wrung his hands, and said, "if you leave us, the papishes will have our teeth out of our heads. The aunt took him aside to inform him she was sure they would be all lost; they should never get back into Wales. Last night, in her first sleep, she saw three coffins as plain--as plain, Mr. Lindsay, as I see you now."

Miss Deborah was still a more powerful pleader. It was true, she could not forget what a sweet man Mr. Fielding was, if he would but be ruled; but next to Mr. Fielding, she loved Mr. Lindsay. She told him so.--"If you will stay," says she, "and conduct us home--Now do."--And she gave him a kiss.

Frown not, dear ladies; it was the kiss of simplicity. A sister might have given it.--But it <u>was</u> a kiss. It came from lovely lips. It tasted of the sweetness of innocence. Who could have resisted it?

Not Mr. Lindsay; for Mr. Lindsay was a man.

In short, Mr. Fluellen died within the month. Almost the last words he spoke were, to request they would carry his bones to Plimlimmon; for he was sure he could never rest in foreign countries.

When they were altogether on the English coast, Mr. Lindsay supposed, that, by the help of their two Welch servants, they might have explored their way to Llanguilly. But to Miss Deb, it appeared she could not be

safe under any protection but Mr. Lindsay's; and as man is never better pleased than when he is exercising humanity, or any other species of loving kindness to a young and beautiful woman, he consented to her entreaties, and in six days lodged them all safe in the tombs of their ancestors; that for the living being an ancient mansion, seated in a dell, once surrounded by a moat, and guarded by a drawbridge.

To a man of Mr. Lindsay's reflective turn of mind, this wild country had extraordinary beauties. He destined a whole week to their enjoyment. This week passed, another, and another; for he could not resist the entreaties of the ladies; one of whom combated his resolutions of departure with omens; the other with tears. These tears were very engaging; and the frank sumplicity of Miss Fluellen, contrasted with the artificial manners of the polished world, was very engaging also. Sometimes Mr. Lindsay thought he perceived that Miss Fluellen, so gentle, so docile, and so pretty, was the sort of woman that must make him happy, if any woman could make him happy. In other moments he perceived that he could not be happy with ignorance; and especially with a woman in love with another man. These varying moments were becoming the plague of Mr. Lindsay's life, as they are of most other people's; so, after thanking Miss Fluellen for her kind treatment, he announced his departure on the morrow, in a more determined tone.

"If you will go, you will," says Miss Fluellen, poutingly, "I cannot help it."

"I hope," said Mr. Lindsay, "you are not angry."

"I assure you," answered she, "I am not pleased."

"There is kindness even in your displeasure. But is there any wisdom

my dear Miss Fluellen, in putting off from day to day, that which ought to have been done before?"

"If a man's not contented, that's another thing; or else I don't know what you have to do so much in London. If you wanted only to write books, you might write them here."

"Live upon you, Miss Fluellen!"

"If I say welcome, what need you mind?"

"Do you think it possible I could live in the house with so much goodness and sweetness, without wishing to make it my own?"

"May be, it is but ask and have?"

"Can you so soon have forgot Mr. Fielding?"

"No; I cry myself to sleep about him every night.--What then? I can't have him, you know."

"And would you marry one man, with a prepossession in favour of another?"

"What harm would thinking of another do, if I did my duty to my husband?"

"A part of that duty is to love your husband, Miss Fluellen."

"To be sure--you need not tell me that."

"Could you love two?"

"Yes, sure--I loved you at Spa; you was so good and kind. For some things, I liked you better than Mr. Fielding. However, don't think I court you. If you don't like me well enough, you don't; I know that I'm not a fit wife for such a scholar. Perhaps you might despise me; and I should not like that. So things may be better as they are."

Mr. Lindsay was going to return an obliging answer to this, but was

interrupted by Miss Winifred, who assured him, that if he did go, worse would come of it.--"I know you laugh at me, Mr. Lindsay; and to be sure that's the only wicked thing you do. However, things that I have foretold have come true a thousand times, and won't be less true because you won't believe them. I never knew our Phillis howl three times about midnight, without some misfortune either to me or my friends; and she did so last night. The black raven has not had such a hoarse croak ever since we came back, and sure I had the oddest dream. Where do you think I dreamed your head was, Mr. Lindsay? Our goat, Glandy, had run away with it into Llanguilly church yard, and stuck it upon a cypress tree."

The good aunt's dreams, added to the too-too great simplicity of the niece, were a full balance to the beauty and innocence of the latter, aided by all the wild ruralities of Plimlimmon. So Mr. Lindsay, always answering both the ladies with great politeness, had still the resolution to adhere to his ill-omened purpose; and arriving at his old lodgings in Bloomsbury without accident, found there the following letter from Sir George Paradyne.

"Dear Lindsay,

"If you have still friendship sufficient to rejoice at any evil that befals me, I send you joy. All mortifications, which happen in consequence of good advice neglected, are pleasures to the givers of good advice; so I will give you pleasure.

"When, according to our most skilful arrangements, we had got our ladies into our respective chaises, we thundered away, as if the devil had been at our heels. I have since had reason to believe our rapidity was unnecessary; the Boiards seeming never to have entertained the barbarous

thought of taking away our lives, or our ladies.

"At St. Quintin, a chaise entered the inn yard, just as ours were ready to go out. I believe our drivers only stopped for their parting dram. In this minute of delay two ladies alighted from the new come chaise. Two ladies! the most unexpected--and, at this instant, the most unwelcome---- Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill.

"Now, Mr. Lindsay, you are a man of science, sagacity, penetration; will you be so good to tell me what sort of feelings I must have had at this instant--this precious instant--when our drivers cracked their whips, and rattled away as fast as eight horses with thirty-two legs could go.

"As to myself, I do not remember that I was conscious of any sensations whatever. Very much to the amusement of Mrs. Almon--the name of my sinister divinity, Lindsay--I was dumb, deaf, and blind, to the end of the post.

"Miss Colerain! Miss Colerain! Oh! Her esteem of me must be prodigiously encreased by her knowledge of this brilliant exploit of mine. The hearing of it is unavoidable; for, with the vanity of two young coxcombs, we had given it all possible celerity.

"Lindsay! If thou wantest illustration of that moral maxim, which thou hast enceavoured to obtrude upon me in a thousand shapes--that deviations from rectitude, <u>one way or other</u>, bring with them, or after them, a much greater quantum of pain than pleasure, write my history of a year and half. As far as concerns myself, I will swear to the truth of it.

"Now, Lindsay, what is to be done? I have you in my head; I have Miss Colerain in my heart; and in my <u>salle a manger</u>,[1] and in my box at the opera, I have Mrs. Almon.

"But why was Miss Colerain at St. Quintin? Where was she going?

Whence did she come?----And what is all this to me? For if I have any knowledge in woman--she will think no more

"Of that foolish fellow,

"Thy friend--that was,

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

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C H A P. XII.

The answer which Mr. Lindsay returned to this, and some others which followed, I intend to publish, when I publish the two volumes of sermons which I design to extract from the graver part of this true history, for the benefit of that part of my fair readers, who, having happily got rid of the tumults of love and beauty, have settled to cards and devotion. They were very good, no doubt. Sir George thought them so.--They did not fail to produce conviction--and even repentance--for an hour. But they failed in point of entertainment; and were not so happily calculated to fix the attention of a gay young man, as the smiles, the loves, the graces, and other manufactures of Paris.

But in spite of Paris, and all things in it, Sir George had his hours of reflection. He had many things yet to unlearn before his present course of education could be compleat. Above all, he had to learn the noble art of suspending the action of the mind; of preventing it from obtruding its saucy remonstrances.

Qui non proficit, deficit.[1] All preceptors, all reviewers say so; from whence we may conclude, there is not a single foot of ground in all this habitable globe, which a man can stand still upon. Sir George did

not break this poetic axiom. If he did not advance with the rapidity of his friend Fielding, he acquired such a kind of reputation amongst the academicians of the ton, and amongst the bons vivans, as not to disgrace his country.

I fancy he must have been near the summit of his attainments, when, in a letter to Mr. Lindsay, he could speak so gaily of the accident mentioned in it.

Sir George Paradyne to Mr. Lindsay.

"I am ready to grant, dear Lindsay, that your ideas have a good moral appearance; but it must be owned at the same time they are rather ancient; not very commodious, here, and rather injurious to my dear Mrs. Almon, who condescends to govern me, rather more to my taste at present. I swear, Lindsay, I hope and believe there will come a time when this will be my taste no longer and when you will be able to congratulate my return to England, virtue, and roast beef; for I must confess, when I ruminate, chew the cud, I mean of my present pleasures, I find the taste sour or bitter. I have had another monitor too--I believe I should say, a monitress. I met her in the Thuileries, in the person of Miss Colerain. At sight of me she started like a guilty thing, and left the walks with the speed of a bird. Well, may her conscience reproach her, when she sees what an evil course of life she has brought me to; for my dear Mrs. Almon was hanging upon my arm, and all Paris knows our loves are not sanctioned by divine ordinances.

"I must own the rencontre[2] did not fill me full of a pure and lasting joy; but Paris is the emporium of pleasure; and the demon of gloom cannot live in it to his own satisfaction. I forgot Miss Colerain as soon as I

was able.

"After all, under favour of your philosophy, what can a man--a young man--do better than learn his Horace, and put his learning to profit? Dissipere in loco,[3] you know, is his favourite maxim. "In loco, Sir George Paradyne, I grant," says my preceptor. Thank you, dear old gentleman, for this kind sanction; and if there is a fitter place under the moon than Paris--all Paris is mistaken.

"Yet at times--at times--an English bosom may get ennui in it, or even worse.----Yes, Lindsay, there is an acid in sugar, and chemists are not the only people who can extract it.

"Your friend,

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

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C H A P. XIII.

It was now midwinter, fine, clear, and frosty, when the pleasures of Paris are at their height.--One, quite new, awaited Sir George. Monsieur Freduel, a celebrated jeweller, called upon him one morning, to request the payment of 22,000 livres. It was for a sprig which Mrs. Almon had seen; the most beautiful indeed she ever had seen. If she could have afforded such a purchase, it would have gratified her excessively. But she must not think of it. She had, indeed, too many proofs of Sir George's generosity, to doubt his indulgence, were she to request it; but Sir George should never be importuned for unnecessary expences on her account. His interest could not be dearer to her were she Lady Paradyne. Sentiments so generous claimed--the sprig.

Were it as easy to pay as to order, how would this world abound with

queens of diamonds.

Hitherto Sir George had imitated his father's economy, in paying for every thing when purchased; so that he had never before been asked. It threw him into a little embarrassment. Cash began to run scarce;--but so far was Sir George from the unblushing effrontery of saying, for the hundredth time, Call again next week, he could not say it once.

Mr. Freduel, a very polite man, saw the rising blush, and guessed the cause.--Before Sir George could find his answer, he begged ten thousand pardons; he was the last man in the world to put a gentleman to inconvenience. The price indeed was a ready money price; the profit the lowest imaginable; but to accommodate a gentleman, was infinitely superior to all the profit in the world.

Sir George at length found words to assure Mr. Freduel he should not be long a sufferer by his politeness. Mr. Freduel replied, "he should suffer infinitely, if he understood Sir George to have been incommoded by his importunity. So with many boys he departed.

Un Milord Angloise,[1] is always a respectable personage; but the more or the less of the Argent,[2] it must be owned, does make a difference of character in France. "It was pity," Monsieur Freduel said to a few intimate friends, "Le Chevalier Paradyne, un gentil homme partout--It was pity he should not be rich comme le diable."

Every thing is talked of at Paris. When it came to be rumoured that Sir George Paradyne was not as rich as the devil, he found that his paternal economy had not been sufficiently extensive. Messieurs les marchands des modes, les perfumiers, et les autres,[4] on the part of Madame, humbly presented him with accounts amounting to about 16,000 French pounds more.

Do not be alarmed dear ladies. The French pound, which formerly held up its head as high as the proud pound English, is now not worth a shilling; so that Mrs. Almon's unknown favours, even adding the sprig, do not yet amount to 20001. No man that knows life, can possibly think it extravagant.

Sir George however did not know life. But for a small matter of dross to upbraid a lady who had shewn such liberal sentiments, and had given him her dear self, was what he could not do. He only complained to Mr. Fielding, who laughed, that such a bagatelle should give him a moment's perturbation. "But," says Sir George, "you know I have lost at play, and my menage[5] here is actually higher than my revenue. My money is all drawn out of the funds, and I have drained my banker."

"What hast thou to do," says Fielding, "but write to thy steward, en maitre.[6] Raise me 10,0001. in three days, and transmit it to Sassureau in Paris. Or carry my plate to Hoare's,[7] and bid him send me 10001. immediately. Art thou not at age?"

"Not at the age of effrontery," said Sir George, gravely.

"Tant pis--so much the worse," said Fielding.

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C H A P. XIV.

A Fit of the spleen is almost as good as a rainy day, for making a man think of his prayers, and other small duties. So he sat down to write a few letters to England, to Lady Mary; to Mrs. Birimport; to Lindsay; and his steward. The two last were far the most difficult; for to Lindsay he was to confess his errors; and to Mr. Cartwright, his follies; especially the folly of being in debt, with a princely fortune. Then, for the first

time since his arrival at Paris, he sat himself down--to think.

The question was, what should he do to get rid of his present disagreeable situation? Some vigorous steps were necessary. But how to take them? He had promised Mrs. Almon to stay the winter at Paris. Mrs. Almon! She entered his imagination in the usual alluring colours of voluptuousness; but these colours were faded. Miss Colerain entered also, all in white. The question of ways and means was lost.

This day Sir George would not dine.--His party was for the Italian theatre. It was clear frost. He chose solitude and the Thuilleries. There, with folded arms, avoiding the frequented walks, he mused 'till the approach of evening. With eyes fixed upon the earth, he met two ladies, whom he would have passed unnoticed, but for a kind of half suppressed exclamation which reached his ear. He looked.--The ladies were moving on. Sir George, rooted for a minute to the spot, at length turned his steps after them.

"Will not the gentle Miss Colerain," said he, "deign to speak to a man once esteemed worthy of friendship?"

"I hope Sir George Paradyne is well?" said Miss Colerain.

"Ah! Miss Colerain!" said Sir George, "these are the cold and freezing words of common politeness?"

"What more," Miss Colerain asked, "does Sir George Paradyne expect of me?"

"Nothing," Sir George answered; "I feel myself unworthy. I dare advance no claim, except the claim of penitence."

"Penitence!" said Miss Colerain, with emphasis.

"Yes--penitence," replied Sir George;--"can you doubt it."

"Oh! yes," said she; "certainly one may doubt it."

"Will you," asked Sir George--"will you permit me to prove it? Will you permit me to shew you the truest, fondest heart?"

"Shew it to Mrs. Almon," answered the lady.--"I have done with hearts."

They were just at one entrance of the Thuilleries. A footman stood with the door of a fiacre[1] open. The ladies threw themselves in.

"Miss Carlill, too," said Sir George, "is your bosom marble?"

"I pity thee," said she. The fiacre drove on."

Sir George looked, and sent after it many a sigh, without once thinking of watching where it went. Alas! I shall present my 20,000 fair readers with nothing but a cold collation. The man has no taste for adventure. No. He returned back into the gardens.

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C H A P. XV.

To indulge in the luxury of reflection, he chose the least frequented walk. After two or three turns, he heard some footsteps behind him.--"Plut a dieu," says a voice with emphasis--"plut a dieu."[1]--Would to God the cry of nations.

"Hush," Marquis," answered another, "you seem to have forgot our admirable system of Espionage. Some of these trees, piously as they rear their heads to the skies, may be in the pay of government. You may be in the Bastile to-morrow, for your plut a dieus; and I for hearing them."

"Monsieur le Comte," says the other, "if they Bastile me, I will make the very walls blush for their part of the conspiracy against the liberties of mankind."

"Marquis," says the Count, "here is one before us." They passed

Sir George, and went on.

"By his thoughtful air," said the Count, "I should take that gentleman to be English."

"You are right," answered the Marquis; "it is the Chevalier Paradyne, a young man of honour and talents, which at present he employs in love and bagatelle."

"Happy country!" said the Count, "where good government is sufficiently advanced to permit their first characters to trifle."

"Happy France!" replied the Marquis, "if we judge by the quantity of trifling.--What say you to an English conversation, Count; I have acquaintance with the Chevalier sufficient to introduce you?"

"Monsieur le Chevalier Paradyne," said the Marquis de la Fayette,[2] turning back, "I am happy to meet you. Give me leave to introduce to you, Monsieur le Comte de Lally Tohlendel,[3] who has so nobly restored his unfortunate father's name, and raised his own."

Sir George answered with great civility--for an Englishman.

"It gives me pleasure," said the Marquis, "when an English gentleman honours our walks with thinking in them. Since, as your first philosopher says, re-action is equal to action,[4] I hope, one day, these shades may be taught to inspire their own country-men with thought."

Sir George answered, "he was afraid he had more honour done him by the compliment, than he deserved. It was probable the Noble Marquis might conceive him engaged in some physical or political research, when in truth, he was only thinking of a very insignificant individual--himself."

"The proper study of mankind is man,"[5] said the Count--"his rights, his wrongs."

"Yes," Sir George replied, "above all, his follies."

"The greatest of which," said the Marquis, "is the submitting to have his liberty, his property, perhaps his life taken from him, by a man--no bigger than himself. It seems as if in some countries, the ultimate end of government was oppression."

"In France," said the Count, "it is the maladie du pays,[6] and I see small hopes of a cure, whilst it is supported by one hundred and fifty thousand men in arms. No--said he, sighing--these are not fit times for remedies."

"Comment," replied the Marquis--"when is the proper time for remedies, if it is not the time of sickness? And who knows--who knows--my dear Count--but what you call the instrument of oppression, may be now ready to assume the protection of liberty and equal rights?"

"This is rather doubtful," said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. "But suppose it so, Marquis; the men of money, who now lead the world, who call themselves the grand supports of states--ruin, ruin, would be their cry; and all their endeavours would be to produce it."

"Perish," said the Marquis, indignantly, "the whole race of financiering statesmen. Perish the race of lenders, who give to Kings the power of injuring the human race with facility. Perish the little delegates of authority, who snatch the bread of life out of the hands which raise it; who dig up the seeds of industry before they can germinate."

"But the remedies, my dear Marquis," said the Count.

"Cathartics, Count," answered the Marquis, "purge--purge well--if that will not do--bleed a little."

"For cathartics," said the Count, "as much as you will; but for the

lancet--but you are un homme de guerre."[7]

"What matter, replied the Marquis, "if a generation of slaves die, to obtain the equal rights of a thousand generations to come!"

"Your nation, Chevalier," said the Count, stands the foremost upon the globe, for liberty and good government. What, according to you, are the essential principles?"

"I believe," Sir George answered, "the grand secret lies in making our own laws, and granting our own money. You impose this trouble on your monarch. I advise you to take that fatiguing part of his business off his hands. Not that we do not make bad laws sometimes, and give money for foolish purposes; but however, we may cut our fingers, we take care of our throats."

"I presume," said the Marquis, "it is not the mere power of making laws, but the actual making of good ones, to which we must attribute your happy state."

"We have some," Sir George replied, which we think excellent. It is true, we are obliged for them to our forefathers. At present, the art seems declining amongst us. Indeed our practice is now principally confined to game laws, and laws of excise."

"You have some," said the Count, "which you consider as more peculiarly adapted to the preservation of your rights?"

"We have," answered Sir George, "our Magna Charta, and our Bill of Rights.--We have an Habeas Corpus act, which we think better than your Lettres de Cachet.[8]--We prefer, too, our trial by jury, to yours by judges, who buy their offices; our open law processes, criminal and civil, to your secret requisitions; in particular, we chuse that no man shall be obliged to

accuse himself; consequently, have no use for that ingenious piece of mechanism, the rack."

"Damned to everlasing ignominy, be the memory of the contrivers," said the Marquis.--"It is with a light heart, Chevalier, you speak of abuses which fill mine with anguish."

"Say only it is with a light speech, Monsieur le Marquis," said Sir George; "I hope there is no Englishman, I am sure no generous Englishman, who would not rejoice to hear so brave and liberal a nation had shook off the yoke of despotism. But is it that we are changing national characters in this conversation? It has been usual to suppose the English a people who bore misfortune with passion or with gloom; the French with gaiete de coeur.[9] We storm and swear; you sing and dance. Upon my honour, I have thought the advantage on your side."

"Don't envy us, Chevalier," said the Count; "it is imposed upon us by a physical necessity. Were we to think, we should go mad."

The Count had a select party to sup with him that night. He cordially invited Sir George. It consisted of patriots, whose names have been since famous. Never before had Sir George heard the science of government so freely canvassed; the rights of men so deeply appreciated. There were ladies too, who prevented the conversation becoming too grave, by a thousand sprightly sallies. Sir George had never spent so agreeable an evening.

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C H A P. XVI.

The society, which had pleased Sir George so much the preceding night, made him blush in the morning. He made comparisons betwixt his old friends

and his new; betwixt his new friends and himself. But comparisons are odious. He was obliged to confess that such names as Baille, Fayette, and Mirabeau,[1] would probably interest posterity; whilst his own -- Oh, his own perhaps might endure a month, in the annals of frivolity.

In this humour, Sir George attended the breakfast table of Mrs. Almon. She talked to him of the opera, the court, and the gallantries of yesterday. The chattering of a magpye would at this moment have been as agreeable to Sir George. She expatiated largely upon the merits of the young Monsieur Groignard, son to the great Fermiere Generale.[2]

Sir George silently, gave all Fermiers Generales to the devil.

"So rich," says Mrs. Almon, "he knows no end to his wealth."

"He may get over that inconvenience soon enough," says Sir George.

"He gives Mademoiselle de Parc, of the Italian theatre, one thousand Louis a month," says Mrs. Almon. "Would you believe it?"

"It is difficult, no doubt," Sir George replied; "but I have great faith, when the folly of mankind is in question."

"And so, Sir," says Mrs Almon, rather offended, "you call generosity, folly."

"That generosity, I do certainly," said Sir George.

"That kind of generosity, I suppose you mean," returned Mrs. Almon; "but don't mind. You're not likely to be hurt by the imitation."

"You, Madam, I presume," says Sir George, "think I am not yet fool enough."

"I don't imagine you have much to reproach yourself with, on the side of generosity," replies Mrs. Almon.

"Oh, that," says Sir George, "can never equal Mrs. Almon's--merit;

what generosity can?"

"What humour are you in, Sir George?" asked the lady.

"The humour to be wise," answered he, "Heaven continue it. But as there are no probabilities of this in Paris, I intend in a few days to bid it adieu."

"You are master of your own actions, my Lord," says Mrs. Almon."

"Yes--thank Heaven, my lady," replied Sir George.

Mrs. Almon burst into tears.

Sir George had not time to consider this phenomenon, before Mrs. Hammet came in, hanging upon the arm of Mr. Fielding.

"How is this," said the latter, "I am astonished.

"What! at the prodigy of a lady's tears," said Sir George. "We have only been saying a few civil things to each other. My generosity is not to her taste. So, to avoid offence, I am for England."

"To erect an altar to wisdom," said Mrs. Almon.

"Let it be a temple, Paradyne," said Fielding, "and make me high priest."

"Thy pontificalia,"[3] replied Sir George, "the cap and bells."

"So," returned Fielding, "shall the priest be worthy of the temple."

"A pretty entertainment this," said Mrs. Hammet, "and quite new. But do you know that Count Garand has broke his arrangement with the Duchess of Nampound; and that the Duke resents for his lady, with so much vivacity, that it is decided at Madam Paulet's coterie,[4] the affair must terminate by the small sword."[5]

"Excellent," said Mr. Fielding; in England, we put to the sword the friends who will--not those who will not--be familiar with our wives. The

French leave us wretchedly behind--in liberality of sentiment. A little more, and they will rival the Areoi of Otaheite;[6] could they bargain with death to take care of the children."

"Oh! but in general," said Mrs. Hammet, "husbands in France took no care at all of the love concerns of their ladies; but the Duke is under a peculiar necessity.--You must know that he himself is the Duchess's first and greatest passion; and when it happens that she is without an affair, this passion returns upon her with vast ardour. This the Duke finds inconvenient, and is obliged to exert himself to provide for his lady in a way less incommodious."

The conversation proceeding in the same manner, Sir George found it trifling, insipid, uninteresting; so withdrew without ceremony, to devote himself to philosophy.

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C H A P. XVII.

Eight happy hours Sir George consecrated to virtue and to patriotism. Against despotism he wrote a bitter phillippic. Universal benevolence seemed to inspire his pen; and never before had he felt so highly the dignity of his nature. From this hour he determined to quit his follies, and to regard all pursuits, all occupations, as beneath him, that did not some way or other tend to the amelioration of the state of mankind.

Of speculations so sublime, it is impossible a man should ever grow weary; and Sir George determined to indulge himself 'till the hour of repose. He dined. A few glasses raised his spirits to a higher tone.--He was almost in raptures. He took up the pen to give an account of his regeneration to Mr. Lindsay. After this, he began to resume his sublime ideas. They were

in rebellion. He stretched, yawned, and at last found it absolutely necessary to get up and walk.

What party Mrs. Almon had, he knew not, nor where it was likely she should trifle away that time which was never used but for trifling purposes. For himself, he chose the opera.

Arrived at the theatre, he threw his eyes around in search of patriots. Not one whom he knew was in the theatre. But, in one box, he perceived Mrs. Almon, Mrs. Hammet, the Marchioness de Craience, the Count Poree and Monsieur Groignard; in praise of whose generosity Mrs. Almon had been so lavish in the morning; who now sat by her side and grinned in her face with such apparent satisfaction, that Sir George thought it extremely probable the thousand Louis per month were going to change their direction.

What was this to him? What was it to him who stooped to pick up the bauble he had thrown away? So he endeavoured to fix his attention upon Artaserse,[1] and the heroes who die in song.

It might have been better, or it might not; the opera-house is no place for metaphysic disquisition. That man had been made capable of governing two or three senses at once. For whilst Sir George was directing his ears to the music, his eyes, without orders, fixed themselves upon Monsieur Groignard and Mrs. Almon, and disturbed the peaceable possession Signor Pracini had obtained of his auditory nerves. Signor Pracini, on his side, disturbed Mrs. Almon in her operation on the eye; and neither sense sent any but disordered notices to Sir George's sensorium.

It was impossible that any sensorium so harrassed, should live in comfort. Sir George changed his box for another, where his eyes could not

play him his impertinent trick.--Monsieur Dangeneau, of the French guards, was in it: and was so intent on giving the nomenclature of the house to a friend, that he did not perceive Sir George's entrance.

His friend directed his glass to Mrs. Almon.--"That lady," said Monsieur Dangeneau, "is English, and handsome, as you see. She is the chere amie[2] of the Chevalier Paradyne."

"And who, asked Monsieur Parroque, his friend, is the gentleman, who is incessantly nestling his long nose in her ear?"

"C'est[3] Monsieur Groignard, son of a Fermier Generale, who has left him a few million livres, which seem an insupportable burthen to him, by the pains he takes to get rid of them."

"Is he," asked Mr. Parroque, "petitioning the lady to assist him?"

"C'est probable," answered the other.

"And the Chevalier--what will he say?" asked Parroque.

"Je ne scai pas,"[4] replied Dangeneau.--"All I know is, that the English do not love Fermiers Generales; and that Monsieur Groignard's nose is in some danger."

Sir George, not finding himself much amused by all this, left the theatre and returned home. Here he found preparations for un petit souper,[5] which he found Mrs. Almon gave this evening. This, himself unconsulted and unnoticed, did not serve to recal his good humour. So, a la mode d'Angleterre,[6] he went to bed supperless and splenetic.

It was not with all the grace of a polite man that Sir George paid his morning compliments to Mrs. Almon; nor did the lady wear her accustomed aspect of sweet complacency. Big war sat upon the brow of each. Sir George struck the first blow, by hoping she found Monsieur Groignard to

her taste.

She answered, "Yes."

"I congratulate you, Madam," said Sir George, "he is a most accomplished gentleman. I should fear, indeed, his fine nose might incommode you, but that it will sneeze Louis d'ors into your bosom."

"Make what suppositions you please, Sir George."

"A genteel contempt, this, you honour me with, Madam."

"You taught it me, Sir."

"You improve upon your master."

"I am glad of it."

"It is true, then, you have engaged with Monsieur Groignard?"

"I consider myself as no longer engaged to Sir George Paradyne. What becomes of me hereafter, it cannot be worth his while to enquire."

"It sits quite easy upon you, Madam."

"It ought to do, Sir, since you thought proper to give me such ample provocation."

"Me! madam.--Me give the provocation! Me, whom you reproached with want of generosity!"

"Did I do you injustice, Sir?"

"Have I not in a few months lavished--but I scorn to proceed."

"Whatsoever you have lavished, Sir George, I presume, my particular share will not stand high in the account."

"Your impatience to receive is very lively, Madam."

"There is no necessity for unmannerly insult, Sir George. You have indicated your intention to separate in terms sufficiently plain. Allow me a few hours, and then adieu for ever."

Mrs. Almon threw herself upon the sofa, in a kind of tender anger. Nothing inanimate could be more beautiful than her dishabille. A snow white leg and foot played in gentle agitation. Her bosom--no--I will not meddle with that. Her eyes, which threw so late indignant lightnings, were now suffused with tears. One lovely hand was employed in covering those eyes, as if ashamed of their expression; the other seemed, by a gentle pressure below the breast, to indicate all was not right about the region of the heart.

The object and the attitude might have been worthy the chissel of Pygmalion. Sir George had not stood in contemplation of it more than five minutes, before he found the angry passions all giving way. Pity, and something still sweeter than pity, became soon his predominant feelings. He went toward the sofa, and taking that hand which covered her eyes, said, in a softened accent, "Mrs. Almon!"

Her only answer was tears--tears--but she did not withdraw her hand.

Sir George repeated the words in a tone still more musical.

"Sir George!" the lady answered.

"There was a time,"--said Sir George.

"Yes,"--she answered sobbing;--"there was a time."

"And is it gone for ever?" asked Sir George.

"You best know, Sir George."

"Oh! that it depended upon me."

"Certainly it does, Sir George."

"And have you not then engaged with Groignard?"

"Name him not, Sir George; he's my aversion. Once separated from you, it will be long--long--before my heart opens again to tenderness."

"My angel."

"My dear Sir George."

"And so--yes--it was so in Terence's time.----Amantium ira, amoris redintegratio est."[7]

I stop here to obviate a difficulty which will arise in the minds of my fair readers.--This, they will say, is incomprehensible.--We thought it was with Miss Colerain, not with Mrs. Almon, Sir George was in love.

"Can a man love two at once?"

"Yes, dear ladies, three."

"Detested be such love!"

Amen.--But be not angry with me, dear ladies; it is nature makes the enigma, not I. If the human heart is inexplicable, is it my fault? I am only a simple recorder of facts.

"Simple enough.

"What can I do? There are makers of motives enough already, more than know their trade, or I am deceived. Am I a bishop? that I should deviate from the plain path of truth, and take the high priori road to ipse-dixitation? The quantity of error in the soul of this habitable globe, needs not the least increase. All I can say in favour of Sir George Paradyne is, that he had a heart very much disposed to human kindness. That Miss Colerain was not, and Mrs. Almon was present to receive the benefit of this disposition; and finally, that Sir George was not quite twenty and two.

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C H A P. XVIII.

Let us leave him a while to bask in the sun-shine of Mrs. Almon's

smiles, and revel in the gaities of Paris; let us cross the channel, and see if England has any thing worthy our notice.

The ministry had fallen there; a dreadful ruin always. Every body knows, that it is the duty of those who have descended the ladder of state, without breaking their necks, to attack the mounting crew with all manner of missile weapons; the chief of which are the tongue and the pen. Lord Auschamp had used both to little purpose. The abilities which had rendered him a great man with clerks in office, were of small esteem with the people of England. This only served to throw Lord Auschamp into a greater rage, and to convince him more strongly, that the present administration were a set of the most abandoned miscreants that this unhappy nation ever saw. All their aim was to enlarge the power of the people, already too licentious, and curtail the prerogatives of the crown, which had scarce any prerogatives left.

"And it would be worthy of your pen, Mr. Lindsay," said he to this gentleman, "to expose their abandoned politics, and detect their crooked arts."

"My pen, my Lord, such as it is, shall always be at the service of moral and political virtue," answered Mr. Lindsay; "but hitherto, I think we have no public act, by which we can judge the present ministry hostile to either."

"Oh," said Lord Auschamp, "I know them--I know them to a man. Depend upon it, Mr. Lindsay, England will soon be a republic, if these men are suffered to be at the helm of affairs. Assure yourself, Mr. Lindsay, you shall be well paid. You have an able pen. It cannot be employed in a better cause; and I engage to furnish you with materials. I know how to

come at the secrets of office."

"Pardon me, my Lord,"--Mr. Lindsay replied, "the secrets of office are not the best materials for any pen; and surreptitiously obtained -- what honest pen will use them?"

It was at Mr. Birimport's where this impertinent sentiment was uttered; Lord Auschamp measured the speaker with a contemptuous eye, and rising with great dignity, bade good morning to Mr. and Mrs. Birimport, and walked to his chariot.

Mr. Birimport had causes of dislike to Lord Auschamp, who, he was accustomed to tell Mrs. Birimport, was only a pompous cypher. He was therefore pleased with Mr. Lindsay this morning, and entered with him into a confidential discourse; in the prosecution of which, Mr. Lindsay, with an air that called for ingenuousness, asked his sentiments of Mr. Hastings.

"Oh!" answered Mr. Birimport, "the thing is plain. The man is a damned clever fellow; has done a great deal of evil and a great deal of good, with little scruple about the means. I had a good deal to do with him; and always admired, feared, and detested him."

Mr. Lindsay had thought it his duty to pay his respects to Mrs. Birimport immediately on his return to London. He was a most welcome visitant, for he extenuated the faults of the brother whom she loved; and she was an interesting object to Mr. Lindsay; for he knew the character of her husband, an ingenious tormentor of himself, and all about him. Mr. Lindsay's morning visits were therefore frequent to Mrs. Birimport. In one of these, about a month after the preceding conversation, Mr. Birimport, suffering perhaps under a fit of hypocondriacism, was out of humour; and

took occasion to contradict all which Mr. Lindsay said so provokingly, that this gentleman could not resist making a few retorts; but shortened his visit to prevent the necessity of more.

After his departure, Mr. Birimport fell into a reverie; out of which he burst with this odd unfinished observation.

"If the Ganges should roll back into Thibet," said he, "one may expect a woman--------"

"What? Mr. Birimport," asked Mrs. Birimport, smiling.

"This Lindsay," said he, "is a sensible fellow at times, too; you admire him, Madam."

"I think him sensible," answered she.

"You do--Why--the man is plausible. What may be his age?"

"About thirty, I should think," said Mrs. Birimport.

"Don't you think him handsome, Madam?"

"I think him very well," she answered.

"Very well, do you? Why, yes--as you say, he's very well. Rather indigent, I suppose?"

"Not very rich, I doubt."

"Oh!--you doubt. Should you not like to have the world at your command, Madam; to have the pleasure of raising indigent merit?"

"Some power of that kind I should think agreeable, Sir."

"Yes--I dare say--and Lindsay would experience it's first effects?"

"I hope he is comfortable by my brother's bounty," said the lady--"though not affluent."

"Oh! you hope.--Yes, I dare say. It would have been very ungrateful of your brother not to have done it, considering the good advice he has

given him, not to follow naughty women."

"I do not imagine my brother would have been worse for following Mr. Lindsay's advice."

"No--I dare say. Pray what family is he of?"

"He is the son of a clergyman; of a Scotch family; related to Sir Andrew Lindsay, of Fifeshire."

"Oh! a poor gentleman of blood. Why that would take away all the indecorum now, if a wealthy lady should be desirous of relieving indigent merit, and raising birth from obscurity."

"This has been often done, Mr. Birimport; and I never understood that it was exposed to censure."

"Oh! you have not understood this.--Perhaps, Madam, considering what a husband you have got, you do not understand it to be censurable, to give away a little felicity by anticipation? a small foretaste of joys to come?"

"Mr. Birimport!" said the astonished Lady. Then, bursting into tears--"I can allow," says she "for infirmity of temper; I can submit to your arts of teazing. But this I cannot bear."

Saying this she left the room precipitately.

The same day she wrote Mr. Lindsay the following note:

"Mrs. Birimport's compliments to Mr. Lindsay, requests him not to call upon her in Portland-place at present; peculiar engagements rendering it inconvenient to see him."

"Yes--poor lady--" said Lindsay, "I know thy peculiar engagements; and should not be sorry if death, the only power which can, would break it."

Because I have never, in any one sentence that I remember, coupled together Lindsay with love, my fair readers will have concluded him cold

and insensible. It is time to correct this error. Miss Carlill, sensible, shrewd, and an enthusiast in friendship, assailed with no common force; but he strung every nerve for resistance. It would have been to unite poverty with poverty. It would have been giving too a sanction to Sir George's imprudent--then imprudent--passion for Miss Colerain. Miss Fluellen too gave him many a soft emotion, which pride and prudence together scarce enabled him to combat with success. Perhaps he saved himself only by flight.--Even in London, he was scarcely safe; for the contention was renewed by a letter from that simple charmer, which will be the subject of the next chapter.

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C H A P. XIX.

"Dear Mr. Lindsay,

"I received your last kind letter, and am thankful, as I ought to be, for the pains you take to improve me. I am more sensible every day how much I want a true friend; for those that I thought to be so, prove themselves nothing less. Miss Owen, who is the only young person of my own sex that I have ever been intimate with in all my life, asked me to go to Aberistwyth assembly; so I went. I thought assemblies had been places where one might go for to learn manners and politeness; but I must say that I did not see much of either. Nobody took notice of me except to laugh;--and nobody ever asked me to dance. So next morning I enquired of Miss Owen what could be the reason. And she said I was not dressed properly; for my handkerchief was not puffed out at the bosom, 'till my face looked as if it was peeping out of a bush. Then my cap was too small, and my hair not frizzled enough; so I was only what you used to call neat, and liked me for.----

Miss Owen said, she was asked by a lady if Mr. Fielding taught me that mode of dressing? I wonder how any body here should know about Mr. Fielding. And a gentleman answered, he was of opinion that Mr. Fielding would sooner have taught me to undress. Was not this spiteful. But I don't care, for I promise you I won't be long among 'em.

"About a month ago since, my aunt was married to Parson Nowel. He has two benefices, which both together bring in about fifty pounds a year; and I made aunt's fortune up six hundred pounds, so they'll do very well, for she's past breeding. Parson would have had me come to board with them; but I did not like it; for he is but a so-so man; and I need not go any where to learn ignorance, I have enough at home.

"You know Mr. Owen ap Jones ap Price, for he was here when you was. He comes a courting to me whether I will or no; and I'm forced to give him my company out of civility; for one can't be rude in one's own house, you know. Nothing will say him nay; and it makes me as cross as two sticks.

"But I've worse to tell yet: You know our man, David Gam; what a Sawney he was when we set out, and what a coxcomb he came back.--What do you think? If his impudence did not offer himself to me for a husband, telling me he was born of honest parents, and all that. I asked him what I should get by marrying; and he said a good bed-fellow. So I hit him a slap on the chops, and paid him his wages that blessed hour.

"Now you know, I'm in a lone house--and that's not proper--and I don't like Wales. So I'm coming to London. But don't be frightened--I'm not coming to have you against your will. All I desire is, that you will find me a fit place to board in, either in London or near it; and now and then just ask me how I do. I can afford to give one hundred pounds a year

for board for myself and maid, and three rooms; and have another hundred pounds to spare--and I'm sure if you've any use for it, you shall be as welcome as flowers in May. So hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

"Your humble servant,

"to command,

"D. FLUELLEN."

Notwithstanding Miss Fluellen's promise not to have Mr. Lindsay against his will, it must be owned he was rather alarmed; and in order not to be obliged to ask her how she did too often, he thought near London was better for her health than in it. So he took her convenient lodgings at Mile-end, where she arrived within the month; and where we must leave her, in order to attend the more important concerns, now transacting in France.

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C H A P. XX.

If I have hitherto said little of Mr. Fielding, it was because I had little to say. His was a life of uniformity. His amusement, notwithstanding the charms of Mrs. Hammet, was low amour; his avocation gaming. He sought the society of no patriots, no literati; nor was he, like Sir George, ever troubled by compunction or remorse. Although he did Sir George Paradyne the honour to call him his dearest friend, he had formed a friendship of much greater intimacy with Count Colliano, who had come from London to Paris, and who, on his first arrival, Sir George shunned, as far as was possible, without transgressing the laws of politeness. Accident, however, or perhaps not accident, brought about an occurrence, which shewed the Count to be so much the gentleman, that Sir George now courted, as much as he before shunned him.

This accident was a race upon the plain des Sablons, between two racers, Alfred and Pepin; the first, English bred, the other French. The glory of the two nations was concerned in it, and an Englishman cannot, in such a case, but feel for the glory of his country. Fielding was decidedly for Alfred, not as being English, but as being the best. He had made an acquaintance with the jockey, who was to ride Alfred, an honest Yorkshireman; who assured him he knew the length of Pepin's foot to an inch. Fielding imparted this to Sir George in confidence.

Now, since the last fracas, it was impossible for any lady to exceed Mrs. Almon in the soft insinuating powers. Perhaps there is scarce one wife in all London who would have taken the pains she did, to keep Sir George from thinking; that enemy to gallantry, to pleasure, and herself. She knew the grand specific was dissipation, and she gave it in every possible form and manner.

Sir George could not reward her for all this, as he wished. His stock in the funds was gone, and he had drained his banker.--A few rouleaus,[2] of one hundred Louis each, occasionally tossed in her lap, was all he had done. He was sensible she deserved a great deal more; and the race above-mentioned, gave him an opportunity to be generous, without the disgraceful means of anticipating his revenues.

Alfred won the first heat with ease, and four to one, six to one, resounded over the plain. Sir George offered bets upon this spirited calculation, all of which were taken by Count Colliano; when, in the midst of the second heat, Alfred was seen to slip behind, and neither that heat nor the next, could be prevailed upon to take the lead by any persuasion whatever.

It must be owned, Sir George did not bear this reverse with all the

nonchalance of a philosopher, or of a well initiated gamester. He drank Champaigne in abundance to get it out of his head; and when the Count, like a man of honour, offered to give him his revenge at hazard, the same evening, he accepted the offer, and flew with eagerness to decide the contest. Sir George threw well, and gained upon the Count the first hour.--The second, fortune changed;--a circumstance not uncommon with young gamesters. He threw the dice into the fire, and called for fresh. This operation was repeated more than once, without success. His irritation increased with his ill fortune. In short, not to dwell upon a scene, of which proud man has little cause to be proud, at break of day, he found himself engaged to the Count for something more than ten thousand guineas; and with this cordial cup of consolation, he retired to his hotel to--rest.

Sir George's mind had so harrassed his body, that he did not awake 'till late. Then came coffee and reflection; and with them remorse and horror. These were succeeded by disdain of life, a feverish disorder, not uncommon with English gentlemen in similar circumstances. The Count called, and preceiving the symptoms, assured Sir George he did not want his money; that he scorned to distress a gentleman; that he would have the goodness only to ascertain the sum by a proper obligation, and take his own time for payment.

This very genteel behaviour of the Count's revived Sir George's spirits. He gave the Count his proper obligation, and with it a cordial invitation to do him the honour to consider the hotel as his own house. Mrs. Almon entered to inquire of Sir George if he would do her the honour to be of her party to-day. They went out together. The plain des Sablons had the preceding day transferred a great deal of property besides Sir

George's; and ruin is a most ample fund of mirth for the Parisians. A young banker too had stopt payment--for love.--These were great consolations; and Sir George, having laughed half an hour at other peoples follies, forgot to cry at his own.

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C H A P. XXI.

This airy course Sir George Paradyne had the steadiness to pursue 'till the winter was nearly closed, by which time his complaisance to the Count had induced him to grant other obligations to no small amount. He had, however, now got tolerably well rid of the ridiculous habit of retrospection.--Youth, he sagely concluded, must have its follies; the season would be over soon; a few years economy would free him from their effects; and there was little wisdom in looking back at a dreary view, when the prospect before was all rose and carnation. Sir George had also forgot to think of Miss Colerain. One step more was wanting, to see her without emotion--and the road to virtue would probably have been barred to him for ever.

It was the fashion to visit the Palais Royale.--One day Sir George had attended Mrs. Almon, and her inseparable party thither. In the gallery of paintings, two ladies seemed to draw more the attention of the company than Daphne and Apollo.--A pretty elegant quaker-like figure attracted the gaze of the ladies, whilst the eyes of the gentlemen were fixed upon a lady, who had no particularities to draw attention, except superior beauty and grace.

Sir George no sooner threw his eyes upon this attractive lady, than he suddenly felt himself faint;--a sickness with dizziness seized him, and,

to avoid observation, he left the gallery. Something of the same kind had happened to Miss Colerain, who Sir George saw pass him, accompanied by Miss Carlill, and a well-looking gentleman about thirty. This did not in the least relieve his sickness. He followed, however, at a distance, for he had too much of the mauvaise honte to approach, and saw all three ascend a fiacre and drive away. He sighed, and sought an unfrequented part of the garden.

It happened that a servant of Sir George, he who attended his master at Combor, was passing along the street St. Honore at the instant Miss Colerain was alighting from the fiacre at the door of her lodgings. He knew her, and by way of English news, told it Sir George the same evening. The intelligence procured his master a restless night.--The morning and Mrs. Almon found him pensive, silent, and absent. He walked into the Rue St. Honore, though without the least intention to call upon Miss Colerain. This he durst not do.--Yet somehow, as Mrs. Piozzi[1] says, his daring hand had given the fatal rap, in spite of his trembling heart.

The door opened; he asked for Miss Colerain, and was shewn into a parlour, where Miss Colerain presently came down to attend him. Sir George was sensible he ought to speak, and felt infinite confusion to find himself unable. Miss Colerain, though herself embarrassed, first found her speech.--"She hoped she saw Sir George Paradyne well?"

"No--no--you do not, Miss Colerain," answered Sir George.

"I am sorry for it, Sir George."

"No--no--you are not, Miss Colerain," Sir George replied.

"Why do you suppose this, Sir George?"

"Because--because--when you last saw me, it was with such contempt-------"

"Sorrow would better express the sentiment I saw you with then, than contempt."

"I know I am criminal in your eyes, Miss Colerain; but should I have been so, had I been permitted to leave England with more hope?"

"If you can satisfy yourself, Sir George, by criminating me, you are welcome."

"Is not this contempt, Miss Colerain?--The severest contempt?"

"It is not reverence, I own."

"After all, what have I done? Any thing attrocious.--Any thing unauthorised by the manners of the age?"

"If you are satisfied Sir George--I am."

"No--Miss Colerain--no--I am not satisfied neither. That I cannot be, whilst I am sunk in your esteem."

"Since you have done nothing wrong, Sir George, nothing unauthorized, the loss of my esteem must be considered as mere caprice."

"No--Miss Colerain--I do not mean that I have not been wrong.--But--look into my heart--that has been always your's."

"It is well," said Miss Carlill, entering the parlour at this instant--"It is well friend Almon does not hear thee."

"By Heaven--Miss Carlill," said Sir George,--"but you do not think these idle connexions are made by the heart?"

"Nay," said Miss Carlill, "that is best known to those who make them."

"Miss Carlill," said Sir George, "once you were my friend; once you pleaded my cause here."

"Then--I thought thy cause a good one. I did indeed take pains to convince Cornelia Colerain, that though a young man, thou wert a man of wisdom.

Can I be pleased to find myself mistaken?"

"You are very severe, Miss Carlill," said Sir George. "I must not presume to defend my foibles;--but I hope they do not deserve the utmost severity of reprehension."

"If it does thee good to soften folly by the gentler name of foible, it may be a remain of wisdom so to do. But to lavish thy fortune upon a woman thou dost not pretend to love; and upon gamesters thou once made it an honour to thyself to despise--and upon frivolties almost beneath a woman.--If these are not follies--I pray thee tell me what are?"

"Although," said Miss Colerain, "I do not adopt my friend's harsh stile of criticism, I own myself grieved and afflicted, to see Sir George Paradyne, designed by nature and fortune to be one of the first characters of his country--to see him here at Paris--stopt short by pleasure in the career of virtue--pursuing trifles with avidity--and sinking in the world's esteem--and his own."

"Thou may'st be wrong in thy conclusion, Cornelia," said Miss Carlill.--"Paris is a charming school, and friend Paradyne an apt scholar. He may have learned to think his present pursuits the most laudable; and to embellish them with the agreeable names of l'Esprit, le bon ton, la belle usage."[2]

"It is possible," said Miss Colerain, with a softened sigh, "Sir George may think himself under no obligation to virtuous and moral conduct;--to sustain the honour of his country; to promote its welfare; or to soften the calamities of human life."

"Yes," added Miss Carlill, "he may think his noble fortune given him--to buy jewels--and give them to les filles de joie.[3]--He may think his

dear Mrs. Almon speaks of his favours with gratitude rather than ridicule. He may think his two friends, John Fielding, and him they call Count Colliano, men of prime honour and worship; and that they do not boast of having made him their dupe."

"Too sure, then," said Miss Colerain, "too sure he will be mistaken. How often have I felt the secret blush, when I heard Sir George Paradyne spoken of as a man who left his country for improvement; and, in a city famous for illustrious characters in every science which does honour to mankind, seek it in theatres alone, in gaming-houses, and in the coterie of a woman lost to respectable society."

"If," said Sir George, striking his forehead, "if you do not mean to drive me to distraction--forbear. Tell me only--tell me, dear Cornelia, if contrary conduct, if any conduct, can now regain me your esteem?"

"My esteem, Sir George, will always follow virtue."

"Ay--but your heart--that--that--"

"Once it was your's, Sir George--I scorn to disguise it."

"Thou threw'st it, like a worthless toy, away," said Miss Carlill.

"Cruel--cruel, Miss Carlill.--But no," continued Sir George, and hurrying to the window, to conceal the emotion that swelled his breast and rose into his eyes--"I will not ask any thing now. I ought to deserve your favours before I sue for them. Only tell me--can I serve you at Paris?"

"No, Sir George," answered Miss Colerain, "we leave it to-morrow."

"For England?" asked Sir George.

"Yes--for England."

"And have you no want, Cornelia?" said Sir George, his voice softened with tenderness.--"When I last saw you, I trembled at the probability of your

suffering from indigence.--Oh!--would you but permit me--how it would ease the heart you have doomed to suffer and bleed--"

"I shall always acknowledge your kind intentions in this respect," Miss Colerain replied;--"but some events have happened, which have rendered me affluent. I first became so by the friendship of Miss Carlill, whose uncle died at Ghent, leaving her a considerable fortune."

"It was in going thither, friend Paradyne," said Miss Carlill, "we had a glance of thee--at Soissons, I think, or St. Quintin,----"

"No more, dear merciless Miss Carlill," said Sir George;--"I am sick of my follies. When a man feels them--at his heart--sure you may spare his ear."

"Mr. Talbot has been taken," resumed Miss Colerain;--"and enough has been recovered from him, to clear my father's debts, and leave me a considerable surplus. I am still richer by the recovery of that house at Bourdeaux, whose failure first began my father's misfortunes. The gentleman who accompanied us yesterday to the Palace Royale, is at the head of that house by the decease of his father;--he has been in America; has recovered much supposed to be lost; and has restored the full credit of the house by payment of its debts."

"May Heaven then bless you, my dear Cornelia," said Sir George, with fervor.--"Never will I presume to enter your presence, 'till ---- ADIEU." Then taking her hand, he kneeled on one knee, kissed it with a respectful solemnity, and hurried out of the room.

"Poor Sir George!" said Miss Colerain, sinking upon a sofa -- where she wept for hours.

Poor Sir George!

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C H A P. XXII

But this was not the sole mortifying, though instructive lesson Sir George was doomed this day to receive. When he left the Rue St. Honore he crossed the Seine, that he might find, if possible, an unfrequented walk, where he might indulge reflection. He passed some hours in all the luxury of remorse; 'till having resolved and again resolved, to be no longer the abject and frivolous being he had been, his mind assumed a firmer and more serene tone. He reflected upon the perfidy of his friends, who, he doubted not, had made him the subject of their ridicule, though he wondered how it should have come to the knowledge of Miss Colerain.

Wearied at length, and wanting refreshment, he returned into the city, and calling in at a celebrated coffee-house, saw, in earnest conversation, the Marquis de la Fayette, with Monsieur Volney, and Monsieur Chapelier.

Sir George walked towards them; they saw him approach, but no one moved to meet his advances. They returned his salute with a cool civility, uncommon amongst Frenchmen, and resumed their conversation. To break into this would have been rude; he retired, therefore, intending to ask an explanation of the Marquis. Two hours after, Sir George called at the Marquis's hotel, was instantly admitted, and complained, in a friendly tone, of his reception at the coffee-house.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," says the Marquis, with a polite indifference, "it is now some months since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I deserve the reproof," answered Sir George, "for my apology, I have only to plead, I was young--and at Paris."

"Oh! que oui,"[1] says the Marquis, "I have heard of you often --mais, pardonnez moi ma franchise,[2] men of pleasure are not the society in which I am most conversant."

"It is in that character only," said Sir George, "that I have been considered by you of late, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Certainement,[3] Chevalier Paradyne," the Marquis replied, "it has not been my good fortune to hear of you in any other."

"I hope," said Sir George, "I have not in that character been guilty of any act which debases me as a gentleman?"

"Pardonnez moi," replied the Marquis; "Ce n'est pas mon affaire.[4] You live as you please. What have I to do with that?"

"I suffer in your opinion, Marquis. Is it then, that your nation is become so rigorous as to exact wisdom from young men?"

"Oh! que non" answered the Marquis, "my nation must love you; it is only I that have had the misfortune to lose my national taste."

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion," said Sir George. "Occupied as you are, I have no right to any part of your time; nor, occupied as I have been, to any part of your esteem. Monsieur le Marquis, adieu,--when next you see me here, I will be more worthy of you."

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said the Marquis, "this frankness is charming. Accept my general invitation. If you approve the society I keep, come amongst us. The moment you prefer us to the bons vivans, et les gens de jeu,[5] you are what you desire to be."

They embraced and parted; Sir George much delighted to be in the way to regain his own esteem, and that of men.

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C H A P. XXIII.

There is a difference between doing those things which have our own approbation, and those which have not. In one case, a man generally walks erect, whether he has learned to dance or not. In the other, the heads seems to be growing downward. As it wanted an hour to dinner, and having no present relish for the beauties of his own hotel, he turned into the Thuilleries, intending to consider what he should do to obliterate the blots which stained his character.

He had not long been thus engaged, when he perceived a gentleman, English by his appearance, walking slowly on as in deep contemplation. He recollected him to be Mr. Mowbray, with whom my fair readers once dined at the Falcon at Combor; but who, considering the nature of his opinions, cannot be supposed to have made himself an interest in their gentle bosoms. He seemed much paler than when Sir George had last seen him, and was attended by the same person. His eye was sunk; its expression languid; but he seemed to be pleased when Sir George accosted him, whom he remembered very well.

"To what cause," Sir George asked, "do I owe the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mowbray now in Paris?"

"I travel," he answered, "because I cannot rest. My friends advised me to a warmer climate for this winter. I have been in Provence. But I feel I decline apace; and being desirous to sleep in the tomb of my ancestors, I am hastening home. Mrs. Mowbray too, I wish to see once more, to shew her the last state of the man she has broke down."

"It has been a most unfortunate connexion to you, Mr. Mowbray," said Sir George.

"In every connexion with woman," Mr. Mowbray replied, "man seeks happiness and risks it--and the risk is great. It is so much the greater, because, in the usual mode of connexion, the laws come in to perpetuate it, and the misery is for life. Gentlemen endeavour to avoid this by that kind of union, which you, Sir George, are said to have formed with a Mrs. Almon; and no doubt that--as long as we love--is a more advantageous formula than--as long as we live. Yet there are drawbacks. Children impede a separation, even when mutually desired. There is too a certain loss of character; for most men, and most good women, think it borders upon infamy. Since good women very generally reject it, it is usually formed with women whose characteristic, goodness is not. There are exceptions, no doubt, and I hope Mrs. Almon may be one.

There was nothing in this conversation that was peculiarly pleasing to Sir George, who answered slightly, "his own experience had not much recommended that mode of connexion," and then endeavoured to change the discourse by inviting Mr. Mowbray to dinner.

"I am unfit for company," Mr. Mowbray said.

"We dine to day en famille," answered Sir George, "and exactly at four. It is now four," continued he, looking at his watch; "I have kept a false account of time to-day."

Mr. Mowbray at length consented, and they went together.

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C H A P. XXIV.

They found dinner waiting. On Mrs. Almon's entrance into the dining room, Sir George announced Mr. Mowbray an English gentleman, who advanced to pay her his respects. But it is the pencil, not the pen, which ought to

describe the stiffening horror that seized him on a view of her face. "Mrs. Mowbray!" cried he, faintly, then stood with a fixt eye, and immoveable as a statue.

The lady was astonished also; but ladies are not so soon deprived of their faculties, especially that of speech. She assumed a fierté proper for such an occasion, and with a blush--of anger, perhaps--which deepened the Paris rouge, "I wonder, Sir George," says she, "you will take the liberty to introduce gentlemen to me without previous notice."

Sir George thought the reproof an odd one; having never met it before, though he had committed the crime oft enough.

"Whenever you chuse to adopt this method," continued the lady, "have the goodness to do the honours of your own table."

So saying, she left the room with an air of offended dignity.

The astonished Sir George, turning to his guest, now as livid and ghastly as if he were paying immediate obedience to the grand summoner, death, saw him with trembling limbs, just ready to sink on the floor. Having supported, and placed him on a chair, he sent for a physician of great eminence. Before his arrival, Mr. Mowbray had sunk into a lethargic state, from whence no art or medicine could rouse him for a longer period than a few minutes. In these moments of reflection, he would press Sir George's hand, and regard him with a look of pity, unmixed with reproach. He died on the third day.

This melancholy event struck Sir George most forcibly. It was not, that he could charge eigher Mr. Mowbray's death, or antecedent misery upon himself directly. He was not the lady's seducer; but the lady's seducer must have been a man of unthinking gaiety, and loose morality----like himself.

The behaviour of Mrs. Mowbray compleated his disgust. When she saw that Sir George, instead of sending this gentleman to his lodgings, kept him to be sick at his own hotel, she left it, and took up her residence with Mrs. Hammet; nor did she once trouble herself to send a single message of compliment or inquiry, either to Mowbray or himself.

In one respect, this indecent and unfeeling behaviour was serviceable to Sir George. It is rather ungenteel, and to some people would be unpleasant, to tell a lady of Mrs. Mowbray's obliging disposition, they were weary of her; but as she had herself chose to abdicate, he had only to leave her to her own operations. The lady had an elevated soul, and understood her sex's dignity too well, to condescend to be the first mover of reconciliation.

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C H A P. XXV.

Now it was Sir George reaped the full harvest of his past follies, in bitterness of reflection. He owed the Count a large sum, and, under the influence of his present notions, he owed him contempt too; but it was scarcely eligible to pay the latter debt before the former; and the former it was scarce possible to pay. In England indeed he might find means; but if he left Paris without an apology, what would the Count think? At length he determined to write to Mr. Lindsay; and this was the letter.

"Where is the physician who rejoices not in the completion of his prognostic, though his patient dies to fulfil it? You, dear Lindsay, will hardly be sorry to hear that counsels formed by pride, passion and vanity, against reason--your reason--should be followed by proper effects. I am fallen, Lindsay, fallen very low indeed--into disgrace with myself. I have treated you with a most unfriendly neglect. It is an aggravation of my

present pressures. If you can forgive, come and give me the consolation of friendship; come, and extricate me from the very honourable situation into which I have brought myself. I owe 12,000 l. to a man I despise. I have drained Cartwright for other follies. What I wish is, that you would consult with him, and use the most expeditious means to remit--convey I mean--that sum to Paris. Then consult with me on the most expiditious means of quitting folly for friendship.

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

When Mr. Lindsay received Sir George's letter, he sighed at human weakness, and prepared to perform his requests. Having previously wrote to Sir George, he flew to Dennington, and Mr. Cartwright expecting him.

"I have a letter from my master," says he, "ordering me to co-operate with you in some business which you are to explain. I guess the nature of it though. Every body knows now-a-days, the principal occupation of stewards. But I am old, Sir, and don't like new ways. I have a competency honestly got; and I should choose to enjoy it in peace. So, Sir, as I suppose you are Sir George's factotum, I beg the first cast of your office may be to accept my resignation."

"If Sir George has errors, Mr. Cartwright," said Lindsay, "he owes them probably more to the corruption of the times, than his own corruption."

"Yes, yes," replied the steward, "corruption of the times--that's the excuse for house breaking, and adultery, and all the evils of the land. A man that is easily corrupted, is like enough to remain so. The times last always."

"Many young men slide in early youth," said Mr. Lindsay, "and recover; so may Sir George. It is not the greatest mark of judgment, to decide from

first follies, on the character of a man's whole life; nor is it incumbent upon you, Sir, to animadvert with unbecoming freedom on a master's errors."

"Noscitur a sociis,"[1] says the old man, stung with this reproof; Noscitur a sociis. A man can't go to the devil, without having people ready to tell him he is in the road to Heaven."

"Your companions, then," replied Mr. Lindsay, "must have been people of little ceremony, and less politeness. But, Mr. Cartwright, my business with you, is to concert the best means of raising, instantly, 12,000l. which Sir George wants for a particular use. As to accepting your resignation, it is not mine to do. I am not Sir George's servant; he honours me with the name of friend. If you do not chuse to concur with me in this affair, let me know it, that I may pursue other expedients."

"But what is the money for, Sir," said the steward. "What is it for?"

"What, Sir, is that to you?" replied Lindsay, with quickness. "Sir George asks your service, not your property."

The old gentleman was almost inclined to cut capers.

"No," says he, dancing about the room--"no--it is nothing to me if the estates are sunk by an earthquake--or--or--I have been steward fifty years---- No--its nothing to me. My wife nursed Sir George. I had no child of my own. I loved him like one. But that's presumptuous. No--its nothing to me,"-- and the tears sprang out.

"Mr. Cartwright," said Lindsay, "I meant not to affect you, though I will not say I did not mean to offend. We have been both something wrong. You, rather too free; I, too petulant. Think, however, as well of me as I do of you, 'till you know I do not deserve your good opinion; and let us have no other contest but who shall best serve Sir George Paradyne."

Flattered by this condescension, the old steward gave his hand, and

they proceeded cordially to business. A banker advanced the money, and undertook the payment in Paris, immediately on Sir George's signing a bond. In four days Mr. Lindsay was ready to depart for France.

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C H A P. XXVI.

It was evening when Mr. Lindsay arrived at Calais, and whilst he was in the coach yard concerting with Monsieur Dessein,[1] the speediest means of getting to Paris, a chaise with two women, and an English servant on horseback, came in. Mr. Lindsay instantly knew Miss Carlill; who was going to England, accompanied, not by Miss Colerain, but her maid.

"So agreeable an event as this," said he, advancing to pay his respects, "I did not expect to meet in all France."

"Then thou art not in search of pleasure," said Miss Carlill.

"Ah! no," said Lindsay, leading her into a parlour, where they said a great many agreeable things to each other; the gentleman lamenting Sir George's irregularities with more compassion than gall; the lady with more gall than compassion.

"You have seen Sir George, I know," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Yea," said Miss Carlill, "more than once. The first time was at Soissons, I think. We--that is to say--Miss Colerain and I, were on our way to Ghent, to take possession of the effects of a dear uncle of mine deceased, who had settled there, and became affluent."

"Sir George wrote me word of the circumstance," said Mr. Lindsay, "and expressed much shame and contrition."

"Thy friend," replied Miss Carlill, is capable of contrite hours, but not of contrite days. It is pity indeed he should have been ashamed of an exhibition which made, as the people of this country say, such a prodigious eclat. Not a waiter, or maid servant, or groom at Soissons, who was not overflowing in

the praise of the generous Milords Angloises, and of the spirit of the thing. Cornelia Colerain indeed only applauded it with her tears. She thought Soissons the ugliest town she had ever seen; and would not be persuaded to eat or drink in it."

"I hope," said Mr. Lindsay, "it is not owing to sickness or misfortune, that this lady is not your companion in this journey?"

"Oh! no," answered Miss Carlill, "she is well, and at Paris, attending the lying-in of Jeannette Beauvaloir, now married. Perhaps thou has heard that the origin of the misfortunes of Cornelia's father, was a house at Bordeaux. It was this Beauvaloir. An active young man, lately received into the partnership, went over to America, recovered debts which had been despaired of; and returning to France, reinstated the credit of the house by paying all the demands upon it. This event produced a large sum for Cornelia, whose father's debts had been payed just before by the taking of Talbot in Antwerp. The young man married Jeannette Beauvaloir, and they live now in Paris."

"Sir George," said Mr. Lindsay, "mentioned this circumstance to me in a letter. It must be confessed he did not rejoice in it; wishing, as I suppose, himself to be the sole source of fortune, as well as happiness, to Miss Colerain; and thinking, probably, it might serve to retard, rather than promote his suit."

"Cornelia Colerain," said Miss Carlill, has that sort of mind, which 20,000 l. cannot inflate, or change. She loves thy friend, and would be his, if he would take the trouble to deserve her; but she loves herself also, and chooses to be happy. In short, she will have a man to her own taste, or no man at all. I own this taste is obsolete, or nearly so; and is likely to make her commit the crying sin of dying a maid."

"That would be pity," said Mr. Lindsay, "but I dare hope for better things. Tho' Sir George had been irregular, I hope he has stopt short of vice."

"Dost thou think gaming a vice?" Miss Carlill asked.

"I should rather call it a failing," answered Mr. Lindsay, "when it is not accompanied with fraud."

"Hast thou," Miss Carlill asked, "as pretty a distinction to make in favour of the virtuous life he leads with Mrs. Almon?"

"If," replied Mr Lindsay, "it was the law or usage of the country, for men and women to make temporary contracts, no one would call it a vice."

"According to thee then," said Miss Carlill, "vice and virtue are mode and fashion?"

"Not wholly so, perhaps," Mr. Lindsay said, "nor wholly otherwise. But I think there is still one desideratum in our happiest European societies. It is to preserve a little more free will to the sexes in the important article of their mutual conjunctions. It is pity a tender mistake, as it often does, should involve two people in wretchedness for life. Would not the man deserve well of society who could abolish this evil without destroying order, and the parental and filial charities?"

"Surely," said Miss Carlill, "thou hast been the pupil of the poor mad Mowbray?"

"Poor Mowbray?" said Mr. Lindsay, "he was mad to be sure; yet there was wisdom in him. Might not he, Miss Carlill, have avoided madness and misery, if, instead of the connexion for life, he had formed such an one, as Sir George did with Mrs. Almon. No man knows what changes may happen. Minds are almost as frail things as bodies. Is it not possible Sir George Paradyne

might have found misery in marriage."

"I hate thee," said Miss Carlill, "dost thou compare Cornelia Colerain with that wife of Mowbray?"

"Only as they are women," Mr. Lindsay replied.

"If thou knewest Cornelia thou would be ashamed of thy comparison," said Miss Carlill. If chastity can be in woman, it reigns in its greatest purity in Cornelia Colerain."

"Chastity may be in woman, no doubt," answered Mr. Lindsay, "and was once probably in Mrs. Mowbray, but it gets out, one knows not how."

"Yea," said Miss Carlill, "minds, as thou hast observed, are frail. Thine has changed its character since I saw thee last. I did not expect to have found a supporter of bad morals in William Lindsay."

"Nor have you, my dear Miss Carlill. What I have said, has been rather in mitigation of my friend's errors, than an approbation of them. Pray favour me with Miss Colerain's address."

"Here it is," said Miss Carlill, "but I must tell thee, thy friend Paradyne supposes she is gone to England. Indeed she did design it; but the entreaties of friend Beauvaloir caused her to change her intention. She is however determined not to admit the visits of George Paradyne. As he is, she will not unite her fate to his, Promises of reformation, she will not regard. This must precede all farther communication between them. Thou understandest me. I depend upon thy honour. I need say no more."

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C H A P. XXVII.

Mr. Lindsay alighted at Sir George's hotel; it was all in confusion. The evening before, Sir George had been attacked by certain law officers,

similar to our bound bailiffs, and carried to the conciergerie.[1] As these gentlemen claimed him just at the instant he was getting into his chariot to sup with Monsieur Volney, my fair Readers may conjecture, it was a political arrest. But indeed it was purely civil. "Civil?" Perfectly civil, dear ladies, as you will see when you ascend to its source.

Count Colliano had long admired Mrs. Almon, but as she was Sir George's mistress, not his wife, the transcendent honour of a man of gallantry, would not permit him to attempt to seduce her affections. Mrs. Almon saw the Count's affection, and his delicacy. His person was assez bein,[2] very well; his manners easy; his temper gay; and, what weighed with the lady more than all, he was totally void of that retrogade course of sentiment, which often alarmed her in SirGeorge. He was afflicted with no hours of gloom arising from retrospection. In point of fortune he was supposed to be at his ease; and talked of returning to his native country, and of devoting the remainder of his life to love and ease, could he but meet his kindred mind. Mrs. Almon had a notion that she had a kindred mind; and wished for an asylum, but an asylum of pleasure, where she might never hear the hated name of Mowbray more.

The milkiness of nature Sir George had shewn respecting Mr. Mowbray, convinced her that she should never be able to mould him totally to her taste; and the cool civility with which, ever since the death of Mowbray, he avoided the society of the Count and Mr. Fielding, convinced these gentlemen, that he would be no longer to theirs. It was expedient therefore to think of other councils.

The Count unbosomed himself to Mr. Fielding. There had happened to this honourable friend of Sir George Paradyne's a small change of fortune.

His grandmother's funds had flown at the commands of play and pleasure. Sensible of the growing defect in his purse, and of his want of some arcana in the mysterious avocation of a gamester, he had cultivated the Count's acquaintance with much assiduity; and at length had formed with him a league offensive and defensive, against the sons of wealth. To gentlemen who follow the science of gaming with the diligence and abilities of its highest professors, it is sometimes expedient to change their place, and to make sufficiently long intervals of return. About this time, our friends began to be sensible of this expediency.

The Count's secret affection then for Mrs. Almon, Mr. Fielding communicated to Mrs. Hammet; and she to her friend. Her friend, to compleat the circle, found the most delicate way imaginable to shew the Count she was not insensible. Confidence was soon established amongst this partie quarree. They held frequent councils; and the result was to leave Sir George Paradyne to his fate.

Your cunning people are so accustomed to bye-paths, that they seldom chuse the open road, even when it leads to direct end, by the shortest and easiest way. The Count might have asked his money civilly of Sir George, and, in a very few days, have received it. About Mr. Fielding, he was perfectly indifferent; and, with Mrs. Mowbray he had done for ever. But they had in their own breasts, conscious monitors of baseness of conduct to Sir George; there was something in him which they had wisdom enough to fear: and they chose to get out of his way with all possible speed and security. This security the Count had the legal means of obtaining. He put Sir George's bonds into proper hands; and the moment they had intelligence of his being safe in prison, Mrs. Mowbray returned to the hotel to take away all the

moveables she chose to call her own; and at break of day, this virtuous party, passed the Bastile, and took the road to Orleans.

Unless the man or the matter be of peculiar eminence, every thing in the law and justice way in France is performed with so much quietness, that a genius of the ton may disappear, and, except by his creditors, little inquiry be made after him. His friends think of a fair incognita, rather than a prison; and the rest of the world think not of him. So it was with Sir George. They spoke not of his retreat at Versailles, nor at the table of the English ambassador. As for Monsieur Volney and the Marquis de la Fayette, they doubted not but he was going to make out a future title to their esteem, in the arms of some Lucretia of the opera. Sir George was very differently employed.

For the discovery of truth, when a man seeks it against himself, the gloom of a prison is better adapted than the gilded saloon with its thousand lustres, provided he is disposed to seek it. This necessary preliminary is the gift of God to judges and mathematicians. Divines do very well without it. Had Sir George been now possessed of it, he might have seen with wreat perspicuity the folly of taking the grinning courtesies of a gamester for friendship, or the blandishments of a woman for love. But he did not chuse to look inward. He saw his friendship, his confidence betrayed; his imagination had fixed upon wretches who could smile to deceive; allure to destroy; upon the man, by whose incitements he had left the paths of virtue and happiness, for those of voluptuous pleasures and remorse.

In this train of sentimental fury he was found by Mr. Lindsay. In vain did his friend of man endeavour to allay the storm by arguments drawn from religion or philosophy; Sir George could only feel. It was not without

difficulty he could be brought to attend to his situation, and do what was necessary to regain his freedom. At length, having settled with the Count's agent, just at the door of the Conciergerie, he was saluted by other officers of law, who reconveyed him to his silent mansion, again to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. This was the work of a combination of those traders who supplied his house.

My readers, if I have any, will remember one of the quarrels betwixt Sir George and Mrs. Mowbray. In it he had touched obliquely upon the extravagance of his household expences. The lady, on the reconciliation had requested him to allot a certain sum for this purpose; and if he had sufficient confidence to trust her with the arrangement, and payment, it should be her care, that the sum should not be exceeded. Confidence is never greater than in such tender moments. Sir George acceded; and 100 English guineas was the weekly allotment. The use Mrs. Mowbray made of this sum was to lodge it in her own name at a banker's; to pay small sums when she could not avoid it; and leave the rest for time and accident. This was another reason why she chose the unostentatious mode of retreat before mentioned.

I know not why we should dwell on disagreeable particulars. Four thousand pounds were wanting to release Sir George. He had little to sell, for the hotel was furnished by the proprietor. It was not practicable to raise the sum at Paris without diffusing more widely Sir George's disgrace, and its cause. On the other side, it was terrible to think of spending in prison the tedious interval, of Mr. Lindsay's journey to England and return.

Before a resolution was taken, it occurred to Mr. Lindsay that common politeness demanded he should pay his respects to Miss Colerain. These transactions had taken place whilst her friend was confined by her lying in,

and the circumstance of Sir George's confinement had reached her only the evening before in a whisper. It had cost her some tears, the traces of which were still visible when she came down to Mr. Lindsay. His melancholy air seemed to her a confirmation of the rumour. But it was of Miss Carlill he spoke, and of their agreeable meeting at Calais, not of Sir George. This was not what at present she most desired to hear.

"You have seen Sir George, I presume, Mr. Lindsay," says she; "he is well I hope."

Mr. Lindsay bowed his answer.

"There has been," says Miss Colerain, "a report about town--I heard of it last night. Ah! Mr. Lindsay! It is to your friend's indiscretions, I fear, you owe the sadness I see upon your face. But is it true, Mr. Lindsay? Good heaven! a prison!

"He has, madam," Mr. Lindsay replied, "like many other young men, been the dupe of imposters, and is now imprisoned by their villany."

Mr. Lindsay now related all the circumstances, always taking care to represent Sir George in the fairest light his errors would permit. He ended with their present dilemma.

"Out of that," said Miss Colerain, "I have it in my power to relieve you. Mons. Laborde has in his hands a much larger sum of mine. Command what you please of it, and haste to release your friend."

Mr. Lindsay did not expect this. It was for two reasons a most agreeable surprize. It extricated him from an embarrassment; and gave him hopes Sir George had a friend in Miss Colerain's bosom. For now he wished nothing so much as Sir George's allying himself to such a women as Miss Colerain. This sentiment he ventured to hint in the most delicate manner.

"I do not wish, Mr Lindsay," Miss Colerain said in answer, "to disguise from you what passes in my mind respecting Sir George. I know your friendship for him. I know your integrity. How amiable he once was, I cannot forget. I loved him as he was. I see him as he is with sorrow. Do not imagine I will yield to the weakness of my heart; or think more of him, than as of a lost friend; for so indeed he is. I could have pardoned his connexion with Mrs. Almon; the common frailty of young men. I could have found excuses even for his gaming. But for the waste of all his hours I can find no excuse. The state of a young man is hopeless, who stops short in the progress of virtue, or of knowledge. The mind that does not advance, will pretty certainly recede; and of all characters, not absolutely vicious and depraved, none has so much of my contempt as the mere idler. Do not therefore imagine, Mr. Lindsay, that my desire to assist Sir George is with a view to the consequences you hint at. No, Sir,--I have no hope,--for never will I unite my fate with that of a man for whose actions it is probable I may blush."

Mr. Lindsay would have said a great deal; but Miss Colerain, with an obliging smile, begged he would excuse her; that her resolutions were taken; and that it was painful to her to talk upon the subject. She then gave him a letter of credit upon Mons. Laborde, and wished him a good morning.

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C H A P. XXVIII

It was late in the morning before Mr. Lindsay went to the Conciergerie. Sir George had thought it unkind to be thus abandoned for the whole day, and reproached his friend with a sullen dignity. Mr. Lindsay answered the reproach by taking his hand and leading him with silent pleasure to the outward gate

of the prison, where stood his chariot.

Arrived at Sir George's hotel, Mr. Lindsay laid before him receipts for all the claims which had yet appeared.

"But how, my dear Lindsay," said the astonished Sir George, "how is it? To whom beside yourself am I obliged?"

"To Miss Colerain," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"Good God!" said Sir George, with infinite amazement. His pulse beat high; he was even rising into rapture, when Mr. Lindsay thought proper to check it by relating the whole of his conversation with Miss Colerain, as well as that with Miss Carlill. Sir George with a silent sigh, signed the bond to Miss Colerain, and then said, "I cannot stay a day in Paris, where I have met with such disgrace; I cannot yet return to England, where the news of it will be received, according to the laudable custom of English people--perhaps of all people--with the most malignant joy. This kind of office, dear Lindsay, you must add to the many you have done me; you must stay here to sell me up, as they say; to dismiss my household, and finish the payment of my debts. Then, if there happens to be a concurrence of inclination and convenience, join me in Italy. I intend to devote three years to the business of regeneration; the remainder of my life to my country, to friendship, and if I can obtain her, to Miss Colerain."

"Very well," answered Lindsay, "these sentiments I must applaud. Apropos[1]--do you know which way the Count and Mr. Fielding have steered their course?"

"No," Sir George replied, "I do not. To Turin, I suppose; the Count's castle in Piedmont."

"You will have the goodness to call upon them there?" said Lindsay.

"Why not?" replied Sir George, with quickness; whilst a fine bloom dyed his cheek. Mr. Lindsay suspected Sir George's views, and this confirmed his suspicions.

"And is it with revenge," said he, "Sir George Paradyne chooses to begin his work of regeneration?"

"Prithee Lindsay," said Sir George "speculate after thy manner; but suffer me to act after mine."

"It is true then. You go to seek them?" said Lindsay.

"It is certain," said Sir George, "I will not go a yard to avoid them."

There was a fervor, an animation almost to wildness, when he said this. Mr. Lindsay saw this was not the hour for reasoning. He therefore wished only to detain Sir George in France till he could attend him to Italy; and therefore proposed to him to visit the South of France, and meet him in one month at Lyons. "I will consent," said Sir George. "I will meet you there."

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C H A P. XXIX.

It is an easy thing in France, to trace the foot-steps of those travellers who go post; for there is always a complaisant gentleman, who pays his compliment in the king's name; and requests a few livres by way of friendship.[1] Guided by this intelligence, Sir George followed the road of his friends as far as Lyons. Here the clue failed; for though they paid the post beyond, it did not appear that they went it. He however had not the least doubt but he should find or hear of them at Turin. As he passed over one of the mountains of Dauphine, he saw a handsome and stately chateau. Enquiring of a peasant to whom it belonged, he was answered, "To the Marquis

de Valine." Then, thought Sir George, Harcourt was mistaken. Neither the Marquis de Valine, nor the Count Colliano were borrowed titles; and I shall find the latter, by birth at least, worthy of my sword. Sir George thought it probable the whole party might be now at the chateau. He inquired of the peasant if there was company there? who replied, "There had been, but were gone." Having further learned that the Marquis bore a very good character, Sir George thought their acquaintance in London intitled him to call and pay his compliments at least. He drove up to the house, and hearing the Marquis was at home, sent in his name. Being requested to walk in, he found in the parlour a gentleman of middle age, but of a very different aspect from the Marquis de Valine he knew in London. Sir George in some confusion explained the mistake, and asked if there was any other person in France, who bore his title?

"None," answered the Marquis, "who has any right do do so. But," added he, "I have heard that a valet-de-chambre of mine, whom I parted with for certain dexterities, not much to my taste, did me that honour in England. Possibly you may have seen him there."

Almost with a blush, Sir George said, "He had; that he was accompanied by one who called himself Count Colliano, from Turin; and that he was easy and polite in his manners."

"Yes," returned the Marquis, "the manners of the great are easily copied, proud as they are of them; and my fellow was clever. There," continued he, pointing to the declivity of a hill where some cottages were built,--"there lives his lady, whom my servants call the Marchioness. I assure you, a pretty woman. I am kind to her, because she has had bad fortune in the world, without having deserved it."

"He is married then?" said Sir George.

"Yes, certainly," the Marquis answered. "She was the Marchioness's woman. I gave her a small portion, which is very common here with Lords of parishes; and should have been godfather to her first child; but she never produced any. As to your Count Colliano, I suppose he is some ingenious Italian."

The Marquis detained Sir George to dinner; after which he pursued his journey, and arrived without accident at Turin.

So far he had travelled, blind to the works of nature or of art; deaf to wit, and dead to beauty. He was totally engrossed by the wretches who could dupe him with superlative fraud. His mind was irritated by this mortification of his vanity. But when he thought of his imprisonment, how was this insulting death wound to his pride aggravated by the probability of its being inflicted by one of the lowest, vilest of mankind. No, says he, I will seek them through the universe. No power but of death shall shelter them from my rage.

This resolution was taken at Turin, where Sir George was assured the name of Count Colliano was totally unknown; and taking it for granted, that though he had missed them at Lyons, they had undoubtedly gone for Italy; and knowing that some splendid capital must be the theatre of their vices, he determined upon seeking them at Rome or Naples.

Sir George, when he chose to indulge himself with a retrospect, was too clear sighted not to see his own eccentricities, and too candid not to acknowledge them. He wrote Mr. Lindsay as follows:

L E T T E R.

"I honestly own, dear Lindsay, I left Paris full of revenge. It is

not in the least abated by the knowledge I have acquired, that the two foreigners calling themselves at London, the Marquis de Valines and Count Colliano are impostors of the lowest class; the Marquis certainly; and the other with the highest probability. You would infer from this, that they ought to be despised, and left to the fate that usually waits upon villainy. But, my good friend, the gallows never comes to a rogue upon his own accord; somebody must take the trouble to perform the ceremony of introduction; and I know no claim I have to exemption.

"Perhaps had I been merely a dupe, so many great men have been dupes before me in the same way, I might have laughed it off, and have satisfied myself with the promise of more wisdom in future; but to be thrown into prison, Lindsay, by these abandoned reptiles! That indignity I cannot brook. The thought of it, inflames my head and heart. But I will endeavour not to write in the stile of a madman.

"Fielding is a gentleman, and must have a gentleman's treatment. He shall know his companion. If then he thinks proper, quitting their society, to make me a gentleman's apology--it is well; if not--No more of that.

"I do not travel now, dear Lindsay, with motives which should induce you, or any man of sense, to be my companion. I shall merely fly from place to place till I have found my prey. Do not therefore think of coming to Lyons. Think rather of returning to England, to the "calm lights of mild philosophy." If I live, I will write often to you; and when I can call myself my own, assuredly I am your's,

G. Paradyne."

Lest Mr. Lindsay, whose quickness in the dispatch of business Sir

George well knew, should have left Paris before the arrival of this letter, he wrote him another to Lyons; after which he proceeded upon his most wise and promising expedition.

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C H A P. XXX.

This letter gave a severe check to the flattering hopes of Mr. Lindsay. He had relied with considerable certainty upon Sir George's having, from the late transactions and their consequences, seen the folly of giving the reins to passion, and suffering its influence. He had flattered himself that his own attentions would have restored him to his usual place in Sir George's affections; and that his influence, added to Miss Colerain's, would not merely have disposed, but impelled him into his old habits of manly virtue.

The souls of men, dear ladies, what are they made of? Something extremely odd, no doubt, since they have hitherto escaped all eyes, microscopical, metaphysical, and divine. With the fair sex, to see evil and avoid it, is the same thing. But men! I wish their souls were made of honest matter, if spirit is so perverse.

Mr. Lindsay had called frequently upon Miss Colerain, and had began almost to adore her; for, to the fairest body, she joined the fairest mind. He had, by Sir George's desire, pressed her to accept the White House at Combor. She declined it in a tone at once mild and peremptory. He wished to know if she desired to have it upon any terms? "Certainly," she answered, "I desire it. It was the place of my happiest days. But prudence does not permit me to indulge that wish. In cases wherein two causes of any action, a good and a bad, present themselves to the human judgment, I see,

and I see it with sorrow, the bad is seized upon with an unhappy avidity; and this is so common, one is almost forced to call it natural. All would know the house had been Sir George Paradyne's. Few would believe it was not still so; or that it had not been obtained by improper compliances. Over and above this consideration, she continued: "I shall not chuse that any local situation shall expose me to his acquaintance."

"You must be Lady Paradyne," said Mr. Lindsay with eagerness; "Sir George Paradyne's happiness depends upon it; mine depends upon it; and, pardon me, I hope your own."

"It will always be a pleasing consideration to me," replied Miss Colerain, "to have been thought deserving that honour by Mr. Lindsay. But Sir George is too volatile, too gay, too much the slave of his passions (too much indeed, thought Mr. Lindsay) for me to indulge myself with the hopes that we shall meet, on the only terms we ever will meet--his return to the dictates of wisdom, and the practice of virtue. If this effect is not produced by feeling and reflecting upon his late errors, I shall suppose it an effect which cannot be brought about by anyhuman means; in consequence, I shall think, or (with a sigh) endeavour to think of him no more; and take care to fix myself so, as not to be exposed to his sudden conversions, his sudden penitences."

"As Sir George is not here, madam," said Mr. Lindsay, "give me leave to plead in his favour, that your hand would be perhaps the most infallible of all earthly things, for making him what you and I must wish him."

"Happiness, sir," Miss Colerain replied, is too important to be made the subject of experiment. I will be candid with you Mr. Lindsay, and to prove to you that I am not without my sexes' weakness, I own I love Sir

George, fondly love him; so much the more necessary is it to guard against the errors of my heart. That heart shall break, as perhaps it will, before I marry a man to whom I cannot give my entire esteem. But this esteem must not be upon credit. I cannot admit as a plea, the possibility that he may one day deserve it."

"You are severe, madam; but perhaps you are just;" Mr. Lindsay replied. "Permit me to say, the more I know you the more your happiness is dear to me. And if you allow me to avow myself your friend, I also will be convinced Sir George deserves you, as well as man can deserve you, before I will advise you to be his."

"You are my friend, my brother," Miss Colerain answered with tears. "I bespeak your affection in each of these relations; and shall think myself far more secure in your care than in my own."

This was the conclusion of their last conversation. They took a solemn and affecting farewell; Mr. Lindsay permitting her to believe he was going to join Sir George; although upon the most mature consideration and knowledge of his temper, he had determined to go for England.

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C H A P. XXXI.

I am sorry to forget any thing of importance; but I really cannot tell whether it was Meudun or Chamblay at which Mr Lindsay stopt to repose for the night. He, I dare say, will remember it to the last hour of his life. For no sooner was he shewn into a parlour than Madam Fretteau, a widow, mistress of the house, came in to pay her compliments with tears in her eyes. Mr. Lindsay civilly inquired if any thing had happened to destress her? "Yes, indeed," she answered, the most distressing circumstance in the

world. About a week ago, Sir, an English lady came in with her daughter, attended by one man and one maid servant. Not one of them able to speak one word of French, except Miss, who I suppose speaks pretty good English French; but we have always difficulties with your young ladies who learn our language at an English boarding school. Well, sir--the demoiselle is said to be in a deep decline, and madam her mother was having the goodness to take her to Montpelier. But in the middle of the night of her arrival, the old lady was taken ill, and Malgrè,[1] our physician and apothecary, both gentlemen of great skill. She died yesterday.

"Not far off, we have a convent of Franciscans; and the good fathers hearing of the lady's danger, came to offer up prayers for her, and would even have indulged her with St. Francis's cowl, which has the gift of freeing the happy souls who die in it, from all their sins; or which is the same thing, it makes St. Francis their patron; and all catholics know that this good saint never leaves asking and asking till he has got pardon for all who die in his cowl. But the old lady was stubborn--indeed, sir, you English people are very stubborn heretics--its almost a sin to ask mercy of God for you--for you shut your ears to all that our holy father the pope--"

"I grant it, madam," said Mr. Lindsay, we are stubborn; it is not worth your while to trouble yourselves about us, as you say, madam, our ears are shut to your holy father, but mine are open to you, Mrs. Fretteau, upon the subject you were speaking of."

"So it is," answered Mrs. Fretteau; "the English are mighty impatient people; if one affronts them, they do so storm and swear; and if one speaks to them for their own good, they won't hear a word of it."

"And so the lady died last night, you say, Mrs. Fretteau. And how

does the poor young lady her daughter?"

"Why, sir, she has not taken a morsel of refreshment ever since; and she does so lament her mother; and stays by the corpse herself than a living thing. But she must be told to-morrow, that she must think of burying it; and yet I suppose the good father Franciscans won't let it be laid in holy ground."

"Why so, dear madam?"

"Because--being a heretic."

"Won't your worms eat heretics, Mrs. Fretteau? Are they good catholics too?

"Mon dieu! but the English are so droll. Its pity."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Fretteau, the young lady may chuse to carry back her mother's body; to inter it in the tomb of her ancesters."

"But then there's the tax, sir; you know that comes heavy; and I don't think they are over and above in pocket; for they have been but shabby for English people. Besides, there is the droit d'aubane.[2] So they have sealed up madame's trunks; and God knows whether any thing will be left for us after all."

"That is a tax to punish the presumption of a foreigner for dying in France,--is it Mrs. Fretteau?"

"My poor dear husband used to say that all laws were good at court, so they brought money; and sure enough we have plenty of them in France. I keep a book of taxes. If Monsieur has any curiosity."

"Some other time, Mrs. Fretteau; at present my curiosity is confined to my poor country-woman."

"Poor thing! I'm quite disconsolate about her; she is so helpless.

If she should die here too, Mon dieu; what troubles I should be in."

"And she is very likely," said a person as he entered the room, for the door was open; "they have told her indiscreetly that the king's seal is upon her mother's trunks, and she is in fits about it."

"C'est Monsieur l'apoticaire," said Mrs. Fretteau.

"You think your patient in danger, Sir," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Tres grand Monsieur;" replied the other. "Mon dieu! Elle est mort."[3]

"Is the danger immediate?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"Sir," said the apothecary, "she is far advanced in the true Phthisis; and yet it is ten to one she will not live to die of that distemper. It is more likely she will die of grief."

"Mrs. Fretteau," said Mr. Lindsay, "will it be proper to send in a message, that an English gentleman requests the favour to see her."

"Tres propre--Mais, Mon dieu! She is in the room with her mother. But I will see."

"I think," said Mr. Lindsay, "I scarce ever heard of greater distress than this poor young woman must be in."

"Nor I, indeed. Young and unexperienced, in a foreign country, without friend or acquaintance, encumbered rather than assisted by two ignorant servants, embarrassed by our laws, her mother dead, herself dying, Mon dieu! said the apothecary.

Mrs. Fretteau returned. "I have delivered your message, sir," said she. "Poor thing! A faint gleam of pleasure seemed to shew itself in her eyes, when she heard it: She is preparing to receive you in the next apartment, and will send to you in ten minutes." Accordingly the man servant came down. The young lady, supported by the maid, arose from a settee on

Mr. Lindsay's entrance; but as he approached nearer to pay his compliments, gave a faint scream, and sunk down again upon her seat, and hid her face in her maid's bosom. "It is Mr. Lindsay," said she.

"My name is Lindsay, indeed," answered he, taking her hand; "I hope it is not hatred of me gives you this alarm. I know not that I have deserved that from any lady."

"Oh, no, no," answered she, "it is you must hate me."

"Impossible, madam," returned he."

"Not when you know I am Sukey Robarts."

"And are you indeed Sukey Robarts?" said he.

"Oh, yes--yes--I knew you could not bear my name."

"Dear Sukey," returned Mr. Lindsay, in a softened tone, "dismiss your apprehensions. You never injured me. If you had, your present unhappy situation would obliterate hatred from the breast of a savage."

"Oh, how good! Yes indeed, sir, I am indeed in affliction. May it expiate my poor mother's faults. May you and heaven forgive!"

"Most sincerely, Sukey--if that will sooth your affliction."

"Oh, yes, yes," said she, pressing his hand faintly, but seeming ready to faint.

"I will do every thing I can to comfort you Sukey," said Mr. Lindsay, with infinite tenderness; "you shall be all my present care."

"Won't you leave me then?" asked she, feebly.

"No--if you desire I should not, till you are safe with your family and friends."

"Oh," says she, "I have no family." And she sunk into a gentle swoon,--but for an instant only.

Mr. Lindsay rang for Mrs. Fretteau, who, indeed, and the aporthecary also were very near; but who, for want of knowing the English language, lost the pathos of the scene.

"Mrs. Fretteau," said Mr. Lindsay, "I must have a boiled checken to supper; and my fair friend here the broth. In the mean time, please to send up a biscuit, with water and wine. Since you give me a right of protecting you," said he to Miss Robarts; "you must give me the authority of a protector, and submit to my directions."

She smiled approbation, as well as she could smile.

As she seemed faint and exhausted, Mr. Lindsay would not permit her to speak any more that night. He made her eat a biscuit, and drink half a glass of wine and water; engaged her afterwards to swallow a few spoonfuls of chicken broth; prevailed upon the apothecary to give her an opiate and cardial; and left her to repose with her maid, in the apartment in which they had met.

C H A P. XXXII.

Miss Robarts had some rest in the night, and met her benefactor at breakfast, her eyes beaming gratitude. So delicate a figure, so beautiful a bloom, Mr. Lindsay had never before seen; and easily in the day recognized the general features of the girl he had known at fourteen--for this was the middle sister.

"How sensible I am of your goodness!" said she. "Of all mankind, from you it was least to be expected."

"Why so, Sukey?" said Mr. Lindsay, tenderly.

"Because--because," she answered, blushing, "you know our family was the cause of the loss of your inheritance."

"You, dear Sukey," Mr. Lindsay replied, "did not, could not injure me. Do not suppose me capable of an undistinguishing resentment."

"To be sure my poor mother was to blame--I have--"

"I will not permit this retrospect, Sukey. I am here only to serve and comfort you."

"God bless you, dear sir. I fear I must not hope to enjoy the comfort you give me long?"

"I have not at present any engagement so strong as to force me away from the common duties of humanity. Unknown, I should have offered you my services. Now, Sukey, command them freely."

Miss Robarts was affected; she could not speak.

"First of all," said Mr. Lindsay, "It is necessary to inquire whether your mother left directions as to her interment, respecting either the place or manner?"

"Not any, sir, Miss Robarts replied, "indeed my dear mother never once thought of dying. Her disease affected her senses early."

"Have you any desire she should be carried to England?"

"I desire," she answered, "not to fail in my respect to her. Otherwise, I know not in England, where she would have chose to lie. My father lies at Berwick. I never heard her intimate a desire to be buried there. Nor indeed in your native place; for our late residence has been at Stockton. But I am told there are difficulties here, on account of our being heretics. Indeed I should not be easy if my poor mother did not lie in consecrated ground. Pray tell me freely what you think?"

"That is immaterial to the deceased. It is our own desires, our own vanities which we usually consult in funeral solemnities."

"Pray then advise me," said she, "as to the proper and decent. I really have no desire, no vanity to consult; for well I know at whose expence all our vanities----"

"Stop that pretty acknowledging mouth, Sukey," said Mr. Lindsay, "or I must. But with regard to yourself, what do you intend or wish to do? Return to England or proceed to Mountpelier?"

"How can I go to Mountpelier now? without a friend or relation of my own sex?

"Have you not sisters?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Lindsay, they are dead. The youngest of a scarlet fever, four years since. My eldest was very unhappy. She had like to have broke our hearts. She was seduced by Mr. Brander, a rich gentleman, who deserted and left her upon the town. My poor sister," said she, weeping, "died in a hospital. Ah! Mr. Lindsay, I have often thought our misery might have been a punishment from heaven for----"

"You thought wrong then, dear Sukey. Pray think more favourably of heaven, than that it would punish the innocent; and of me too. But this question: Do not let us have it to debate again."

"I should be happy to be guided in this, as in every thing, by your----"

"In your weak condition, it is impossible you should attend her to England; do you wish that I should?"

"Oh--no--no.--If you leave me, I cannot live."

Mr. Lindsay then determined to consign the old lady, to the consecrated earth of France. As to the matter of heresy, he knew how to prove her a true good catholic, though she had had the misfortune to die without confession. It cost only 20 louisd'ors to convince the parochial priest; and 40 to open

the eyes of the Franciscans. Nor were the fermiers of the droit d'alibane, a people insensible to reason; so in a few days, all was well--except the young lady herself.

"I believe I need not enter into the delicacy of Mr. Lindsay's situation; my fair readers will conceive it. After balancing the decorums of society against the duties of humanity, he thought he might reconcile both, by conducting Miss Robarts to Passy, a pleasant village near Paris, and entreating for her the countenance and friendship of Miss Colerain.

Miss Colerain, never able to resist the plea of distress, complied with Mr. Lindsay's desire. Her friend at Paris being now recovered, she even took apartments in the same house at Passy.

Mr. Lindsay lodging at an adjacent hotel.

Penetrated with this goodness, all the simplicity of Miss Robart's tender heart was soon open to her. Its predominant feeling was gratitude, or a sentiment still warmer than gratitude, for Mr. Lindsay.

So soothing were his attentions, that, added to little excursions to Paris, and such amusements as were proper for Miss Robarts to take, she believed herself better. She even talked with pleasure of her journey to Mountpelier, her two friends having promised to accompany her thither, when she was sufficiently strong. But to Miss Colerain her fine bloom and airy spirits, were only certain symptoms of approaching mortality. Indeed, the hour of her dissolution was much nearer than this lady's expectation. Six weeks after her arrival at Passy, she had lain down, as usual, one afternoon upon her couch. Miss Colerain and Mr. Lindsay were observing, with mingled pain and pleasure, the smiles that played around her lovely mouth, denoted an agreeable slumber. She awoke, and with sweet placidity, said, "Sure never

girl was blessed with two such friends." "You have had pleasant dreams, my dear Sukey;" said Mr. Lindsay. "Yes," she answered, "very sweet indeed. I thought I was in heaven, and you with me; and so happy."

"And how do you feel yourself, my sweet friend?" asked Miss Colerain. "Oh charmingly," she answered. "I think I will rise. She made a gentle effort to do this, sunk back again upon her pillow, and died in an instant, without discomposure, or any motion that denoted pain.

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C H A P. XXXIII.

Miss Robarts had once expressed a wish, if she should die in France to be buried by her mother; and it was regarded by her friends as sacred. They attended her to the grave. Returning to Passy, Miss Colerain put a packet into the hands of Mr. Lindsay. It was Miss Robart's will, accompanied with an affectionate letter. In this letter she thanked Heaven, that by the kind assistance of Miss Colerain, she had been enabled to restore Mr. Lindsay his rights; it was an act of justice by which her mind was rendered more easy, and more resigned to death. This will, unknown to Mr. Lindsay, and unsuspected, had been drawn up at Paris, by an English attorney then at that place; two English gentlemen of rank were present, and witnessed the signing and sealing of three wills, copies of each other; each gentleman had one copy in trust; the third was for Mr. Lindsay. The merchant who had married Miss Beauvaloir, and who had an extensive acquaintance amongst the English at Paris, had conducted the whole. "I knew," said Miss Colerain to Mr. Lindsay, "that had we made you a confidant in Miss Robart's intentions, your delicacy would have been much in our way."

This will rendered Mr. Lindsay's presence necessary in the North of

England. Not that he had any opposition or even murmur to apprehend, for Miss Robarts had no near, nor any expecting relations. As Miss Colerain's business was settled in Paris, and her friend recovered, she took the opportunity of Mr. Lindsay's conduct, and returned, with her faithful Molly, to join Miss Carlill in England.

There, upon the principle of detur dignissimae,[1] or first respects ought to be paid to Mrs. Birimport, now a widow. Death, not suddenly, not insidiously, had taken away Mr. Birimport, whose teazing and contradictory temper was the last of him which died. It was but three days before this final event, Mrs. Birimport sitting silent and pensive by his bedside,--"And so," says he, "you would persuade me now that you shall really grieve when I am gone?"

"If," she answered, "you are not already persuaded of this, Mr. Birimport," --some feeling or other stopt the completion of the period."

"How should I?"--he asked--"Have not I been your tyrant?"

"Did I ever give you cause to suppose I considered you as one?"

"I cannot deny," he answered, "but that you have dissembled tolerably well."

"Dissembled? Mr. Birimport."

"So I should imagine. In reckoning up how many causes of hatred a reasonable good wife, as times go, might find in me; I think three are capital. First cause, I am old. That is to say, old enough to be thy father, Emilia; and infirm enough to be thy grandfather. Then Emilia, I have put thee in a nunnery, and barred thee the sight of men; for nuns are frail, Second cause. Thirdly and lastly, I have controuled thy actions and derided thy opinions."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Birimport, "to see you in so good spirits."

"May be so," he replied. "Would it not be difficult to convince a woman, that either the Lord or her husband chastised her for pure affection?"

"Piety," she answered, "might do much in the former case."

"But in the latter, I suppose," said Mr. Birimport, "there is no foundation for faith? Yet why may not husbands be as good school-masters as fathers are supposed to be?"

"Few women chuse to be treated as children," replied Mrs. Birimport."

"What pity," said he, "they do not chuse to cease to be so. The vanity now, that begun in the frock and is continued in the gown, at what instant of its progression does it change its childish nature, Emilia? Vanity, which makes such terrible ravage in the female mind, for the cure of which, or the prevention, heaven sent the small-pox. We are wise enough to destroy the antidote by inoculation, and let the disease make its own way. So smooth skins and looking-glasses overflow the land. So women are---- what they are."

Mrs. Birimport smiled, but did not answer.

"Perhaps," continued he, "you think, that for this dove-like disposition of your's, I shall make a swinging addition to your jointure. There, Mrs. Birimport you will be mistaken."

"I assure you," she answered, "you are mistaken in the supposition."

"After having taken uncommon pains to <u>preserve</u> thee from the follies of the age, I should be a very unwise confectioner, to destroy the preserving quality, and put in its place the ingredients of corruption."

I think, for a dying man, this is enough; and yet it is but a specimen; for Mr. Birimport to his dying hour, had an alternate ebb and flow of spirits

though it must be owned the ebb tide was far the most prevalent.

His funeral being over, his will was read in the presence of some friends which he himself named, and run thus:--

W I L L.

"I, William Birimport, of the parish of ---------- do make this, my last will and testament, in manner and form following--for in this lower world, manners and forms must be followed, and not the less for wanting common sense.

"Imprimis,[2] I give my soul to him that gave it me, hoping in trembling humility, that it will be dealt with more according to his mercy than its deserts. Secondly, I give my body to the worms, and direct it to be put into a deal coffin, without lead, that they may have their legacy the sooner. Thirdly, I give my temper--to the devil. And whereas, I married a wife, that I might not be too much obliged to that said temper, which I have charitably disposed of as above, for the needful plagues of this life; and having been disappointed by her most heardened and obdurate patience; and by a long catalogue of qualities which the foolish world has been pleased to call virtues; and of which, in the actual existing course of things, she has as much as would be a decent provision for any twenty of the best wives in this good metropolis; and as I hate all monopolies--except Eastern monopolies, therefore I do give and bequeath to my said wife, all my worldly wealth, of what kind or description soever; hoping it will dispose her to give away a few of these things called virtues, to her poor neighbours of the high-born breed; or to exchange them for those more sublime ones which distinguish these distinguished mortals. Probatum est.[3] As to relations--if she can find any of mine worth her notice, which I confess I have not been able

to do, she may be kind to them if she will."

"God bless her."

This whimsical statement was accompanied with another, drawn up in all the forms by Mr. Birimport's attorney, bearing date the same day. Whether the kind intentions of the owner were answered, it is for time, not me, to shew.

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C H A P. XXXIV.

At Lady Mary Paradyne's, things went on differently; Lady Mary had not death to contend with, she had only gout. It is certainly a very unlady like disease; yet it falls to the lot of some very distinguished females in this island; upon some by inheritance; upon others, as the lawyers say, by purchase. The first attack was trifling, the exacerbation fell less upon her foot than her head; for it broke a thousand magnificent engagements. However, a slipper or a snuff-box thrown at the head of her nurse or her woman, gave her tolerable ease.

"The second attack was terrible. Every body who has the transcendant happiness of knowing what animal magnetism[1] is, know that the crisis into which a patient may be thrown by it, renders to that patient all bodies diaphonous. Whether Lady Mary's gout had a redundant magnetism; or whether the nurse, who was of the first rank of nurses, had been initiated in this supreme of all existing mysteries, it is certain, Lady Mary saw as clearly into the bodies, and I believe souls, of every servant who approached her, as if they had been cased in crrystal. And she saw so many foulnesses there, and so many aberrations, that Lady Mary's language was almost wholly moral and vituperative. The nurse herself was not at all times exempt from this

inspection; but did not demean herself under it so submissively as she ought. One day Lady Mary was under the necessity of enforcing her observations with a case knife, which happened unfortunately to fall upon the fleshy part of the nurse's arm, and caused a small solution of continuity. The wound indeed was neither so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door,[2] yet it served to draw forth all the nurse's powers of oratory, which were great. It was a long time since Lady Mary had heard so much truth respecting herself. Amongst other things, she did not forget to say, that she had drove the finest young gentleman in England out of the kingdom by her abominable temper. The conclusion of the oration, the peroration[3] I think the classic folk call it was--but the d---l may nurse you for me.

Lady Mary was astonished at an eloquence so superior to her own; and lost the inclination of entering the lists with so great a mistress. She only gave a certain toss with her head, and said, "A woman of my rank!" "Rank!" replied the nurse--"if rank would save people from the gout, it would be worth something. For my part I see no difference between a duchess and a washerwoman. If fine folks could learn any thing but pride, a sick bed would teach them that they are but flesh and blood, as well as poor folks."

Lest, in such powerful hands, the knife, so unluckily thrown, might swell into a sword, or at least a dagger, Lady Mary thought proper to endeavour to bring the nurse to reason. Kind words, aided by a bank note, at length succeeded; and nurse said,--"That when people were in a passion, they said things that they never thought on before; and that she would sooner bite her tongue off, than it should ever speak another syllable against so kind-hearted a lady." So the blessings of peace were restored.

I know not why I wrote this chapter, unless to shew that Lady Mary was Lady Mary still. It must be owned, and I did own it, which is a great effort in an author, to a critic, from whom I condescend to hear of my faults now and then after dinner, that there is nothing in it to the purpose of my book?" "Pray," says my friend, "whay may be the purpose of your book?" "What," says I, "you have forgot the exordium. Is it not to shew how little felicity young men are like to get, and how much they lose, by an indulgence of their passions." "If that be all," my friend answered, "make yourself easy. The present chapter is full as much to the purpose as half the chapters in the book; but if you had said old women instead of young men, it would have been directly to the point."

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C H A P. XXXV.

Since episodical matter is liable to this weighty objection, I will say nothing of the lovely Miss Fluellen; nor of Mr. Lindsay who may settle his affairs in the North how he can; nor even of Miss Colerain--except that this young lady was again going to return to the continent, at the request of Miss Carlill, who had still affairs to settle at Ghent. No--for the future let us think only of our business.

Sir George Paradyne had not been many hours at Milan, when, at the same hotel, arrived the honourable Mr. Bardoe, brother to Lord F. His suite consisted of eight servants; a major domo, his gentleman or valet-de-chambre, two French horns and four footmen. The honourable Mr. Bardoe's mother was the daughter of a duke; and the partiality of an aunt had rendered him one of the wealthiest men in England. He was entering into his fortieth year; was tall, graceful, of polite but reserved manners. He seldom gave himself

the trouble to speak; when he did, his sentiments were usually singular, but his diction elegant. He had the reputation of being one of the first scholars in Europe; and indeed from twelve to thirty years of age, his rage for books was unbounded.

Whilst his aunt lived, he principally resided with her in the country; at her death, he burst into the great world, and for a few years partook of its pleasures with unbounded rage. But his taste was too good, his mind too active, to be long satisfied with the mere pleasures of sense, and he found the beau monde in pursuit of no other. He never ceased therefore to cultivate the sciences; but at this period, he had reached the summit of refinement; no book could now be wrote with sufficient perspicuity, strength and elegance; no painting that fell not far short of excellence; no modern music spoke to the soul. In short, his fastidious delicacy saw every work of art with unadmiring eyes; and this, his second journey to Italy was with a view to draw, if he could draw, any amusement from the more splendid scenes of nature.

As is usual, signior Mavini, host of the hotel, went to pay his compliments, and take his honour's commands. On the latter subject his honour replied in the best Italian--My Major domo will do himself the honour to consult with you, signior, when he chuses to think it expedient.--Signior Mavini was scarce a stranger to English pride in any of its forms; but he knew it was commonly well paid for, so made his bow and retired.

The habit of courtesy is so confirmed in some of the keepers of inns and hotels, that it is as difficult to deprive them of it, as to give it to others. Signior Mavini thought, as the honourable Mr. Bardoe was alone, he would undoubtedly be glad of society. He took the liberty therefore to wait

again upon the honourable Mr. Bardoe, just to say, that an English gentleman, the Chevalier Paradyne, was in thehouse and alone. If Milord chose company, he durst say the Chevalier----

"Signior Mavini," said his honour, "do me the favour to let me provide for myself. I do not chuse company. Least of all, that of the cubs of my own country, led by their bears." Signior Mavini did not quite comprehend the cubs and bears; but he felt very intimately the awful tone of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, and retired very hastily; crossing himself at the door of the apartment, and resolved to devolve the payment of his future courtesies upon his waiters.

All the inn was quickly engaged in the service of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, whose major domo ordered a supper, which for plenty and variety might have served the duke of Tuscany at least. In the three hours taken in preparing it, his honour had walked a little in his apartment, lounged a little upon his sofa, looked a little in the mirrors, read a little in each of half a score travelling classics, and at length was taken with a little fit of ennui, which he thought very impertinent and provoking.

Paradyne! -- said he to himself--Paradyne! he whose father was lost in his passage from Ireland. The young fellow whom Harcourt called out the day after he had received a Captain's commission. I have seen him I think, at Boodle's. Stepped out of Christ-church into his estate. Designed for a parson. Knows all the bishops and deans, and the value of all preferments. No--I will not send to him. I shall be overwhelmed with academic stuff; and repartees of fellows of colleges. But--continued his honour mentally--He was a winter in London, dangling after Lady Ann Brixworth; and I think I heard of him in Paris, making a stupid eclat in matters of gallantry. It is

possible he may be endured. Then calling for his major domo, he sent his compliments to Sir George Paradyne, requesting the favour of his company to supper.

Though his honour knew so little of Sir George, Sir George knew pretty much of his honour, and was not sorry to meet in Italy, a man so singular in England. He accepted the invitation, and after the ordinary salutations, sat down to supper.

This supper consisted of three courses; each of which might have satisfied Apicius;[1] and was served with as much pomp and ceremony, as if the Prince of Wales had feasted the whole diplomatic corps. It is true, his honour had no appetite; he piddled indeed of twenty dishes; whilst Sir George who finished early in the first course, waited the conclusion with an impatience bordering on disgust. In the mean time, the countenance of the honourable Mr. Bardoe was grave and solemn; his orders monosyllabic, and his conversation the most laconic possible, consistent with good manners.

When all was taken away, and the servants had withdrawn, this liberal entertainer gave out his toasts to the royal family, seemingly with more promptitude and alacrity than he had performed any other part of the business of the evening.

"You liked your supper, Sir George, I hope," said he.

Sir George bowed. "Nay," answered his honour to the bow, "As you say, it had little to recommend it; but I dare say it was the best my major domo could procure."

"Pardon me," said Sir George, "I had not the least fault to find with it, except its too great excellence."

"You are of opinion then," said Mr. Bardoe, "a thing may be too good."

"I must answer," replied Sir George, gaily, "in the words of an English proverb,--there may be too much of a good thing."

"Yes--that's true--" said Mr. Bardoe. "But a large fortune lays us under the insupportable necessity of spending it some how or other. One must keep fellows about one. One must exercise them in their separate capacities, or the stupid blockheads would soon forget how to perform their insignificant nothings."

"So large a train," said Sir George, "I should think, must incumber you on a journey."

"So they would," replied his honour, were I to travel with the expedition of a light-horseman. But to me it is the same thing whether I travel swift or slow, or not at all. They serve to spend money. They procure us external respect at least; and one is in less danger of being robbed. Not that I think any one of my scoundrels would endanger his own person for my sake; but the number is sufficient to deter an ordinary gang of Banditti."

"Although," said Sir George,--"you may be indifferent as to the space you measure in a given time, you are not so I suppose, with regard to the places at which you would chuse to stop?"

"I should not," replied Mr. Bardoe, "like to eat the dainty repast of the prophet Ezekiel, nor lie in a barn upon straw. Let my wants, or if you chuse to call them so, luxuries be provided for, to the rest I am totally indifferent."

"What!" said Sir George, "a Swiss village with good fare, would it please you as well as Rome?"

"Much better," replied his honour. "There was indeed a time, when I thought pictures pleased me, and statues, and old coins, and all the trumpery

of virtu,[2] but when I came to cavass my sensations, I found I had been egregiously deceived; like other fools, who fancy they are pleased when they are not."

"Really," said Sir George, "this is new; I imagined when a man thought he was pleased, he was so."

"I maintain, sir, answered Mr. Bardoe, "that physical sensibility, is the sole source of all existing pleasure, and that a man who thinks, may make a scale of it for himself, and determine for himself, to a very small matter, the degree of pleasure, he can receive from any given subject."

"It must be owned," said Sir George, "this is a most curious speculation. What then is physical sensibility?"

"A motion impressed upon the nerves, and thence communicated to the brain," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"Is physical sensibility concerned in the reading of Homer's Iliad?" asked Sir George?

"Certainly," Mr. Bardoe replied. "the optic nerve is first struck, or perhaps the auditory; then follow a series of motion accompanied by their appropriate associations; ideas, as they are commonly called, are formed in the brain; and pleasure comes, if pleasure can come, by the stupid operation of reading."

"But," said Sir George, "if reading were not accompanied by pleasure, if it were labour merely--its uses are so great, it does not deserve the name of a stupid operation."

"It is my way," replied the hononrable Mr. Bardoe, "to call things by the names they seem to me to deserve; and it is my way, never to give myself the least concern whether I think like other people or no. What is

it to me, what men did a thousand or two of years ago? What is it to me, whether Saturn has five moons or five hundred? Or what--whether morality is founded on the will of God or general expediency? To those whose nerves are apt to be titillated by the sly flaps of vanity, these may be pleasant lucubrations; but for me, there must be stronger strokes."

"You will oblige me much," said Sir George, "by giving me your opinion, what are the principle pleasures of life?"

"My opinion, Sir George Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe, "is, that there are no pleasures in life at all. There is indeed, a sort of stupid enjoyment in eating and drinking; but if you attempt to make pleasures of them, what follows but a ten fold proportion of pain."

"Love at least," said Sir George.

"May have a few pleasurable sensations," answered Mr. Bardoe; "but who dare take them? Venal love--what is it but poison? That, flowing from the warmth of two fond hearts, is so hedged about by canon laws, and civil laws, and laws of decorum, that the ten plagues of Egypt are in its train. And for wedded love--does any wife man marry?

"----------Uxorum posthume ducis,
"Dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?
"Ferre potes dominam, Salvis tot restibus ullam?"[3]

"You quote, sir," said Sir George "from a most inhuman satirist. I think better of women."

"Do so still, sir. I never trouble myself whether any one thinks as I do," said Mr. Bardoe.

"Are all women alike in your eyes?" asked Sir George. "Is there not one who could change your ideas?"

"I hope not," replied Mr. Bardoe. "I hope I have passed the ordeal.

I accidentally indeed fell into the company of a young English woman at Paris, as I passed through, a Miss Colerain, who seemed very capable of inspiring those little voluptuary emotions, dignified by the name of love. A few hours I was rather in danger; but on reflection, how very small is the sum total of pleasure in the power of woman to bestow; with how many attentions it must be bought; what sacrifices are commonly made to it.--I left Paris early the next morning.

The honourable Mr. Bardoe might now have railed in the language of Juvenal for an hour unheard; he had conjured up a spirit in the mind of Sir George; which forbade a thought to enter there, injurious to the dear sex. Nor was it long before Mr. Bardoe perceiving himself unattended to. He yawned--the discovery that they were no longer agreeable to each other was soon made, and they wished one another a good night, with all the signs of polite nonchalance.

END OF VOL. III.

VOLUME IV.

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MAN AS HE IS

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CHAP. I.

When I came to the notes which exhibited the honourble Mr. Bardoe, I half suspected Sir George to have been amusing himself with a portrait á la fantaisie. I knew indeed, a man might despise some things, but all ----and above all----woman! These dear beings, which heaven, in its hour of greatest benevolence, gave us to smooth our care and our linens; and without whom, what is there indeed in this world, that can deserve the name of pleasure. Heavens! what a capacity of contempt must the honourable Mr. Bardoe have had.

But, in specimens of conversation, one gives only that which is striking and remarkable; and I thought this fastidious gentleman ought to be hung up for the terror of those, who should hereafter dare to blaspheme the dear deities of my adoration; otherwise, it must be owned, there did things drop from the lips of Mr. Bardoe, that denoted an acute observation and a cultivated mind.

Sir George thought thus; and that, could his intolerable pomp be avoided, such a character might be borne with, nay, even prove amusing for a short time. He began even to think, that there was not so violent a necessity for riding post through Italy. If the wretches he sought were in Italy, as he had too much cause to fear they were not, he was

less likely to miss them by slow travelling, than by swift; and it was a thousand pities such a country should be gone through without being looked at. Some months since, the idea of treading this classic earth gave him a most sensible delight. With its Virgils he had been charmed; instructed by its Livies; warmed by its Ciceros; and excited to public virtue by its Scipios.[1] For Popes indeed he had no violent reverence; but he loved music and painting. Why then should he renounce the pleasures which Italy could so abundantly bestow?

With these reflections Sir George rose at his usual hour, and sent a note to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, requesting the favour of his company to breakfast. Not one of his polished English family was yet stirring. At eleven the major domo became visible, and informed Sir George, his master took chocolate in bed at twelve and rose at one, That he never dined, for Italian hours were abominable. That if he travelled, he threw himself into his chaise and went one post. If he did not travel, he usually spent the hours in his apartment; for he could not give himself the trouble to see things which gave him no pleasure to see.

About the hours of eating, Sir George was totally indifferent; so requested by the major domo, the honour of Mr. Bardoe's company to supper; which invitation being accepted, he ordered two small courses, and then went out upon his usual enquiries.

From this supper every appearance of parade was purposely banished. Its character was neatness, elegance, and comfort. In an hour it gave way to a table furnished with the best wines of Milan. Sir George, as host, exerted himself to entertain; he was this evening more than usually sprightly; and, aided by the best wines of Milan, drew from the honourable

Mr. Bardoe some unequivocal signs of pleasure, and changed his little air of stately indifference.

He condescended to ask if Sir George was going the tour; or had business in view? As this was not the hour of retemu, Sir George's answer was a little history of himself for the last year; in which, as usually happens to people who tell their own tales, some part of his own folly slipt behind the curtain. "So," said Sir George, at the conclusion, "my business is of such a nature, as to require rather more expedition than your mode of travelling will admit of, otherwise I should have been happy to have become your companion de voyage."[2]

"As to that," Mr. Bardoe replied, "it is to me perfectly indifferent whether I travel swift or slow. When I am in bed I have seldom any motive for rising; when I am in one place, I have seldom any motive for going to another. I call this the indolence of wisdom. But as I have little to induce me to motion, I have almost as little to induce me to rest; so that I should accept your offer, provided you would take the trouble to govern my motions--only that, of all the causes for travelling that I have yet heard or read of, yours is the worst."

There was a something like rudeness in this reply, which gave Sir George some small confusion, and perhaps a little offence.

"I am afraid," said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, who perceived this; "I am afraid, were I to accept your offer, I should be troublesome to you. It is true, I never mean to offend; nor do I regard whether my sentiments do or do not accord with those of other people. But I am fond of freedom of speech; and when truth rises, or seems to rise, spontaneously to my lips, I cannot give myself the trouble either to suppress it, or seek for

circumlocution."

"No words," answered Sir George, "will give me offence, when I am convinced it was not the intention of the speaker to give it. Your general apology is sufficient to give a currency to a freedom of speech. But why are my motives for travelling of the worst species?"

"I pay little regard to human opinions," replied Mr. Bardoe, "not even my own. Consider it, if you please, as a sentiment, that was just born and died."

"Do me the favour to believe," said Sir George, "that truth, accompanied with friendliness of intention, can never be disagreeable to me."

"You travel then," said Mr. Bardoe, "with your head full of the wrongs you have received; that is, goaded by a perpetual anger. I have felt this sensation formerly, but cannot say I found it so agreeable as to desire it for a constant inmate of my bosom. One of your former associates, is probably a fellow of the lowest order of rascals. An English gentleman cannot think of the stilletto, even in Italy: What can you do with him?"

"Cane him--" answered Sir George.

"And has not he also a cane?" asked the honourable Mr. Bardoe.

There was something in this answer which did not quite please Sir George; but he was upon honour, not to be offended.

As he did not reply, Mr. Bardoe said, "the other is a gentleman. Him you call out to an equal contest, assured of victory, though, no doubt; and depending upon the favour of heaven, which cannot fail to interest itself in a cause of so much consequence."

This was a new strain in the honourable Mr. Bardoe; and Sir George could not help feeling himself pleased with it, though it wounded him.--

"What!" says he, after a minute's pause,--"What would you have me do?"

"Nothing," quietly answered Mr. Bardoe.

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C H A P. II.

The gentlemen left Milan the following day, taking the road to Rome, where they arrived in great safety, and in little more than four times the time in which it is usually performed. For the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with his perfect indifference to rest or motion, could seldom be induced to rise before eleven; nor quit his apartment till he had recovered the fatigues of sleep, by an hour or two of repose upon his sofa, in the light undress of a morning gown, with his snuff-box and his tooth-pick case. But the greatest grievance to Sir George, was the still too superb supper, the only thing which seemed to give the least animation to Mr. Bardoe. In vain Sir George threw certain oblique glances at the indulgence of a luxurious appetite, and supported them by Greek and Roman authority. The honourable Mr. Bardoe would never give himself the trouble to talk, till towards the conclusion of the evening. They last they spent of the road, he thanked Sir George for having taken the pains to collect for his use, the wise precepts of the ancients, so venerable for long beards, and short saws. But if they, said he, or you for them, would condescend to give reasons, as well as precepts, I should like to know, since nature has spread papillas all over my tongue, why it should be thought more indecent to derive pleasure from impressions made upon them, than upon any other of the numerous nerves of the human body? Or why is the vanity of being served with a respectful attention, more reprehensible than a thousand other vanities?--

Sir George admired the facility with which men varnish over their

foibles; he might have admired his own; but he reflected also that if he could reason away the only feelings his new friend seemed to possess, he would scarce be conscious of his existence.

There was in Rome a Scotch gentleman of the name of Cameron, a dealer in vertu, and a master of the ceremonies to young Englishmen, on their arrival at this once respectable capital. Letters of recommendation to this gentleman were unnecessary. No foreigner of distinction can come to Rome without his knowledge; no one can complain that his services are not offered at least, if not accepted. By Sir George however they were accepted graciously, and the first visit was to the famous gallery of the Cardinal de B--.

They found there a lively Frenchman, a Monsieur or an Abbe Dupaty, I think, who was perhaps more entertaining to the majority of the company than Raphael or Titian. He convinced them of the sublimity of his own conception, by every attitude of astonishment in which human bodies can be thrown; and by every epithet, which the French language has provided to express admiration. Quelle grace! quella beaute! que touchant! que brillante! que divine! que ravissante![1] Sir George caught a little of this divine flame; felt some very inexpressible impossible feelings, and lamented that he was not master of the connoisseural language.

As to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he threw a careless glance upon the paintings; observed with more attention the tones and gestures of Duparty; but kept undisturbed his tranquillity and his silence.

"You were not much entertained to-day, I fear," said Sir George, at supper.

"Much more than I expected," replied Mr. Bardoe, "I should have

been extremely so, had I had the same taste for comedy I had once. Monsieur Dupaty is an excellent actor."

"Actor!" said Sir George. "Don't you then think he felt the raptures he seemed to feel so lively?"

"Pray Sir George inform me--what idea had you of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, when you were told it was divine, it was grand beyond conception. Did you learn any thing?"

Sir George did not reply.

"I," said Mr. Bardoe, "used to take it into my head formerly, that I was amused with looking at historical pieces. To the fair daughter of Jephtha judge of Israel, one painter had given a face of steady and heroic piety. Another, more naturally perhaps, had given her only half this, and mingled it with a terror, she strove, but in vain, to conceal. One soldier hides his face; another looks at the sacrificing priest; a third at Jephtha, with indignant grief. I saw what the painters meant. The ideas which passed thro' their minds were visible; just as would have been those of a poet or a historian, who had related the same thing, with all the embellishments his imagination could give. But what of divine is there in all this?"

"Some gentlemen, I suppose," said Mr. Cameron, "find their conceptions too exalted for common words to reach."

"Had you said confused," replied his honour, "your supposition might have been nearer the mark. Every one however has a right to suppose what he pleases; and I suppose that ignorance and vanity copulate these exalted epithets between them."

"By my saul," said Cameron, "but ye are muckle severe."

"You will be better entertained at the Opera to-morrow night, I hope," said Sir George.

"Sir George Paradyne," answered Mr. Bardoe with great solemnity, "I cannot now be pleased with any thing that violates nature, or degrades it. Eunuchs, like swans, squall and die. I cannot forget that they are eunuchs, and that men do not die singing."

"The music, however," said Sir George.

"Is extatic, *no doubt*," replied Mr. Bardoe; "but I have been ravished so often, that I can no longer expire upon a thrill."

"There is however," said Sir George, "one entertainment, with which, as a scholar, you must be pleased. Mr. Cameron has a tolerably acute map of old Rome. To see how much of it is now Rome, how much in ruins, and to contemplate those ruins."

"By heavens!" said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, with emphasis, "the human mind is in ruins, I think. Or could it contemplate with pleasure, the wreck of all that is great in human kind; and all that is little rising on its ruins. Nothing certainly can be a greater burlesque on the importance of this vain animal, Man, than the sacred college issuing out its bulls as from the chancery of heaven. Nothing a greater proof of the fatuity of the same animal, so proud of its intellect, to bow the knee to such ridiculous gods. The sacred college! with the vicar of Jesus Christ at its head! all reverend! all venerable! red-hatted, and heaven-born senate! whose ardent devotion it has been for centuries after centuries, to disseminate lies and blasphemies over the face of the earth; to cheat the feeble race of man with indulgences; and destroy it with inquisitions!"

This philippic lasted a long time. When they separated, Mr. Cameron said to Sir George:--this is a prodigious genius. What a pity, there is nothing in this world can please him!

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C H A P. III.

The knowledge Mr. Cameron possessed as a Roman antiquarian, was only exceeded by his obliging disposition. Every thing that was old in Rome and nine leagues round; every thing that could elucidate the history of that spirited nation, was pointed out to Sir George; and in particular, coins and medals; with which the young baronet stocked himself much to his own edification, and Mr. Cameron's satisfaction. "But," said the latter, "it is na reet to confine oorselves aw and intire to arms and republics; arts ought to share our attention, You ha seen the venus, the hercules, the laocoon, and the gladiator. I allow that the age of the revival of the arts, produced no sculpture like unto these; but for paintings, we canna say so much. Gin you have a taste that way, I think it may be in my pooer to sarve you."

"My taste in painting," replied Sir Geo. "is in its infancy. I see pictures with pleasure; but have not studied the art."

"Whenever ye do," said Mr. Cameron, "begin wi the best maisters."

"I am sensible," answered Sir Geo. "that this is the proper mode to form a good taste; but my father's inclinations leads to other pursuits, I am not possessed of any of the first masters, and imagine they must be purchased at an expence which at present I do not chuse to incur."

"It is vary reet," Mr. Cameron said, "to be prudent; it is the grand foundation of a' the virtues. The best pieces, when they are publickly known, sell excessive high. But there is lately dede here, a rich burgess, whom I was very eentimate with. The mon was na' ostentatious; he had a most exqueesete taste, to be sure; but he looed batter to enjoy it in private,

or with a vary few freends, than to seet up a musaeum for the amusement of avery body mare than the owner; so it happened that his collection is known to few. It cost him upwards of twenty thoosand poond; and his axecutors are noo debating, whether they should make a private sale or a sale by auction. For ye must know Sir George, that auctions are expeensive; and when the gudes are no' celebrated, seldom answer. I think for aboot five thoosand poond ye might come in for the hale; and let me tell you, sic an opportunity does na' fa' to the lot of avery gentlemon once in aw his leef. I canna' ma' the least doot, but in England you may sell the worst moiety o' the collection for mare money, and get the reest for nathing."

"But," said Sir George, "I cannot command so much cash here."

"Ah,"--replied Mr. Cameron,--"say nothing aboot that, there is na' banker in all Rome, that knows his leetters, who wull refuse Sir George Paraden's bills to any amoont."

Such an opportunity to be rich in virtu was not to be resisted; especially as Mr. Cameron obligingly undertook not only the purchase, but engaged to see the whole carefully pack'd, and sent to Naples, there to be embarked for England. "But," says the Scotchman, "all this must be done in four days; for I am under the necessity of going to Florence on Sunday next."

Sir George complied, and the whole business was concluded in the given time with the strictest privacy. "For," as Mr. Cameron observed, "if it was known, Sir George would be plagued oot of his leef by solicitations to see it; and it wad be weel if difficulties were na' thrown in the way of its embarkation by men in pooer."--Mr. Cameron went the day after its completion for Florence.

In the mean time the honourable Mr. Bardoe had spent his time more to

his own taste; for his apartment was large, magnificent, and well furnished with sofas and easy chairs. Soups, macaroni and vermicelli, were always at hand, just to titillate the papillae; some books, antient or modern, just to exercise his contempt. In the grand area of St. Peter's, he found something to look at, though not to admire; and when he viewed a procession or the Pope's guard, he would say,--heavens! what things now are Romans!--

The amusements in which Sir George had been lately engaged, was requisite to prevent a certain degree of dejection which had gradually taken the place of the anger, which, though it tormented, had hitherto animated him. He had lost Mr. Cameron too, that useful friend; Rome had no longer any attractions; he wished, nay, he sighed to be again in England, and at the feet of Miss Colerain; and having communicated his desire to Mr. Bardoe, that placid and truly good-natured man, agreed to return homa by way of Venice; and proceed to Venice by the coast of the Adriatic.

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C H A P. IV.

The character of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, is yet open to us only on the side of his apathy, and of that seeming contradiction to it, a certain degree of Epicurism. But my fair and penetrating readers, will scarcely give him or any man credit for an apathy so total as his pretensions to it; nor indeed did Mr. Bardoe possess it. He had indeed endeavoured to persuade himself, that there were few things which ought to give a wise man concern; but the maxim had not been able to eradicate certain habitual propensities. Betwixt these propensities therefore and this maxim, he had made a kind of league. As a matter of indifference, if it fell in his way, he might as well oblige as not oblige; and, as he was not enamoured of money, if it fell

in his way he might as well be charitable as otherwise. This disposition being once known, it had fallen in his way to be liberal and obliging as often as most men would desire.

The precise fact, with respect to Mr. Bardoe, was, not that he was totally deprived of pleasure; but that two circumstances of his life had rendered pleasure less vivid in him, than in most men. The first was, that having, before he became a favourite with fortune, addicted himself almost solely to intellectual pleasures; he could not long bear the more common insipid, nor the more gross and sensual; though at first, on account of their novelty, he entered into them with extreme avidity. The other circumstance, common as it is, no delicate mind has yet learned to bear--a disappointment in love, arising from deceit. Yes--he was upon the point of being happy with a young lady of more beauty than fortune, when the young Earl of H-- stepped in betwixt him and happiness; and with a title in possession, changed the current of the lady's affection.

This was the more provoking, because Lord H---- was his political rival; and upon a certain occasion they had met once as men of honour meet; but having been prevailed upon to make mutual concessions, the affair finished without powder or ball, and ever since they have hatred each other with abundant cordiality. It was a long, long reflection upon this simple and very common accident, which convinced Mr. Bardoe there was nothing in this world worth being pleased with.

Our travellers set out from Rome; and bent their course towards Pescara. When they approached the Adriatic, they fell in with several bands of pilgrims going to, or returning from Loretto. Sir George, whose taste it was to see man in all his attitudes, alighted oft' to mingle and converse

with them. For the most part he found them merry, pert, ignorant, and something addicted to obscenity. The honourable Mr. Bardoe thought nothing of them, but amused himself with a gentle slumber. One day Sir George saw before him two female pilgrims, who had joined no band. One of these, drest nearly in the Hungarian mode, but in deep mourning, walked slowly and silently along, either buried in thought, or absorbed in grief. She was handsome, had a genteel figure, and, though young, an air of dignity in her mien. Sir George alighted, and accosted her respectfully in Italian. She seemed to have enough of that language, to answer that she did not understand it. "Vous parlez de Francais Mademoiselle peutetre,"[1] said Sir George. "Non--non," she replied, with some confusion and timidity--"non omnino inteligo."[2] Sir George was astonished. He spoke to her in Latin with increased respect: "He feared," he said, "he owed the seeing her in her present situation to some distress on her part."

To this she replied, with a sweet pretty accent, "she had seen distress enough."

"May I presume," said Sir George, "to enquire of what country you are?"

"De Transylvania," she answered, "I am of the house of Zaporo, and possibly the only individual of it, now left to lament its ruin."

"I have heard of the Count Zaporo." said Sir George; "he was engaged against the emperor."

"He was," answered the lady; "he fought to relieve his country from opporession, in his own language and that of his friends;--in that of his enemies, he was a rebel. But, said she, bursting into tears, he was my father. I am going to pray the Virgin Mary to obtain his pardon if he erred; and mine, if I have erred in believing he was engaged in a just cause. But,

continued she, since I have arrived in Italy, this is the first time I have had occasion to speak of my family; the first time curiosity has been excited on my account."

"If," said Sir George, "you impute to mere curiosity, the desire I have to know and to serve you, you do me injustice."

"Curiosity," she replied, "is sometimes one of the most innocent of the motives, by which men are guided in their conduct to women."

"If you are happy," said Sir George, "you may be in the right to indulge sentiments of caution. If not----I am an Englishman--capable, I hope, of feeling respect and compassion, and you inspire both. If you cannot prevail upon yourself to believe me, I shall be sorry; and bidding you farewell, content myself with wishing you all possible happiness."

Again she burst into tears. "Too sure," she said, after a minute's pause. "Too sure I need protection, but by whom, or for what it can be given, is equally unknown to me."

"I know not," Sir George returned, "how I can obviate a distrust, which, tho' it distresses me, I cannot but applaud. All men may make profession; yet it would hurt me much if I should know hereafter, that mere attention to decorum had robbed me of so sincere a pleasure as that of serving an unfortunate, and, I think, deserving young lady."

"That," answered she, with a faint smile, "you must take upon my word. However, as the Latin language is not I think spoke at all in England, this conversation shews me you are learned, and the politeness of your manners, that you are a gentleman, (homo civilis.) I owe something to your courtesy at least, and will, if you desire it, see you again in Loretto."

Sir George answered, "she would much oblige him," and wishing her a

pleasant pilgrimage, returned to his carriage.

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C H A P. V.

When this conversation was related to the honourable Mr. Bardoe, he listened attentively, without offering the least interruption; and then observed, "it was rather wonderful we had had none of these Transylvanian Countesses in England. Sir George, not comprehending exactly the nature of this observation, did not reply to it.

"But," said Mr. Bardoe, after a minute's pause, "no body with us, understands Sclavonian; and Latin cannot be so soon learned, as the wants of imposture require."

"Is it possible," said Sir George, "you can possibly suspect this lady to be an impostor?"

"No, by heaven!" Mr. Bardoe replied, "for I hate powder and ball. Otherwise, suspicion is possible."

"A man must take uncommon pains to create it here," said Sir George.

"No," replied his honour, "it requires no violent effort. One may suspect it in Rome itself; within the precincts even of the holy father."

"I should sooner," said Sir George, "suspect it there, than on a pilgrimage."

"Oh--it has gone its pilgrimage often enough," Mr. Bardoe, answered, "even to Mecca."

"I cannot," said Sir George, "suspect it in such a form."

"Nor in any form I believe; suspicion is no part of the character of Sir George Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"I am glad of it," returned Sir George; "It is but a mean quality."

"Useful too, on certain occasions," Mr. Bardoe replied. "Sometimes it may save money; sometimes prevent one's being laughed at."

Rather than lodge so mean an intimate in my bosom," said Sir George, with emphasis, "I would pay any price."

"Then it is to be hoped," Mr. Bardoe returned, "that when you arrive in England, you will not repent your private bargains at Rome."

"Sir!" said Sir George.

"Nay, prithee, Paradyne, spare me the big look and frowning brow. Simple truth does not deserve it. Though I own I have drawn her ladyship out of the well sooner than I intended," said Mr. Bardoe.

"I beg an explanation," said Sir George.

"In your secret transactions with Mr. Cameron, did suspicion never once intrude upon you?"

"If it ever did," replied Sir George, "I soon drove it away."

"Too soon perhaps," said Mr. Bardoe. "It is not exactly known what the expulsion cost you; it is only said that Mr. Cameron makes the most of his opportunities. The worst of it will be, if, when you make your exhibition in Grosvenor-Square, there should not be found any thing to establish your character as a connoisseur."

"With that," said Sir George, "I can easily dispense. But, for heaven's sake, Bardoe, how came you to know all this?"

"From heaven, no doubt; by the mouth of father Lodoto."

"And you believed him piously?" asked Sir George.

"No," answered Mr. Bardoe, "at first I was impious enough to doubt; for father Lodoto and Cameron were intimate, and called each other friends; so I suspected it was a monkish malignity, arising from a success he was not

permitted to share, or not to share sufficiently. So," continued Mr. Bardoe, "I sent for Rosewaite; that modest young English painter who dined with us twice, and attracted the attention of the company. This young man hesitated to speak of Cameron; said he had not the honour of his acquaintance, and eluded my curiosity prettily enough. I turned the discourse upon himself, and asked concerning his expectations and appointments. Here he was ingenuous and explicit; and I found he was rather in an embarrassed situation. I was not sorry to feel in my way to be of service to him. He laid aside his reserve, and gave me the character of Cameron; a very amiable one indeed; for he cautiously avoids giving any affronts; assents to any proposition; flatters with skill; and cheats so obligingly, that a generous Englishman can scarce take offence. It is whispered, said he, in our academy, that he has sold Sir George Paradyne the collection of a rich burgess of Rome, who never was rich, and never had a collection. It is true he died, and Mr. Cameron took his house; which he has made a repository of lumber; a large quantity of which is packed and sent off to Ostia, as it is said, for Sir George Paradyne. This is all I know of the matter."

"But pray," said Sir George, endeavouring to conceal the agitation into which this narrative had thrown him, "why did you not extend your kindness so far as to let me know this?"

"Because," replied Mr. Bardoe, "the very first minute I saw you, after this elucidation, you began to lament the loss of your friend, who, you told me, was gone to Florence."

"But why should this have hindered you?" asked Sir George.

"Because," said Mr. Bardoe, "you seem to have laid it down as a rule for your own governance, that no man shall deceive you with impunity; and I

was not willing to give you a fresh motive for roaming the earth in quest of scoundrels."

"Florence," said Sir George, rather sullenly, "was not much out of our way."

"It is time, Paradyne," replied Mr. Bardoe, "that you should begin to learn experience, either from yourself or others. Did you find Count Colliano in Italy? Or do people, when they are running away, usually tell where they are going? Rosewaite, whom I consulted on this very head, told me, it was not the first time he had gone to Florence on a similar occasion; though without stirring out of Rome; where he knew how to conceal himself more effectually than in any part of Italy. When Sir George Paradyne," said he, "takes his departure, which Cameron will know in an hour, he will arrive post from Florence; and lament that he was too late to bid adieu to his dear friend."

"And you think," said Sir George, restraining his anger with difficulty, "you think, such fellows ought to go unpunished?"

"Punished for a little innocent ingenuity!" said Mr. Bardoe, smiling. He has sold you goods for more than they are worth. In what civilized country is this forbidden? Or, if forbidden, obeyed? The property was his; he told you what would make it yours. You accepted the condition. Should you succeed in fixing the imputation of knavery upon him, how will you avoid that of credulity upon yourself?"

"He made me," said Sir George, "a thousand professions of friendship."

"And you believed them;" said Mr. Bardoe. Was there any necessity for that? Or do you think friendships spring into existence like mushrooms?"

"You take great pains to shew me my folly," said Sir George.

"Not I indeed," returned Mr. Bardoe. "It is nothing to me, whether you see it or not. One must talk; and though I acknowledge the superior value of politeness, I got in my earlier days, such an abominable habit of speaking truth, or that which seemed to me to be so, that I fear I should be able to refrain it--even at court. This is my folly."

"For all this," said Sir George, "I don't think my pretty Transylvanian will prove an imposter."

"She will prove a woman I suppose;" replied Mr. Bardoe.

"What do you infer from that?" Sir George asked.

"That you will be kind, and she grateful;" returned Mr. Bardoe.

Bardoe!" said Sir George, "your words usually imply more than they seem. I may be kind, I intend to be so. I may, I do expect gratitude. But if you think I would take an advantage of that kindness, or her unprotected situation to betray her, to sink her into infamy; you honour me with principles which I hold to be execrable. Curse me if I would make her an immodest proposal, for----Damn the supposition! I almost hate you, Bardoe, for making it. Me! deceive an unsuspecting innocent!"

"You may be a man of the nicest honour in the world," Mr. Bardoe replied, without being in a passion. The first blessing of life is tranquillity; and a very good way to procure it is--not to fall in love."

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C H A P. VI.

I hope I shall have fair readers of all religions, for in all religions there is beauty. Some, may have even been to see our Lady of Loretto.--She who once lived in a small house in Palestine; but not liking her neighbourhood, moved herself and habitation through the air to Dalmatia. Something neglected

there, she took wing across the Adriatic, and sat down in Loretto. I know not where she could have been treated with more kindness. Queens came to see her, and kings. She was dressed as fine as a dutchess at a court ball. She eat and drank--that is, her sacred servants eat and drink for her--the very best of this globe's productions. Besides all this, they have covered her little cottage with a superb temple; so that she has nothing to fear from storms--except such storms as Dr. Priestly,[1] and such magicians, are pleased sometimes to raise.

To this temple Sir George repaired on the second morning after his arrival, I fear with a heart more devoted to the virgin daughter of Count Zaporo, than to the virgin mother. However, as any devotion is better than no devotion at all, if Miss Colerain forgives him, I hope my fair readers will do the same.

Miss Zapora was already at the altar, whence, having paid her duties, she retired, to seek with her maid, some humble lodging, meet for pilgrims. This, Sir George had already provided; and requested permission to attend her thither; she consented; thanked him with eyes that seemed to beam celestial fire; and having taken possession, desired the remainder of that day to finish the duties which brought her thither.

On the next day, little of the pilgrim remained. A simple neatness presided over her dress. Sir George saw beauties in her which he had not seen before; beauties which did not create any revulsion in his sentiments of compassion; beauties, which piety alone, I suppose, can give; and which is probably the reason why we see them so seldom..

When Sir George had gazed till it would have been unpolite to have gazed any longer, assuming a peculiar softness of voice, he made her a very

pretty latin oration, not quite so long, or quite so elegant, as Tully[2] might have done; but the purport was to gain her confidence, to beg permission to serve her; and to be informed how he might best do it.

Her answer, translated as well as I have been able to translate it, was as follows:

"It is a duty I owe to your humanity, to give you the outlines of my sad, but insignificant story, if you will give yourself the further trouble to hear it.--My misfortunes originate in the insurrections of Transylvania; too recent to have been yet much the subject of history; and on a scene too remote perhaps to have interested the generous English, who, free themselves, wish freedom to mankind.

My father, Count Zaporo, had two sons and myself. I was about twelve when these troubles began. My brothers old enough to take a fatal share in them. There is no doubt but my father had an original part in the insurrection, for he was one of the first characters in the province, had caught the glow of liberty from an abundant perusal of Greek and Roman writers, which his travels into England, a country he spoke of with rapture, had fanned into an ardent flame.

The castle in which my father had usually resided, was at a distance from Hermanstadt, the capital. My father left there my mother and myself, and recommended us to the care of his vassals in the vicinity, who loved him, for he meliorated their condition, and never used his privileges to oppress. At first, the insurgents were successful; my father had the command of a large body, and defeated the Austrians in three engagements. He was therefore peculiarly obnoxious to the Emperor,[3] who came in person, with a force which rendered resistance vain.

Hitherto, we had been alarmed only by our apprehensions, for the Austrians had not yet advanced so far as our castle. But calamity had been only deferred that it might accumulate; and it came to overwhelm us at once. My father was defeated with great loss, his troops scattered, himself fled, one of my brothers killed in the battle, the other a prisoner, and the enemy within a day's march of the castle.

In such a situation, to resist would only give our enemies an excuse for rude or brutal treatment. My mother therefore ordered the gates of the castle to be thrown open; of which the enemy took possession. She was ill and confined to her bed; perhaps she escaped all personal ill treatment from this cause; for drunken brutality pays but little regard to rank. I was too young, and indeed too wretched an object to draw attention. The rest of my mother's women suffered the common fate of such situations.

We had been about twenty days in this miserable state, expecting orders to leave the castle; for my mother knew my father's possessions would be confiscated, when one night, when all was still, except some Austrians rioting upon the remaining plunder of the castle, a noise was heard, which we supposed had arisen from a quarrel amongst themselves. Presently, some fire arms were discharged, the tumult grew loud and shocking; there was no one to tell us the cause, till my father himself, all bloody, entered our apartment. Having tenderly embraced my mother and myself, he informed her, that immediate flight was necessary, if it was possible for her to bear it. My mother answered, she could bear any thing, so she could have his company. We left the castle then with all possible haste, and had the good fortune to get in two days into the Turkish territories; after which, we took the road to Adrianople, where we arrived without accident.

This release had been effected by the zeal and fidelity of my father's vassals, amongst whom he had taken a concealed refuge since his defeat.--Some of these had access to the castle for the purpose of supplying the garrison. They took advantage of drunkenness and relaxed vigilance, and introduced my father as I have related; then escorting him to the borders of Transylvania, some went back to brave their fate, others followed the fortune of my father, and obtained a settlement amongst the Turks.

To the ministers of the grand Signor my father was well known, for they had treated with him, and even advanced him money in support of the insurrection. Having settled us therefore at Adrianople, he hastened to the Porte to solicit an employ; but misfortune is not a proper title to respect at any court; and it was long before his solicitations were regarded. At length he obtained a government in Albania.

My mother's health had been long upon the decline. She died in his arms at Adrianople, whither he had come in order to convey her to the seat of his new government. I was now his only care. He was not avaricious; but having exhausted all that he had been able to save from the wreck of his fortune, he lived with more frugality perhaps than became his station, in order to save a competence for me. He had indeed the good fortune to please the Albanians, all but the poor nobility, every where accustomed to share the plunder of a court, but not the ministers of the Ottoman court; for at the end of five years, he had remitted the tribute only which was required of his part of Albania. They were surprized at the double novelty of a governor's living without state, and resting content with his salary. They had also secret inteligence that what he could save out of this, he placed in the bank of Venice. What could they do? on the one side was a governor of confirmed

integrity, and a people satisfied. On the other, a government without douceurs; and no sponge to be squeezed. They invited complaints. The turbulent nobles, and the heads of the clergy, neither of whom my father regarded as they regarded themselves, were soon ready to obey the call of power.

As the Ottoman ministry wanted only a pretence to recall my father, any complaint was heard; and an order that he should repair to the imperial city was soon expected. He resolved to obey; for he would not give real cause for persecution; but as events of this kind are at the Ottoman court pretty uncertain, he sent me to Sebenico in Dalmatia, a town belonging to Venice, to the care there of a Mr. Shugrow, a Transylvanian, who had settled there as a merchant; was reputed affluent; and had been my father's agent in money transactions, both with the bank, and with private individuals. He was a widower, and had one daughter, she who is now my companion and my friend.

At this Porte, my father had the good fortune to defeat his enemies; but justice there is expensive. War was now declared against Russia and Austria; and as they did not chuse to send him back to his government, he was offered a command in the Turkish army. He accepted this, because his finances were much sunk, and because it was against the Austrians. It is said that his first efforts were successful; and that he was constantly victorious whilst he had a separate command. But being ordered to join the grand Vizier, a great battle was fought and lost. My father undoubtedly fell in it, for he has not since been heard of, though two years have elapsed.

I was now truly an orphan. It is possible I may have a brother, but it is more probable I have not. To crown my affliction, Mr. Shugrow, on whose friendship I relied, and who was the sole agent, and indeed master of

my little fortune, disappeared from Sebonico about three months since, and has not since been heard of. Failing circumstances were the cause. His creditors seized all, leaving his daughter destitute.

It was now necessary to seek a fresh agent, and I applied to a merchant of esteemed probity, who seemed to regard me with pity and concern; but at our first interview, he only said he would write to Venice, and I might depend on his best services. He came again in a few days, and with a friendly anxiety told me, it was as he expected. Shugrow had drawn the greatest part of my money out of the bank to support his own credit.

This was terrible news, for it opened my bosom to despair. It was some days before I was able to converse again with my friendly merchant, who had been constant in his inquiries after my health. He told me that my remaining fortune was very inadequate to my support; and that to be mistress of it, I must find some means to identify my person before the bank directors. That the best way would be to go to Venice with all the proofs I could collect; and that he would attend me there to assist, and to corroborate my evidence.

"But," said he, "what will Miss Zaporo then do? Can she forget the rank and affluence she was born to; and stoop to live--almost to drudgery?" "It may be difficult," I answered, "but it is necessary. The greater difficulty will be to find a situation wherein my poor abilities can be made so useful to others as to deserve support." He answered, "I must not flatter you, madam, it will be difficult; but will you have the goodness to listen to a proposal I have to make, and hear it without resentment?" Certainly, sir," I answered, not without a degree of surprize.

"The daughter of Count Zaporo," he said, "may be allowed to resent the proposal of an obscure merchant, though made with all humility. It is the

offer of myself in marriage.

"I see," continued he, "your surprise; perhaps your disdain."

"No--no" I answered, "certainly not disdain."

"Let me not," he continued, "deceive you in any thing. I am not rich, but I have enough. Nor do I pretend to love you with the rapture of youth. At my age it would be ridiculous. But I admire you; and propose marriage as a mode by which I may with propriety secure you from many distresses, I fear, in your present unhappy situation you may be exposed to. I do not require your answer till after consideration; whatsoever it may be, I shall submit to it, and be always, if I can, your friend."

The generosity and good sense of this proposal, would have inclined me to accept it; nor does the difference of our ages give me any repugnance. And yet I have repugnance, though I know not whence it arises. I have not decided.

.In the mean time, the words of my mother upon her death-bed, often occured to me. "I fear," said she, "I fear your father may have crimes to answer for in which war may have involved him. You are by my means, though your father is of the Greek church, a strict and pious Roman Catholic. You know well, the value of our works of supererogation. My father died, as your's may do, in the actual commission of war. My mother took proper care that prayers and masses should not be wanting; but to secure his salvation, I undertook a pilgrimage to Loretto. If ever you have it in your power, do you the same. You will derive a blessing from it, which will be a balm in all afflictions; perhaps expedite your father's term of purgation. The holy virgin will not deny any thing to prayers offered up in virgin purity.

"Now then," continued Miss Zaporo, "was a proper opportunity and a

proper cause, for performing my mother's command. It is executed. If I have not derived from it the peace to myself which my dear mother promised, I have the more hopes the merit of it may devolve upon my father. I go from hence to Venice, to meet the worthy merchant, and determine, If I can determine, upon my future fate."

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C H A P. VII.

"You have very much obliged me by this confindence, madam," said Sir George; "but it would oblige me much more if you would put it in my power to serve you."

"I think myself already much obliged to you," Miss Zaporo answered, "Your humanity has interested itself in the concerns of a stranger."

"To you," said Sir George, "this humanity is profitless."

"No," she answered, "I am consoled by finding that there are those, in whom my misfortunes can inspire pity. This obligation I can bear, and can acknowledge with gratitude. This is all the daughter of Count Zaporo can desire, or can accept."

"I am sorry for it," said Sir George, smiling, "then I fear you will not accept the half of my chaise to Venice?"

"You make the proposal in jest, sir," said the lady, rather indignantly; "so I have no right to resent it."

"Oh, yes," said Sir George, "certainly in jest--pray how do you intend to go?"

"By sea," replied the lady, "if I can. If not, I propose going in a band of returning pilgrims, but without joining their society; for some of them have manners incongruous with piety."

"Neither of these ways," said Sir George, "can be agreeable to you."

"I must not," she answered, "consider the agreeable."

"I travel," said Sir Geoege, "with an English gentleman, sometimes in the same, sometimes in a separate carriage. It would therefore be no inconvenience to us, if you and your friend would occupy mine as far as Venice."

"And go in your suite?" said the lady, with quickness.

"No," replied Sir George with another smile, "we will go in yours."

"I make no distinctions," answered she, "where there is no difference."

"After us then," said Sir George, "at your own time and leisure; only permit me to charge a servant to procure you those advantages which female travellers scarce have it in their power to procure for themselves."

I acknowledge," said Miss Zaporo, "the politeness and delicacy of your offer, whether I accept it or no. Allow me to consider."

Sir George then, inviting himself to afternoon coffee, took his leave.

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C H A P. VIII.

This little history Sir George had to relate to the honourable Mr. Bardoe. He did it circumstantially; not forgetting as proofs of her truth, the genuine signs of passion and feeling exhibited by the fair relater.

"It is possible it may be true," Mr. Bardoe said, after a few minutes reverie; "It is possible. But after all, what does the girl want? She wont have money you know, Paradyne; she told you so. Set that down to the affair of dignity. What then would she have?"

"Compassion and attention," replied Sir George.

"If, answered Mr. Bardoe, "a thousand guineas or so, would be acceptable to the girl, she's welcome to them out of my purse. But really I have no turn

for useless compassion. Nor can I take the trouble to say polite but insignificant things, which can answer no end--except that perhaps of putting into her head, things, which had better not come there."

"What things?" asked Sir George.

"Love, perhaps," Mr. Bardoe answered, "or some of his near relations. Do you think a young fellow like you, with a handsome leg, an embroidered coat, a soft smile, and abundance of compassion and attention, will not oblige her to draw comparisons betwixt you and her old merchant? Which will she prefer, think you? So in zeal for her service, you will poison the little felicity she might have been able to draw from him. She might have remained tolerably satisfied with the goodness of his heart, as she will call it; though ten to one, like statesmen and bishops, he has two reasons for what he does, one for shew and one for use."

"So suspicious a man as yourself, Bardoe, I never knew," said Sir George.

"Yes--I have been in the world ten years, and have thought of what I have seen there."

"And you still, perhaps, entertain doubts of the truth of her relation?" said Sir George.

"I have allowed it my be true," replied Mr. Bardoe; "excuse me if I tell you I think one may depend with more firmness upon the gospel."

"Oblige me Bardoe," said Sir George. "Do take the trouble to open your eyes upon her. She is not a basilisk.

"Well sir, I will go with you; I mean I will do myself the honour to attend you to your coffee assignation. Though after all, it is nothing more than a foolish endeavour to enlist my senses, for war against my reason."

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CHAP. IX.

Sir George, in his encomium of Miss Zaporo, had not forgot her fine understanding. "Of which," said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, "one proof is this pilgrimage to Loretto."

"As if," answered Sir George, "you did not in every country see the best understandings embrued with the superstitions they drank in with their mother's milk."

To elucidate this point, Mr. Bardoe enquired of Miss Zaporo, what were the causes of the revolt of Transylvania.

"The higher ranks," she answered, "were impelled by two causes, a proximate and a remote. One may date the origin of the latter from certain books which had found their way into the province from Holland and France. I believe also from England. These books treated of the nature of government, instituted, as they said, solely for the good of the people; and of the rights of men; and ofthe rights of kings; I should have said of the wrongs; for kings, according to them, were seldom right. These pernicious books, and the still more licentious conversation which followed their perusal, laid no doubt the foundation of the future rebellion. But the more immediate cause to the nobility, was the depriving them of certain privileges; and the emperor's known design of abolishing feudal tenures."

"What,"--asked Mr. Bardoe,--"might be the reasons to the people?"

"The Emperor," Miss Zaporo answered, "had suppressed some monastries; had made some alteration in the public forms of worship; had granted toleration to sectaries; and was said to have projected the seizing the revenues of the clergy; part for the use of the state, and the remainder to be divided more equally amongst the indivual members of the clergy. This, at Vienna, was

called reformation. I should call it sacrilege."

"So, I dare say, did the bishops and the monks," said Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes," Miss Zaporo replied, "they proved that the state had no right to meddle with ecclesiastical concerns.--That their possessions were jure divino[1]--that if the clergy possessed the whole land of the province, so much the better; they made the best of landlords--that property diffused was not so useful to a community, as in large masses--and that when it was once acquired, it was nonsense to talk of little and much--that the Transylvanians had flourished long under the present system--that all innovations were dangerous--and in religious matters, impious as well as dangerous, for the clergy were God's servants, and obeyed his will."

"I presume, Miss Zaporo," said Mr. Bardoe, "from some of your expressions, you incline to the opinions of the clergy."

"My mother was an Austrian lady," Miss Zaporo replied, "a strict and pious Roman catholic; my father was of the less rigid greek church. I imbibed my mother's principles, the only ones, she said, which could lead me to salvation. It is not permitted us to form our own opinions on sacred subjects. I have had, during my successive misfortunes, several father confessors; every one of whom lamented the daring wickedness of these times; and foretold that the propagation of such detestable opinions, would destroy the holy catholic church, and consequently all religion, and all good government."

"And you believed them, Miss Zaporo?" said Mr. Bardoe.

"It was my duty," she answered. "Contrary notions, I own, would sometimes suggest themselves; but I asked God pardon for them? and confessed to my directors; who told me they were the greatest crimes I could commit and

enjoined me for them my heaviest penances."

"You think then, the revolt justifiable on this account?" said Mr. Bardoe.

"Yes," Miss Zaporo answered, "on this account solely; for temporal ought to cede to spiritual things. In other respects, kings, I believe, partake of the essence of omnipotence; and ought to be subject to no power but of God or his ministers. Mere temporal objects cannot justify rebellion."

"In this censure, do you not involve your father?" asked Mr. Bardoe.

"I loved my father as a child," answered Miss Zaporo; "but of religion or politics he never spoke to me. I fear he imbibed wrong opinions. I pray to God for him. It is all I can."

"I pity the poor Transylvanians with all my heart," said Mr. Bardoe: Every man had half a cause for rebellion; no man a whole one. But your nobility seemed to have been desirous of liberty themselves; but unwilling to grant it to their vassals."

"That respectable series of veneration from the vassal to the monarch," replied Miss Zaporo, "would then have been lost. We should have seen no more of that generous loyalty to rank."

The landlady of the house came in to inform Miss Zaporo, it was the hour of evening mass. She begged pardon of the gentlemen, who politely submitted their temporal to her eternal concerns, and took their leave.

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C H A P. X.

These enlarged and liberal sentiments of Miss Zaporo's, have always struck me as being the true foundation of most of the existing governments of this our globe. A book which has lately enchanted all kings, all queees,

all bishops--save one--all good old women, and half an university, has been wrote to amplify, and to sublime them.[1] Sure never were the rich powers of eloquence so displayed! The apotheosis of the lovely queen into a star, is an instance of the sublime and beautiful, for which you may seek in the wide world of authors, a parallel in vain. That sweet lamentation too!--In the whole book of lamentations there is nothing like it. "Never--oh never--shall I again see that generous loyalty to rank and sex!" What would I not have given to have been a lord, or a lady, in those loyal and undegenerate times.

There is however an ebullition of generous poetry still superior, even to these. "I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult."

I was quoting this with a generous enthusiasm to an old friend who lives a retired life, and troubles himself but little about the politics of this world. The muscles of his face contracted into a sort of grin--"Ten thousand pens," said he, "must start from their ink-stands, to punish the man who dares attempt to restore the empire of prejudice and passion. The age of chivalry, heaven be praised, is gone. The age of truth and reason has commenced, and will advance to maturity in spite of cants or bishops. Law,--active, invincible, avenging law, is here the knight-errant that redresses wrongs, protects damsels, and punishes the base miscreants who oppress them."

When Palmerin of England and Amadis of Gaul, alarmed by piercing shrieks issuing from some sequestered part of some unfrequented forest, pierced the thicket and the heart of some foul monster, on the point of dishonouring the most beautiful and most accomplished princess in the world; no doubt the valorous knights were animated by principles that did honour to

the human heart. But their glory owed its birth, and all its lustre to the disorders and miseries of the times. Then, the chief, superior to law, knew no rule of conduct but his passions. He saw around him, nothing but fawning servility and slavish obedience. An obedience always compulsive, which had its origin in necessity, and passing by degrees into habit and sentiment, sunk the human mind to its lowest degradation. His smiles were joy, his frowns terror. Violence was then the road to distinction, for violence was the characteristic of the times. As was the chief, so were his vassals. Blind attachment usurped the place of discriminating friendship. A few individuals only, the exceptions of the age, assumed to themselves the arduous task of opposing violent wrong, by violent right.

All this is now happily changed. Philosophy and commerce have transformed that generous loyalty to rank, into attachment to peace, to law, to the general happiness of mankind; that proud submission and dignified obedience into an unassuming consciousness of natural equality; and that subordination of the heart into an honest veneration of superior talents, conjoined with superior benevolence.

I did not invite my friend to dinner.

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C H A P. XI.

My fair readers, I hope, will be glad to escape with me, from these trivial speculations; and return to the fair Zaporo, who, during the contention of the last chapter, has stolen away to Venice. How she got there is not very material; certainly by no mode of travelling which could wound her honour; or, what is of a sorer nature still, her pride.

The daughter of Count Saporo had so far conquered this obstinate

quality, as to deliberate at least whether she should give her hand to a merchant. She prayed the Virgin Mary to determine for her. But whether the Virgin thought it better young ladies should chuse for themselves, or had not yet sufficiently weighed the matter, Miss Zaporo arrived at Venice in as fluctuating a state of mind as ever. Here indeed her doubts were cruelly determined. The merchant, returning one evening from a tavern to his lodgings, slipt into a canal, and was drowned. To render her calamities compleat, when Sir George Paradyne had caused the proper inquiries to be made, it was found that Shugrow had withdrawn the last penny of Miss Zaporo's fortune from the bank.

In such a situation, most lord's daughters would have sat themselves down to weep. Not so, the daughter of Count Zaporo. Sir George had too generous, too feeling a heart, not be moved with extreme compassion for so illustrious, and so fair an unfortunate. He offered her an asylum in England. I know not exactly on what terms; perhaps they were not guarded with sufficient delicacy; for she answered with a sort of dignified phrenzy; "No Sir, no. I will go to Austria; I will perish in the eyes of my mother's relations; I will perish at the foot of the emperor's throne, rather than disgrace the house of Zaporo.

This noble sentiment did not appear to Sir George in all its lustre. He thought it merely a disdain of being under pecuniary obligations to a stranger; but I believe Miss Zaporo had included in the word disgrace, some ideas which were not born of money. In this however, she did Sir George injustice.

I will not tell my fair readers, that he had been insensible to Miss Zaporo's beauty; for I will not lie for any man. I will not even say that

he had never been surprised into emotions of soft desire. But he had fought against them with all his powers of reason, aided by sentiments of honour. Events are unknown to mortals. I do not presume to say what would have been that of reason contending against sensation. It must be owned she is not always victorious in this kind of conflict. But, at Venice, Sir George had received a new supply of force against this voluptuous enemy. He had directed his letters from England to be addressed there. There he first learned that Mrs. Birimport was a widow. Her letter breathed the very soul of sisterly affection; and her wishes for his speedy return were urgent. Mr. Lindsay spoke his usual language; a language which would seldom fail to animate the human heart to virtue, if the human heart was always disposed to hear.

But the most efficacious of all were a few words from the pen of Miss Colerain.----"I learn," says she, with a pleasure I cannot express, "that Sir George Paradyne is spoken of at Rome as a gentleman, who does honour to his country. I hope then, he has forgot the unworthy motive which carried him from Paris. Never again will he quit the pursuits of a gentleman for frivolous pleasures, and voluptuous immoralities. His good sense will regulate his inclinations. He will deserve the esteem of the wise and good. If I never see him more, to hear this, will constitute my greatest happiness."

This was only an extract. The whole was wrote with a cautious and tender delicacy, which kept, far removed all appearance that the fair author had in her mind any thing but a sincere and lively friendship.

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C H A P. XII.

"It is pity," said the honourable Mr. Bardoe, in answer to Sir George's relation of the spirited, and as he thought, extraordinary reply made to his

kind offer, by Miss Zaporo; "it is a pity, such pride should fall."

"Why?"--asked Sir George,--"where is the injury done to pride, when unmerited distress acepts an alleviation from the hands of benevolence?"

"Oh--but the payment--" Mr. Bardoe replied. "Pray in what terms might you offer your asylum?"

"That to make England agreeable, and to be permitted to place her in an independent situation, would give me the greatest pleasure."

"Young ladies," said Mr. Bardoe, "have quick and delicate apprehensions. Perhaps she had heard her grandmamma say young gentlemen were seldom disposed to be so charitable for nothing. And indeed I can easily believe that you yourself might one day be induced to think of a reward."

"No--Bardoe,--no--" said Sir George, "I protest a thought of this kind never seriously entered my head."

"No," Mr. Bardoe replied, "not seriously--only in jest; but jest today may be earnest to-morrow. I give you full credit for the integrity of your present intentions; for I know you never speak to deceive. But there are times, when women are so beautiful, that men are apt to forget their wisest resolutions."

"I shall never forget that she is unfortunate," said Sir George; "and if I could be base enough to take advantage of her situation, I should abhor myself----"

"Yes,"--replied Mr. Bardoe,--"men are apt to abhor themselves. But to prevent the necessity of this terrible abhorrence, marry her Paradyne; if the son of a simple British knight may presume to raise his thoughts to the daughter of a noble hun."

"No, Bardoe," said Sir George, smiling, "my thoughts have not quite

taken so presumptuous a flight."

"She must expire then at the foot of the Emperor's throne, as far as I see, since your boasted benevolence will not gratify her in such a trifling article as marriage. You, who have been so lavish in praise of her beauty and understanding! In your eyes, she can want nothing but money, of which you have enough."

"Amuse yourself Bardoe," said Sir George; "my failings are much at your service; but spare the unfortunate Miss Zaporo."

"You think me in jest then," replied Mr. Bardoe." I am not. Her affections are yours. This is an addition to her misfortunes."

"Dear Bardoe," said Sir George. "You speak as if you really interested yourself in the fate of Miss Zaporo."

"Misery," Mr. Bardoe answered, "is no gratification to me, in any shape or form."

"To be candid and explicit with you," said Sir George, "my affections and my honour are both engaged to an English lady."

"It is very well," answered Mr. Bardoe. "Forbear your visits then to Miss Zaporo. They affect her peace. Leave her to me."

"But," said Sir George, smiling, "there are hours when women are so beautiful----"

"She is perfectly secure," replied Mr. Bardoe; "I would not take the trouble of seduction, for ten times the trouble seduction ever yet produced."

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C H A P. XIII.

Sir George was engaged the following day in a party of pleasure up the Brento, which Mr. Bardoe had declined for his usual reason, because it did

not present to his imagination any thing pleasing. This opportunity he took to converse with Miss Zaporo, and he began pretty much in this manner:--

"I am a very odd man, madam, I hope you know it, and are prepared to pardon my follies in consideration of my frankness and sincerity. Reflection, Miss Zaporo, has made me a humourist, and has taught me to set a very small value upon the things of this world. Politeness, you know, requires I should except women." He said this with a smile; which the lady returning, said, "I will excuse the politeness." He then continued, "you are unhappy, Miss Zaporo. It gives me pain when I think of it; and I wish to relieve myself. You have two sorts of wants which give you this unhappiness, one created by nature, the other by the artifices of society, The first is curable, for corporeal wants are easily satisfied; the wants of the imagination take a stronger hold; the most fixed are those that arise from pride."

"Those I suppose," said the lady, "you judge to be mine."

"Are they not, Miss Zaporo?" asked Mr. Bardoe.

"I hope not, sir," answered she.

"Then my talk will be easy," returned Mr. Bardoe; "you will have the goodness to permit me to accommodate you with the common comforts and conveniences of human life, and all will be well."

"It will not," replied she, "be easy for the daughter of Count Zaporo, to stoop to be so supplied."

"I expected," said Mr. Bardoe, "to find the daughter of Count Zaporo possessed of this sentiment; but," continued he, smiling, "does it arise from humility?" The lady blushed.

"I know, madam, the artificial wants of society are as productive of unhappiness as any wants, whilst they possess the mind; and my wish is that

you should have no want. Yet there is one cause not yet mentioned, perhaps of unhappiness. It may appear impertinence from my lips, but I must be plain, for I must be sincere. You love Sir George Paradyne." The lady started.

"Before you indulge your anger," continued Mr. Bardoe, "condescend to examine your sensations. Certainly I mean it not as a reproach. Any lady might love Sir George Paradyne without a blush. But he is engaged. Had it been otherwise, you would have engaged him; for he is warm in your praise."

"You must have a mean opinion of my delicacy, sir," said the lady, "to suppose this; Sir George almost a stranger."

"I do not suppose your delicacy concerned, nor even yourself, madam; for sentiments of this sort steal into the mind imperceptibly. I advance it as a conjecture arising from probabilities. If true, that you may recall an affection which honour will not permit Sir George to return; if not true--it is without consequence. And now, permit me to come directly to the point which brought me here. I desire your happiness, and am willing to be the instrument to promote it, in any way you wish. If, as an individual, you desire the solid comforts which mere money will procure, money is at your service. But as man is the creature of education and habit; if these inspire you with any delicate scruples which marriage will obviate, my hand is yours. It is not that I pretend to love you, according to the usual acceptation of that term; but kindness comes of kindness. You will not offend me be rejecting this proposal; nor must you expect any violent professions of rapture, if you accept it. My habits of living are peculiar perhaps, but I ask no conformity from you. My fortune will enable each of us to chuse our own. This is the whole of what I have to say. Consider it, if it is worth your consideration: and if you form a resolution, favour me with the knowledge of it."

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C H A P. XIV.

It must be owned this declaration of love was rather of the embarrasing sort. It was kind, it was honourable; but it was cool, and unimpassioned. No doubt, the advantages were great to Miss Zaporo; but how could she sacrifice her delicacy to a man who had told her that he was indifferent.

Sir George returned from his excursion the next day, and called upon Miss Zaporo in his way home. He was the subject of her thoughts when he arrived, and, though it must be confessed it cost her some sighs, she had almost persuaded herself that Mr. Bardoe's conjecture was totally groundless; and that she never entertained sentiments of Sir George, but such as friendship would warrant. "He may be my friend still," she said, "notwithstanding his engagement." But a few tears would flow, when she thought that engagement might weaken the force of that friendship.

"I have had a most extraordinary visit," said she to Sir George; "it is no breach of confidence to acquaint you with it, for no confidence was enjoined; and indeed your friend seems to give himself little solicitude about the opinions of others."

Miss Zaporo then related her conversation with Mr. Bardoe; suppressing only that impertinent insinuation respecting her love for Sir George Paradyne. She concluded by asking Sir George's advice.

He--in the most disinterested manner in the world, said, "that, to be sure, his friend was a man that--that--in short, it was a very peculiar case; and he desired time to consider of it."

Sir George was evidently embarrassed. It could not escape Miss Zaporo's observation; but she had not the least idea of the cause. Indeed I must own

it is inexplicable, and must for ever remain so; unless some one of my twenty thousand fair readers, whose business, being to govern the hearts of men, it is to make themselves acquainted with the tortuosities of this all trembling viscus, will take the trouble to investigate and explain its operation in this instance.

All his affections were Miss Colerain's. He had never once thought of Miss Zaporo as a mistress; still less as a wife; he wished her happiness, and would have done much to promote it. What then could give him a series of cold, chill, uncomfortable sensations, when she requested his advice. Dear ladies, how is it?

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C H A P. XV.

Sir George went immediately to Mr. Bardoe; and the following dialogue passed between them:

Sir. G. I have seen Miss Zaporo.

Mr. B. Very well. By your dissatisfied air, it is probable you do not approve the proposal I made her.

Sir G. It has much astonished me.

Mr. B. Why?

Sir G. You! the most cautious, the most suspicious, the most indifferent man alive! you marry Miss Zaporo! a stranger! whom you took pains to make me suppose might be an impostor!

Mr. B. And you took pains to shew me that was impossible. You succeeded. Would you covince me back again?

Sir G. The world will wonder at your conduct.

Mr. B. I shall oblige it. It is never happy but when it is wondering.

Sir G. Your friends will say you have been drawn in.

Mr. B. They will say right.

Sir G. Reflections may be thrown upon me.

Mr. B. No doubt. Every man of consequence pays this tax to the public.

Sir G. You will not understand me.

Mr. B. I believe I do. You imagine you shall have the credit of superior abilities. With all my heart.

Sir G. You give things such unexpected, such uncommon turns. What do you propose to yourself by marrying Miss Zaporo?

Mr. B. A wife.

Sir G. Your laconics are admirable. How can you think of marrying, with so much non-chalance about you?

Mr. B. Is it settled that a man who marries must always be in a fever?

Sir G. You are the strangest animal. I wish you would reason.

Mr. B. Why here is a girl you have picked up upon a pilgrimage; "an honest wench, that let me tell you." Of her wisdom I shall say nothing. She embarrasses you very greatly; for you have a most generous loyalty to sex; especially to sex of rank and beauty; how to provide for her with out injury to her dignity of sentiment. Well! I free you from this embarrassment. Where is your gratitude?

Sir G. Lost in my concern for yourself. Marriage, you know, is a state of great bliss, or great misery. If I am the cause of the latter to you, it will make me most unhappy.

Mr. B. Never trouble yourself Paradyne. If the bliss comes, I cannot reasonably be angry at it. As to the misery--if I put it in any woman's power to create it for me--I shall deserve it.

Sir G. How can I be her friend, and advise her to marry such an insensible?

Mr. B. Will not she be an insensible also? I dare say she will, if her head is not stuffed with romance.--Then, if mutual kindness comes it will be welcome; and probably more lasting than if it came the common way. It is so easy to raise the expectations of silly women, and so difficult not to disappoint them.

Sir G. Perseverance in this species of generosity does not reconcile me to it.

Mr. B. Poor girl! what else can we do with her? Can we return her back upon the naked world, without a single being to assist her? Can we settle her in a competent independence without shocking her prejudices, and taking away more happiness that we give. You cannot marry her, for you are engaged. I can for I am not. And what is the difference to me? I shall still live as I like. So will she. For I shall devolve upon her all the monkey tricks of stateliness and etiquette which I am weary of; and when did you ever know a woman who was not pleased with this kind of tinsel? My friends too say that I must have an heir of my own begetting. I was once inclined to take that trouble; but the lady for whom I felt all those ridiculous sensations we dignify with the name of love, found out a fellow, not twice her age, who gave her a hundred a year more jointure, and a coach with a coronet upon it. So, to tell you a secret, this very journey is made principally to avoid the importunities of some of my female friends on this subject of an heir. Is there amongst my fair countrywomen, one--one, sound of mind and body? One not nervous, or hypochondriac, or not enslaved by that supreme folly, the folly of fashion? No--not one.--From these, our

epidemics, Miss Zapora is at present free; and as she speaks only latin, the very sound of the language will terrify the whole ton; so that it is possible she may be two or three years before she is much corrupted. After all, Paradyne, if you can find a way to dispose of her more to your liking, be it as you will. Not one minute's anxiety shall I feel for the pro or the con.

In what odd and singular envelopes does nature sometimes inclose noble hearts! was Sir George's reflection, when in the silence of his apartment, he ran over the honourable Mr. Bardoe's actions since he became acquainted with him. "I must acknowledge him my superior in friendship and in virtue."

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C H A P. XVI.

All that was necessary to inform her judgment, Sir George communicated to Miss Zaporo, who sighed and said,"if she could hope to inspire such a man with any degree of tenderness, she might be happy with such a man." It was frequently canvassed between them, and once, Miss Zaporo said, with a tremulous voice, a softened accent, with tears in her eyes, and a gentle touch with the hand that Sir George held in his, "You are the author of my felicity, if any is reserved for me; how I wish I could owe it to you alone."

Is there in all England a coxcomb, who would not have construed this into a tender confession? A man of gallantry who would not have endeavoured to make the most of it? So coxcombs mistake motives, and the dear sex is calumniated. Undoubtedly it was nothing more than a mere impulse of gratitude. I will not affirm, for I will not affirm any thing I do not know, that Sir George's pulse might not be raised by it ten beats a minute; if so, the more his praise, to call the angel consideration so quick to his aid. Certainly it was simple gratitude, and Sir George answered it accordingly.

Miss Zaporo had given her consent; Mr. Bardoe, an obligation for a proper settlement; the marriage day was fixed. Two days before, the British consul gave a ball. Amongst many distinguished characters, there was an elderly man, an Austrian baron, who was at Venice in a public capacity. The baron, who loved conversation, especially English, had singled out Sir George, and had engaged him in a discourse, chiefly political. Sir George's replies to the baron's questions were open, candid, and liberal; and the baron expressed his satisfaction. Sir George, in return, wished for information concerning the Emperor Joseph's temper; his private and public turn of mind; his past politics; his future designs.

The sum of the baron's answers went to say, that the emperor was undoubtedly a man of good understanding; that he had a passion for glory, but more for the glory of a legislator than of a conqueror. He saw abuses every where. He saw the nobles hold the bodies of his poor subjects in chains; whilst priests enslaved their minds. He wished to relieve them. He wished to do every thing, but every thing at once. This is his error; and this will be his death. He sickens to see the people blind to their own interest; and that his efforts to open their eyes, are unavailing. He has true and liberal ideas of the people. He proposes reform--is resisted--threatens--seems on the point of acting vigorously--understands it is the general will of the people, not to be happy in his way--yields to the general will--remits the execution of his designs--and will go down to future ages, as a bad politician.

"He did not I think, yield to the general will of the Transylvanians?" said Sir George.

"Not wholly," answered the Baron. "They were in rebellion. He was

under the necessity of taking arms to subdue them. This appeased,--they were left pretty much to their own ways."

"His mind, however liberal," said Sir George, "was not liberal enough to rise above the usual mode of vengeance. Heads and confiscations followed just as they would have done at the Ottoman or Persian courts."

"Some few," the Baron replied, "deserved their fate."

"Was Count Zaporo of this number?" Sir George asked.

At the name of Count Zaporo the Baron started. "Is it known to you," said he, sternly, "that Count Zaporo married my sister?"

"This is my first information," answered Sir George. "It has happened to me to hear much of him; and if I have heard the truth, he deserved better fortune."

"He was brave," the Baron replied, "but he was rash. He had many virtues and many faults. May the memory of the latter be buried with him.

"He is dead then?" asked Sir George.

"He is dead;" the Baron answered.

"Did he leave offspring?" asked Sir George.

"One of his sons," the Baron replied, "died in battle, the other was cut off in a pursuit. Nothing remains of the count but a daughter, if she still lives. But tainted as the family is in its honour, we think not of reviving its memory. We think not of her."

"And would it not afflict you," said Sir George, "to know that there was in the world, a niece of Baron Zoollern, not unworthy of her birth, destitute, and obliged to strangers for the support of an unhappy existence."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the Baron.

"There is," said Sir George, "now in Venice, an accomplished young lady,

who calls herself the daughter of Count Zaporo; and whom a series of misfortunes has reduced to unmerited distress. Permit me to wait upon you tomorrow, I shall have the honour of relating you all I know of this lovely young person. After a pause, the Baron consented.

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C H A P. XVII.

The Baron heard Sir George's narration, on the next day, with the air of a man who knew the world. Sir George's rank and character indeed placed him above the suspicion of deceiving, but not of being deceived. The Baron thanked him politely for his humanity, desired the lady's address, and invited him to renew the conference in the evening.

The Baron had resided some years at Hermanstadt, and knew the country and language well. He introduced himself to Miss Zaporo under the name of a Transylvanian family; he knew he could ask questions which an impostor might find it difficult to answer; and he thought himself secure of being known, because the young lady was but nine years old when he saw her last. He remembered then, she had the features of her mother. He now recognized the perfect resemblance of a much loved sister; and a very short conversation removed all suspicions of duplicity.

He then discovered himself. His life had been principally conversant in war and politics; and yet he had not lost the social affections. He wept over the image of his sister, and promised her his protection through life. She on her side, dissolved in tears of joy and gratitude, vowed eternal love and duty.

When the stronger emotions had subsided, she gave, at his request, a distinct account of her first acquaintance with Sir George Paradyne and Mr.

Bardoe, with all the occurrences in consequence. She owned she revered Mr. Bardoe; his virtues required it. But his offer of marriage arose from pure benevolence, not affection; and had therefore engaged her gratitude but not her heart. Of Sir George Paradyne, she spoke as of a man of the nicest honour; and requested the Baron to take his advice respecting the propriety or necessity of compleating her union with Mr. Bardoe.

To this gentleman Sir George imparted his meeting with Baron Zoollern, and the subsequent conversation.

"Then," said Mr. Bardoe, "I have lost my wife." But he did not say this with a tone of so great despondence as so sad a case should seem to have required.

"And why, pray?" Sir George asked.

"For what should she marry me now?" asked Mr. Bardoe, in return.

"Is she not bound in honour?" said Sir George.

"Can honour oblige her not to entertain new ideas, and form new wishes? Mr. Bardoe asked.

"If she seems to desire it then," said Sir George, "you are content to resign her?"

"Certainly, Paradyne, you know I am devoted to her will." replied Mr. Bardoe.

"It is a very bad compliment you pay her, even by indulging her inclinations ," said Sir George.

"Oh," replied Mr. Bardoe, "I am ready to die of despair, if the lady thinks it necessary."

"Suppose," said Sir George, "she should determine for the nuptials?"

"Heaven forbid!" returned Mr. Bardoe.

"You are the strangest mortal," said Sir George. "Your lady now brings you fortune and noble alliance. Are these motives for reluctance?"

"To a man of my taste, Paradyne," Mr. Bardoe replied. "Stemmata, quid faciunt?[1] I shall be plagued with Austrian quarterings; with Austrian religion; and, good heaven! with Austrian relations. No--if I do marry--I swear I will marry nothing but the little pilgrim. I will have none of their money, their pride, or their acquaintance."

"From this animation," said Sir George, "I conclude you consider this separation as a desirable event."

"I leave gentlemen, returned Mr. Bardoe, "and ladies too, to draw their own conclusions."

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C H A P. XVIII.

Miss Zaporo was removed immediately to the Baron's hotel, and was ready to receive Sir George in the evening. In a gentle progression, and with a superlative delicacy, she told him she was, no doubt, bound in honour--that is--if Mr. Bardoe insisted on her fulfilling her engagements; but, she hoped, when he considered all circumstances--------Miss Zaporo had never before spoken with so much hesitation, and so little consistence; so Sir George took the liberty to interrupt her, which was a piece of very obliging ill manners. He said that circumstances were undoubtedly altered; that Mr. Bardoe, his friend, must feel his disappointment; but, as a gentleman, he ought, and Sir George ventured to hope, he would, submit his own wishes to that of the lady. That he would take the earliest opportunity to converse with his friend on the subject; and that Miss Zaporo's honour, her delicacy, and her happiness, should be his leading considerations.

From the present complexion of this business, my fair readers will conclude that Sir George did not meet with insuperable difficulties in his negotiation. There did indeed arise two matters for contention, such as might have embroiled very able members of the diplomatique corps; but by the wisdom and moderation of the parties, were amicably settled.

The first was respecting the paraphernalian bijoux,[1] with many of which Mr. Bardoe had presented Miss Zaporo, after she condescended to honour him with her hand. The Austrian cabinet was clear that these must be returned? the English, that they ought to remain as memorials of friendship. But as Mr. Bardoe intimated that he should suppose the lady angry at the turn affairs had taken, if she persisted in her proposition, Miss Zaporo was so good as to give up the point.

The second respected the point of politeness. It was Sir George's opinion that this required Mr. Bardoe to wait upon the lady, and take an affectionate farewell. In answer to this, Mr. Bardoe said, he made it a rule to take just as much trouble about a thing as it required, and no more. This was already done. It was quite unnecessary that he should go to tell Miss Zaporo a dozen of polite lies, or that she should be put to the blush in answering them with equal sincerity. You, Paradyne," says he, "who have no objection to saying agreeable things to ladies, without standing upon the empty forms of veracity, may tell Miss Zaporo that I am so worn down with grief and despair, that I have not sufficient strength to carry me to her; if I had, I should certainly do myself the pleasure to come and die at her feet."

Before I part with Miss Zaporo, let me make some reparation for the injury I have been doing her. Since the first hour of our acquaintance, I

have given her the title of Miss--and she is a lady in her own right. This injustice I have been induced to commit for the sake of a majority of my fair readers, who, I know, love not hard words; and would perhaps never have been in charity with the fair Zaporo, had they been forced to pronounce her christian name. Those, however, whom this impolite neglect offends, will have the goodness to substitute every where for Miss----- Lady Xulicrangestein Zaporo.

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C H A P. XIX.

Let us now stop to reflect a little. Since the principal part of our business is to conduct a rich high blooded young Englishman to the temple of wisdom, no small undertaking, let us see if I may venture to congratulate my fair readers on the happy prospect of our affairs.

The stormy passions which drove him from Paris, seem to have vanished. If he thought of Mrs. Mowbray, of Mr. John Lake Fielding, of Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, it was with cool contempt. To Lady Xulicrangestein Zaporo, he had acted with the most consummate honour. He appears to be no longer allured by imprudent pleasures. It is to Miss Colerain he now steers, as to his haven of happiness. Mrs. Birimport inspired him with all the softness of fraternal affections. Mr. Lindsay with all the ardor of friendship. Can he again fall? No.

But, except his connoisseurship at Rome, my fair critics will tell me, he does not appear to have made much improvement by his travels. With all submission, I apprehend this to be erroneous. He must, at Paris, have lost his mauvaise honte; at Paris he must have acquired the most elegant of all tastes for dress and dance; and what school in the universe can equal Paris

for ease and attitude, address and grace.

These are the essentials of a gentleman. If any of my fair readers are unreasonable enough to desire more, I have at this instant before me all Sir George's remarks and observations upon the soil, climate, produce, government, and manners of Italy, and upon the heaths of Germany. These I intend to compile in four quarto volumes, with an appendix containing a new system of things--my own system. But this I reserve for the melancholy era, when I find my services are no longer acceptable to the fair sex. Whilst they are--I think not of men.

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C H A P. XX.

The late occurrences at Venice had improved the acquaintance of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Bardoe, into solid friendship. Each saw, and each respected the other's foibles, for they were spots only in two suns. Both wished to be in England. Mr. Bardoe, that he might look down upon mankind in the fulness of ease and apathy; Sir George, that he might begin the duties of a citizen, of a friend, of a man--for Love is of a Man.

They took their rout thro' Swabia, and as they avoided courts and gallantries, reached Aix la Chapelle without disaster. Here they intended to rest a few days; for Mr. Bardoe found good accomodations; and Sir George, abundant novelty of character; for the baths here bring together strangers of every country in Europe.

Belonging to the baths at Aix are many pleasant walks, in which Sir George, who loved to rise early, chose to take the fresh air of the morning, and think of--England, before they began to fill with bathers and water-drinkers. One morning he saw reeling before him, two well dressed young

fellows arm in arm, singing, or attempting to sing, French catches.[1] At the end of the walk they turned full upon him. One was a thin emaciated creature, with eyes which seemed starting from their sockets; his wrinkled skin of a dirty saffron. This personage no sooner threw his eyes upon Sir George, than he stopped; and staring at him a full half minute, advanced with his offered hand, and accosted him thus. "Hah--my buck! I am glad to see thee, d--n me." What was Sir George's astonishment, when he recognized in this debilitated animal, the features of his late blooming friend, John Lake Fielding, Esq. He viewed him with a mixture of indignation and concern; then turning off, said, "I have not the honour to know you, Sir."

"Why!" returned the other, "what the devil! thou art not drunk so soon in a morning? Is Jack Fielding so altered?"

"He has been long altered," said Sir George.

"Not an atom, my boy! I'm honest Jack still."

"Honest!" repeated Sir George. "But it is not necessary this gentleman should be amused with our altercations."

"He's a jolly Saxon, and don't know English," replied Fielding. "But what! art thou disposed to call my honesty in question? Oh, d--n me--now I remember--I believe I might have a few of thy thousands. But what's money amongst friends? hah, boy! Come, forget and forgive. It was only a youthful frolic. And curse me if I don't think the balance was in my favour at last; only for helping to get rid of thy she devil."

"I have to thank you too for the Conciergerie," said Sir George.

"No, d--n me," returned the other, "that was not mine. I always said it was not the genteel thing. It was thy fair friend. Rot me, but she had provocation enough too. It was a damned insult to bring her own husband to die

under her nose. A droll incident it was. Then to see thee take to godliness upon it. We did laugh----Yes, we did laugh sure enough, and we concluded, that, with thy pious qualms, thou never would'st be good for any thing; so we consulted to get rid of thee in the best manner possible. I said, pink him.[2] That's the genteel thing. But I was over ruled. Come, give me thy hand--forget and forgive. I have revenged thy cause nobly. I have scoured the country of the whole pack. The Count and our two women I mean. Curse the unnatural dog! Would'st believe it Paradyne, he was just upon the point of serving me the same trick as Polydore served Castalio.[3] The very same I assure thee. I had a pretty girl here--but mum. I discovered the dog, and was going to send him to the devil, when he plumpt upon his knees. I did pardon him; but it was only on condition that he never came within fifty miles of my imperial presence. He decamped with the two women. So far I was obliged to him. But I shall dispatch him to the seat of old Belzebub still, if ever he comes in my way. For I have since discovered that, by the help of two Calabrians, he choused me,[4] out of 5000, at a single sitting; and d--n him, at last, he is nothing but a Neopolitan barber."

"And could you consider that as an offence?" asked Sir George.

"Oh, I smoke thee,[5] my buck. But he and I entered into an honest partnership together to bubble[6] the rest of mankind; so it was an unpardonable breach of contract to turn his arms against me."

"May such partnerships," said Sir George, "have always such fates."

"If my grandmother had not died before I was worth a gown and cassock," answered this wild reprobate, "I would have made thee a present of it, and one hour a week, thou should'st have had free ingress to batter my sins. As imprimis, I throwed dice. Eh--well, Parson Paradyne,--were not dice made to

be thrown? Secundo, I kissed the women. And what were the women made for but to be kissed. Teritio, I drank my wine. And wine was made to be drank, my boy. I have confuted thee with pure logic, so don't say I'm drunk. It is true we have been keeping it up. Stuck to the burgundy, my boy, four hours after the Pharoah table[7] broke up; and then came here pour le frais.[8] What dost say to a bottle of burgundy this morning?"

"I say," said Sir George, "that my anger is changed into pity and contempt. So to have prostituted your fine talents. So soon to have destroyed a healthy constitution with intemperance! I am sorry for you, Fielding! I have intended to have honoured you with a gentleman's notice for the injuries you have done me; but you are fallen beneath my concern. Farewell!"

"Farewell then--and damn your moral pride, Paradyne. When thou art disposed to boast of thy--virtues, remember, twelve months since it was but the throw of a dye, whether thou hadst not turned up, just such another jolly hale honest fellow as Jack Fielding."

"That is too true indeed," said Sir George, with a sigh, as he hastened away. "Alas! we are all the children of habit, and the sport of contingents."

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C H A P. XXI.

Sir George saw Mr. Fielding no more. He died fifteen days after, and kept it up, as well as he was able, to the last hour. Sic transit voluptas. Sic moritur dementia.[1]

The next place at which our travellers made any stay was Brussels. They were beginning to talk about liberty here; for the Emperor Joseph had offended the priests, and had not pleased the nobility.[2] These two bodies were the prime movers of throwing off the yoke of tyranny; and they would

undoubtedly have produced a liberty, that would have delighted the soul of Mr. Burke, and all good bishops; and who would not have prostituted herself to vulgar embraces. They have tried and failed; for when she came to be stripped of her meretricious ornaments, the Flemings found her old and ugly.

But what have we to do with liberty? our business is with Sir George Paradyne. One night at the theatre, entering late, he was shewn into a box where a French officer was engaged in conversation with an English gentleman, a Mr. Brent. Their eyes were directed to a box on the opposite side, which had in it two ladies only and a gentleman. "That is what I do not know," said Mr. Brent, "for I have not the honour of her acquaintance. She is said to be a great fortune, perfectly independent, and to know the value of freedom."

"Has she declared against marriage?" asked the officer.

"That," replied Mr. Brent, "is not what I mean. It is that she is less attentive to character than our more sober ladies of quality are."

"Sur l'amour," said the officer, "c'est ravissante; I wish I knew any one who could introduce me to her."

"Her master of the ceremonies, at present," answered Mr. Brent, "is the Marquis de Pauliere, he who is with her in the box. It is said, that he is her fate. It is even whispered, she took this journey on purpose to marry him; not chusing to do it in London, because she has relations of quality, who might be troublesome with their impertinent observations."

"O ciel!" said the officer, "how I admire her spirit, but pity her infatuation. You are English, Brent; your country will introduce you, and you me."

Sir George's eyes were directed by those of the ardent officer to a box, in which shone in fulness of brilliancy--Lady Ann Brixworth. She was

accompanied by the good-natured convenient Mrs. Harcourt; and the Marquis de Pauliere was no other than Sir George's old acquaintance,--the Marquis de Valines, who, my fair readers may possibly remember, was left at London, with Count Colliano, en famille at madam Harcourt's.

It had happened that the affair of the duel, and its cause, had occupied the conversation of the polite circles a few days, not much to the advantage of Lady Ann. She received in consequence, some slights; and at the Countess of A's assembly, three lords, who had been used to contend for the honour, suffered her to be handed to her chair by a commoner.

In resentment of this attrocious behaviour, she became more and more addicted to domestic pleasures. The Count and the Marquis conceived hopes of success; but as they knew both could not, they were just upon the point of deciding which should be the happy man in the field of honour, when it occurred to one of them that their proper weapons were the dice. So they agreed to throw for her. He who lost was to quit England till after the marriage; and then to receive one tenth of the lady's fortune in full of all demands whatever. The fortunate lot falling upon the Marquis, the Count retired to Paris, where we had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

It was not long before Lady Ann's eyes and Sir George's met. He bowed. She bowed. But it was not altogether a bow of graciousness. She seemed rather surprised into it, for she drew up, put on an air of gravity, and turned her eyes upon the stage.

"Very true," said Sir George to himself, "it does not become Lady Ann Brixworth's dignity to forget injuries; those she does or those she suffers. I have nothing to ask from Lady Ann."

"But," continued he, in this silent soliloquy, "it would be cruel to

permit her to run headlong on her ruin, without endeavouring at least to open her eyes. I will consider of it."

Returning to his hotel, Sir George communicated to Mr. Bardoe what he had seen, and what had before passed between himself and Lady Ann Brixworth, and asked his advice.

"Things are going on very well," said his friend, "if your Quixotism will permit them their course. The lady has a certain portion of the devil in her; and the kindest thing you can wish her, is a due punishment here. Let her alone."

"But," said Sir George, "one cannot for pity's sake------"

"Her pity for you," replied Mr. Bardoe, "sharpened the sword of your friend Captain Harcourt; now perhaps it will sharpen the stiletto of the honourable Marquis. Let her alone."

Sir George could not listen to an argument drawn from his own safety; nor could he withdraw his pity. He therefore sent his servant with the following billet:

"Sir George Paradyne's compliments to Lady Ann Brixworth, requests permission to pay her his respects."

Lady Ann answered thus:

"Lady Ann Brixworth's compliments to Sir George Paradyne, does not know why he should seek to renew an acquaintance which he formerly abused. She permits therefore his politeness to rest in peace."

Sir George wrote back:

"Something more than politeness is my motive for wishing to see Lady Ann Brixworth----her peace."

Lady Ann wrote thus:

"Her Peace! That has already been sufficiently wounded by Sir George Paradyne. It is not necessary to renew the act, or the remembrance."

Sir George answered with the following:

"I also have something to remember, but which I chuse to forget when Lady Ann's happiness is at stake.--Though she interdicts me her presence, I hope, for her own sake, she will listen to my remonstrance. It is whispered here, Lady Ann, that you are going to give your hand to the Marquis de Pauliere. Lady Ann--there is no Marquis de Pauliere--

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

"This," answered Lady Ann, "is a poor contrivance. I shall however keep it from the Marquis's knowledge, for Sir George Paradyne's sake.

"ANN BRIXWORTH."

"Then," replied Sir George, "it will be incumbent upon myself to inform him of it. In two hours you will hear of him--in the hands of justice."

"GEORGE PARADYNE."

It must be owned that Lady Ann's heroism was rather shook by this last billet; but it was supported by the superior heroism of Mrs. Harcourt. To this good lady indeed, the whole connexion betwixt Lady Ann and the

Marquis was owing; and she had solid reasons for promoting it. Her character was become contemptible, and she had discernment sufficient to see it. She had lost the respect even of her children; and her fortune was reduced almost to nothing. She would have been glad to have exchanged England for any country; but for France--the Paradise of women--oh, it was delightful. She did not suspect the Marquis to be an impostor; but lest he should, she chose to secure herself; and was at this instant in possession of bond for ten thousand pounds, payable in six months after the marriage had taken place.

It will not therefore be wondered at, that Sir George's billets should inspire her with rage; which she endeavoured to turn into contempt. She--for she knew the world--and had heard of Sir George's extravagance at Paris, and of his losses at play--believed he wanted to renew with Lady Ann, or rather with Lady Ann's fortune; and she knew also that if he succeeded, there would be an end of her consequence and of her hopes.

Sir George's last billet, however, had struck deep, and as soon as she had satisfied Lady Ann by a thousand assurances that the Marquis must be a man of honour, she went out to satisfy herself. At the Marquis's lodgings, things were rather in disorder; for he had sat out early in the morning for Dauphine, accompanied only by his favourite servant. Two portmanteaus were ordered to be sent after him; whilst an old trunk had the charge of keeping possession of the premises. It was the old Marchioness de Valines, his mother, who occasioned this. She was going to die, but could not die with comfort unless her dear son closed her eyes.

A most affectionate letter was left for Lady Ann, to inform her of this sad event, and to request she would set out as soon as possible for Bareges, where the Marchioness, his honoured mother, had gone to drink the

waters, and to resign her soul into the hands of him who gave it; an event, which, though accompanied by a large accession of fortune to himself, he had hoped was at a much greater distance.

There was also a letter for Mrs. Harcourt. I never knew the contents; for it was consigned to the flames as soon as read. I can only guess from the tenor of the advice this wise lady gave Lady Ann, that the arguments in it were prevailing.

Lady Ann was not much addicted to reflection; but thoughts will intrude mal-apropos;[3] as they now did to this lady. She could not conceive how mothers could be loved with so much ardour; or where was the necessity of such precipitation. What difference could a few hours have made?

Mrs. Harcourt, on the contrary, was charmed with this trait of the Marquis's conduct; for a good son must make a good husband.

"But where is the necessity," said Lady Ann, "of harassing me across all France; and so near the winter?"

"It was his affection which dictated this request," answered Mrs. Harcourt. "My opinion however is, that you should go instantly to Paris; and write him that you will wait his arrival there."

"Then," said Lady Ann, "we need not hasten from Brussels."

"And so be plagued with the impertinence of that Sir George Paradyne," replied Mrs. Harcourt. "But I protest I would never admit that meddling young man to my presence; and to avoid it, I would not stay in Brussels--no--not an hour."

To this Lady Ann made no answer; her thoughts had taken a little turn. Sir George was always esteemed a man of honour. Could a man of honour assert so scandalous a thing of a nobleman; which must overwhelm him with confusion

when the falsity of it was discovered as it soon must be? How if it should be true? What ought to be her gratitude to Sir George, if he should really prove the saviour of her fortune and her honour? What if he should have views of a more tender nature? Nothing ever could or should convince her, he did not love her once. Perhaps she forfeited his affection by a behaviour of too great levity; and his delicacy would not permit him to assign the true cause. Oh--if!--if she could return to England Lady Ann Paradyne, how would all her enemies, her slanderers be put to shame.

Such were the rapid and tumultuous thoughts which now assailed Lady Ann; and disposed her to think that at any rate, to see and hear Sir George could do no harm. But--after the proud answers she had returned him, how could her high spirit stoop to ask a favour?

Pride is a very high power. Few of us but know it well. Yet, great as it is, there are men who make it bend to <u>little</u> interests. Nay, there have been examples of ladies who have subdued it on certain tender occasions. It scarce took Lady Ann two hours, after she had shut herself up in her dressing-room to the exclusion of Mrs. Harcourt; whose apartments happened to be situated at the other extremity of the house in which they lodged. The struggle over, she honoured Sir George with the following

N O T E.

"If you have sufficient generosity to overlook a lady's petulance, I wish to charge you with a little commission to Lord Auschamp. If you grant me this request, you will have the goodness to call upon me at your earliest convenience.

Your most obedient,

"ANN BRIXWORTH."

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

Amongst all the bad qualities which have from time to time, to my great vexation, disgraced Sir George Paradyne, implacability--especially to ladies--thank heaven--was not found. He answered the above, that he would wait upon the lady in an hour. This hour he wanted to consult Mr. Bardoe, who, in consequence of the little prejudices he had imbibed against the beautiful sex, gave him the same advice Mrs. Harcourt had given Lady Ann--not to stay in Brussels an hour; but it was one of Sir George's peculiarities, never to take advice he did not relish.

Lady Ann received Sir George in her dressing-room, in a delicate undress; and the expression of her pretty face was a soft languor, bordering on dejection. There was a time when Sir George would have thought her an interesting figure; but, to the seducing charms of beauty, all but Miss Colerain's, he had steeled his heart.

The interview however was very long, and as it should seem, very important. I do not pretend to know all that passed in it. It is certain that Sir George convinced Lady Ann that the Marquis de Pauliere had been a valet, and was married; and that Lady Ann shed abundance of tears--no doubt, of contrition. It appears also that Sir George's humanity was exerted to dry up these tears; and that he succeeded. How I know not; nor presume to guess; for I have learned, thank heaven, to remain quiet in ignorance, when I cannot get knowledge; and I recommend it to philosophers and theologians to do the same.

What I do know is, that for almost a month ensuing, Sir George was generously assiduous in alleviating Lady Ann's afflictions. He introduced her to the best company in Brussels; made agreeable excursions to the

neighbouring cities; and attended her to all the public amusements. All which time the honourable Mr. Bardoe amused himself his own way; satisfied to throw a few satirical darts at his friend, whenever he came within bow-shot.

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C H A P. XXII.

It is more that I would not leave the curiosity of one of my fair readers unsatisfied, than that I think the matter of any importance, that I write this short chapter, to account for the precipitate retreat of the handsome valet of the Marquis de Valines. It was wholly owing to the inopportune appearance of Sir George at the Theatre.

When this important personage left the Chateau de Valines to set up a marquisate of his own, he left a friend in it, who promised from time to time to make him acquainted with any occurrences which might affect himself; and was to be rewarded with now and then an English bank note, the value of which is known in every corner of France. By this friend, Monsieur Pritteau, for that was our adventurer's name, was informed of the visit Sir George had paid the old Marquis; and of his having gained true intelligence relative to himself. This information reached him in London, when his affairs with Lady Ann were very promising. All of a sudden, a superior marquisate, that of de Pauliere, fell to him by the death of an uncle; and he was under the absolute necessity of going to it for the regulation of his affairs. This marquisate being situate in the Cambresis,[1] it would lay him under inexpressible and eternal obligation if Lady Ann would visit Brussels; for how could he endure life, a long, long summer, without her reviving presence? And Lady Ann had the good nature to keep him in endurance, by a grant of his request.

Monsieur Pritteau had often met his friend too, Count Colliano, the

Neopolitan barber, this summer at Aix and Spa, and received from him new apprehensions of the terrible Sir George Paradyne.

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C H A P. XXIII.

When people are flying on the wings of pleasure, they seldom take much pains to enquire where they are going. And yet, considering that, in a mind not habituated to depravities, violations of the laws of prudence and propriety are always attended with remorse, at least; it might be well if the inquiry was more frequently made.

Not that I mean to bring any heavy accusation against Sir George. His connexion with Lady Ann was innocent, no doubt, perfectly innocent--but it was too close. Every body knows that when two motives, a black and a white, offer themselves to the consideration of those who are sitting in judgement on the conduct of their neighbours, they chuse--which they like best. Now as it happened that in Brussels, the fautors of the black were more numerous than of the white--I hope Brussels is singular in this--neither Sir George nor Lady Ann could escape the little malignities.--Yes--it was too close. The ne quid nimis of Horace,[1] has almost as little effect in regulating a young man's impetuosities, as the Epistles of St. Paul.

But what neither St. Paul, nor Horace, nor the pointed arrows of Mr. Bardoe could effect, was done in an instant by an electric shock. Not a month since, Sir George had given one something similar, in the same place, the theatre, to the noble Marquis de Pauliere. This was from a female battery, from a pair of azure eyes, whose lambent flames were more awful to Sir George than all the frowning terror that could have been collected upon all the stern brows of all the majesties of Europe and Asia.

Lady Ann made her appearance this night at her usual hour, the interval betwixt the third and fourth act--in all the blaze of diamond lustre--Sir George at her side. The lady threw her eyes round the boxes to collect the homage due to her. Sir George to see where his was proper to be paid.

In one of these boxes--without a pearl--or any thing to attract eyes, but simple grace and beauty--sat Miss Colerain; whose eyes happened to be thrown upon Sir George the instant his were directed to her.

I have supposed Sir George struck with an electric shock. What else could have forced the blood with such rapidity into his face; and into the sinuosities of his brain; so as to throw all the intellectual motions into confusion? I hope my fair readers have compassion; and sure Sir George has now a proper object of it.

Opposite to him sat the woman whom he loved--whom he esteemed--whom he looked up to as his partner in all the happiness of his future life. By his side sat the woman he did not love--at his heart--whom he still less esteemed--and upon whom he rested for no part of his future happiness. Yet--oh folly!--such are thy effects! She had a present claim to his attentions.

Lady Ann saw his blushing confusion; observed where his eyes were directed; and asked if he knew the lady in the opposite box? It was the easiest thing in the world to say yes, and the properest. But Sir George said neither yes or no; nor any thing very intelligible.----He thought---he believed--he did not know--but he might have seen the lady in England--and he blushed still deeper when he said this--for equivocation, with Sir George, was a very unfamiliar practice.

"Yes," said Lady Ann, "I fancy you have seen her before. Pray--if it is not a secret--what is her name?"

"Her name? Lady Ann--it is--I am endeavouring to recollect it--" stammered out Sir George.

"Bless me," said Lady Ann, laying her hand upon his, "for a lady you cannot recollect--she has a vast influence upon your nervous system!"

"Mine! dear Lady Ann, how you talk!" said Sir George.

"But have you recollected the lady?" asked Lady Ann.

"Yes--yes--" Sir George replied, "she is a Miss Colerain, a stranger in Brussels. Common politeness requires I should go to pay her my respects."

"It is a trembling politeness," said Lady Ann, with a sort of an hysteric laugh, "but very well--I suppose I see you for the last time. Adieu, Sir George."

"Dear Lady Ann! how you talk! sure common complaisance does not deserve such severity of reproof."

"Common complaisance! Does common complaisance shake people like an ague?"

"Dear Lady Ann--you quite mistake the matter--quite!--"

"There is a way to convince me of it--an easy way. For sure, the sacrifice of a little common complaisance is no great matter--considering----"

"I would make you a thousand sacrifices. But dear Lady Ann let your commands be founded on reason."

"Of which, you will be the judge. Well! you see we are the only occupiers of this box. I am not disposed to give Miss----what's her name, the appearance of a triumph."

"A triumph! how can such a thought enter your head. I will not stay ten minutes. But not to go--just to speak to Miss Colerain--stranger as she is--would be such a solecism in good manners--that--really Lady Ann--I never

knew you so unjust before."

"Your duplicity is admirable! and I am fated to be eternally its dupe. GO"

This little monosyllable, Lady Ann seemed to heave up with the whole force of her expirative powers, aided by anger, or disdain. Sir George did not go. For a playhouse is not a good place to think in, and to take wise resolutions. So he sat the remainder of the entertainment like------like a man who had affronted himself, and was quarrelling with himself for the injury.

Poor Sir George! Not a single deviation from the straight unamusing line of rectitude, without a punishment! How hard a fate!

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C H A P. XXIV.

When Sir George had escorted Lady Ann home, she hoped he would stay supper. He begged to be excused. He was not well. She suspected the disease to be Miss Colerain; and not having lately read that excellent treatise, the government of the tongue, she was extremely liberal of her epithets, many of which were new, at least to Sir George, and which I would have detailed for the use of my fair readers, if I could have thought any of them were unprovided. Not that I would much recommend the use of them, because, as in the present case, they do not always succeed; but because I would always have the fair sex perform in the best manner possible, whatever they undertake.

I am sorry I cannot exhibit Sir George as a pattern of genteel Socratic patience. On the contrary I find him, this night, much too irritable. He retorted upon the lady. I cannot pardon this. Nay, in the midst of a most eloquent declamation, which she poured profusely out for Sir George's benefit, he tore himself away; and without the common ceremonies of politeness, left

Lady Ann to the cold consolations of Mrs. Harcourt.

Not in a humour for society, Sir George went to bed. There, instead of sleeping, he amused himself with making philosophical reflections--Medicines, said to be invented to allay the fever of the mind; but which, in this instance, failed of their salutary purpose.

Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill, for she also was there, were accompanied to the theatre by two ladies and two gentleman, one of whom a Mr. Follis, Sir George happened to know. To this gentleman's he went in the morning, as early as propriety would admit; and from him he learned that Miss Carlill and her friend, whom he knew only by name, had been his guests. That the first lady come to settle some accounts respecting John Carlill of Ghent, her uncle; that they had been at Brussels a week, and had gone for Ghent that morning. "Gone!" said Sir George. "Not an hour since," replied Mr. Follis. This gave Sir George a disturbance he was scarce able to conceal; but he had other matters of inquiry.

"May I ask," said he, "how the ladies amused themselves here?"

"An indisposition took Miss Colerain the second evening; from which she can scarce be said to be recovered. It was with difficulty she was persuaded to go to the theatre last night. We thought it might be of service to her. But I think she came back worse than she went. It was only last night she declared her resolution, as Miss Carlill had finished her business, of leaving Brussels this morning."

"Did she see any English families," Sir George asked, "or make inquiry after any?"

"She saw some English gentlemen at my house," Mr. Follis replied, "but I do not remember she was particular in her inquiries."

"I knew her in England," Sir George said, "and should have been glad to have made my services acceptable to her. But I suppose she did not know of my being in Brussels."

Mr. Follis smiled.

"By that smile," said Sir George, "you should seem to think otherwise."

"Your name, Sir George," Mr. Follis replied, "was certainly made use of by a tea-drinking party, English principally, at my house, the second evening after the arrival of our guests; the same evening in which Miss Colerain was taken with her indisposition."

"If it is not improper to ask," said Sir George, "I should wish to know, if any thing was said to my prejudice?"

"Oh no," Mr. Follis answered, "not in the least. You were only spoken of as un gentilhomme de bonne fortune;[1] happy in the smiles of Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Good God!" said Sir George, with impatience, "Mr. Follis, I beg you will contradict this report. It is injurious to the honour of Lady Ann Brixworth. There is nothing in it."

"If you desire it, Sir George," answered Mr. Follis, "but really, from the general character of Sir George Paradyne, I know not how to speak of his addresses reflecting disgrace on any lady."

Sir George blushed at his own faux pas,[2] which arose from his understanding the full force of the French expression, de bonne fortune, better than Mr. Follis seemed to do."

"My addresses to Lady Ann then," said Sir George, "was the only idea meant to be conveyed by your tea-drinking party?"

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Follis. "But men, you know, like to treat

such subjects with hilarity; and a little equivocation gives them a peculiar zest. However, the ladies, our guests, did not seem much entertained. Indeed Miss Colerain's indisposition seized her soon after; and she was obliged to retire."

How many stabs for Sir George!

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C H A P. XXV.

Arrived at his hotel, he sought the apartment of his friend; and having unloaded himself, appealed to him, whether he was not the most unfortunate?

"Not quite," Mr. Bardoe answered, "for you have meat, clothes, and fire; according to our great poet, the three unpoetical requisites of life. The bowl of pleasure indeed has not always ran upon the smoothest ground. But nature has made no ground quite smooth. Nor did she chuse to fabricate roses without thorns; I suppose, lest men should be eternally smelling."

"You are the d----st comforter," said Sir George. "Have you began to think of leaving this cursed place?"

"A few days since," returned Mr. Bardoe, "Brussels was a delightful city; clean, well paved, and well policed. What secret metamorphosis has happened; for I see no change?"

"You delight to plague one;" Sir George answered; "however, I must go off for Ghent directly; and will either return hither, or wait your coming there, which you choose."

"Have you communicated this agreeable fancy to Lady Ann Brixworth?" Mr. Bardoe asked.

"No--the devil--" Sir George answered. "How can you be so provoking?

Have I not told you how she used me? No--I will never see her more."

"It may," answered Mr. Bardoe, "be a wise resolution; but it is hardly a gallant one. But that, thank heaven, is your business, not mine. I shall be ready in an hour."

"It agreed ill with Sir George's impatience to wait this hour; and it prevented his overtaking the ladies upon the road; and made it improper to visit them that evening. In the morning, Sir George sought their lodgings, and sent in his name to Miss Colerain. Miss Colerain was indisposed and could not see any body. He went away, rather bilious; but having walked half round the town walls, the bile began to return into its proper channels; he returned, and sent in his name to Miss Carlill, who received him with a quaker-like civility, which almost froze his blood."

A man--except he is a lawyer--who is conscious of a defect in his cause, will begin his pleadings with a defect of confidence. Sir George--but not with the readiness of a man at his ease--opened the cause by saying, "How extremely unfortunate he was not to know of the ladies being at Brussels."

The fair quaker answered, "man cannot reasonably expect to be fortunate in all things."

At present, Sir George did not chuse to understand this; so went on to complain of Miss Colerain's cruelty, and Miss Carlill's want of friendship, not to honour him with notice of their arrival.

"We learned," said Miss Carlill, "thou wert otherwise employed."

"I must have been employed in a business of more importance than life or death, not to have relinquished or deferred it, on such an occasion."

"Friend Paradyne," said Miss Carlill, "let us leave inflated language to poets; it will shorten our labour, to be explicit. Thou wert engaged

with Ann Brixworth."

"I knew Lady Ann in London," replied Sir George; "and it would have been the extream of unpoliteness, not to have taken some notice of her, in a foreign country."

"One is not prepared to admire the politeness of renewing an acquaintance in Brussels which did thee so little honour in London."

"I happened to be able to do her an essential piece of service; not to have done it, would have been an inhumanity for which I could not have forgiven myself. Her gratitude imposed upon me the obligation of attending upon her more closely than otherwise I should."

"I dare say it did," said Miss Carlill."

"You have heard some Brussels scandal, my dear Miss Carlill."

"Brussels has talked of thee, no doubt."

"And what has it said?"

"That which I shall not repeat. What most grieves Cornelia Colerain, is thy indifference to all things but Ann Brixworth. Thou hast cultivated the acquaintance of no man of letters. Thou has been in pursuit of no science. Ann hath been thy sole passion."

"I do assure you, Miss Carlill," said Sir George--"

"Let me interrupt thee," returned Miss Carlill. "I ask thee no questions; I require of thee no assurances. Do not debase thyself."

"Is their no convincing you?" asked Sir George.

"What wouldst thou say? Not that thy engagement with Ann Brixworth is of the light kind--that would be treachery to her. Not that it had been honourable--that would be a forfeit of the faith thou stiff professest for Cornelia. Not that it has been neither one nor the other--for who would believe thee?"

"You would make a most admirable judge, to decide the cause before you have heard it."

"Have I not heard it?"

"Only one side, I think."

"All that ingenuity could say on the other, I have heard, for Cornelia was thy advocate, till circumstances pressed too strong upon her. When this happened, I ventured to become thy advocate; till--thou sawest Cornelia at the theatre I think."

"I did."

"Then say, George Paradyne, to what cause could it be owing, that thou camest not to her? But beware of an answer calculated to prevaricate or to deceive. If it would have been the extream of unpoliteness not to have noticed Ann Brixworth in a foreign country--what was it to Cornelia? To Cornelia--who loved thee with such sanctity of affection; all her prayers to heaven are for thy happiness, thy glory. This it was that brought conviction home to the bosom of Cornelia. For of what nature soever might be the bonds by which thou wert bound to Ann Brixworth; no act of thine, could more strongly demonstrate, that they were superior to those by which thou wert bound to Cornelia."

There was in this reproof, a something, besides solemnity and emphasis, that struck Sir George to the heart. He had no longer the least inclination to prevaricate; for he had none to speak. He sat down upon a sofa; his pale face declared the sickness of his mind; and made Miss Carlill pity--though she could not excuse him.

At length, "I am guilty of folly," said he; "but of abatement of affection to Miss Colerain, I am not guilty. May I be permitted to throw

myself at her feet, to ask her pardon, and submit to her mercy?"

"Thou canst not see her," replied Miss Carlill; "it would be cruel, and it would be impolitic also, supposing thou still lovest her, at present to desire it. She is sick at heart, and thou art the cause."

"May I stay at Ghent, with hopes of seeing her?" Sir George asked.

"By no means," Miss Carlill replied. "It would retard her recovery, and do thee no service."

"May I," asked Sir George, "depend upon your friendship?"

"Depend upon thyself," answered Miss Carlill. "Cornelia Colerain has not changed her manner of thinking. She loves thee. That is a weakness she cannot conquer. But she does not at present esteem thee. Never will she be any thing to the man whom she cannot esteem as well as love. Since she has known thee, thy life has been a series of ebbs and flows. Thou hast been able to make wise and virtuous resolutions; but not to keep them. Thy nature is ingenuous; weigh thyself; make thyself estimable in thy own eyes. Till thou art so, attempt not to see Cornelia Colerain. This is thy only way."

This tone brought on a more confidential discourse, in which Miss Carlill convinced Sir George, that she was his friend, that she gave him the best advice possible, when she advised him to trust to time, his own merit, and Miss Colerain's affections. He only wrote his fair inexorable a note of sad contrition, and took his leave.

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C H A P. XXVI.

Every thing in this world is the best possible. Lebnitz taught this grand truth,[1] and every body believes it--but the unhappy. Hitherto, Sir George Paradyne had little cause to impugn this consolatory sustem; for few

clouds had yet intervened to shade the sunshine of his days. For him, nature was all loveliness. Her flowers and her fruits--all exquisite. Man--whose expansive mind could measure the celestial spaces, and read greek.--Man approached the divinity. Woman--was divinity itself.

This approach of man to divinity, (I dispute not that of women) seems to me to be rather an amplification; and with regard to one attribute, that of immutability, rather an error of conception; for one hour, one single hour, had made Sir George discover this system of optimism to be false. When he left Ghent, the earth's green livery was faded; the towns were filled with men who made cheating each other the important business of their lives; and with men who murdered their fellow creatures scientifically, at the rate of six-pence a day, English. Man, no doubt, had a soul, but in what did he exercise it? To speculate in ideal worlds--to involve mankind in darkness, and inflame them with destructive animosity, for words. Nay, women-------- stop, dear Sir George. A biographer must sacrifice every thing to truth. What is beauty? Sir George began to ask and to answer--a gaudy flower, made to please the eye of man----and pleague his heart. The caprice of the sex is intolerable. At heart, every woman is--a tyrant. This blasphemy, thank heaven, is none of mine; let Sir Geo. answer it.

From this general and unsounded accusation of the lovely sex, he did not exempt even Miss Colerain. On what mighty offence of his did she found her inexorability? A supposed connexion with Lady Ann Brixworth; which nothing but the malignity of the world would resolve into any thing but the mere ardor of politeness. Suppose it not so, are these the times to reject a man for a little matter of mere temporal gallantry? Or could Miss Colerain doom him to misery for the offence of not going round the theatre to welcome

her to Brussels? a mere etiquette, in which as much politeness would be lost on one side, as gained on the other?

After all, causes should at least be as great as their effects; but this effect is much greater than its assigned cause; much greater. Perhaps he knew the ostensible cause only. Perhaps the real one is of a different nature. Miss Colerain has seen other men. She likes France. Some Count or Marquis, perhaps. This is the probability. Yes----this is certainly the truth. Such is woman!

Alas! such is man!

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C H A P. XXVII.

Thus endeavouring, according, to the laudable custom of man, to throw his own faults and follies upon some other person, or some other thing, Sir George Paradyne arrived from his travels at his house in Grosvenor-square. Lady Mary received him with all the tenderness so fond a mother could be supposed to feel; but Lady Mary's tender sensations were always under the controul of reason, and never interfered with her dignity. In the first hour of his arrival, she gave him a lecture that might serve as a comment upon the past, and a lesson for the future. She had heard of Paris, of Mrs. Mowbray, and of Count Colliano. Not that Lady Mary's censures were directed against the immoralities of gallantries and gaming, for these are ton, and ton admits not of immorality; but against Sir George's unskilful application of them. The object of the first was a woman of no consequence in life; with whom he could never arrive at any degree of eclat.[1] Of the second, a mere adventurer, when so many of the real French noblesse would have been glad of his money, and have given him celebrity in exchange. So Lady Mary might have exclaimed with Mr. Pope--

"Virtue, we grant, is but an empty boast;
"Gods! shall the dignity of vice be lost?"[2]

Notwithstanding the little rebuffs Sir George had met with in his travels, he had acquired--I believe it is a process of nature--a higher opinion of himself than he seems to have set out with. He had acquired also a certain higher degree of irritability, the work of Ghent, I presume, and the union of these was incompatible with the patient endurance with which he had been accustomed to hear Lady Mary's readings; he told her therefore, when she gave him leave to speak, "That he must for the future take the liberty to suppose himself out of the nursery, and that if she had nothing more agreeable to entertain him with, than his own follies, he must beg leave to decline the pleasure of her company."

"I suppose," said Lady Mary, "you will speak in the same tone to that great and good man, Lord Auschamp, to whom you have never once wrote."

"Most certainly I shall, madam, if Lord Auschamp speaks in the same tone to me. I will be no man's slave, and no man's property. That lesson at least, I learned at France. I shall be happy to pay him the respect due to an uncle, and, if you will permit, supremely happy, to pay your ladyship the duty of a son."

"God help me!" said Lady Mary.

In the caresses of Mrs. Birimport Sir George found some alleviation for the perverseness of Lady Mary. Such was his sister's gentleness and love, he gave her all his confidence. He informed her of Miss Colerain from the first hour he had known her. Of the birth and progress of his affection; of his recent disappointment; of her caprice; so he chose to call it, and its cause.

"The character of this lady," said Mrs. Birimport, "is not indeed, too

frequent in this age. But why, Sir George, do you call her conduct at Brussels caprice? When, by your own account of it, it has been the most uniform and steady I ever knew in woman. Oh! would all the young women assume it, all the young men would be good, active, and intelligent. All she wants is to have Sir George Paradyne one of the first of men. I should be happy in her acquaintance."

"So perhaps should I," replied Sir George; "but she is proud."

"So she appears to me," said Mrs. Birimport; "but proud of what? not of title, wealth, or dress, the three grand fascinators of superficial minds; she is proud of the virtues of the man she loves."

"I wish she were," said Sir George, with a sigh.

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C H A P. XXVIII.

The delineation of Mr. Bardoe's character, gave Mrs. Birimport great pleasure. "But," says she, "his disease, though uncommon, is curable. He is sick only of a superfluity of happiness."

"One would indeed imagine," said Sir George, "many cures might be found for this disorder. A wife, for example. Shall I recommend my sister as a physican?"

"I never seek my patients," Mrs. Birimport answered.

"To engage him to visit a lady," said Sir George, "would be no easy task; I must try to betray him."

In this treachery Sir George succeeded; but he had no occasion to repeat it. Though Mr. Bardoe was perfectly sensible that women were--No, Mr. Bardoe, it is not the elegance of your degrading epithets shall make me repeat them. No sir--women are not--but I will go on with my story. Mr.

Bardoe took the trouble to call upon Mrs. Birimport often in a morning; he took the trouble also to talk with her. Insensibly a gret degree of intimacy ensued -- one might say of friendship. Although a misanthrope, and though I differ with him toto coelo[1] as to women, yet it must be owned the man had a good understanding. A great many serious, and some droll truths came from him; and certain circumstances convinced Mrs. Birimport that he had an honest and benevolent heart: On his part, he began to perceive sentiments might be carried to extremes. At least, he found there was one woman who might be endured.

Of the consolatory friendship of Mr. Lindsay, Sir George could not now avail himself. That gentleman was still in the North; and indeed had not now any thing in town, except Sir George, which could draw him thither. For Miss Fluellen, who, if my fair readers remember, had put his mind into a certain fluctuation, had decided the matter during his absence, her own way.

Wearyof London, in which, now Mr. Lindsay had left it, she had no society which suited her; and struck with the heroic affection of her Welch lover, 'squire Owen ap Jones ap Price, who had undertaken the ardous task of following her to London, after insisting that he should learn a little genteel London behaviour, and in particular, take lessons of a celebrated personage who taught grown gentlemen to dance; she consented to give him her hand; and in two months was set down Mrs. Owen ap Jones ap Price, at her country house, at the foot of Plimlimmon.

Man--though the lord of the creation, for whom the sun and moon were made, and the bright galaxy above, and the sweet pretty gallaxies below---- is yet----I am sorry to tell my fair readers--is yet an imperfect being. His proper study is himself; sages and poets say so. This important task

he begins early; and finding, by a very small quantity of inquiry, that he has nothing in him the world can reasonably blame, and every thing it ought to admire, he settles pretty firmly in this conclusion, and few things there be that can shake it.

So difficult is it for a man to admit the force of truth against himself, that Sir George Paradyne, whose candour we have often seen, could not submit to yield the palm of perfect conduct to Miss Colerain. Beauty, he must allow her, and understanding, accomplishment, and temper. But this temper was capricious, cruel, inexorable; that understanding liable to be warped, and to make wrong judgments; of which himself was an instance. Sir George found it necessary to say this so often--for indeed he thought little but of Miss Colerain--that he almost arrived at believing it; and its consequences was a sort of proud and sullen state of the mind, which neither brought tranquillity itself, nor permitted him to take proper measures to obtain it. So far indeed he yielded to the tender wishes of his sister, that he was with her often; but it was evident he was not amused. She, and his friend Mr. Bardoe perceived his portion of felicity grow less and less. His spirits flagged; his appetite ceased; his bloom changed; and it was too apparent, he must be soon lost to them and to himself. Many and tender were the remonstrances they made him. His answer was, he felt no indisposition; and that it would be time enough to seek a rememdy when there was disease.

Sir George lived, or rather lodged, in Grosvenor-Square; for his meals, such as they were, he usually took at Mrs. Birimport's. This lady, made it her constant practice to wait upon her mother once a week at least; a morning call, Lady Mary expected--exacted no more; for their societies were not the same, and their common inclinations and amusements were

extremely different.

Hitherto Lady Mary had had the goodness never to intrude upon Sir George in his library; but having heard one evening, something of Miss Colerain, and of Sir George being ill and in love; the next morning she sought and found him there. Mrs. Birimport was already with Sir George, intending at the usual hour to proceed to her mother's apartments.

"Very well," Lady Mary began, "I am glad to see you here together. Now tell me--is it proper that I should be the last person to hear what all the town talks of, and what most concerns me to know. They say you are in a waste, Sir George."

Mrs. Birimport looking tenderly at her brother, burst into tears.

"I hope, madam," said Sir Geo. "you see in my face nothing to confirm this report, and then it will be less worthy of credit."

"I see you so seldom," Lady Mary replied, "I hardly know you. You have been long dead to me. I am very unhappy in my children."--And she sat herself down to weep.

"If such a thing should happen, Sir George," said she, raising her head; "--but God forbid--but if it should--what comes of the family estates?"

"They pass to my sister," Sir George answered.

"No provision for me, God help me, but my scrap of a jointure."

"If money," Sir George replied, "will comfort you for my death, you shall not want comfort."

"It will not; you know it will not. How can you mention comfort to me? You know I dote upon you," said Lady Mary.

"You are pleased to say so, madam," Sir George replied; "but--"

"But what?" returned Lady Mary. What can you possibly reproach me with?

Don't I take care of your house with proper dignity?"

"I have nothing to reproach you for, madam, on the head of dignity;" said Sir George.

"No, certainly," answered Lady Mary; "if the daughter and sister of an earl is not to live with dignity, who is? But it makes my heart bleed to think what a successor I am to give place to. A woman never of the least consequence in life--a merchant's daughter--a bankrupt merchant--that daughter reduced so low as to work for her bread. And could you, Sir George--could you think of staining the honour of your ancient house--noble on the maternal side--with such a wife? Clandestine too! myself never consulted!"

Here let us close for ever Lady Mary's elegant vituperation, though she did not. A full half hour she ran with a rapid course over the fertile fields of obloquy. When she made a pause, Sir George answered thus:

"It is long since that I have perceived to my sorrow, that I have not--that I never had a mother. Nay, hear me, madam, probably for the last time. Since I am not allowed to make my own house a peaceful abode, I will make it no abode; for I see not why I should longer perform the duty of a son, to the mere name of a parent. Fear not, madam, for the honour of your house. The lady on whom you have made such liberal observation, rejects that honour. If she would accept it, I know not of your ladyship's acquaintance, in a comparison of merit, one who would not sink before her. If she would stoop to raise me to herself, I might still be happy; but she rejects me because--I am not worthy of her."

Saying thus, Sir George hastily withdrew.

Neither this speech of Sir George, nor the melancholy tone with which it was spoken, moved Lady Mary, except to redoubled rage. This fell upon

Mrs. Birimport, whom she accused of being a promoter of her brother's horrid schemes.

Mrs. Birimport drying her eyes, said, "You are cruel, madam--I know no scheme my brother has formed--except of death--and that your treatment must accelerate."

"So," said Lady Mary, "God help me--I shall be accused of murder."

From the succeeding storm, Mrs. Birimport took refuge in her chariot, which she ordered home. There she found Sir George, who was engaged in writing letters. When he had finished, he said, "My dear Emilia, I am come to the resolution of leaving London this day. It is not the place an invalid would chuse for health, when he can no longer taste its pleasures."

"You are perfectly right, brother," Mrs. Birimport answered. "All I request is permission to go with you, go where you will."

"Thanks, dear sister. But it is possible I may not rest; and I cannot consent to expose my sister to the fatigue of travelling."

"Do you go to seek Miss Colerain?"

"No, indeed. I know not where she is, nor wish to know. She is too proud and too inflexible. And I am proud, too proud to kneel and beg--even for life."

At this instant Mr. Bardoe was announced; and to him was related the occurrences of the morning; closing with Sir George's intention to leave the town. It was in vain the honourable Mr. Bardoe applied to his snuff-box, to hide a concern which now grew too strong to be hid. He meditated a while, and then opened with this abrupt compliment to Sir George: "Paradyne--you are a fool."

"I know that," replied Sir George, with a smile.

"But you are a coward," said Mr. Bardoe. Sir George looked grave. "It is cowardice," Mr. Bardoe continued, "to yield without resistance; it is folly to seek the cure of a disease by medicines fit only to promote the disease itself. You seek solitude to cure melancholy. You seek to obtain Miss Colerain by indolence, who is to be obtained by virtue."

"I seek not," says Sir George, "to obtain Miss Colerain."

"Cease to think of her then," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"I cannot take that trouble," returned Sir George. "But you and I Bardoe, seem to have exchanged characters. You think now there are objects in this transitory world worth taking the trouble to obtain."

"Yes," Mr. Bardoe answered, "when they have once taken possession of the pineal gland; that sublime seat of the soul of Descartes."

"And," Sir George asked, "may a woman be such an object?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bardoe, "or a crown, or a rattle."

"Here seems a great relaxation of your stoic disapline," said Sir George.

"Not in the least," Mr. Bardoe answered. "My system is nothing more than not to take trouble for things you care not for."

"These things," said Sir George, "were once all the objects nearly of nature and of art. Now you seem to begin to make a few exceptions. In time women may be one."

"It is possible," answered Mr. Bardoe, "a woman may be one."

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C H A P. XXIX.

"SIR GEORGE PARADYNE,

TO MRS. BIRIMPORT.

"Dennington.

"OLD CARTWRIGHT, my dear Emilia, will present you this. He comes to discharge the servants under my pay in Grosvenor-Square--except the old ones, whom I consign to board wages. Lady Mary will rave and complain; but it must be so. I am now growing indifferent to the opinions of others; it is sufficient for me to satisfy myself--if I can. I more and more clearly perceive the truth of Bardoe's system; or rather that which, in my humble opinion, your bright eyes have made him abandon. No--this world has nothing in it worth a wise man's notice. Man--who thinks himself the noblest work of the creation--What is man? Savage--a lion--a tyger--a wolfe--a bear civilized--a woman. No--I see nothing interesting in man.

"My uncle James desires his kindest remembrance to you. He is heart-whole, as the good people say here, but lame. His lungs are certainly sound; I have no cause to doubt it; for he has given me two very strong and hearty lectures upon the errors of my understanding. He tells me, that thanks be to God, he is a plain country gentleman, without any pretensions to philosophy and fine parts. So he was content to be happy with what had made his father and grandfather happy before him. But if I would put myself under his tuition only for one two years, if he did not make me relish roast beef and a pretty country lass--he'd have nothing for his pains. Dear Emilia--adieu--love me if thou can'st--or who will?

"Your affectionate brother,

"G. PARADYNE."

"MRS. BIRIMPORT,

--TO SIR GEORGE PARADYNE.

"In the time of primitive christianity, brother, your malady would have been termed possession. So indeed I think it; but by what sort of daemon you are possessed, I cannot tell. It may perhaps be a daemoness, though you deny her power.

"Amongst other epithets given to natural man, you call him a bear. It might have been worse; it might have been a yahoo.[1] I, for my part, rejoice to live in an age and country, where the animal has improved upon its nature; and attained a decent degree of cleanliness, both of body and mind. It is true, the creature knows not where to stop. What it begins with wisdom, it sometimes ends with folly. But at any rate, frippery is better than filth.

"What mighty alterations cannot a single year produce? At Paris, where you had the respect of men, and the love of women; did you obtain them by railing at their amusements, at their frivolities? No--you engaged in them--and became engaging.

"Now you have assumed the unengaging stile of contempt. You despise all our occupations, serious or commic; our horse-racing cock-fighting, boxing, die-throwing; our hair-dressing, and the whole of our superficial artificial manners. Suppose you justified in this, is it necessary to despise also our belles letters, and our talents? Are these as superficial as our manners?

"Be it so. The book of nature still lies open before you. Is there in this, nothing you can read with pleasure? Of so many wise and sensible men in every part of Europe, who form their happiness in an attention to her operations, are you the only one to whom she presents nothing interesting? The elements are all before you; compound and decompound them for yourself. You must be a bad chemist if you can extract no felicity from penetrating

into the curiosities which surround you.

"It would indeed be better, if you took up the character which your place in the community seems to have assigned you. In labouring for the happiness of man, you would certainly find your own. That is the daily prayer of your affectionate sister,

"E. BIRIMPORT."

"SIR GEIRGE PARADYNE, TO MRS. BIRIMPORT.

"It is a heavy accusation, my Emilia, you bring against your poor brother--that of despising every thing. In every instant of time, all the things that are--are, in my poor judgment, as they must needs be--moral, political, and natural. Contempt, therefore, cannot be the proper word to express the feelings of a man who thinks thus. He may be sorry that the tulip in his garden is so poor in colour, its proper beauty; but as a philosopher, he cannot despise it.

"I own then, Emilia, I am sorry that many things are as they are. I am sorry that virtue is not an inseparable appendage of beauty; honour of nobility; and wisdom of crowns. I am sorry to see ignorance assume the name of science, and superstition that of goodness. In short, when I consider what man might be, I am sorry to see him what he is.

"In what capacity, my dear, would you have me serve man. I know your answer--as a member of the house of commons; or as an officer of state. No, Emilia, never will I be member of a body, pretending to the suffrages of a nation, and constituted by so diminutive a part of it--who give to a minister all he asks--who trust him confidentially where he ought least to be trusted--in the business of destroying mankind. And for a court! I am too

proud, Emilia. Till courts speak the language of common honesty, I will keep my independence--ill exchanged for ribbons and for stars. I can no more accommodate my principles to a throne, than I can my creed to the lawn.[2] Both will have the goodness to excuse me, till I see them pursue honest designs by honest means.

"Yes, Emilia, the book of nature is before me, and the first page of it is man--the only animated being to whom has been given the exquisite privilege of being most heartily sick and weary of himself.

"Come now, my fair sister, prepare your eulogiums. Bring history, heroes, saints, to your aid; and shew me for what other end, but the diversion of some superior beings, so ridiculous an animal could be made?

"Look at him in the aggregate. If the sun shine warm upon him, his attributes are luxury, ease, indolence, and imbecility. If not--they are ferocity, stupidity, and boast. Where is he not the timorous and crouching slave of superstition? Where is he not involved in folly, fantacy, and prejudice? Attend to his numerous errors, his changeable creeds, his silly rites, which common sense should blush to offer to any deity, not made of wood; his fanaticism, born of ignorance, and nursed by absurdity; and you must allow the human mind to have been always the true and prolific hot-bed of folly. If man could have taken to himself the epithet of wise, on any just foundation--sure in six thousand years, and sixty thousand communities--some one would have formed a religion without ridicule; a government without corruption.

"I spare the ladies. Only tell me, my sweet Emilia, in your circles of good company, how high in the mind of the fair sex stand science, probity, and honour? As high, think you, as coaches, cards, and diamonds? I grant

you they have virtues, luminous virtues, at a ball; and coruscations[3] at an opera, that set the heart of man on fire.

"But--says my Emilia--whatsoever may be the general errors of each of the sexes, there is a vast profusion of individual excellence, of friendship unalloyed, of charity unbounded; disinterested love, and piety of angelic proof.

"Gentle shepherdess--tell me where?

"Love me Emilia, notwithstanding, as I do thee most dearly.

"G. PARADYNE."

It is not for the benefit of this history that I have noticed these letters; it is only to shew my fair readers what abominable creatures men may be when they are in love, or in any passion, and crossed in it. For howsoever Sir George may endeavour to conceal it from himself, my humble opinion is, he was in love; and as love is so apt to overset poor reason, we must on that account pardon him his terrible opinions--if we can.

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C H A P. XXX.

It was at Dover this last letter was wrote; for Sir George had rambled, not for any pleasure he found in rambling, but, when a man is not easy in any place, he is usually disposed to change it. When he had sent it to the post he found himself weary, as every man must be, I hope, who has undergone so strong a fit of misanthropy, and went to his apartment to throw himself upon the bed.

Whether a prone posture begets kinder thoughts, or whether the brain has not sometimes a sort of vermicular motion, first one way and then the other; or whether the picture of a Madona, which hung within his view, and in

which he thought he saw certain resemblances--whether all or any of these were the cause of a change in the nature of his ideas, I know not. I only find it recorded that Sir George unthought his former thinkings; and paid a slumbering tribute to the dignity of man, and the charms of woman. Whether my fair readers will admire or reprobate this versatility of sentiment, is not for me to predict. My business is to shew them--Man.

If Lady Ann Brixworth was born to be the joy and comfort of any man's life, it was not that of Sir George Paradyne's. He rose from his hour's repose, and having dined, took a walk to the pier. He had done so two or three times before--I know not why--unless one takes a pleasure of sympathy with those who have escaped the dangers of the sea, or who return to their native country, after the exile perhaps of years. Sir George had heard indeed, that Miss Colerain designed to pass the winter in Paris, and the summer in England; but besides that it was now nothing--nothing at all to him, where she chose to live, or what she chose to do. The spring was early and cold, and the usual season for migration of ladies at a distance. Still less could it be supposed that Lady Ann Brixworth was in his imagination, when he stood and over-looked the disembarkations of the female cargoes of the packets. Lady Ann! of whom he never thought, when his thoughts were under his own governance; so very little of pleasure was attached to her remembrance.--

But the very first lady who was put on shore to day was Lady Ann--so cloaked indeed, and muffled, that he did not know her, till she accosted him by the name of Sir George Paradyne.

Surprise is an enemy to the graces. Sir George seemed scarcely to understand the common forms of politeness; and indeed acquitted himself so

little to Lady Ann's satisfaction, that in a half whisper she said,"She was sorry to find she was so perfectly odious to him."

In such a case a man must speak. It politeness and veracity happen to agree, it is well. If not, the latter must have the goodness to wait. Something like this happened now; for Sir George began to manifest his surprise that Lady Ann should take so absurd a fancy into her head. "Then," says she, "do me the favour to convince me by conducting me to the hotel; for as I have no gentleman in my suite, I am rather awkwardly situated."

"Certainly," Sir George answered. So offering his arm, which Lady Ann accepted, they led the way to the hotel, followed by Mrs. Harcourt, and other male and female passengers. Sir George could not refuse Lady Ann's invitation to tea; and Mrs. Harcourt retiring to adjust her dress, they had a tete-a-tete together, and talked of past things, no doubt, as friends meeting after absence usually do.

I never was deep in Lady Ann's secrets. What I find particular on this occasion, is a remark that fell from this lady, that she was apprehensive her reputation might suffer by the public notice Sir George took of her in Brussels. That neither her birth nor fortune were unworthy of him; and that he ought, as a man of honour, to prevent the world's malignity."

Sir George replied with great coolness, "That it was not worth while to endeavour to prevent that which no human means could prevent. Calumny, though raised on nothing, was too swift to be overtaken, too volatile to be impeded."

This subject lasted half an hour at least, and the subject not seeming to draw near a conclusion, Sir George thought himself obliged to say,--"That he had never, at any time spoke to her thelanguage of a man who wished or

intended to marry; consequently she had no claim of that nature upon him."

It appears that Lady Ann resented the word claim, and began to retort upon the baronet with all possible asperity. She supposed it was for the sake of that piece of still life, Miss Colerain, that she was despised. A creature without fortune, friends, birth, or connexion, or any thing but--her talents. If Sir George should meet with a few more Colliano's, those might be useful ones. But let him take care. He was not yet sure of his inestimable prize. Did he never hear of a Monsieur Larogne? Let him not be too secure. He might still sit down and pine for his bird".

Sir George, with a patience almost subdued, had risen to walk about. --The room looked into the court yard where stood a chaise, and Sir George had a glimpse of a lady who had just stept in, and saw another follow her--which drew from him an involuntary exclamation--By heaven! Miss Carlill! and immediately hastened to the door. But before he could reach the court yard, the chaise had driven off. Lady Ann, who saw this, and rejoiced in Sir George's disappointment, was almost restored to good humour by the accident. "Oh," said she, on Sir George's return, "I could have informed you of the prim quaker and her fair friend, if I had known your wants. They were passengers by request in my packet, and followed us from the vessel to the hotel. I knew they were to take chaise for London immediately; and I was afraid you would have impeded their journey--poor things!"

Sir George Paradyne, irritated beyond measure, at this new and malevolent turn, siad, "I have nothing more to say to Lady Ann Brixworth, but to bid her adieu for ever--."

"Adieu for ever,"--answered Lady Ann, with an almost hysterical laugh. "And remember Monsieur Larogne."

Sir George's enquiries for what place the ladies had taken the chaise were unsuccessful; the order having been given to the driver only. However, Lady Ann said they were to go to London, so he instantly ordered another chaise, and set out for Canterbury. This ride afforded some leisure for thinking, and the first subject was the many malicious tricks which fortune had played him; the whimsical occurrence of circumstances which had so often brought Miss Colerain to be a spectator of his deviations from propriety, or of the appearance of such deviations. It was very easy to blame Miss Colerain for not taking the trouble to distinguish appearances from realities; and he dwelt on this idea with some complacency, till he was obliged to confess that even the false appearances were consequences of some folly, or worse than folly, though remote.

This extorted confession vexed him; but, when he arrived at Canterbury, and found that the chaise he had been in quest of had not taken that road, he was rather worse than vexed--and in order that nobody might know it but himself, he retired early to bed.

What passed in sleep, or during the darkness of the night, I cannot tell; but in the morning Sir George seemed to have been seized with a very peculiar hypochondriacism. He cared no more for man or for woman, the world and all its vanities. He cared no more for Miss Colerain. And in order to exclude her from his remembrance, he determined to shut himself up in some obscure retreat, and forget that world whose follies he could no longer endure. Nor was he at a loss for the choice of a place, when Combor White House presented itself to his imagination. So dismissing his servant to Dennington with a message to his steward, and orders to wait his return there, he sat out for Hampshire, and arrived at the destined spot in a proper state of misanthropy,

for the purpose of a recluse.

C H A P. XXXI.

Mr. Fidel's office was two fold, bailiff and gardener. In the first capacity he made some money, by making a lay of the pasture ground. In the second, always hoping to see there again his beloved mistress, he had kept the garden a fit paradise for Eve, before she eat the fatal apple. But there are no paradises for untranquil minds.

A month had passed, and Mrs. Birimport had no news of her brother. He was not at Dennington; he was not at Bath, nor any of the public places. He was not with Mr. Lindsay, for she wrote to this gentleman. Mr. Carter, Sir George's gentleman, also increased the alarm. Mrs. Birimport had determined herself to go upon the search, even in France, when she received the following letter from Mr. Lindsay:

"MADAM,

It was not for friendship to be at peace, after the receipt of your last alarming letter. As I knew Miss Colerain was near Bourdeaux, and did not know but Sir George might have obtained the same intelligence, I determined for France.

Southampton lay in my way, and I called in upon Mr. Merrick. After the first salutations, "Pray," says he, "how does Sir George Paradyne do to-day? Poor gentleman! I was quite sorry to see him in such a way; a fine healthy young man as he was two years since."

"You have seen him lately, then," said I? "Was he at Southampton?"

"No, sir, he sent for me to Combor."

"To the Falcon?"

"To his own house, Mr. Lindsay; that house that nobody would have.

Are you not come from thence?"

"I am not, Mr. Merrick. I am seeking Sir George, and thank you for your intelligence. May I inquire what was the nature of the business for which he wanted you?"

"To make his will. We don't talk of these things. But you are executor, along with Mrs. Birimport, and the honourable Mr. Bardoe."

I took my leave of Mr. Merrick, and posted to Combor. From Fidel, the black servant, I learned that Sir George came alone, and that he had never once been beyond the garden since his arrival. I was too impatient to stay to be announced, so rushed into the parlour where he sat.

"Dear Sir George!"

"Dear Lindsay!" he returned. "And yet I am sorry to see you."

"You are cruel, Sir George; cruel to all your friends."

"I meant to be kind."

"Is it kindness to alarm all who love you? Why, Sir George, was your retreat here to be a secret?"

"Because I came to die." I started. "Why," continued he, "are you surprised? Has your mode of existence never been so disagreeable to you as to make you wish to change it?"

"Sure causes like mine must have been unknown to you?"

"If they are sufficient to produce the effect, no matter for their similarity."

"True. Pray who attends you?"

"Fidel, and the old woman."

"But of the faculty?"

"None. There is no necessity to die secundum artem."[1]

"There is no necessity to die at all." Sir George smiled, and said, "We shall see."

"But why do you wish it?"

"Because I want to change myself. The instability of my own desires, opinions, and actions, displease me. My mind has undergone many metamorphoses. I desire one only for my whole self."

"Can this be real?"

"Can you ask the question? You, who were almost ordained to inspire us with the love of heaven? Yet--now you find one really desirous of going there, you suspect hypocrisy."

"Of all places, why did you chuse this to die?"

"Because it is quiet. Here--to die is all I have to do. Amongst my friends, I should have had to grieve."

Opposite Sir George hung the picture of Miss Colerain, by Gainsborough. The room was decorated with a variety of pretty works done by herself, and on a marble slab stood those toys you have heard of, bought by Sir George at Birmingham. I cast my eyes around and said, "Here is the strangest collection of memento moris[2] I ever saw."

"Mere accident. They were here, and I did not chuse to change them for the cross bones and scull."

"I dare say you did not. Would it be rash to infer that you might be reconciled again to earth, if Miss Colerain would share its sorrows with you?"

"Yes--for I cannot depend upon myself to reach that perfection she requires. I find, by fatal experience, my resolutions are feeble; I find myself endued with the most virtuous principles----in conversation. In action, they are useless. A man incapable of governing himself, is the most

contemptible of beings, and I am he. No--I repeat it--I expect nothing; wish for nothing; will accept of nothing--from Miss Colerain."

"Do you not love her then?"

"Once I did. But as I am confident she cannot return it, I no longer think of her. In her eyes I must be the meanest of men."

"Has any thing new happened?"

"I was at Dover a few days. Not knowing what better to do, I amused myself with seeing the passengers land from the packets. Lady Ann Brixworth was in one. She saw me, seized me, and made me conduct her to the hotel. Whilst we were together there, I saw Miss Carlill, after another lady, get into a chaise. I flew to her, but she was gone. Lady Ann told me, Miss Carlill and her friend had requested a passage in her packet; and that they had followed us from the packet to the hotel. I became distracted--flew after them to Canterbury--but they had not taken that road. What must Miss Colerain think but that I came to Dover to attend Lady Ann? I could not bear the recollection; nor--by heaven--another recollection of my feelings. I am confident, that tho' I despise Lady Ann, it might have been in her power to have drawn me again into the common follies of foolish young men. In the morning I was feeble. I felt I must die. I wished it--for I despised myself; and I wished it here, that I might give the least possible grief to my friends."

From this, and subsequent conversations, it is become very apparent that the governing, though secret, power of Sir George's mind is still love; and that it is Miss Colerain alone who can cure him of self contempt. I wish extremely your presence here. The house can accommodate you well; and I can be accommodated at the Falcon.

I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

"W. LINDSAY."

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C H A P. XXXII.

Mrs. Birimport did not delay her journey to Combor; and about twenty-four hours after, the honourable Mr. Bardoe arrived at the Falcon. My fair readers have seen, that once, the social affections were all alive in Sir George Paradyne. Now alas! they were dead. Neither his sister nor his friends had cordial welcomes--for they interrupted him in the enjoyment of "sweet melancholy," of which poets and poetesses are so fond. I wish they and the nightingales would get a monopoly of it. My share I give up with all possible good will.

Mr. Lindsay talked to Sir George of Cato and Brutus,[1] and of the admirable force of mind which could say to love, "So far shalt thou go and no farther." But Sir George could not be brought to enter into their lofty ideas; and for love--except seraphic love--he detested the name.

Mr. Bardoe spoke of possession and exorcism; wondered how the devil could get into a man; and was desirous to inquire by what rites he could be driven out.

Mrs. Birimport talked of Miss Colerain; but talked of her as of a woman. To have been in harmony with Sir George's train of ideas, she should have talked of her as a spirit of light, presiding over a choir of angels, tuning their golden harps. In short, all the powers of reason, of soft persuasion, and of satire, were tried, and tried in vain.

One day, Mrs. Birimport missed the picture of Miss Colerain; and that day Sir George left his apartment some hours later than usual. So he continued

to do; and Mr. Lindsay perceiving they were not taking the proper means to produce the end proposed, wished to spare himself the melancholy sight of the human mind in ruins, and took his leave.

In times to come--for who knows what may or may not be the extraordinary productions of time--it may happen to be debated at some of the coteries formed by my twenty thousand fair readers, their heirs or assigns, whether this true history be a true history or not. It must be decided in the affirmative, by those who consider the internal evidence arising from the present state of things. For what author, not disordered in intellect, and at liberty to chuse his ways and means, would, in the reign of George the third, feign a young English gentleman of birth and affluence, in love--that is to say--in love with one; and that to so strange a degree as to impair health; nay--to become enamoured of death. Where is the prototype for this? Who dies? Who would die, in preference to so many more agreeable modes of cure? Are taverns shut? The dice, though taxed, is not interdicted. Newmarket plains are still fertile. Ward and Mendoza still box. Rogues are still hanged. In London, according to Mr. Wendeborn,[2] there are forty thousand nuns, of the order of charity; whose proper business it is to cure--the sick of love; and never did order better fulfil the purposes of its institution. Die! No historian, but the historian of truth, would have thought of it.

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C H A P. XXXIII.

A month had now passed, without any visible deterioration of Sir George's health. When he spoke, it was with his usual gentleness; but he seldom spoke, and melancholy gained upon him, till she seemed to have "marked him for her own."[1]

Instead however of keeping his apartment, his inclination had taken another turn. Adjoining the garden was an irregular piece of ground, of which Miss Colerain had made partly a shrubbery for exotics, partly a Flora Britannica.[2] A long meandering walk, formed by the shrubs, led to a small neat building, shell-work without, within, an elegant apartment. There was a small book-case in it, containing books of botany, mingled with the poets of nature led by Thomson.[3] The botanic garden,[4] so rich in poetic beauty, seemed by its use to have been the favourite of Miss Colerain; and there were in it some tales so melancholy sweet, so attuned to Sir George's present feelings, that it could not fail to become his also. In this elegant repository, Sir George had also found a large collection of drawings, the flowers and plants of the garden, coloured according to nature, in which amusement Miss Colerain delighted much; a few of these were hung up in a sort of filigree frame.

Had Sir George's mind been in full vigour, all this would have made him a bontanist; as it was, it only disposed him to the feminine work of framing the drawings, according to the patterns Miss Colerain had left; of choosing for each some tender quotations of four or six lines each; and of arranging them round Miss Colerain's picture, which he had preciously caused to be conveyed from his own apartment.

In all this, Fidel was Sir George's agent; and procured for him every thing his humourous imagination required. It was clear to Fidel that his mistress was the cause of this kind of derangement; and whilst he grieved for the effect, he could not help feeling a secret joy at the cause. It was only to Fidel Sir George trusted the key of his repository, for the purpose of cleaning it, now become a source of not unpleasing, though melancholy enjoyment.

But this could scarcely be supposed enjoyment to Mrs. Birimport, who, wearied with wasting her gentle admonitions on the air, and having some necessary business in town, took, for a fortnight, a reluctant leave of her brother. Sir George, though he did not relish conversation, was not insensible to his sister's departure; and scarce found the uninterrupted enjoyment of his solitary pleasure, a recompence for her loss.

The sole inhabitants of the house now, were Sir George, his old woman, and Mr. Benjamin Fidel, whose deligence and attention had often attracted his master's notice; and whose woeful countenance witnessed his attachment. When Sir George was disposed to speak, he asked him questions, and wondered at the good sense of his answers. The slave trade was at this time becoming a popular topic. Finding he was born in Africa, Sir George asked him of his captivity, and by what means it had been produced. He answered--that he was a native of Benin, and that his country name was Benihango. When he was twelve years old he accompanied his father down to the coast. An English vessel was there, and his father having purchased all his gold dust away, found himself still wanting. It was not that he did not love his Benihango, but he had six children at home, and never a Birmingham musket. So for this grand acquisition, and a small quantity of powder and shot, his father delivered him to the care of a Liverpool master, who had a very good voyage to Jamaica, the heat and stench killing only twenty-seven, out of two hundred and three.

"How long were you in Jamaica?" Sir George asked.

"Thirteen years," answered Fidel.

"Were you much oppressed?"

Fidel with great simplicity answered, "I was in love."

"In love!" said Sir George.--What has that to do with oppression?"

"It oppress you, Sir George, do it not?"

"Me!" said Sir George.

"You will please pardon, sir. I no ought to speak to you in dis way," said Fidel.

"Speak freely," said Sir George.

"Ven I vas Miss Colerain's servant, I did tink you love her. I did tink she love you. I did cry for joy. For she vas good. You was good. I not know what broke it. Dey did tell me the dignity on your part. I no tink so, cause you was not proud. But I did cry for sorrow--for that which made me miserable, would have made you so happy."

"How came it to make you miserable?" asked Sir George.

"De story do you no good, sir. It be long; it be melancholy."

"It will not displease me for that," said Sir George; "pray tell it me."

S T O R Y.

"I became the property of a Mr. Benfield, and was sent to work at a plantation with boys and girls about my own age. We were so good we did not want de whip; so we had it only once a week, I could not ver tell why; but masser was a good man and did not insist upon these whippings being bloody. Masser was a Creole to be sure, and I do tink the groans and shrieks of we de poor negroes under de whip, be the finest music in de vorld to dem; but masser was kind hearted; I do ver believe he would not have take the pleasure in de whip, if he did know a better vay to send a profitable cargo of the sugar into dis England.

"However, by the time I vas come to eighteen years of old, I did know de full power of de whip, and of de burning son upon a raw back, when a chance accident did change my situation. Masser had son two years younger dan me.

He vas one day in the pleasure boat wid two oder companions. Dere vas little hurricane. De boat overset. De negroe dat did help me row, swam out and run to de plantation to get de help. I did keep young masser chin above water till de help came, and de oder two vas drowned.

"Dis did me de consequence. I was taken to be young masser's own servant; who did say many times the first year, dat he did owe his life to me; dat he never could make me de sufficient satisfaction, and if ever I did come to be his property, I should see.

"I did attend him four years at Kingston school, and did learn read and write. Young masser had great many new books from England, and I did read all I could understand, for I had ver little else to do, and I learned great deal of English manner, especially of de delicate points of de love and de honour.

"When young masser left school, he did apply to business and the plantations. I did love him much, and it did grieve me to see dat he did love cruelty for cruelty's sake; and de poor negro was used worse and worse. So I did ask him why? He said, to make de dogs work. And I said, if you did use dem well as dogs dey would be great deal better of. He did look angry at me, and said, dogs were a superior species of animal to negroes, and had better understandings. Den I did look angry at him, and I did say, if God did give de white men more understanding, it was de tousand pities dey could not see how to make de better use of it. Den he did strike me down--den I vas getting up to kill him--but he did run off to the plantation house, I did know for what; to get de negro drivers to teach me better manners. I knew I could only be flead alive any place, so I ran off five miles, to de house where did live old masser; and I did tell him all. By and by did come

young masser, and there was consultation, what to be done with such sad dog of negro.

"Many gentlemen dined at old masser's that day, and amongst the rest, my poor late masser Colerain; dis his first voyage. I was called in to take de trial. Young masser spoke warm; and did make great stur about my running after him to kill him, as he did verily believe; but he did no say much about de provocation.

"Den I vas bid speak; but I was sulky. I did only say, I vas tired of de life. Dis vas not a vorld for de poor negro; who vas knocked down for a word by the man whose life he saved, and who saw all his broders in worse state dan de dogs.

"Den I was ordered retire; and I did hear one gentleman say, dat such monstrous behaviour ought to have punishment little short of death. But I vas determined, if it was possible, dat I would have de death first, and de punishment after.

"Dere vas in the house very pretty black negroe girl, dat I did love dearly. She was waiting at de table; and I stayed to take de sorrowful leave of her for ever and ever, before I did make myself die. She had been in de house nine years, waiting upon Missress Benfield, who did use her kindly, and had her taught English; and when she could read, I did lend her many books dat my young masser did lend me. She did come presently out of de parlour and tell me, that every body did speak against me, and that masser Colerain did make dem all shamed of it--for he did say it was blot upon all christian people--and dat he did hope to live to hear de question discussed by a British parliament--and as the only ground dat could be taken for its defence was de paltry interest of trade, he was certain dat never would be attended to,

against all de pleas of religion and humanity.

"I did hear nothing that night of my destiny. Masser Colerain did stay till de next morning, when I was sent for into de parlour to dem: and dere I did find that Masser Colerain had bought me, out of pure pity; because he saw young masser was bitter against me, and dat he would always persecute me. I should have followed my new masser wid a grateful heart, only for my poor dear Flowney--so dey called my negress dat I did love.

"However I did go wid him same day to ship in Kingston harbour. He was de owner of it. He was walking along de deck wid two oder gentlemen and vas de outermost. It did happen for de capstan rope to break, and one of de sailors was thrown wid violence against one of de gentlemen, who pushed de next him, who pushed my new master into de bason. Dere was little swell, and nobody did venture to do any ting but fling a rope, and poor masser sunk many time, and never rose near it. Den I did jump in, and I did hold him bove water, as I did young Masser Benfield, till the boat came and took us bode in.

"It was soon to be seen dat de gratitude of Masser Colerain was quite another kind dan Masser Benfield. He did treat me so kindly, and when he did see me in sadness about poor Flowney, he did ask me de cause so kindly, I did tell him every thing. He did say he would try to buy Flowney, and she should go wid us into England. I did cry for joy; but I no cry long; for Masser told me Missress Benfield would not part wid Flowney for any money. Den I did cry for sorrow.

"One day soon, masser said so kindly, you saved my life Benihango; I must make yours comfortable if I can. Tell me if you rader chuse to remain in Jamaica or go wid me to England. I did say, eider would kill me. If I

did leave Jamaica I should die for Flowney; If I did stay, I should die for him.

"He did use to ask me many questions about de treatment of poor black men; and de tears did often run down his cheeks when I did tell him. Oh! how I did love him for dat. He did ask me if good usage would make de black people work well as bad. I did say yes--better a tousand times--for I felt so in my own heart. Den he said--would I engage for dis, if I had de management of one little plantation? I said--if it was his plantation I would engage, for dat love would quicken my duty. He said, it was probably I might be of singular use to de black people, if I could shew the planters dat it was deir interest to use deir negroes kindly. Dat he had partly prevailed upon his friend old Benfield to make de experiment, but dat he did not know how to go about it. So he proposed to lend him me for three years to superintend his smallest plantation, on dese conditions; dat I should be onder his own controul only, and his son's. Dat Flowney should be de reward of my service, togeder wid such furder recompence as Masser Benfield should tink I deserved.

"Dese conditions were accepted on both sides, and no sooner had my masser departed for England den I did enter upon my new occupation. Tank God! I did succeed better as my hopes. Dere was ver little sickness. My planation was de forwardest; and I did spare four slaves for de oder. De next year and de next it was extended; Masser Benfield did give me great tanks, and great promises. Dis tird year Masser Colerain was to come; and I was to receive my Flowney, and be baptised, and go to England and be so happy.

"But black man not born to be happy. Old Masser Benfield fell from his chair and died, Missress Benfield did die a little before. Every body

sorrow, cause every body was fraid of young Masser; for he had grown worse and worse. De slaves did hate and tremble. It was great comfort I was not his slave; but I did soon feel his malice.

"He did cast de eye of love--as he did call it--upon my poor Flowney; and as I have read of de Turkish bashaw,[5] he did trow de handkerchief to her; for de poor black women tink it honour to be taken notice of by white man; especially masters. But Flowney read a great mush of her mistress books; and was christian; and tought it was great sin; and besides all dis, loved me dearly. So she refused to gratify Masser Benfield. So his dignity was insulted. So he did resolve to revenge it, and also take revenge upon me; for he did hate me vast much.

"His vallet de chamber, Stukely, was bad man, and dey say, had deserved de gallows in England. He was minister of his master's pleasures, and de corrupter of his manners. So one morning Masser Benfield ordered Stukely to get Flowney into his chamber; and dere he did ravish her. Yes, Sir George, he did ravish her, repeated Fidel, stalking along the room. And den--de God have mercy upon his wicked soul--den--he gave her up to the lust of Stukely--and Stukely ravish her. Poor Flowney! She did make de lamentation over de house--and den--dis white christian man, de good God forgive him, ordered her to be publicly whipt--and Stukely did whip her till de blood did follow every stroke of de whip."

Sir George at this part of the recital rose from his seat, and paced the room as Fidel had done before, who now was too much overcome to proceed, and had ran off to his chamber to indulge himself in private. That night, Sir George would not let him proceed in his tale.

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C H A P. XXXIV.

The next morning at his accustomed hour, Sir George went to the pavilion. There, on a table, in a pretty female hand, like Miss Colerain's, but not so like as to be able to pronounce it her's, lay a paper, on which was wrote:

"Man, like the sun, may give a shining presage of his dawn--may pass his morn of life bright in action, warm in benevolence--may suffer clouds to intervene, and shade his brilliance--may set in feebleness and mist--may disappoint and grieve the world."

It is not very easy to describe any of the feelings of man; to convey an adequate idea of that complicated tribe that now assailed Sir George--impossible. It was joy and sorrow, it was pleasure and pain, arising from a thousand recollections. At length--it was delusion--it was fallacy--it was Mrs. Birimport. Whatever it was Fidel must be privy to it.

But Fidel being questioned, answered, "No. He did rejoice if it was Miss Colerain--but he did doubt,"

"It is only to yourself," said Sir George, "I have ever intrusted the key."

"And I," says Fidel, "did never part with it, but to you, and once for half an hour to Mrs. Birimport."

"And why to Mrs. Birimport?"

"I had not,"--answered Fidel,--"your direct orders to refuse her; and how could I refuse her?"

"But Mrs. Birimport is in London. And why should she be at the pains of deception? And if she had procured a key, would she trust it in any hands

but her own? The writing indeed might be her's, or it might be Bardoe's, or Lindsay's. But how came it there? And what was its design? Every body, says he, supposes me able to dispense health and the power of action upon myself; and that I am the arbiter of my own life or death. They call my disorder love, or lethargy; but I must take the liberty to tell these soi-disant[1] philosophers, it will be difficult to find a stimulus to rouse me."

So thought Sir George, without perceiving that the stimulus was found; so far at least as to keep him in great mental agitation. It was not till the second evening, he became sufficiently composed to wish to hear the end of Fidel's

S T O R Y.

"Dis shameful ting," resumed Fidel, "was done upon a day when de governor gave public dinner; to which Masser Benfield did go. De moment he was gone, poor Flowney ran to the cottage of old negro woman, her friend, her confidant; where I had often met her of a Sunday evening, to spend in de endearments of love, de two hours dat Masser Benfield did den allow her. To dis old woman she told every ting; and she concluded wid--"Tell Benihango all. It kill him to know, but it kill me first." So indeed she had resolved, for she went instantly and threw herself in a pond at de bottom of de garden.

"My plantation was five miles of, but de news soon came. I ran; and de first object I noticed was my dear Flowney on de bank of the pond, wid de old negress crying over her. She told me all. I did run mad. Masser Benfield was gone. Stukely was in de garden, nailing wall tress, widin sight of de pond, widin sight of de body, quiet as an honest man. I did go to de house. De slaves and de servants all melancholy. Dey did shake deir heads, and dey did cry poor Benihango. Dere was a room dey did call de gun-room.

I went dere and brought two pair of pistols. I did load dem. Den I go to de garden, and I say to Stukely--you are de rascal, de villain, de murderer. See dere. I kill you; but I kill you wid honour. Take two pistols--choose. Stukely did tremble, and did say--it was my master. I did answer--villain, I know all: take, or me shoot you. Den he did take two pistols. I said--turn about--count ten steps backward. I do de same; den turn, and fire. I did turn to count my steps. Stukely did not turn. He fired his pistol. De bullet went through my left arm. I did turn and shot him dead.

"Den I did go to my poor Flowney; I did lie down by her; I did lay de loaded pistol by my side; for I did mean to live only an hour, dat I might indulge myself wid last looks, and last kisses. And I did say to her, whilst my warm lips did press her cold lips--my Flowney; if dere is heaven, it is for de poor negro, and for me, and for dee; dere is no Benfields dere; no Stukelys. De whip is deirs in dis world; it is ours in de next.

"Whilst I was lying by de side of my dear Flowney, dere was consultation in de house; for two white men of de servants did see all dat passed betwixt Stukely and me; and dey said, our master will kill Benihango with tortures. To save him, we must put him into de hands of justice. So dey agreed, and came silently and took me by de arms, and dey did cry, and did tell me dere intention. And I did point to de pistol, and I did say--if you be my friends, let me die here. Den dey told me--if I did kill myself, I should never go to heaven to Flowney. I did no tink so; but I was not in condition to reason; so dey took me to a justice of de peace, who did send me to prison.

"De first ting Masser Benfield did do when he came home, was to fall into de great rage, and kick every body, and discharge de two white servants for deir officiousness. He was fool dere. Dey were so much de more my friends.

Dey spread de news; dey told de trute; for they were white men, and durst speak trute. So my story flew. Every body did pity me; did detest Benfield. Before my trial did come on, my good masser Mr. Colerain arrived, and did come to comfort me in de prison. Dis was ver well; for Masser Benfield did offer mush money to de two white men to leave Jamaica and sail for France; and Massa Colerain did give dem mush to keep dem honest. So when my trial did come, I was acquitted; and de evidence of de rape of my poor Flowney was strong enough to induce many gentlemen at Kingston to enter into de subscription for de prosecution of Massa Benfield. But I did leave wid my Massa Colerain, before any ting did come of dat, and I did no hear more about it."

So ended the tale of Benihango; on which Sir George made a very extraordinary comment. When first the thought of dying struck his imagination, he had caused his will to be made and authenticated. This he carried with him; and this night before he slept, he added a codicil, bequeathing Fidel fifty pounds a year for life.

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C H A P. XXXV.

But Sir George's mind, however occupied by the past afflictions of Mr. Fidel, was still more so, by the note, courtesy itself would scarce call it a billet-doux,[1] found on his table. When he had wearied himself with conjectures who might be its author, he wearied himself still worse by considering its contents. It required a greater degree of self-complaisance than Sir George at present possessed, to justify his mode of life. Nothing could be more true, than that his sun was clouded. If it set, it would not set in glory.

Agitated with this unpleasing conclusion, he rose earlier than usual

on the morning of the first of May; and with a mind turned to melancholy, took the walk leading to his loved pavilion. The door was not closed. He supposed Fidel there. Entering, he saw, not Fidel, but two ladies, one of whom was dissolved in tears; the other hanging over her with all the marks of love and pity.

Sir George approached the sitting fair one; and exclaimed--"Good heavens! Miss Colerain!" She rose, looked up at his pale face, where the roses of health no longer bloomed, and the tears flowed still more copiously from her lovely eyes. A slight tinge too flushed her charming cheek. She curtsied, and said, "I am sorry, Sir George, I am very sorry to see you in so indifferent a state of health."

"Health," Sir George answered, looking tenderly at her, "health, Miss Colerain, depends upon happiness. Am I to believe you wish me that?"

"Why, Sir George, should you doubt it?"

"Did you, Miss Colerain, honour me with these observations?" shewing the note he had found. Miss Colerain did not answer.

"Yes, brother," replied the other lady, whom Sir George had not yet noticed, "it was Miss Colerain."

"My dear sister," said Sir George, "whence do you come?"

"Of that, another time," said Mrs. Birimport.

"And have you been well?" asked Sir George, tenderly.

"Health, brother," Mrs. Birimport answered smiling, "depends upon happiness."

"For that, my Emily," Sir George replied, "I have myself been a mendicant in vain; and she who denied it me, seems now to wish to deprive me of every substitute."

"I grieve," said Miss Colerain, "to see this feminine amusement, called a substitute for happiness, by Sir George Paradyne."

"I grieve every body," said Sir George; "I have grieved my sister, and my friends, and now I grieve you. It was to save them sorrow I came here. They came here also; and now you are come, Miss Colerain. I cannot live or die, to please any body."

"You are angry then that I am here," said Miss Colerain.

"Angry!" Sir George replied; "anger is a strange sensation to feel for Miss Colerain."

"And did you never feel it?" asked she.

"I don't know," Sir George replied; "perhaps I might, when your severe delicacy exposed me to my own fatal guidance, and all the errors of youth. When you expected me to have wisdom, which comes so slow, without giving me time to acquire it. When you had it, would not deign to impart it. When you mistook folly for attachment; and made me miserable for having failed in etiquette; though my heart bled at the restraint."

"You have enumerated my mistakes, Sir George," said Miss Colerain. "Was all the error on my side?"

"Yes, all--all--" said Sir George, "all but folly, but madness. But," continued he, bending one knee to the ground, and taking a passive hand -- I shall expiate it with my life. What more can Cornelia desire?"

It was tender affection speaking in the accent of despair. Tears flowed from the beautiful eyes of Miss Colerain, faster than ever. "Ah," said she, "I have not yet learned to associate the ideas of death and Sir George Paradyne. Nor can I bear the association. I hope he will live to oblige me."

"I would certainly die to oblige you," Sir George replied; "but to live! and live without you!"

A blush overspread Miss Colerain's cheeks; she was silent.

"Is that a necessary consequence, brother?" Mrs. Birimport asked.

"Will you have the goodness to rise, Sir George?" said Miss Colerain, "this posture must be painful to you."

"No--it is pleasure itself--" answered Sir George. "But to be followed by tenfold torment----if----" he stopped.

"If," said Mrs. Birimport, "she has taken the trouble to come from France, to tell you, you must die----if you have, Miss Colerain, pass the sentence now. Sir George is prepared to die in ecstacy at your feet."

"Oh Cornelia!" said Sir George.

Miss Colerain blushed, sighed, and was silent.

"Oh this delicacy!" Mrs. Birimport exclaimed. "What evils it brings upon the daughter's of men! Take her, Sir George; I give her to you--since she will not give herself."

"Cornelia!" said Sir George again.

"Don't speak yet, Cornelia," says Mrs. Birimport.

"Spare me--spare me, dear madam," cries Miss Colerain, throwing her arms about Mrs. Birimport's neck.

"And so, Sir George," said his sister, "you will not accept her from my hands?"

"I scarce dare accept her from her own," Sir George replied. "I feel my own disparity. May I, may I hope, Cornelia?"

"Yes--hope--" answered Mrs. Birimport, "hope, Sir George, if you prefer expectation to possession."

"Not one word! Cornelia?" said Sir George.

"Not one," answered Mrs. Birimport. "Be satisfied with silence, the genuine and proper consent of maids, time out of mind."

"I confess, Sir George," said Miss Colerain, "my first wish is, that you should be well and happy."

"And," added Mrs. Birimport, "it cost her less trouble to come out of France to make you so, than now to confess it."

"How much of my lively sister's vivacity, Cornelia," said Sir George, "may I take for truth?"

"As much," replied Miss Colerain, blushing rosy red, and hiding those blushes in Mrs. Birimport's bosom. "As much as you please."

Sir George could now neither attend to Miss Colerain's blushes, nor Mrs. Birimport's comments. But he could kiss their hands with no inconsiderable transport; after which, finding he wanted speech and fresh air, he ran into the garden to seek them.

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C H A P. XXXVI.

I Doubt not, but my fair readers see, that the appearance of Miss Colerain in the pavilion, or even in Hampshire, was not accident. No, ladies --it was not accident. Mrs. Birimport, by a sagacity intuitive I suppose in woman, knew that the wounds of love, like the viper's bite, were best cured by the mouths that inflict them.

This idea she imparted to Mr. Bardoe and Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Bardoe allowed the probability that Miss Colerain was in possession of the specific medicine for Sir George; but doubted whether she or any woman had the quantum sifficit of liberality and strength of mind, to rise above the great prejudices

of pride, and the small ones of decorum, which threw themselves in the way in this case. Mr. Lindsay said--if any woman could so act, it was Miss Colerain. Mrs. Birimport, with a gracious courtesy, returned thanks to both the gentlemen for their politeness.

"In point of politeness, Lindsay," said Mr. Bardoe, "I fear we have failed; but how stands the matter in point of veracity? Have you, my sweet widow, any claim to exemption? You, who know you have my specific? And refuse it to my most humble petitions?"

"Stop----your honour----" said Mrs. Birimport, laughing. "In the first place, I was not the viper who bit you. In the second, the basis of your complication, your poco-curante[1] habit, is beyond my art, or any art, to cure."

"You have absolutely no ground for this plea," said Mr. Bardoe, "you have half cured me, against my will, and your own. And now that I have acquired a complaisant volition, yours, too inexorable, refuses to compleat my cure."

"How a wise man," replied Mrs. Birimport, "who has for years been blessed with indifference, should leave this quiet mistress, and become again the subject of the vagaries and caprices of woman----I cannot think."

"It is, madam," said Mr. Bardoe, "because I am not a wise man. Wisdom is not made for this world; and he who has it, cannot do a better thing than get rid of all of it which does not serve to prevent his walking into a well, and such similar excursions."

"I must own, I think you improve," Mrs. Birimport answered; "when you arrive at perfection----we shall see. At present let us return to Sir George."

Mr. Bardoe, and Mr. Lindsay, each contending for the honour of

effecting this miracle, of converting a woman, into a being of reason; but the preference was given to Mr. Lindsay, because his adventure with Miss Robarts, in France, had placed him in the most friendly intimacy with Miss Colerain; with whom he corresponded occasionally; though, after the adventure at Brussels, she forbid him to make Sir George Paradyne the subject.

Miss Colerain was now at Bourdeaux, the guest of her friend, one of the daughters of the principle of that house there, whose incipient failure first began to involve her father,and who was lately married at Paris, to a Monsieur Larogne. To Bourdeaux then, Mr. Lindsay hastened; and found Miss Carlill and she, in possession of a pretty house there, and with all the appearance of becoming perpetual residents.

Many a sigh came from the bosom of Miss Colerain; many a drop of pearly fulid from her lovely eyes, when she heard the whole melancholy tale of Sir George. It was evening when it was told; and she left the task of entertaining Mr. Lindsay to Miss Carlill; and retired to her chamber.

The next morning she told Mr. Lindsay, that though she could not but feel very sensibly the peculiar embarrassments of her situation, she could not hesitate a moment how to act. In such a case, delicacy must give way to feelings of more importance. One grateful and alleviating circumstance was, that she should receive the countenance, the friendship and advice of Mrs. Birimport. Another, that she should be accompanied by her ever dear and obliging Miss Carlill; whose house on Combor common, not being yet relinquished, they might be accommodated there with some degree of propriety. As for expedition, they took the road of Paris and Calais. Miss Colerain was met at Dover by Mrs. Birimport, who thanked her with a grateful heart; and in the few days they spent together before their appearance at the White

House, became as much endeared to each other, as time could have made them.

Mrs. Birimport took up her abode at Miss Carlill's; and having, by the assistance of Sir George's old housekeeper, contrived to get an impression of the key of the pavillion, in order not to expose poor Fidel to the necessary of denying the truth to his master, began and pursued their operations as we have related in the preceding chapter.

****

C H A P. XXXVII.

But all operations--of men at least--must have an end; and this invaluable history amongst the rest. The grand intervening epocha between a man's coming into life, and going out of it, is marriage; at which when a man arrives, however he may increase his consequences in a small circle, he loses it amongst the large circle of the young, the beautiful, the single fair, who consider him as dead--in law. For this charming circle principally have I compiled these memoirs; and having brought them to a point where they can be no farther interesting, it is proper to close them there; after shewing, with the utmost brevity, what was the situation five years after; that is, what is the situation now, of the principal personages of our drama.

Two years after his nephew's marriage, Lord Auschamp paid his debt of nature. The flattery of domestics is but a poor substitute for the rich adulation paid to men in power. The Earl was obliged to assist this substitute with all that a French vintage could give; and all that a French cook could perform. Altogether begat the gout. There were several thousands at Weltjies, whether the father proceded the son to the Elysian shades, or the son the father. This son was at Nice, endeavouring to renovate his worn out constitution; and as his brother had died the spring before, Sir George and

Lady Paradyne, may one day be transformed into an Earl and Countess; a most agreeable metamorphosis; and likely to be relished in England, when titles shall be nick names only, in the rest of Europe.

Lady Mary Paradyne was no sooner informed by the dutiful Sir George, of his approaching nuptials, that she conceived her own misfortunes, and the lustre of her house had both reached their acme. It was said that she killed two pair of very fine chariot horses in lamenting her uncommon troubles. At length she submitted to receive a visit, and has even been heard to say--that there was something in Lady George Paradyne that was pretty well--all things considered. She cannot make so favourable a judgment of Sir George and Mrs. Birimport, now Mrs. Bardoe; however, she does not fatigue herself with the violence of her complaints; she only gives vent occasionally; and the exercise seems useful.

Lady Ann Brixworth hitherto, has had the good fortune to escape matrimony; but not scandal. Not that it has affected any part of her reputation that is of the least consequence, for she is carressed at court and admitted into the first circles. But in the eyes of the more rigid, she was rather indiscreet. She went to Paris once suddenly--I dare say it was to Paris; but this is a trip which ladies usually say a great deal of before hand; and Lady Ann said nothing. The favourite maxim of the late Earl of Chesterfield for the government of rank, is this--"Have a good outside." Lady Ann always thought this precept went no farther than fine cloaths; till the bishop of -------- convinced her it meant also going to church. So Lady Ann is regular at St. James's church or chapel; where she has been greatly edified by the good bishop's discourses on that famous precept of St. Paul to the ladies--"If ye fall, fall not unseemly; rather fall ye with grace."[1]

The honourable Mr. Bardoe had many conferences with Mrs. Birimport on the subject of marriage. She was of opinion that a man who married should be alive. He--that matrimony was commonly a very sleepy business, which a defunct, like himself, might perform with great somnolence. They differed so much, that at length they were obliged to marry, in order to see which was right. The matter is not quite settled at this day.

A similar catastrophe followed the disputes betwixt Miss Carlill and Mr. Lindsay.

"Thy vanities are of the flesh, William Lindsay," said the lady.

"There are vanities of the spirit also," the gentleman replied. "I presume not to know whether Miss Carlill is afflicted.

"I like not the doings of thy steeple house," said the lady, "there is much noise and little devotion. Thy worship is mechanical."

I like very well the devotion of the friends," answered Mr. Lindsay, "as long as it is silent. When the spirit gets into the bowels, the sighs and the groans of so many troubled minds, afflict me sorely.[2] When it mounts into the tongue, so seldom proveth it to be the spirit of wisdom, that I grow sick of heavenly things."

"Thou art wicked," said the lady, "if I take thee, it is out of pity to thy poor soul."

"I take thee," said the gentleman, "out of pity to thy poor body."

So they took one another.

The reverend Mr. Holford and his lady, still cultivate respectively, flowers and words. Miss Haubert, the lady of the manor, still cultivates pride, chastity, and philosophy. But of philosophy there is no end. The total non-existence of existence of Mr. David Hume, has given place to the

system of Mr. Robert Younge;[3] who, finding that those who made matter of nothing, or nother of matter, has contrived it another way. This is to compose a universe of spheres of attraction only. It is true, there is nothing to attract; but slight obstacles repel not makers of systems. This composer has hitherto, only made the first particle of matter; but Miss Haubert hopes another will be made next year.

I beg ten thousand pardons of my fair readers, for having neglected to inform myself of the dress of Miss Colerain, and her blushes, upon the wedding day; together with the form of going to, and returning from the church; and how the day was spent; and at what hour the bride retired. That these are essential matters I know; and am sorry they must be waited for, till the third edition; for Sir George and his lady, with Mr. and Mrs. Bardoe, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, are now at Paris; whither they went to see if the nation of Francks, so merry when governed by folly, are not grown grave, since wisdom has had a share in the administration. This, I find, is partly the case; but when an English senator had said in a book, supposed to contain the collected wisdom of the nation--"That man has no rights,"[4] --the whole French people fell into a violent fit of laughter, which continues to this day. Some rights, at least, they said, might be allowed to man; the rights of suffering, and of paying taxes; these no courts would dispute.-- But if, said they, men have no rights, they have wills at least; and Kings, Lords, and Priests, shall know it.

F I N I S.

TEXTUAL NOTES

In the following notations of textual variants, "II" refers to the second London edition of 1796; "I" refers to the first London edition of 1792; and "D." refers to the Dublin edition of 1793. In each instance the reading of the second edition, upon which the present edition is based, is given first for the reference of the reader by page and line number, and the variant(s) of this text follow. The edition sign will be enclosed in parentheses unless there are parentheses in the passage of the novel cited, and then brackets will be used to enclose the edition sign. All changes in substance have been marked with an asterisk.

Volume I

Page	Line	
2	3,4	possible (II) possisible (I,D.)
	4	Indeed the (II,D.) Indeed, the (I)
	7	nations for (II) nations, for (I,D.)
	12	favoured (II) favor'd (I,D.)
3	10	novels be (II) novels, be (I,D.)
	14	occasion,-- (II) occasion:-- (I,D.)
	17	henceforward grant (II) henceforward, grant (I,D.)
	19,20	balance which (II) balance, which (I,D.)
	21	fame, whither (II) fame; whither (I,D.)
	26	praise than (II) praise, than (I,D.)
4	1	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	6	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	13	madam (I,II) Madam (D.)

Page	Line	
5	6	who, for (I,II) who for (D.)
	7	history; which, without (II) history. Which without (I,D.)
6	2	Capite (II) capite (I,D.)
	4	Alice, (I,II) Alice (D.)
	5	marks, to (I,II) marks to (D.)
7	15	sons, returning (I,II) sons returning (D.)
8	1	cause; for (II) cause, for (I,D.)
	6	say, Lady (I,II) say Lady (D.)
	11	lost; her (I,II) lost, her (D.)
	20	*soft (II) a soft (I,D.)
9	4	*ministry of (II) ministry by (I,D.)
	10	month, the (I,II) month the (D.)
	11	instructor like (II) instructor, like (I,D.)
11	5	"Abroad,"..."he (II) "Abroad...he (I,D.)
	26	thought, true (I,II) thought true (D.)
12	2	dress, and (II) dress and (I,D.)
	3	short, the (I,II) short the (D.)
	6	Lagray, a (I,II) Lagray a (D.)
	21	x+y+z (II,D.) x*y*z (I)
13	9	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	9	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
14	6	prison, and (II) prison and (I,D.)
	16	Lindsay,"..."you (II) Lindsay,...you (I,D.)
	22	*Sir," replied..."which (II) sir, replies...which (I,D.)
15	1	Lindsay,"..."you (II) Lindsay,...you (I,D.)

Page	Line	
15	4	word," says (II) word, says (I,D.)
	7	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	12	tutor. Dare (II,D.) tutor.¶ Dare (I)
	15	"Oh,"..."you (II) "Oh,...you (I,D.)
	17	have,"..."a (II) have,...a (I,D.)
	19	indeed"..."is (II) indeed,...is (I,D.)
	24	"If,"..."I (II) "Indeed...I (I,D.)
16	3	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	6	is."..."men (II) is,...men (I,D.)
	14	"Of (II,D.) Of (I)
	16	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	17	men? (II,D.) men: (I)
	19	head? (I,II) head?" (D.)
	20	"Excellent,..."this (II) "Excellent,...this (I,D.)
17	3,4	tutor."¶"No (II) tutor." "No (I,D.)
	4	No," (II) No-- (I,D.)
	4	George, "That (II) George. That (I,D.)
	5	Paradyne, my (II) Paradyne my (I,D.)
	6	me,-- (II) me, (I,D.)
	13	"Oh,..."I (II) "Oh,...I (I,D.)
	17	consent, Mr. (II) consent dear (I,D.)
	23	are,"..."worse (II) are,...worse (I,D.)
18	8	Mary and (II) Mary, and (I,D.)
	8	time the (II) time, the (I,D.)
	12	tutors; and (II) tutors--and (I,D.)

Page	Line	
18	16	said, "I (II) said,--I (I,D.)
	21	Lord,"..."you (II) Lord,...you (I,D.)
19	1	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	1	justice (II,D.) Justice (I)
	2	¶ Mr. (II) justice."--Mr. (I,D.)
	3	*man (II) men (I,D.)
	4	connexions (II) connections (I,D.)
	5	*those...are (II) that...is (I,D.)
	10	lordship's (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	17	lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
	23	lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
	25	blessings,"..."we (II) flessings,...we (I,D.)
20	2	lord (II) Lord (II,D.)
	8	Lindsay,"...lord,"I (II) Lindsay,...Lord,"I (I,D.)
	16	Lindsay (II,D.) Lindsey (I)
	21	ladyship (II) Ladyship (I,D.)
21	20	¶ "Eh, well,"...she,after...minute, "what (II) reply. "Eh well--...she--...minute--what (I,D.)
22	6	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	12	(Sir [II] --Sir [I,D.]
	13	answer) [II] answer. [I,D.]
	16	Sir, he (II) sir--he (I) sir,he (D.)
	21	"Oh, for (II) "Oh--for (I,D.)
	21	madam; it (II) madam;--it (I,D.)
	25	article; it (I,II) article it (D.)
23	4	madam. I (II) madam.--I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
23	15	rose, and (II) rose and (I,D.)
24	17	lordship's (II) Lordship's (I,D.)
	17	of," (II) of, (I,D.)
	18	Mary. "Pray (II) Mary. Pray (I,D.)
	19	"Oh," (II) "oh-- (I,D.)
	20	ideas, "intol. (II) ideas--intol. (I,D.)
	26	lord,"..."I (II) Lord,...I (I,D.)
25	17	education, however (II) education however (I,D.)
	26	may, certainly (II) may. Certainly (I,D.)
26	2	"So,"...George; "so (II) "So,...George, so (I,D.)
	3	mother, Lady (I,II) mother Lady (D.)
	7	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	9	George,"...lord, "you (II) George,...Lord, you (I,D.)
	11	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	16	licence. A (II) licence.--A (I,D.)
	18	government; (I,II) government, (D.)
	21	lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
	22	man; not (II) man.--Not (I,D.)
	25	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
27	10	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	13	*me (II,D.) I (I)
	15	lordship's (II) Lordship's (I,D.)
	18	lordship's (II) Lordship's (I,D.)
	22	say----" (II) say"-- (I,D.)
	22	came; he (II) came. He (I,D.)

Page	Line	
27	25	lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
28	23	you, Sir (II) you Sir (I,D.)
29	8	self-con. (II) Self con. (I,D.)
	8	Lindsay, that (I,II) Lindsay that (D.)
	13	Now, (II) Now (I,D.)
	16	lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
	17	lordship's (II) Lordship's (I,D.)
	18	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	19	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
30	7	suppose, Sir (II) suppose sir (I,D.)
	7	pliability (II) plility (I,D.)
	15	entreat (II) intreat (I,D.)
	15	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	17	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	18	lord," (II) Lord, (I,D.)
	18	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	20	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	20	it, I (II) it I (I,D.)
	22	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	25	lordship's (II) Lordship's (I,D.)
31	1	then,"...lordship,"to (II) then...Lordship, to (I,D.)
	3	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
32	12	over, "You know,..."how (II) over--"You know,...How (I,D.)
	13	you; you (II) you, you (I,D.)
	14	life; my (II) life--my (I,D.)

Page	Line	
32	15	Emilia,"..."I (II) Emilia,...I (I,D.)
	20	sure," (II) sure, (I,D.)
	21	Jeffery, "your (II) Jeffery--your (I,D.)
	21-22	country--es....marriage--he (II) country; es....marriage; he (I,D.)
	24	me; esp. (II) me. Esp. (I,D.)
	26	parents,--(II) parents-- (I,D.)
33	10	mech.,--...mech.,-- (II) mech.--...mech. gave (I,D.)
	15	"Oh," (II) "Oh-- (I,D.)
	15	she, after (II) she--after (I,D.)
	15	minute, "oh (II) minute--oh (I,D.)
	18	Heaven, madam!" (II) Heaven! madam-- (I,D.)
	18	"am (II) --am (I,D.)
	20	"Yes,"...Mary, "yes, you are; (II) "Yes--...Mary--yes you are-- (I,D.)
	24	madam,"...George, "why (II) madam--...George--why (I,D.)
34	1	contradiction. God (II) contradiction--God (I,D.)
	1	me! (II) me. (I,D.)
	14	Sure, madam (II) Sure madam (I,D.)
	21	ladyship (II) Ladyship (I,D.)
	21	I cannot (II) I cannot (I,D.)
	24	"Stay,"..."you (II) "Stay...you (I,D.)
35	6	advise, or (II) advise or (I,D.)
	6-7	determined, therefore (II) determined therefore (I,D.)
	10	economy (II) œconomy (I,D.)
	11	Great-Britain (II) Great Britain (I,D.)
	14	Dennington, in (I,II) Dennington in (D.)

Page	Line	
36	1	for, "George," (I,II) for George, (D.)
	2	he, "when (II) he, when (I,D.)
	3	Auschamp, I knew, (II) Auschamp I knew (I,D.)
	10	horse, to (II) horse to (I,D.)
	15	Mary. "But (II) Mary.--But (I,D.)
	19	why, I'm (II) why I'm (I,D.)
	22	George; I (II) George;--I (I,D.)
	22	-day; I (II) -day--I (I,D.)
	23	down,--(II) down;--(I,D.)
	23	'down...moon,' my (II) down...moon my (I,D.)
	24	sort. Never (II) sort.--Never (I,D.)
	25	life. Good (II) life.--Good (I,D.)
	26	occasion;-- (II) occasion-- (I,D.)
37	1	uncle," (II) uncle, (I,D.)
	2	marriage. Did (II) marriage.--Did (I,D.)
	3	sex? (I,D.) sex? (D.)
	4	"No, (II) "No-- (I,D.)
	4	George; jilted (II) George. Jilted (I,D.)
	4	luck; (II) luck-- (I,D.)
	8	<u>Rara avis</u> (II) Rara avis (I,D.)
	11	economical (II) œconomical (I,D.)
	16	landladies (II) Landladies (I,D.)
	21	ambition, however (II) ambition however (I,D.)
38	3	*always, and (II) always, as it (I,D.)
	25	to Sir (I,II) to sir (D.)

Page	Line	
39	7	'squire (I,II) squire (D.)
	7	Garford," (II) Garford, (I,D.)
	7	me, "but (II) one, but (I,D.)
	10	George: "Tied up," (II) George; tied up, (I,D.)
	11	"what, (II) what, (I,D.)
	12	"No, Sir," (II) "No sir, (I,D.)
	12	"his (II) his (I,D.)
	12-13	nurse."¶ "I (II) nurse." I (I,D.)
	13	you," (II) you, (I,D.)
	13	"he (II) he (I,D.)
	14	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	16	believe, Sir (II) believe sir (I,D.)
	16	'Squire (I,II) Squire (D.)
	23	all, Sir (II) all sir (I,D.)
	25	says (I,II) say's (D.)
40	1-2	George.¶ "Aboon (II) George. "Aboon (I,D.)
	2	year, Sir (II) year sir (I,D.)
	4	"Pray, how (II) Pray how (I,D.)
	5	you, Sir (II) you sir (I,D.)
	10	well,"..."soon (II) well,...soon (I,D.)
	12	Sir,-- (II) sir-- (I,D.)
	17	silence; (II) silence, (I,D.)
	20	prepared, Sir George, (II) prepared Sir George (I,D.)
	21	not,"..."the (II) not,...the (I,D.)
	25	"but (II) but (I,D.)

Page	Line	
41	3	yes,"..."I (II) yes,...I (I,D.)
	8	existence,-- (II) existence-- (I,D.)
	9	economy (II) oeconomy (I,D.)
	10	"Oh,"...George, "a (II) "Oh,...George--a (I,D.)
	13	practise, will (II) practice will (I,D.)
	14	happens, when (II) happens when (I,D.)
	16	gout,-- (II) gout; (I,D.)
	21	hard,"..."but (II) hard,...but (I,D.)
42	3	men? (II) men: (I,D.)
	4	outsides; (II) outsides-- (I,D.)
	6	endeavouring; (II) endeavouring: (I,D.)
	9	man-- (II) man; (I,D.)
	11	fashion? (II) fashion: (I,D.)
43	1	dress." (II) dress?" (I,D.)
	2	George;--true, (II) George--true-- (I,D.)
	5.	indictment." (II,D.) indictment (I)
	6-7	authority. 'Just (I,II) authority. ¶"Just (D.)
	7	inclin'd' (I,II) inclined" (D.)
	8	early, by (II) early by (I,D.)
	15	matter, which (II) matter which (I,D.)
	20	fortune; (I,II) fortune: (D.)
	24	vanities, (II) vanities (I,D.)
	24	pursued, (II,D.) pursued (I)
44	1	Lindsay,"..."one (II) Lindsay,...one (I,D.)
	4	through (II) thro' (I,D.)

Page	Line	
44	6	religion,-- (II) religion, (I,D.)
	10	"If,..."the (II) "If,...the (I,D.)
	12	life, meanning, (II) life--meaning (I,D.)
	13	gauze,-- (II) gauze-- (I,D.)
	13	abundant-- (II) abundant; (I,D.)
	16	reached,-- (II) reached-- (I,D.)
	17	it,..."that (II) it,...that (I,D.)
	20	century;-- (II) century-- (I,D.)
	21	equal;-- (II) equal-- (I,D.)
	23	moralist;-- (II) moralist-- (I,D.)
	26	pride,-- (II) pride-- (I,D.)
	26	learned, in (II) learned in (I,D.)
	26	alehouse, to (II) alehouse to (I,D.)
45	1	their----"¶Mr. (II) their----." Mr. (I,D.)
	9	inn, (II,D.) inn (I)
	18	house, (I,II) house (D.)
	20	yard, (I,II) yard (D.)
	24	nearer, (I,II) nearer (D.)
46	1	Hampshire, (I,II) Hampshire (D.)
	7	where, (II) where (I,D.)
	10-11	church-yard (I,II) church yard (D.)
	16	General Oaffer (II) general Ofiffer (I,D.)
	19	ourselves, (I,II) ourselves (D.)
	22	Once, (II) Once (I,D.)
47	11	will, I (II) will I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
48	4	vexation, at (II) vexation at (I,D.)
	12	Falcon (II,D.) falcon (I)
	13	gentlemen, and (II) gentlemen and (I,D.)
	14	gentlemen, accepting (II) gentlemen accepting (I,D.)
	20	archness: (II,D.) archness; (I)
49	10	Oxford, Sir (II) Oxford Sir (I,D.)
	17	no;-- (II) no-- (I,D.)
	18	madam,"..."that (II) madam,...that (I,D.)
	21-22	Holford,"..."Every (II) Holford,...Every (I,D.)
	24	madam,"..."Many (II) madam,...Many (I,D.)
50	1	Seymour, in (II) Seymour in (I,D.)
	6	wish,"..."they (II) wish,...they (I,D.)
	8	Miss (II) "Miss (I,D.)
	9	smile, "No (II) smile--no (I,D.)
	12-13	Holford.¶"The lady," (II) Holford. "The lady (I,D.)
	13-14	"choses (II) choses (I,D.)
	15	hope,"..."if (II) hope,...if (I,D.)
	16-17	thine."¶Miss (II) thine." Miss (I,D.)
	17-18	toss.¶"Then (II) toss. "Then (I,D.)
	19-20	Holford.¶"Yea"-- (II) Holford. "Yea-- (I,D.)
	20	she,--"if (II) she--if (I,D.)
	21	"Oh, ma'm,..."we (II) "Oh ma'm,...we (I,D.)
	25	not?"..."very (II) not?...very (I,D.)
51	1-2	it,"...Colerain. (II) it,...Colerain." (I,D.)
	3	so, madam," (II) so madam, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
51	3	Haubert; "but (II) Haubert, but (I,D.)
	6	others," says (II) others, says (I,D.)
	7	"Ay,"..."this (II) "Ay,...this (I,D.)
	7	toleration, by (II) toleration by (I,D.)
	11	mansions; why (II) mansions. Why (I,D.)
	13	madam,"..."the (II) madam,...the (I,D.)
	15	eyes," (II) eyes, (I,D.)
	22	people,"..."had (II) people,...had (I,D.)
	26	"Nay, now,...Holford,"..."thou (II) Nay, now...Holford,... thou (I,D.)
52	3	us,"..."the (II) us,...the (I,D.)
	5	fancy,"..."it (II) fancy,...it (I,D.)
	9	rights,"..."power (II) rights,...power (I,D.)
	11	say,"..."the (II) say,...the (I,D.)
	12	born,"..."with (II) born,...with (I,D.)
	15	chuses (II) chooses (I,D.)
	16	"So,"..."it (II) "So,...it (I,D.)
	16-17	*You...you need (II) Ye...ye need (I,D.)
	22	"Nay,"--...Carlill,--"I (II) "Nay--...Carlill--I (I,D.)
	23	people (II) people, (I,D.)
	24	madam,"..."you (II) madam,...you (I,D.)
53	6	Carlill,"..."but (II) Carlill,...but (I,D.)
	9	thee," (II) thee, (I,D.)
	11	"Pshaw!"..."They'll (II) "Pshaw!...they'll (I,D.)
	13	do, the (II) do the (I,D.)
	13	favour," (II,D.) favour, (I)

Page	Line	
53	15	flourish,"..."they (II) flourish,...they (I,D.)
	20	conclusion,"..."A (II) conclusion,...A (I,D.)
	20	consequence was (II) consequence, was (I,D.)
	22	burgomaster (I,II) burgo-master (D.)
	23	people, and (II) people and (I,D.)
	26	And, pray, Sir (II) people and (I,D.)
54	1	"Me," (II) Me, (I,D.)
	1	magistrate,----"my...Amsterdam." (II) magistrate,--my... Amsterdam. (I,D.)
	3	England,..."The (II) England,...The (I,D.)
	4	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	5	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	6	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	7	intimate,"...Holford; "in (II) intimate,...Holford, in (I,D.)
	9	the,..."If (II) thee,...If (I,D.)
	12	madam (II) Madam (I,D.)
	13	"Why,..."when (II) "Why,...when (I,D.)
	15	surely when (I,II) surely, when (D.)
	16	reasoning,..."with (II) reasoning...with (I,D.)
	20	state." (II,D.) state. (I)
	21	"pray (II) pray (I,D.)
	24	"That,--...you, (II,D.) "That--...you (I)
	24	madam, (II) ma'm, (D.) ma'm (I)
	25	science," (II) science;" (I,D.)
55	1	ignorance,..."still (II) ignorance...still (I,D.)
	2	"wilt (II) wilt (I,D.)

Page	Line	
55	4	Mr. (II) "Me. (I,D.)
	4	"Read (II) read (I,D.)
	6	"Alas!"..."I (II) "Alas!...I (I,D.)
	8	Considering, however, (II) Considering however (I,D.)
	12	madam," (II) ma'm, (I,D.)
	13	dislike;-- "there (II) dislike--there (I,D.)
	15	that,"..."but (II) that,...but (I,D.)
	16	nay, (II) may (I,D.)
	18	madam,"..."God (II) madam,...God (I,D.)
	22	friends,"..."that (II) friends...that (I,D.)
56	3	Why, is (II) Why is (I,D.)
	5	Sir (II) "Sir (I,D.)
	11	Miss (II) miss (I,D.)
	16	*degree was (II) degree, has (I) degree,was (D.)
	21	who, however, (II) who however (I,D.)
	24	quaker: (II) quaker; (I,D.)
	25	enthusiasm; (II) enthusiasm: (I,D.)
57	7	reflection:--That (II) reflection--that (I,D.)
	17	there,"..."some (II) there,...some (I,D.)
	20	"Oh,...that," (II) "Oh...that (I,D.)
	21	herself,--"I (II) herself--I (I,D.)
58	2	Carlill,"..."cease (II) Carlill,...cease (I,D.)
	5	* we happen (II) we do happen (I,D.)
	6	probable, (a...eyes) [II] probable--a...eyes-- [I,D.]
	8	*Miss Coleraine (II) his mestress (I,D.)

Page	Line	
58	20	grave, so (I,II) grave so (D.)
	23-24	Colerain?¶ Mrs. (II) Coleraine? Mrs. (I,D.)
	25-26	lady.¶ "Do (II) lady. "Do (I,D.)
	26	Carlill? asked (II) Carlill?" asked (I,D.)
59	1	"but (II) but (I,D.)
	3	herself by (II) herself, by (I,D.)
	11	Lindsay,"..."I (II) Lindsay,...I (I,D.)
	14	relation,"..."but (II) relation,...but (I,D.)
	16-17	day."¶ Sir (II) day." Sir (I,D.)
	19	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	20	value, when (II) value when (I,D.)
	20	appendage, was (II) appendage was (I,D.)
	23	value, which (II) value which (I,D.)
	24	English (II,D.) english (I)
60	2	issue; she (II) issue she (I,D.)
	4	church. This (II) church; this (I,D.)
	4	me: In (II) me; in (I,D.)
	11	"So, Sir (II) "So sir (I,D.)
	16	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	20	"In (II) In (I,D.)
	22	graciousness,--Miss (II) graciousness, Miss (I,D.)
	24	"It (II) It (I,D.)
	27	reed: It (II) reed; It (I,D.)
61	7	burthen (II,D.) buthen (I)
	10	temper;--yes,-- (II) temper--yes-- (I,D.)

Page	Line	
61	10	Me!--the (II) Me! the (I,D.)
	11	Lindsay, however, did (II) Lindsay however did (I,D.)
	13	"Miss (II) Miss (I,D.)
	15	Miss Robarts (II) Miss. Robarts (I,D.)
	21	sin,--an (II) sin. An (I,D.)
	26	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	27	<u>seen</u>--women (II) <u>seen</u> women (I,D.)
62	5	*was destined (II) was not destined (I,D.)
	12	affliction; she (I,II) affliction: she (D.)
	13	her; and (II) her, and (I,D.)
	14	affliction; she (II) affliction: she (I,D.)
	16	asked, "Will (II) asked--"Will (I,D.)
	17	earnestly, "Oh (II) earnestly--"Oh (I) earnestly--Oh (D.)
	19	assured, Miss (II) assured Miss (I,D.)
	24	thought, to (II) thought to (I,D.)
	26	again, by (II) again by (I,D.)
	26	motion; I (II) motion--I (I,D.)
63	2	alcove, to (II) alcove to (I,D.)
	3	withdrawn. My (II) withdrawn; my (I,D.)
	7	"Horace (II) Horace (I,D.)
	13	clearly upon (II) clearly, upon (I,D.)
	24	daughter's-in-law (I,II) daughters in law (D.)
64	2	me, and (II) me and (I,D.)
	5	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	6	speak, however, (II) speak however, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
64	9	"Long (II) Long (I,D.)
	10	did, he (II) did he (I,D.)
	13	"It (II) It (I,D.)
	14	sorry, for (II) sorry for (I,D.)
	19	her,"...father; "he (II) her,...father, he (I,D.)
	21	Sir," (II) sir, (I,D.)
	22	Lindsay; let (II) Lindsay, let (I,D.)
	24	Sir, as (II) sir, as (I,D.)
	25	things,"..."but (II) things,...but (I,D.)
	26	raise; her (II) raise--her (I,D.)
	26	Sir, you (II) sir--you (I,D.)
65	1	Sir, unless (II) sir, unless (I,D.)
	5	¶ Mrs. (II) Mrs. (I,D.)
	6	me, I (II) me I (I,D.)
	8	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	10	Heavens, what (II) Heavens--what (I,D.)
	12	mercy! what (II) mercy,--what (I,D.)
	13	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	19-20	heaven: "Why,--O why!"--says he, "am (II) heaven:--"Why--O why--says he--am (I,D.)
	22	¶ "In (II) In (I,D.)
	24	"Miss (II) Miss (I,D.)
	25	culpability.-- (II) culpability. (I,D.)
	25	"Love,"..."was (II) "Love,...was (I,D.)
66	4	all,"-- (II) all-- (I,D.)
	4	father,-- "I (II) father--I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
66	6	Sir, (II) sir, (I,D.)
	7-8	Go." "I entreated (II) Go.--" I intreated (I) Go.--" I entreated (D.)
	8	hear; and (II) hear, and (I,D.)
	9	entreated (II) intreated (I,D.)
	9	"Till, (II) "till, (I,D.)
	12	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	16	*not with (II) and, with (I,D.)
	18	repentance, my (II) repentance; my (I,D.)
	25	honour, all (I,II) honour all (D.)
67	1	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	6	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	9	pour le comblè (II) pourle comble (I,D.)
	11	"My (II) My (I,D.)
	12	pen; and (II) pen, and (I,D.)
	15	he refused (II) He refused (I,D.)
	16	duty, and (II) duty--and (I,D.)
	19	"My (II) My (I,D.)
	21	thing, than (I,II) thing than (D.)
	26	submissive; certainly (II) submissive: certainly (I,D.)
68	3	"Upon (II) Upon (I,D.)
	6	"Our...aunt,"..."very (II) Our...aunt,...very (I,D.)
	13	"In (II) In (I,D.)
	15	newspapers (I,II) news papers (D.)
	17	economical; (II) ôeconomical, (I,D.)
	18	children; loved (II) children, loved (I,D.)

Page	Line	
68	18	other; and (II) other, and (I,D.)
	19	"Our (II) Our (I,D.)
	20	father; he (II) father, he (I,D.)
	22	She (II) she (I,D.)
69	5	"It (II) It (I,D.)
	9	"The (II) The (I,D.)
	10	happiness,--sometimes (II) happiness, sometimes (I,D.)
	14	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	14	-law overwhelmed (II) -law, overwhelmed (I,D.)
	15	things, by (II) things by (I,D.)
	15	inquired (II) enquired (I,D.)
	16	answered, they (II) answered they (I,D.)
	16	friend, a (II) friend a (I,D.)
	17	days,-- (II) days-- (I,D.)
	21	me. So (II) me; so (I,D.)
	23	"My (II) My (I,D.)
	24	me; so (II,D.) me: so (I)
	24-25	for, and (I,II) for and (D.)
70	3	"My (II) My (I,D.)
	3	situation, and (II) situation and (I,D.)
	8	"Mrs. (II) Mrs. (I,D.)
	9	spirits; so (II) spirits. So (I,D.)
	13	"Her (II) Her (I,D.)
	16	step-mothers (I,II) step mothers (D.)
	18	"The (II) The (I,D.)

Page	Line	
70	19	ill;-- (II) ill-- (I,D.)
	23	"This (II) This (I,D.)
71	6	which, however, (II) which however (I,D.)
	8	"Upon (II) Upon (I,D.)
	13	-law, from (II) -law from (I,D.)
	14	benevolence,-- (II) benevolence-- (I,D.)
	14	well,--but (II) well, but (I,D.)
	16	her. Still (II) her; still (I,D.)
	17-18	distressed, I (II) distressed I (I,D.)
	19	wrote, just (II) wrote just (I,D.)
	20	"Of this she (II) Of this, she (I,D.)
	20	after I (II) after, I (I,D.)
	25	"Sir, (II) "Sir (I,D.)
72	8	MARY LINDSAY (II) Mary Lindsay (I,D.)
	9	"When (II) When (I,D.)
	12	soul,--and (II) soul, and (I,D.)
	14	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	16	jail? (II,D.) jail: (I)
	19	satire, no (II) satire no (I,D.)
	19	reasoning; but (II) reasoning, but (I,D.)
	21	¶"So, (II) So, (I,D.)
	22-23	pride." ¶"And (II) pride. And (I,D.)
	23	display,"..."was (II) display,...was (I,D.)
	25	these, as (II) these as (I,D.)
	26	spirit-- (II) spirit, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
73	1-2	(continued...tenderness) [II] continued...tenderness-- [I,D.]
	2	pride--I (II) pride, I (I,D.)
	3	misfortunes,-- (II) misfortunes, (I,D.)
	5-6	bear."¶Mr. (II) bear. Mr. (I,D.)
	7	Colerain; but (II) Colerain, but (I,D.)
	8	out, however, (II) out however (I,D.)
	13-14	them; they (II) them, they (I,D.)
	16	needle-work (I,II) needle work (D.)
	19	spade, to (II) spade to (I,D.)
74	2	sale; she (II) sale, she (I,D.)
	2	one; it (II) one, it (I,D.)
	2	elephant, carrying (II) elephant carrying (I,D.)
	5	her. (II) her? (I,D.)
	6	madam? says (II) madam,says (I,D.)
	6	George. (II) George? (I,D.)
	6	it, says (II,D.) it says (I)
	11	value; but (II) value, but (I,D.)
	13	science--in fin, he (II) science; in fine he (I,D.)
	13	conquered. A (II) conquered; a (I,D.)
	15	*had been (II) had not been (I,D.)
	24	objects, who (II) objects who (I,D.)
	25	George," answered (II) George, answered (I,D.)
	25	Lindsay," are (II) Lindsay, are (I,D.)
75	1	Me!--Lindsay," says (II) Me--Lindsay--says (I,D.)
	1	George, "pray (II) George--pray (I,D.)

Page	Line	
75	2	"Yesterday," (II) "Yesterday, (I,D.)
	1	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	4	"What,-- (II) "What-- (I,D.)
	4	George, "is (II) George--is (I,D.)
	6-7	George,"..."will (II) George...will (I,D.)
	8	happiness; and (I,II) happiness and (D.)
	10-11	accurately a (II) accurately, a (I,D.)
	16	done!"..."that (II) done!...that (I,D.)
	16	home, however (II) home however (I,D.)
	17	retorted,"...Lindsay; "but (II)retorted, Lindsay, but (I,D.)
	17-18	pupil, you (II) pupil you (I,D.)
	19	Could (II) could (I,D.)
	21-22	"all (II) all (I,D.)
76	4	gentlemen (II) Gentlemen (I,D.)
	5	Carlill, with (II) Carlill with (I,D.)
	5	daughter, prepared (II) daughter prepared (I,D.)
	9	generous; she (II) generous. She (I,D.)
	12	*Carlill, a freeman of (II) Carlill of (I,D.)
	16	*brother Ghent (II) brother at Ghent (I,D.)
	19	debt, in (II) debt in (I,D.)
77	6	believe," (II) believe, (I,D.)
	8	so,"...replied; "if (II) so,...replied, if (I,D.)
	10	lady," (II) lady, (I,D.)
	13	Tour (II) tour (I,D.)
	14	said, by (II) said by (I,D.)

Page	Line	
77	19	economy (II) o͡economy (I,D.)
	22-23	lady; and (II) lady, and (I,D.)
	25	plans; and (II) plans, and (I,D.)
	26	idea, that (II) idea that (I,D.)
78	2	house, it seems, (II) house it seems (I,D.)
	6	said, Sir (II) said Sir (I,D.)
	10	length friend (II) length, friend (I,D.)
	11	desisted, and (II) length, friend (I,D.)
	11	*would (II) wouldst (I,D.)
	20-21	night, only (I,II) night only (D.)
	24	"When (II) When (I,D.)
	24	mother, she (II) mother she (I,D.)
79	1	humour, by (II) humour by (I,D.)
	6	head should (I,II) head, should (D.)
	8	economical (II) o͡economical (I,D.)
	13-14	husbands, I (II) husbands I (I,D.)
	14	suppose, do (II) suppose do (I,D.)
	21-22	less, by half, (II) less by half (I,D.)
80	1	Catherine (II) "Catherine (I,D.)
	26	shewed, by (II) shewed by (I,D.)
81	2	"I,...part," (II) I,...part, (I,D.)
	2	"do...clould." (II) do...clould, (I,D.)
	9	Colerain (II) Coleraine (I,D.)
	11	many," (II) many, (I,D.)
	14-15	Haubert, died (II) Haubert died (I,D.)
	23	insolent, that (II) insolent that (I,D.)

Page	Line	
82	6	chanced, at (II) chanced at (I,D.)
	9	Haubert; he (II,D.) Haubert: he (I)
	21	*her. I (II) her. Fathers and aunts will die; I (I,D.)
83	10-11	women." "Ay, (I,II) women." ¶ "Ay (D.)
	13	hersel-- (II) hersell-- (I) herself-- (D.)
	18	Ward, at (II) Ward at (I,D.)
85	2-3	excellency, which (II) excellency; which (I,D.)
	14-15	one-eight (II,D.) one eight (I)
	24	lover; of (II) lover of (D.)
86	11	persevere (I,II) peresvere (D.)
	13	this (II) This (I,D.)
88	1	*vessel to (II) vessel then ready to (I,D.)
	3	Cape (II) cape (I,D.)
14	14	*long and long (II) long and loud (I,D.)
	26	chaise whence (II) chaise, whence (I,D.)
89	3	Common (II) common (I,D.)
90	24	sure; but (II) sure, but (I,D.)
91	9	*by impressions (II) by points (I,D.)
	15	Colerains (II) Colerain's (I,D.)
	16	dangers (II) danger (I,D.)
	20	still (II,D.) Still (I)
92	5	*The rising sun is (I,II) Is the rising sun (D.)
	17	*she (I,II) he (D.)
	24	cardinal (II) cardinel (I,D.)
	25	*black (II) green (I,D.)

Page	Line	
93	4	rising,"..."to (II) rising,...to (I,D.)
	6	madam,"...hurry, "may (II) madam,...hurry,--may (I,D.)
	7	sir,"..."you (II) Sir,...you (I,D.)
	22	*all this (II) all that (I,D.)
	24	surprised (II) surprized (I,D.)
	24-25	said hast (I,II) said, hast (D.)
	25	otherwise? (I,II) otherwise?" (D.)
	26	morning," (I,II) morning, (D.)
94	3	-garden, (I,II) -garden (D.)
	4	*leaves; I told her her polyanthus's (II) leaves; I told her it was a fine morning, she said it was; I told her her polyanthus's (I,D.)
	5	granted: but (II) granted; but (I,D.)
	6	garden, she (I,II) garden she (D.)
	8	"Thou...doubt," (II) Thou...doubt, (I,D.)
	8	Carlill. (II) Carlill." (I,D.)
	9	own,"..."I (II) own,...I (I,D.)
	12	judgest," (II) judgest, (I,D.)
	13	if (II) If (I,D.)
	16	thee, if (II) thee if (I,D.)
	18	her? (II) her?" (I,D.)
	19	"it (II) "It (I,D.)
	19	Carlill,"..."more (II) Carlill,...more (I,D.)
	21	"No,"--answered, Miss Carlill,--"thou (II) "No--answered Miss Carlill--thou (I,D.)
95	3	man she (II) man, she (I,D.)
	8	zeal," (II) zeal-- (I,D.)

Page	Line	
95	26	suppose to (II,D.) suppose, to (I,D.)
	26	accept. Was (II) accept." 'Was (I,D.)
96	3	give:" (II) give?" (I,D.)
	12	labour?" (II) labour!" (I,D.)
	18	honour,"..."no (II) honour,...no (I,D.)
	20	'Well,"....George, 'well (II) 'Well--...George--well (I,D.)
	23	principle,--to (II,D.) principle, to (I)
	26	amusement, for (I,II) amusement for (D.)
97	5	wish," say (II) wish, says (I,D.)
	10	house (II) House (I,D.)
	14-15	month,"..."her (II) month,...her (I,D.)
	17	heaven!"..."but (II) heaven!...but (I,D.)
	17	*bear (II) dear (I,D.)
99	4	not,"..."make (II) not,...make (I,D.)
	7	'Well," (II) 'Will, (I,D.)
	10	her," (II) her, (I,D.)
	12	wish,"..."I (II) wish,...I (I,D.)
	22	customary, deposit (II,D.) customary deposit (I)
	26	Merrick," (II) Merrick, (I,D.)
100	3	premises,"..."shall (II) 'remises,...shall (I,D.)
	7	"Agreed,"..."What (II) "Agreed,...What (I,D.)
	10	Mr. (I,II) 'Mr. (D.)
101	3	Carlill's, (II,D.) Carlill's (I)
	7	questions,"..." I (II) questions,...I (I,D.)
	9	do,"..."I (II) do,...I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
101	13	to day (II) to-day (I,D.)
	15	"against (II) "Against (I,D.)
	17	all," (II) all, (I,D.)
	19	imagine,"..."I (II) imagine,...I (I,D.)
	23	Claverly,"..."Cornelia (II) Claverly,...Cornelia (I,D.)
	26	believe," (II) believe, (I,D.)
102	2	think," (II) think, (I,D.)
	4	errand," (II) errand, (I,D.)
	7	it," (II) it, (I,D.)
	9	"No,-- (II) "No-- (I,D.)
	10	Claverly," (II) Claverly, (I,D.)
	14	sir? (II) Sir? (I,D.)
	17	publickly (II) publicly (I,D.)
	18	contradicted;"...Claverly. (II) contradicted;...Claverly." (I,D.)
	19	have, sir,"..."but (II) have sir,...but (I,D.)
	24	Claverly," (II) Claverly, (I,D.)
103	1	heart," (II) heart, (I,D.)
	3	Carlill,"..."I (II) Carlill,...I (I,D.)
	7	George." (II,D.) Geroge," (I)
	8	"Oh," (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	16	*curtsy (II) courtesy (I,D.)
	23	*"I never had," replied (II) "I never, replied (I,D.)
	26	madam,"..." requires (II) madam,...requires (I,D.)
104	1	madam,"..." requires (II) madam,...requires (I,D.)
	4	madam,..."You (II) madam,...you (I,D.)

Page	Line	
104	6	however," (II) however, (I,D.)
	7	also, considering (II) also. considering (I) also. Considering (D.)
	12	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	26	madam,"..."and (II) madam,...and (I,D.)
105	3	de--tes--ta--ti--on? (II) de--test--a--tion? (I,D.)
	12	Paradyne,"..."shall (II) Paradyne,...shall (I,D.)
	21	tomorrow,"..."for (II) tomorrow,...for (I,D.)
	23	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	24	insult!" (II) insult! (I,D.)
	24	low,to (II) low to (I,D.)
106	9	sofa (II) sopha (I,D.)
	12	myself."..."I (II) myself,...I (I,D.)
	15	Sir (II) "Sir (I,D.)
	15	Colerain, "He (II) Colerain--he (I,D.)
	18	"Oh," (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
107	1	were," (II) were, (I,D.)
	19	entreat (II) intreat (I,D.)
108	4	phisiologically (II) physiologically (I,D.)
	8	only." (II) only. (I,D.)
	9	common, with (II,D.) common with (I)
	11	pity (II) pitty (I,D.)
	23	grace and (II) grace, and (I,D.)
109	8	was, however (II,D.) was however (I)
	12-13	Lindsay,"..."why (II) Lindsay,...why (I,D.)
	15	notwithstanding,"..."very (II) notwithstand,...very (I,D.)

Page	Line	
109	17	Lindsay,"..."if (II) Lindsay,...if (I,.D)
	18	heart------" "Oh (II) heart------" "Oh (I,D.)
	19	"Pshaw!"..."I (II) "Pshaw!...I (I,D.)
110	8	answer, except (I,II) answer except (D.)
	11	gentlemen, having (I,II) gentlemen having (D.)
	12	to day (II) to-day (I,D.)
	13	Lindsay, proceeding (I,II) Lindsay proceeding (D.)
	15	hour, he (I,II) hour he (D.)
	18	Lindsay starting, (II) "Lindsay starting (I,D.)
	23	wish,"..."to (II) wish,...to (I,D.)
111	3	me, Lindsay, (I,II) me Lindsay (D.)
	25	sisters wretched?" (II) sisters, wretched?" (I,D.)
112	6	situation, should (I,II) situation should (D.)
	8	willingly, greedily." (II,D.) willingly greedily." (I)
	9	<u>honourable</u> (II) honourable (I,D.)
	13	"Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	15	vain." (I,II) vain. (D.)
	18	it: this (II,D.) it: This (I)
	24	*all your good (II) all the good (I,D.)
113	15	necessarily, I (II) necessarily," I (I,D.)
	15	duelling," (II) duelling, (I,D.)
114	8	Colerain, in (II) Colerain in (I,D.)
	12	satisfied, that (I,II) satisfied that (D.)
	22	had; no (II) had, no (I,D.)
115	11	knowest (II,D.) Knowest (I)

Page	Line	
115	13	books, which (I,II) books which (D.)
	17	think," (II) think, (I,D.)
116	7	perhaps, has (I,II) perhaps has (D.)
	9	*think (II) thing (I,D.)
	19-20	asked. "One (II) asked. ¶ "One (I,D.)
	25-26	them?"--men too? (II) them?--men too?" (I,D.)
117	1	George said, (I,II) George, said (D.)
	15	--in (II) in (I,D.)
	18	lost. (II,D.) lost, (I)
118	13	Common (II) common (I,D.)
119	2	upon?" (II) upon." (I,D.)
	3	"But (I,II) But, (D.)
	4	"does (II) does, (I,D.)
121	3	cui bono? (II) cui bono? (I,D.)
	4	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)
	20	knows when (II) knows, when (I,D.)
123	14	tea (I,II) ea (D.)
	16	Colerain, when (I,II) Colerain when (D.)
	19	* and be (II,D.) and he (I)
	20	with all (II) withall (I,D.)
	26	"Good (II) "good (I,D.)
124	4	advice (II,D) advise (I)
	7	controul (II) control (I,D.)
	10	controul (II) control (I,D.)
	14	hope, (I,II) hope," (D.)

Page	Line	
124	20	what manner (I,II) wha manner (D.)
	25	him." (II,D.) him.? (I)
125	3	connexions (II) connections (I,D.)
	4	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	14	present, you (I,II) present you (D.)
	15	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	17	then sir? (II) then, Sir? (I,D.)
	20	them, sir? (II) them, Sir? (I,D.)
	22	purpose, sir? (II) purpose, Sir? (I,D.)
126	2	married!"-- (II) married!-- (I,D.)
	17	Carlill's to (II,D.) Carlill's, to (I)
128	1	*revered (II) reverend (I,D.)
	12	Ward the (II) Ward, the (I,D.)
129	16	says, I (I,II) says I (D.)
	25	Mr. Lindsay (II,D.) M. Lindsay (I)
130	3	is,"..."a (II) is,...a (I,D.)
132	5	That (II) "That (I,D.)
	18-19	clergy;" for, (II) clergy; for," (I,D.)
	19	gnats (II) knats (I,D.)
133	5	"Generally (II,D.) Generally (I)
	15	lay, that (II) lay that (I,D.)
134	22	women? (II) women: (I,D.)
	23	connexions, (II) connections, (I,D.)
	24	connexions with (II) connections, with (I,D.)
135	3	"Come," (I,II) Come," (D.)

Page	Line	
135	19	who, not (I,II) who not (D.)
	23	"At (II,D.) At (I)
136	13	economise (II) œconomise (I,D.)
	17	enui (II) ennue (I) ennui (D.)
	18	miserable,-- (II) miserable, (I,D.)
	19	"To (II) To(I,D.)
137	13	"My (II) My (I,D.)
	24	*who, protested, vowed (II) who protested, intreated, vowed (I,D.)
139	6	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	11	toilette, (II) toilette; (I) oilette; (D.)
	11	frenzy (II) phrenzy (I,D.)
	14	"do (II) do (I,D.)
140	27	*side, (I,II) sides (D.)
141	16	amaciated (II) emaciated (I,D.)
	19	through (II) thro' (I,D.)

Volume II

Page	Line	
142	5	surprised, if (I,II) surprised if (D.)
	14	offending, or (II) offending--or (I,D.)
143	20	ma'am (II) ma'm (I,D.)
	20	Susanna; (II) Susanna, (I,D.)
	25	living; (II) living, (I,D.)
144	5	Madam; (II) madam, (I,D.)
	6-7	Susanna.-- ¶ "You (II) Susanna. "You (I,D.)
	9	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	10	Pray, Ma'am, (II) Pray ma'm (I,D.)
	11	tomorrow (I,II) to-morrow (D.)
	14	So? (II) so?" (I,D.)
	17	(what...be)? [II] --what...be? [I,D.]
	24	Fidel, the (II) Fidel the (I,D.)
145	3	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	8	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	8	black;-- (II) black, (I,D.)
	13	"Oh! Madam (II) "Oh, madam (I,D.)
	14	enough; But (II) enough. But (D.) enough. But (I)
	14	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	14	Colerain, am (II) Colerain am (I,D.)
	17	inquire; (II) enquire;" (I) enquire," (D.)
	18	reward--." (II) reward--" (I,D.)
	21	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	23	ever; for (II) ever, for (I,D.)

Page	Line	
145	24	world, and (II) world--and (I,D.)
	25	Matam (II) matam (I,D.)
146	3	-up; and (II) -up, and (I,D.)
	4	*Susan (II,D.) Susan. (I)
147	7	follies, and (II) follies; and (I,D.)
	9	nymph; then (II) nymph, then (I,D.)
	14	well?"--"I (II) well?" "I (I,D.)
	15	Sir, (II,D.) Sir (I)
	15	morning."--"Gone (II) morning." "Gone (I,D.)
	22	"An (II) An (I,D.)
148	8	"CORNELIA COLERAIN." (II) CORNELIA COLERAIN. (I,D.)
	13	concerned, Miss (I,II) concerned Miss (D.)
	15	Miss (II,D.) miss (I)
149	15	pleases? (II) pleases?" (I,D.)
	17	what, she (II) what she (I,D.)
150	4	*go (II,D.) do (I)
	6	arrangement, I think, (II) arrangement I think (I,D.)
	10	others'--(II) others-- (I,D.)
	10	thee;-- (II) thee-- (I,D.)
	11	it;-- (II) it-- (I,D.)
	14	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	14	"then (II) then (I,D.)
	15	said," (II) said;" (I,D.)
	21	eyes, with (II) eyes; with (I,D.)
	24	--But (II) But (I,D.)

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150	25	things; and (II) things: and (I,D.)
151	4	I at (I,II) I, at (D.)
	19	answered;-- (II) answered,; (I,D.)
	20	me, from (II) me from (I,D.)
152	4	Quaker (II) quaker (I,D.)
	4	quickness;-- (II) quickness-- (I,D.)
	5	thee, however (I,II) thee however (D.)
	22	Miss (II) miss (I,D.)
	27	avenues of (II,D.) avenues. of (I)
153	3	assembled, a (II) assembled a (I,D.)
	4	children, who (I,II) children who (D.)
	17	hesitation, he (II) hesitation he (I,D.)
	21	us, Claverly (II) us Claverly (I,D.)
	22	Baronet (II) baronet (I,D.)
	24	"Oh!" (II) "Oh," (I,D.)
	24	answered, (II) answered," (I,D.)
154	1	child.-- (II) child. (I,D.)
	5	you a (I,II) you, a (D.)
	5	myself; (I,II) myself? (D.)
	19	report; or (I,II) report or (D.)
155	2	judging-- (II) judging,-- (I,D.)
	8	replied (II) --replied (I,D.)
	13	own, therefore (II) own therefore (I,D.)
	16	Third (II) third (I,D.)
156	1	--I (II) I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
156	3	words; and (II) words, and (I,D.)
	8	Grace (II,D.) grace (I)
157	4	contended,...that, (II) contended...that (I,D.)
	5	ad necem (II) ad necem (I,D.)
	6	Christian (II) christian (I,D.)
	10	length Mr. (II) length, Mr. (I,D.)
	25	to--good (I,II) to good (D.)
158	1	"it (II) "It (I,D.)
	11	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	12	George," (II) George!" (I,D.)
	12	--"and (II) "and (I,D.)
	21	offence;" (II) offence; (I,D.)
	26	ride.-- (II) ride. (I,D.)
	26	murmuring.-- "Oh (II) murmuring "Oh (I,D.)
159	4	Sir; (II,D.) Sir: (I)
	6	Mr. (I,II) "Mr. (D.)
	8	answered; (II) answered, (I,D.)
	9	replied.-- (II) replied. (I,D.)
	16	Miss (I,II) "Miss (D.)
	20	present; he (II) present, he (I,D.)
	21	neither (II) neigher (I,D.)
160	5	uncle, who (II) uncle who (I,D.)
	7	"Why, George (II) "Why George (I,D.)
	10	me; he (II) me, he (I,D.)
	19	--You (II) You (I,D.)

Page	Line	
160	20	first, and (II) first and (I,D.)
161	7	it Emilia? (II) it, Emilia? (I,D.)
	18	prevented, by (II) prevented by (I,D.)
	20	--Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	23	needed (I,II) neded (D.)
	23	intruded (I,II) ntruded (D.)
162	1	her; she (II) her! she (I,D.)
	6	Lord." (II) lord." (I,D.)
	15	endeavoured (II) enceavoured (I,D.)
	19	connexions (II) connections (I,D.)
	20	once.--He (II) once; he (I,D.)
	25	know, some (II) know--some (I,D.)
163	2	determined, that (II) determined that (I,D.)
	3	honour;-- (II) honour-- (I,D.)
	4	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	5	is, to (II) is to (I,D.)
	5	myself (II,D.) myslef (I)
	7	Mary; (II) Mary. (I) Mary, (D.)
	15	some kings (II,D.) som ekings (I)
	18	far, as (II) far as (I,D.)
	18	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)
	20	part, he (II) art he (I,D.)
	20	*liked (II) like (I,D.)
	20	ideas, always (II) ideas always (I,D.)
	24	conciliation, and (II) conciliation and (I,D.)

Page	Line	
164	6	Christian (II) christian (I,D.)
	7	Catholic (II) catholic (I,D.)
	8	heresy and (II) heresy, and (I,D.)
	11	though (II) tho' (I,D.)
	18	"For (I,II) ¶ "For (D.)
	22	----Now (II) Now (I,D.)
165	1	Paradyne;-- (II) Paradyne, (I,D.)
	3	laughing; (II) laughing, (I,D.)
	6	friendship (II,D.) Friendship (I)
	9	know, can (I,II) know can (D.)
	10	hall. (II) Hall. (I,D.)
	12	Lord (II) lord (I,D.)
	15-16	merit; and (II) merit, and (I,D.)
	20	body; for (II) body, for (I,D.)
	20	grace (I [II] grace, (I [I,D.]
	21	God), [II] God) [I,D.]
	21	small cloaths (II) small-clothes (I,D.)
	22	ease, I (II) ease; I (I,D.)
	23	feeling, the (II) feeling the (I,D.)
166	3	confess, he (II) confess he (I,D.)
	6	though (II) tho' (I,D.)
	10	however, mistaken (II) however mistaken (I,D.)
	14	little (II,D.) Little (I)
	16	Ranelagh (II) Renelagh (I,D.)
	18	elocution rendered (II) elocution, rendered (I,D.)

Page	Line	
166	20	Paradyne, he (II) Pardyne he (I,D.)
	20	afterwards, she (II) afterwards she (I,D.)
	24	Auschamp, calling (II) Auschamp calling (I,D.)
167	2	man, I (II) man I (I,D.)
	6	"Oh!" (II) "Oh," (I,D.)
	12	"Ah! well," (II) "Ah, well!" (I,D.)
	18	connexion (II) connections (I,D.)
	25	*your (II) you, (I,D.)
168	5	madam (I,II) Madam (D.)
	6	"why, from (I,II) "why from (D.)
	8	then; one (II) then? one (I,D.)
	9	good-nature (I,II) good nature (D.)
	18	expressive, Though (II) expressive. Though (I,D.)
	24	Auschamp's, (II) Auschamp's (I,D.)
169	5	Birimport, and (I,II) Birimport and (D.)
	25	*be the (II) be this (I,D.)
170	8	to day (I,II) to-day (D.)
	19	rank, and (I,II) rank and (D.)
	22	here, and (II) here and (I,D.)
171	13	consent, which (I,II) consent which (D.)
	19	Paradyne; (II,D.) Paradyne,; (I)
	20	hypochrondriacism (II,D.) hypondriacism (I)
172	12	she, "You (II) she. "You (I,D.)
1	21	she, (II) she. (I,D.)
173	4	*resolutions (II,D.) resolution (I)

Page	Line	
173	10	favourite. I (II) favourite; I (I,D.)
	17	"Why, what's (II) "Why what's (I,D.)
174	2	*would be (II) will be (I,D.)
175	4	of his (II,D.) ofhis (I)
	6	then, he (I,II) then he (D.)
	17	Walk. Of (II,D.) walk, Of (I)
	23	* else they could find they did take, (II) else they did take, (I,D.)
	23-24	* Colerain heard of this distress, (II) Colerain of this dress (I,D.)
176	14	there, he (II) there he (I,D.)
	25	ill founded (II;D.) illfounded (I)
177	1	disorder." (II) disorder. (I,D.)
	10	asked' (II) asked, (I,D.)
	10	offend? (II) offend?" (I,D.)
	15	nature; (II) nature;" (I,D.)
178	21	Paradyne:" (II,I) Paradyne: (D.)
	23	"I (II) I (I,D.)
179	3	*liberal a donation (II) liberal donation (I,D.)
	7	self-approbation (II) self approbation (I,D.)
	11	"CORNELIA COLERAIN," (II) CORNELIA COLERAIN. (D.) Cornelia Colerain. (I)
	13	Mr. (II) "Mr. (I,D.)
	19	canonicals (II) canonicles (I,D.)
180	22	*early in life, (II,D.) early, (I)
181	7	I, the (I,II) I the (D.)
	7-8	it, fifteen (I,II) it fifteen (D.)

Page	Line	
182	6	disposition did (I,II) disposition, did (D.)
	15	and fondest (I,II) andfo ndest (D.)
	21	*and that her (II,D.) and her (I)
	24	proceeded (II,D.) proceeced (I)
183	2	things: to (II) things; to (I,D.)
	16	hearing at (II) hearing, at (I,D.)
184	3	lady (II) Lady (I,D.)
	15	offices (I,II) Offices (D.)
	20	"Fielding," (I,II) "Fielding, (D.)
185	5	*ornament (II) ornaments (I,D.)
	5	*decorated the (II) decorated that (I,D.)
	7	*his heart (II) is heart (I,D.)
	19	followed (II,D.) folled (I)
186	1	--twice (II) twice (I,D.)
	14	chuse (II) chose (I,D.)
	21	"Oh, (II) "Oh (I,D.)
	22	also, it (I,II) also it (D.)
	25	*eternity for (II) eternity to (I,D.)
187	7	neither (II) neigher (I,D.)
	14	*to me (II) to men (I,D.)
	23	*right by (II) right, by (D.) right of (I)
188	1	particular, ever (I,II) particular ever (D.)
	22	lady (II) Lady (I,D.)
189	21	Lady (II) lady (I,D.)
	25	Ann (I,II) Anne (D.)

Page	Line	
190	1	Ann (I,II) Anne (D.)
	17	Mary doing (II) Mary, doing (I,D.)
	18	*wines, French (II) wines and French (I,D.)
	20	Count (II) count (I,D.)
192	4	Hitherto (II) "Hitherto (I,D.)
	17	other; he (II) other. he (I) other. He (D.)
	19	*world at all, (II,D.) world, (I)
	20	lordship (II) Lordship (I,D.)
	26	why (II) "why (I,D.)
193	23	Sir (I,II) "Sir (D.)
194	6	"But, (II) "But," (I,D.)
	6	"a simple (I,II) "asimple (D.)
	7	constituents." (I,II) constituents. (D.)
	11	it." (I,II) it" (D.)
	13	*your borough (II) you borough (I,D.)
	14	it, (II) It (I,D.)
	22	wish," (II,D) wish." (I)
195	3	"you (I,II) you (D.)
	3	* Well, (II,D.) Will, (I)
	4	even." (I,II) even. (D.)
	5	even my (II) even, my (I,D.)
	12	virtue (II) virue (I,D.)
196	4-5	*boast of more crowded routs that Mrs. Harcourt; and no lady could boast more conquests (II,D.) boast more conquests (I)
	7	ideot (II) idiot (I,D.)
	12	herself, was (II) herself was (I,D.)

Page	Line	
197	7	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	16	was, whether (I,II) was whether (D.)
198	5	countried, fortunes (II) countries fortunes (I,D.)
	19	*called a friendship (II,D.) called friendship (I)
	20	well, considering (II) well considering (I,D.)
	23	For (II) "For (I,D.)
199	2	*is a pity (II) is pity (I,D.)
	12	*elect (II) select (I,D.)
	22	*unnatural (II) natural (I,D.)
200	2	Chateaus (II) chatears (I,D.)
	20	Lieutenant (II) lieutenant (I,D.)
	21	lovers." (II) lovers. (I,D.)
	22	"I (II) I (I,D.)
201	1	"Not," (II) "Not, (I,D.)
	2	"that (II) that (I,D.)
	13	Me, who (I,II) Me who (D.)
	14	*months, and sighed (II,D.) months, sighed (II)
	15	Ann, when (II) Ann when (I,D.)
	25	me? (I,II) me?" (D.)
202	1	decent (II) cecent (I,D.)
	8	you, Madam (I,II) you madam (D.)
	12	to-day (I,II) tod-ay (D.)
	15	rodomontade (II) rhodomontade (I,D.)
	16	"they (II) they (I,D.)
	19	*in his power (II) in her power (I,D.)

Page	Line	
202	22	George. "We (I,II) George. ¶"We (D.)
203	9	"have (II) have (I,D.)
	12	ah's (II) ahs (I,D.)
	14	Fielding, who (I,II) Fielding who (D.)
	18	forgive (II) for give (I,D.)
	23	rout. (II) route. (I,D.)
204	2	account. Friday (II) account.¶ Friday (I,D.)
	9	"it (I,II) it (D.)
	10	*accumulating (II) accumulated (I,D.)
	20	*says (II) say (I,D.)
	21	Yes by (II) Yes, by (I,D.)
	25	puling (II) pulling (I,D.)
205	1	"Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
206	3	"If (II) If (I,D.)
	6	Hasting's (I,II) Hastings (D.)
	18	deal. (I,II) deal." (D.)
	20	increase (II) encrease (I,D.)
	21	"he (I,II) he (D.)
	26	is perhaps to (II) is, perhaps, to (I,D.)
207	21	Englishmen will (I,II) Englishme nwill (D.)
208	1	"and (I,II) and (D.)
	12	*His body (II) This body (I,D.)
	25	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	26	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
209	1	sir? (II) Sir, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
209	3	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	6	"Then, sir (II) "Then Sir (I,D.)
	7	according (I,II) according (D.)
	8	will, Sir (II) will Sir (I,D.)
	12	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	12	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	15	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	22	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	23	thus:" (II) thus. (I,D.)
210	1	so, sir (II) si Sir (I,D.)
	2	"Yes, sir (II) "Yes Sir (I,D.)
	4	"Then sir (II) "Then Sir (I,D.)
	12	*all the virtues, I might (II) all the virtues; and I imagined that if I married all the virtues, I might (I,D.)
	24	*may return, (II) my return, (I) my return (D.)
211	14	enjoyment, was (I,II) enjoyment was (D.)
	16	commands. This (II,D.) commands, This (I)
	24-25	heaven and (II) heaven, and (I,D.)
	25	women (II) woman (I,D.)
212	4	Weltjie's; Minerva (II) Weltjie's, Minerva (I,D.)
	16	freedom? (II) freedom; (I,D.)
213	6	sofa (II) sopha (I,D.)
	7	sofa (II) sopha (I,D.)
	10	--and (II,D.) and (I)
	10	*fatuity. (I,II) futurity (D.)
214	18	wretch!" (II,D.) wretch! (I)

Page	Line	
215	16	Madeira (II) madeira (I,D.)
	21	must (II) mnst (I,D.)
	26	route (II) rout (I,D.)
216	6	bowed, and (II) bowed and (I,D.)
	21	pleased, of (II,D.) pleased of (I)
217	10	*come said (II) come," says (I,D.)
	13	hours, which (I,II) hours which (D.)
218	4	Captain (II) "Captain (I,D.)
	4	Ann?" (II) Ann (I,D.)
	5	*walked (II) walking (I,D.)
	18	deserved." (I,II) deserved. (D.)
219	2	mind, sentiments (II) mind sentiments (I,D.)
	4-5	ever confessed (II) even confessed (I,D.)
	11	"SIR GEORGE, (II,D.) "Sir George, (I)
	12	B's, (I,II) B's (D.)
220	11	"G. PARADYNE." (II,D.) "G. Paradyne." (I)
	13	*dawn. (II) dawn, in the Green park. (I) dawn, in the Green Park (D.)
	24	inquired (II) enquired (I,D.)
	25	captain (II) Captain (I,D.)
221	9	saluted (II) saluting (I,D.)
	12	inquired (II) enquired (I,D.)
	13	*negative; if (II) negative, they asked if (I,D.)
	15	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
222	1	inquiring (II) enquiring (I,D.)
	3	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)

Page	Line	
222	10	pray (I,II) Pray (D.)
	17	and, consequently (I,II) and consequently (D.)
	24	*giving (II) given (I,D.)
223	1	George with (II) George, with (I,D.)
	12	* seeming (II) seemed (I,D.)
	24	Metcalf (II) Metcalfe (I,D.)
224	9	part lessens (II) part, lessens (I,D.)
	15	*of offence (II) of----- (I,D.)
225	5	would as (II) would, as (I,D.)
226	2	say, that (I,II) say that (D.)
	11	*waved (II) waving (I,D.)
	15	*but you (II) but if you (I,D.)
	16	*and if you (II) and if (I,D.)
	20	rheumatism; to (II) rheumatism, to (I,D.)
	21	evil speaking (II,D.) evil-speaking (I)
	24	commandments. How (I,II) commendments? How (D.)
227	17	*eat you (II) eat, and you (I,D.)
	19	cannot sixpence (II,D.) cannot, sixpence (I)
	23	'What! (I,II) 'What; (D.)
228	10	phials, and (I,II) phials and (D.)
229	3-4	needle; invert (I,II) needle? invert (D.)
	13	'Gripe (II,D.) Gripe (I)
230	4	Gratulations (II) gratulations (I,D.)
	12	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)
	13	Jones. (II) Jones, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
230	18	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	24	"The (I,II) The (D.)
231	9	invinsible (II) invincible (I,D.)
	11	steel (II) steal (I,D.)
	12	died; a (I,II) died, a (D.)
	17	"This (II) This (I,D.)
232	2	*shook (II) shaked (I,D.)
	4	Howell." (II) Howell. (I,D.)
	5	Three (II) "Three (I,D.)
	6	man, I (I,D.) man; I (I)
	9	brother, can (II) brother! can (I,D.)
	14	myself, must (II) myself must (I,D.)
	16	rector's (II) Rector's (I,D.)
233	17	steak. I (II) steak, I (I,D.)
234	8	Breslaw (II) Breslau (I,D.)
	14	for, being (II) for being (I,D.)
235	1	reveived (II) receved (I,D.)
	3	busness (I,II) business (I,D.)
	10	acres (II) acers (I,D.)
	12	industre (II) endustre (I,D.)
	13	Ruon (II) Ruoin (I,D.)
	17	"from (II) from (I,D.)
	18	"JOHN (II) JOHN (I,D.)
	20	se (II) see (I,D.)
	24	stock. I (II) stock, I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
235	26	curacy, which (II) curacy which, (I,D.)
236	1	*me an opportunity (II) me opportunity (I,D.)
237	3	*You have spoild (II) You spoiled (I,D.)
	24	it." (II) t, (I,D.)
238	17	*its (II) his (I,D.)
	24	"These," (II) These, (I,D.)
	25	"seem...taste." (II) seem...taste. (I,D.)
239	1	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	3	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	19	"All (I,II) All (I,D.)
	22	Keir (II) Heir (I,D.)
240	2	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	7	pointing (I,II) "pointing (D.)
	8	common. (II) common." (I,D.)
	9	"Alone?" (I,II) "Alone"? (D.)
	10	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	17	"Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	25	--To-morrow-- (II) To-morrow (I,D.)
241	1	*will (II) shall (I,D.)
	9	kind, she (I,II) kind she (D.)
243	17	Colerain, been (II,D.) Colerain been (I)
	20	informed it (II) informed, it (I,D.)
244	2	"which (II) which (I,D.)
	4	"What!" (II) "What! (I,D.)
	6	wonder;" (II) wonder," (II,D.)

Page	Line	
244	6	*I had said (I,II) I said (D.)
	9	*of hope. What the might be the meaning of those terrible (I,II) of those terrible (D.)
	16	Colerain; (II) Colerain. (I,D.)
	24	why?" (II,D.) why? (I)
245	3	saw, in (II) saw in (I,D.)
	6	necessary: (II) necessary; (I,D.)
	12	emphasis (II,D.) emphesis (I)
246	12	*his (II) this (I,D.)
	21	replied. (II) replied." (I,D.)
247	3	"Miss (II) Miss (I,D.)
	4	approbation," (II,D.) approbation,"' (I)
	8	believe of (II) believe, of (I,D.)
	9-10	are however (II) are, however (I,D.)
	11	evil." (II) evil. (I,D.)
	19	Though (II) Tho' (I,D.)
	26	entreat (II) intreat (I,D.)
248	18	great." (II,D.) great" (I)
	25	honourable? (II,D.) honourable" (I)
249	5	or (II) "or (I,D.)
	6	marriage. (II) marriage." (I,D.)
	8	not," (II,D.) not, (I)
	12	must (II) "must (I,D.)
	20	excuse (I,II) cuse (D.)
250	15	will heaven (II) will, heaven (I,D.)
	17	hand,) adieu, [II] hand" adieu. [D.] hand), adieu. [I]

Page	Line	
251	6	readers, who (II) readers who (I,D.)
	6	*she was (II) her (I,D.)
	7	SECOND (I,II) FIRST (D.)

Volume III

Page	Line	
252	2	tender-hearted (II) tender hearted (I,D.)
	2	Paradyne to (II) Paradyne,--to (I,D.)
	2-3	--As (II) As (I,D.)
	4	Mr. (II) --Mr. (I,D.)
	5	*could (II) would (I,D.)
	11	--Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	13	write, to (II) write to (I,D.)
	14	--Mr. (II) Mr. (I,D.)
	16	kindness; but (II) kindness. But (I,D.)
	17	--In (II) In (I,D.)
	17	Genesis, as (II) Genesis as (I,D.)
	18	Germany, or (II) Germany; or (I,D.)
	20	miners (II) minors (I,D.)
253	3	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	4	mad (II) made (I,D.)
	4	amends, by (II) amends by (I,D.)
	6	forbid, too (II) forbid too (I,D.)
	7	"when (II) "When (I,D.)
	12	believe; especially since (II) believe, especially, since (I,D.)
	17	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	17	Hyenas' (II) Hyena's (I,D.)
	22	you.¶ "Interim, I am your's entirely, (II) you. Interim,¶ "I am yours, entirely, (I,D.)
254	1	many; amongst (II) many, amongst (I,D.)
	1	others, the (II) others the (I,D.)

Page	Line	
254	3	"What, with (II) 'What with (I,D.)
	3	gout, and (II) gout and (I,D.)
	4	--As (II) As (I,D.)
	4	advice (II) advise (I,D.)
	5	enough, if (II) enough if (I,D.)
	6	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	8	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	8	Latin (II) latin (I,D.)
	8	*will not (II) won't (I,D.)
	9	--Colleges (II) Colleges (I,D.)
	10	*will not (II) won't (I,D.)
	10-11	*them (II) 'em (I,D.)
	14	*them (II) 'em (I,D.)
	14	is, to (II) is to (I,D.)
	14	dance, and (I,II) dance and (D.)
	15	home, and (II) home and (I,D.)
	16	breakfast; better, I (II) breakfast. Better I (I,D.)
	17	Morocco (II) morocco (I,D.)
	18	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	19	*will not (II) won't (I,D.)
	19	--So (II) So (I,D.)
	19	conclude your (II) conclude, your (I,D.)
	21	"Please your Honor, (II) "Please your honor, (I,D.)
	22	*orders (II) order (I,D.)
	22	*make (II) makes (I,D.)

Page	Line	
254	22	*write to (II) write (I,D.)
	23	Honor (II) honor (I,D.)
	23	Honor (II) honor (I,D.)
	24	Quad, though (II) Quad tho (I,D.)
255	2	fired, that (II) fired that (I,D.)
	2	sinews, and (II) sinews and (I,D.)
	3	filly, rising (II) filly rising (I,D.)
	3	years, should (II) years should (I,D.)
	3-4	--As (II) As (I,D.)
	4	Flounder, he's (II) Flounder he's (I,D.)
	4	done, and (II) done and (I,D.)
	4	Honor (II) honor (I,D.)
	5	carrier, or (II) carrier or (I,D.)
	5	*a gin (II) again (I,D.)
	5	--This (II) This (I,D.)
	6	Honor (II) honor (I,D.)
	6	Honor (II) honor (I,D.)
	6	return, and (II) return and (I,D.)
	7	county, which (II) county which (I,D.)
	8	Honor's (II) honors (I,D.)
	8	command, (II) command. (I,D.)
	10	"Good Sir, (II) "Good Sir, (I,D.)
	11	haste, that (II) haste that (I,D.)
	12	--In (II) In (I,D.)
	17	though (II) tho' (I,D.)

Page	Line	
255	18	--So (II) So (I,D.)
256	1	"To Mr. James Paradyne, (II) "To Mr. James Paradyne, (I,D.)
	4	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	4	--A (II) A (I,D.)
	6	doubt, but (II) doubt; but (I,D.)
	7	sirloins (I,II) surloins (D.)
	9	--Then (II) Then (I,D.)
	13	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	20	"To Mr. Cartwright. (II) "To Mr. Cartwright, (I,D.)
	25	--This (II) This (I,D.)
257	3	--This (II) This (I,D.)
	3	--he (II) he (I,D.)
	4	--He (II) He (I,D.)
	4	rent, you (II) rent you (I,D.)
	7	--Get (II) Get (I,D.)
	11	bailiff-- (II) bailiff; (I,D.)
	11	--His (II) His (I,D.)
	12	--Why, man, (II) Why man-- (I,D.)
	16	me; Flounder (II) me. Flounder (I,D.)
	16	favourite, and (II) favourite; and (I,D.)
	17	would, for (II) would for (I,D.)
	17	guinea, consign (II) guinea consign (I,D.)
	18	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	22	hunters, pray (II) hunters; pray (I,D.)
	22	--You (II) You (I,D.)

Page	Line	
257	23	bill, and (II) bill; and (I,D.)
	23	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	24	"Your (II) Your (I,D.)
	25	"GEORGE (II) G. (I,D.)
258	3	Germany-- (II) Germany; (I,D.)
	3	--its (II) its (I,D.)
	5	readers; (II) readers,-- (I,D.)
	6	*charm. To those who (II) charm,--who (I,D.)
	7	cockade, a (II) cockade; a (I,D.)
	8	--Other (II) Other (I,D.)
	8	found, at (II) found at (I,D.)
	13-14	Schorl, and (II) Schorl and (I,D.)
	14	petrefactions, and (II) petrefactions and (I,D.)
	15	matter, animate (II) matter animate (I,D.)
	16	--made (II) made (I,D.)
	19	Lindsay: -- (II) Lindsay;-- (I,D.)
	19	With (II) with (I,D.)
	21	Colerain. (I,II) Colrain. (D.)
259	2	half, and (II) half; and (I,D.)
	7	--This (II) This (I,D.)
	8	vanities, but (II) vanities; but (I,D.)
	9	--Sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	13	with-held (II) withheld (I,D.)
	13	--A (II) A (I,D.)
	14	encouragement, however, (II) encouragement however (I,D.)

Page	Line	
259	16	her by (II) her, by (I,D.)
	19	----This (II) This (I,D.)
	20	"Dear Mr. Carter, (II) "Dear Mr. Carter, (I,D.)
	21	your's (II) yours (I,D.)
	23-24	--My (II) My (I,D.)
	26	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	26	lady, which (II) lady; which (I,D.)
	27	*He is (II) He's (I,D.)
	27	hypochrondric (II) hipocondric (I,D.)
260	1	word, which (II) word; which (I,D.)
	3	purpose, as (II) purpose as (I,D.)
	5	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	6	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	10	it's (II) its (I,D.)
	11	pain or (II) pain, or (I,D.)
	12	words, as (II) words as (I,D.)
	16	--So (II) So (I,D.)
	16	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	19-20	out, as (II) out as (I,D.)
	21	Adam, though (II) Adam though (I,D.)
	23	wicked, as (II) wicked as (I,D.)
	25	lady, now (II) lady; now (I,D.)
261	2-3	--Assuredly, (II) Assuredly-- (I,D.)
	3	master; they (II) master--they (I,D.)
	3	always: They (II) always.----They (I,D.)
	4	Now (II) --Now (I,D.)

Page	Line	
261	5	said.-- (II) said-- (I,D.)
	17	smiled and (II) smiled, and (I,D.)
	17	believed (II,D.) be-"lieved (I)
	18	enough.-- (II) enough." (I,D.)
	19	Birimport? Don't (II) Birimport; don't (I,D.)
	20	Madam?" (II) madam?" (I,D.)
	21	"Why (II) ---"Why (I,D.)
	22-23	now." ¶ Now (II) now."---Now (I,D.)
	23	hitherto, as (II) hitherto as (I,D.)
	23	then my (II) then, my (I,D.)
	24	"So (II) --"So (I,D.)
	24	Madam, (II) madam (I,D.)
	26	Mistress (II) mistress (I,D.)
262	2	"Oh! (II) "Oh (I,D.)
	2	Madam," (II) madam," (I,D.)
	4-5	offend." ¶ However, he (II) offend."--However he (I,D.)
	8	you, worse (II) you worse (I,D.)
	9	Sunday (II) sunday (I,D.)
	10	Bible (II) bible (I,D.)
	10	--"So," (II) "So," (I,D.)
	11	now, and (II) now; and (I,D.)
	12	Sabbath (II) sabbath (I,D.)
	14	*"You, you (II) "You-- (I,D.)
	14	says (II) --says (I,D.)
	14	Master (II) master (I,D.)

Page	Line	
262	14-15	way, "you (II) way--"you (I,D.)
	16-17	pitch, before (II) pitch before (I,D.)
	20	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	21	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
263	1	Master (II) master (I,D.)
	2	imagination any (II) imagination, any (I,D.)
	9	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	10	However, if (II) However if (I,D.)
	11	Master, (II) master, (I,D.)
	13	"Yours (II) Yours (I,D.)
	14	"Sarah (II) Sarah (I,D.)
	15-16	grieved that (II) grieved, that (I,D.)
	18	himself; after (II) grieved, that (I,D.)
	19	through (II) thro' (I,D.)
	20	them. (II) them." (I,D.)
	22	was, however, (II) was however (I,D.)
264	4	intention and (II) intention,--and (I,D.)
	8	joys, joys (II) joys--joys (I,D.)
	8	ineffable, superior (II) ineffable--superior (I,D.)
	9	give, we (II) give--we (I,D.)
	10	effects (II) Effects (I,D.)
	13	Brown, of (II) Brown of (I,D.)
	16	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	16	shake, to (II) shake--to (I,D.)
	19	was, when (II) was when (I,D.)

Page	Line	
264	23	in (II) --in (I,D.)
	24	it.-- (II) it--(I,D.)
	24	ladies, I (II) ladies! I (I,D.)
265	4	merit, I (II) merit I (I,D.)
	5	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	5	--"What (II) "What (I,D.)
	6	*Christain, man? (II) christian man? (I,D.)
	6	--And (II) And (I,D.)
	6	--The (II) The (I,D.)
	8	Heaven. (II) heaven. (I,D.)
	8	Ah! (II) Ah, (I,D.)
	9	nature; all (II) nature. All (I,D.)
	11	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	11	replied (II) --replied (I,D.)
	11	--but"but (II) "but (I,D.)
	14	"Oh! fie, (II) "Oh, fie! (I,D.)
	14	--"spare (II) "spare (I,D.)
	15	thing, then (II) thing then (I,D.)
	17	--"Knowest (II) "Knowest (I,D.)
	21	--"Let (II) "Knowest (I,D.)
	24	boarding-school (II) boarding school (I,D.)
266	2	Welch (II) welch (I,D.)
	3	Now, Miss (II) Now Miss (I,D.)
	10	again this (II) again, this (I,D.)
	11	it; I (II) it. I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
266	16	what, (II) --"What, (I,D.)
	16	veracity, when (II) veracity when (I,D.)
	17	world; answer (II) world. Answer (I,D.)
	17	this, ye (I,II) this ye (D.)
	18	answered, to (II) answered--to (I,D.)
	20	--"Excuse, us, Mr. (II) "Excuse, us Mr. (I) "Excuse us, Mr. (D.)
	21	This (II) --This (I,D.)
	23	gentleman;" (II) gentleman." (I,D.)
267	5	*calculation (II) calastation (I,D.)
	6	operations, and (II) operations; and (I,D.)
	20	Hotel (II) hotel (I,D.)
	25-26	Quam fervens! Sol Angliae (II) Quam fervens! Sol Angliae (I,D.)
	26	instant, perhaps, (II) instant perhaps (I,D.)
268	1-2	Sol Pololiae, quam frigidus! quam crassus! (II) Sol Sodoliae, quam frigidus! quam crasus! (I,D.)
	2	quam crassus (II) quam crassus (I,D.)
	4	quam fervens (II) quam fervens (I,D.)
	5	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	6	honour (II) --honour (I,D.)
	9	shook (II) --shook (I,D.)
	9	praised (II) --praised (I,D.)
	9	and (II) --and (I,D.)
	13	----Lord (II) Lord (I,D.)
	14	brother, (II) brother," (I,D.)
	15	a-days (II) a days (I,D.)
	16	yesterday, since, (II) yesterday since, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
268	16-17	--You (II) You (I,D.)
	17	remember, too, (II) remember too, (I,D.)
	21	--Then (II) Then (I,D.)
	24	"But (II) --"But (I,D.)
269	5	and----." (II) and--" (I,D.)
	6	"that's (II) --"that's (I,D.)
	7	settee; (II) settee,-- (I,D.)
	8	Debby," (II) D bby!" (I,D.)
	10	husband, as (II) husband as (I,D.)
	10	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	12	gentlemen, sure (II) sentlemen sure (I,D.)
	20	graces, which (II) graces which (I,D.)
	20	And (II) --And (I,D.)
	22	Romping (II) romping (I,D.)
	25	Papa, (II) papa-- (I,D.)
	26	Fluellen; (II) Fluellen, (I,D.)
270	1	--Mr. (II) Mr. (I,D.)
	1	--Some (II) Some (I,D.)
	1-2	you, Deb; (II) you Deb; (I,D.)
	2	say about (II) say, about (I,D.)
	2	--Some (II) Some (I,D.)
	3	Latin (II) latin (I,D.)
	4	pistol, and (II) pistol; and (I,D.)
	5	gentleman are (II,D.) gentlemen, are (I)
	8	off. (II) of. (I,D.)

Page	Line	
270	11	Latin (II) latin (I,D.)
	11	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	12	gentlemen (II,D.) Gentlemen (I)
	13	Deb; (II) Deb," (I,D.)
	13-14	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	14	they, papa (II) they papa (I,D.)
	18	Christian (II) christain (I,D.)
	18-19	life; so (II) life. So (I,D.)
	23	inquired (II) enquired (I,D.)
271	2	"Me, my (II) "Me--my (I,D.)
	5	whiskers, and (II) whiskers; and (I,D.)
	6	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	7	alive, and (II) alive and (I,D.)
	10	angel," (II) angel;" (I,D.)
	10	adorer; (II) adorer, (I,D.)
	15	*"Why, am (II) "Why am (I,D.)
	15	Fluellen (II) Fluellin (I,D.)
	26	Fluellen (II) Fluellin (I,D.)
272	1	If (II) if (I,D.)
	2	noddy; as (II) noddy. As (I,D.)
	5	soul," (II) soul! (I,D.)
	7	--"Oh!" (II) "Oh," (I,D.)
	13	connexions (II) connections (I,D.)
	15	catechism?" (II) catechism." (I,D.)
	16	every (II) --every (I,D.)

Page	Line	
272	16	almost." (II) almost. (I,D.)
	17	--And (II) And (I,D.)
	17	it's (II) its (I,D.)
	17	silly too, (II) silly, too-- (I) silly too,-- (D.)
	18	love? (II) love. (I,D.)
	19	much kills (II) much, kills (I,D.)
	22	"well (II) "Well (I,D.)
	23	say, and (II) say--and (I,D.)
273	2	better, sure, (II) better sure (I,D.)
	3	can; so (II) can. So (I,D.)
	7	favour; let (II) favour. Let (I,D.)
	9	Fluellen; surely (II) Fluellin! Surely (I) Fluellen! Surely (D.)
	12	--As (II) As (I,D.)
	16	Fluellen (II,D.) Fluellin (I,D.)
	17	--What (II) What (I,D.)
	17	success, I (II) success I (I,D.)
	18	--Miss (II) Miss (I,D.)
	19	Winifred, too (II) Winifred too (I,D.)
	20	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	24	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	25	man; no, (II) man. No-- (I,D.)
274	8	concentrated, or, (II) concentrated--or (I,D.)
	8	funded, and (II) funded--and (I,D.)
	9	come; for (II) come--for (I,D.)
	11	foreigners touched (II) foreigners, touched (I,D.)

Page	Line	
274	11	Almon and (II) Almon, and (I,D.)
	17	partie quarrèe (II) partie quarrèe (I,D.)
	18	sui generis (II) sui generis (I,D.)
	20	Gold, (II) --Gold, (I,D.)
	20	owned, also (II) owned also (I,D.)
	21	unnecessary. (I,II) unnecessary (D.)
	23	side, being (II) side being (D.)
275	1	Shabirideretoff (II) Shabrideretoff (I,D.)
	8	mau vaise honte (II) mau vaise honte (I,D.)
	10	--Of (II) Of (I,D.)
	10	late, too (II) late too (I,D.)
	15	individual----" (II) individual-- (I,D.)
	16-17	George; "with (II) George. "With (I,D.)
	18	--Why (II) Why (I,D.)
	20	lost----." (II) lost--" (I,D.)
276	2	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	5	veracity is (II) veracity, is (I,D.)
	5	politeness.-- (II) politeness! (I,D.)
	6	gentleman, who (II) gentleman who (I,D.)
	9	les belles Angloises (II) les belles Angloises (I,D.)
	15	--"My (II) "My (I,D.)
	16	infinitely, and (I,D.) infinitely and (I,D.)
	17	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	19	George, you (II) George! you (I,D.)
	19	answered, (II) answered,. (I) answered. (D.)

Page	Line	
276	23	--Only (II) Only (I,D.)
	23	or (II) --or (I,D.)
	23	frolic (II) frolick (I,D.)
	24	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	24	no; when (II) no--when (I,D.)
	25	--I (II) I (I,D.)
277	4-5	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	7	doux yeux (II) doux yeux (I,D.)
278	16	*full, that she (II) full, she (I,D.)
	19	cannot, indeed (II) cannot indeed (I,D.)
	24	odd, Miss (II) odd Miss (I,D.)
	26	--for (II) for (I,D.)
279	5	it?" (II) it." (I,D.)
	14	"No, not (II) "No; not (I,D.)
	14	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	20-21	part. ¶"You (II) part. You (I,D.)
	26	things, for (II) things; for (I,D.)
280	3	*says you always (II) says always (I,D.)
	9	mistaken, indeed, (II) mistaken indeed (I,D.)
	10	to-morrow, if (II) to-morrow if (I,D.)
	12	bound to (II) bound--to (I,D.)
	12	another; for (II) another. For (I,D.)
	13	cant (II) can't (I,D.)
	19	suit, and (II) suit; and (I,D.)
	20	*frightened (II) frighted (I,D.)

Page	Line	
280	21	sullen, and (II) sullen; and (I,D.)
	23	caprice Mr. (II) caprice, Mr. (I,D.)
	23	With (II) ----With (I,D.)
	25	entreated (II) intreated (I,D.)
281	5	thing." (II) thing. (I,D.)
	7	"Certainly (II) Certainly (I,D.)
	7	gentleman--but (II) gentleman,-- ⁹but (I,D.)
	9	all," (II) all, (I,D.)
	11	so-- (II) so,-- (I,D.)
	12	"Yes, (II) "Yes---- (I,D.)
	13	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	13	pray, my (II) pray my (I,D.)
	14	confident. (II) confident? (I,D.)
	17	brother." (II) brother. (I,D.)
	19	do; for (II) do--for (I,D.)
	19	--However, (II) However, (I) However (D.)
	22	"Well, (II) "Well-- (I,D.)
	22	Fluellen, you (II) Fluellen--you (I,D.)
	22	charming, so (II) charming--so (I,D.)
	23	attractive, I (II) attractive--I (I,D.)
	23	--So (II) So (I,D.)
	24	to-morrow, (II) to-morrow---- (I,D.)
	25	hurry, neither (II) hurry neither (I,D.)
282	1-2	beauties."¶ A (II) beauties." A (I,D.)
	6	--It (II) It (I,D.)

Page	Line	
282	9	--What (II) What (I,D.)
	10	I (II) --I (I,D.)
	10-11	conjecture; had (II) conjecture--had (I,D.)
	11	genius, who (II) genius who (I,D.)
	11	chastity, been (II) chastity been (I,D.)
	19	place, I (II) place I (I,D.)
	25	soon;-- (II) soon! (I,D.)
283	1	--Had (II) Had (I,D.)
	2	yesterday." (I,II) yesterday?" (D.)
	3	"Yes, (II) "Yes-- (I,D.)
	4	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	4	married; and (II) married. And (I,D.)
	7	--I (II) I (I,D.)
	7	*began (II) begun (I,D.)
	10	Why, (II) Why-- (I,D.)
	14	for, pray (II) for pray (I,D.)
	24	Nay, so (II) Nay--so (I,D.)
284	3	virtue-- (II) virtue; (I,D.)
	8	George-- (II) George, (I,D.)
	8	--Well (II) Well (I,D.)
	8	come; I (II) Well (I,D.)
	8	preludes (II) preludoes (I,D.)
	11	--"If (II) "If (I,D.)
	12	continued (II) ----continued (I,D.)
	13	"Pshaw--prithee (II) "Pshaw! Prithee (I,D.)

Page	Line	
284	13	come, let (II) come--let (I,D.)
	14	indignation.-- (II) indignation." (I,D.)
	15	women.--"Prithee, (II) women." "Prithee (I,D.)
	18	"Well, then (II) "Well then-- (I,D.)
	18	serious, (II) serious-- (I,D.)
	19	serious, then (II) serious then (I,D.)
	19	Lindsay; (II) Lindsay, (I,D.)
	24	love you (II) love, you (I,D.)
285	1	not, I (II) not----I (I,D.)
	2	misfortune, perhaps (II) misfortune--perhaps
	3	The (II) "The (I,D.)
	10	word, gentleman (II) word gentleman (I,D.)
	11	Lindsay, quite (II) Lindsay quite (I,D.)
	12	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)
	13	civility?" (II) civility? (I,D.)
	16	ungenteel, (II) ungenteel; (I,D.)
	16	gentleman (II,D.) gentle man (I)
	24	--"All (II) All (I) "All (D.)
	24	him, is (II) him is (I,D.)
286	5	bullet, do (II) bullet--do (I,D.)
	7	I (II) "I (I,D.)
	9	"has, without (II) "has without (I,D.)
	15	virtue," (II) virtue, (I,D.)
	22	great, and (II) great; and (I,D.)
	24	her, I (II) her--I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
286	24	it, is (II) it--is (I,D.)
	25	cruel, than (II) cruel than (I,D.)
287	3	so, Sir (II) so Sir (I,D.)
	8	*willingly (II) willing (I,D.)
	14	----"Lindsay, (II) "Lindsay (I,D.)
	17	"that (II) "That (I,D.)
	19	risk (II) risque (I,D.)
	20	--that (II) that (I,D.)
	22	justify, (II) justify! (I,D.)
288	1	Faith, it seems, (II) Faith it seems (I,D.)
	5	--"Whatsoever (II) "Whatsoever (I,D.)
	7	--"Well, (II) "Well-- (I,D.)
	13	days Mr. (II) days, Mr. (I,D.)
	14	length he (II) length, he (I,D.)
	15-16	ladies, and (II) ladies; and (I,D.)
	23	"Dear Lindsay, (II) "Dear Lindsay, (I,D.)
289	6	consideration the (II) consideration, the (I,D.)
	6	--Strong (II) Strong (I,D.)
	8	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	17	--This (II) This (I,D.)
	17	language-- (II) language, (I,D.)
	19	folly, not (II) folly--not (I,D.)
	21	write, if (II) write--if (I,D.)
	26	note, and (II) note; and (I,D.)
	26	postscript, (II) postscript (I,D.)

Page	Line	
290	3	minds, though (II) minds--though (I,D.)
	4	Heaven, which (II) heaven--which (I,D.)
	7	or if (II) or, if (I,D.)
	12	Christianity (II) christianity (I,D.)
	13	Christians (II) christians (I,D.)
	16	grateful, hearts (II) grateful hearts (I,D.)
	17	--When (II) When (I,D.)
	24	--He (II) He (I,D.)
	24	room; his (II) room. His (I,D.)
291	1	it; wine (II) it. Wine (I,D.)
	2	case, man (II) case man (I,D.)
	7	said, "if (II) said; "if (I,D.)
	13	*would but (I,II) would not (D.)
	14	Fielding, she (II) Fielding she (I,D.)
	14-15	--"If (II) "If (I,D.)
	15	--And (II) And (I,D.)
	17	ladies; it (II) ladies! it (I,D.)
	18	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	20	Lindsay; for (II) Lindsay, for (I,D.)
	25	that, by (II) that by (I,D.)
	26	Deb, it (II) Deb it (I,D.)
292	5	dell, once (II) dell; once (I,D.)
	9	another; for (II) another. For (I,D.)
	10	entreaties (II) intreaties (I,D.)
	13	world, was (II) world was (I,D.)

Page	Line	
292	15	happy, if (II) happy; if (I,D.)
	22	poutingly, "I (II) poutingly; "I (I,D.)
293	10	have?" (II) have." (I,D.)
	12	"No; I (II) "No. I (I,D.)
	12	--What (II) What (I,D.)
	12	--What (II) What (I,D.)
294	1	Winifred, who (II) Winifred; who (I,D.)
	1	him, that (II) him that (I,D.)
	2	--"I (II) "I (I,D.)
	2	me, Mr. (II) me Mr. (I,D.)
	4	times, and (II) times and (I,D.)
	8	back, and (II) back; and (I,D.)
	10	yard, and (II) yard; and (I,D.)
	15	ill-omened (I,II) ill omened (D.)
	18	"Dear Lindsay (II) "Dear Lindsay, (I,D.)
	21	advice; so (II) advice. So (I,D.)
295	5	unexpected-- (II) unexpected,-- (I,D.)
	10	*thirty-two (II) twenty-four (I,D.)
	14	*Colerain! Mis Colerain! Oh! (II) Colerain! Oh! (I,D.)
	16	for, with (II) for with (I,D.)
	19	shapes--that (II) shapes, That (I,D.)
	20	them, or (II) them or (I,D.)
	21	pleasure, write (II) pleasure; write (I,D.)
	23	Lindsay, what (II) Lindsay ! What (I,D.)
296	1	----And (II) --------And (I,D.)

Page	Line	
296	3	"Of (II) Of (I,D.)
	4	"They (II) They (I,D.)
	4	was, (II) was-- (I,D.)
	5	"George (II) George (I,D.)
	9	who, having (II) who having (I,D.)
	11	good, no (II) good no (I,D.)
	12	--They (II) They (I,D.)
	16	Paris, and (II) Paris and (I,D.)
	18	all, he (II) all he (I,D.)
	21	Qui non proficit, deficit (II) Qui non proficit, deficit (I,D.)
297	11	here, and (II) here and (I,D.)
	12	Almon, who (II) Almon; who (I,D.)
	14	longer and (II) longer, and (I,D.)
	15	ruminate, (II) ruminate-- (I,D.)
	16	mean of (II) mean, of (I,D.)
	17	Thuileries (II,D.) Tuileries (I)
	19	Well, may (II) Well may (I,D.)
	19	her, when (II) her when (I,D.)
	20	to; for (II) to. For (I,D.)
	21	arm, and (II) arm; and (I,D.)
298	3	Dissipere in loco (II) Dissipere in loco (I,D.)
	3	know, is (II) know is (I,D.)
	3	In loco (II) In loco (I,D.)
	8	times-- (II) times.-- (I,D.)
	9	----Yes, (II) Yes, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
298	12	PARADYNE." (II) PARADYNE. (I,D.)
	13	frosty, when (II) frosty; when (I,D.)
	14	--One (II) One (I,D.)
	14-15	Monsieur Freduel, (II) Mon. Fredeal (I,D.)
299	1	deamonds. (II) diamonds! (I,D.)
	2	economy (II) économy (I,D.)
	4	--but (II) but (I,D.)
	6	time, Call (II) time--Call (I,D.)
	6	week, he (II) week--he (I,D.)
	7	Freduel (II) Fredeul (I,D.)
	8	--Before (II) Before (I,D.)
	11	gentleman, was (II) gentleman was (I,D.)
	13	Freduel (II) Fredeul (I,D.)
	14	Freduel (II) Fredeul (I,D.)
	15	infinitely, if (II) infinitely if (I,D.)
	18	owned, does (II) woned does (I,D.)
	19	character in (II) character, in (I,D.)
	19	was pity (II) was a pity (I,D.)
	19	Freduel (II) Fredeul (I,D.)
	20	un gentil homme partout (II) un gentil homme partout (I,D.)
	24-25	Messieurs les marchands des modes, les perfumiers, et les autres (II) Messieurs les marchands des modes, les perfumiers, et les autres (I,D.
	25	Madame (II) madame (I,D.)
	26	16,000 (II) 16000 (I,D.)
300	14	en maitre (II) en maitre (I,D.)

Page	Line	
300	16	at age (I,II) of age (D.)
	18	"Tant pis (II) "Tant pis (I,D.)
	20	prayers, and (II) prayers and (I,D.)
301	8	This (II) "This (I,D.)
	8	--His (II) His (I,D.)
	9	Thuilleries (II,D.) Tuilleries (I,D.)
	10	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	13	--The (II) The (I,D.)
	17	*of friendship?" (II) of her friendship?" (I,D.)
	23	answered; "I (II) answered, "I (I,D.)
	26	"Yes-- (II) "Yes,-- (I,D.)
	26	George;-- (II) George, (I,D.)
302	1	she; (II) she, (I,D.)
	2	George-- (II) George,-- (I,D.)
	4	--"I (II) "I (I,D.)
	5	Thuilleries (II,D.) Tuilleries (I.)
	6	fiacre (II) fiacre (I,D.)
	7	Carlill, too (II) Carlill too (I,D.)
	8	fiacre (II) fiacre (I,D.)
	11	readers with (II) readers, will (I,D.)
	12	*gardens. (II) garden. (I,D.)
	15	--"Plut à dieu" (II) "Plut a dieu" (I,D.)
	15	emphasis-- (II) emphasis, (I,D.)
	15	"plut à dieu." (II) "plut a dieu" (I,D.)
	16	nations. (II) nations.-- (I,D.)

Page	Line	
302	20	plut à dieus; (II) plut á dieus; (I) plut a dieus; (D.)
	21	Bastile (II) bastile (I,D.)
303	6	bagatelle (II) bagatelle (I,D.)
	7	"where (II) --"where (I,D.)
	10	--What (II) What (I,D.)
	11	you?" (II) you." (I,D.)
	16	Englishman. (I,II) Englishman." (D.)
	19	re-action (II) reaction (I,D.)
	20	country-men (I,II) country men (D.)
	21	him by (II) him, by (I,D.)
	22	Noble (II) noble (I,D.)
304	5	government was (II) government, was (I,D.)
	6	maladie du pays (II) maladie du pays (I,D.)
	10	"Comment," (II) "Comment!" (I,D.)
	19	Kings (II) kings (I,D.)
	24	well-- (II) well,-- (I,D.)
	25	do-- (II) do,-- (I,D.)
305	1	un homme de guerre (II) un homme de guerre (I,D.)
	2	matter, (II) matter," (I,D.)
	11	however, we (II) however we (I,D.)
	16	which (II) "which (I,D.)
	19	laws, and (II) laws and (I,D.)
	23	--We (II) We (I,D.)
	24	--We (II) We (I,D.)
	24	prefer, too, (II) prefer too (I,D.)

Page	Line	
306	4	--"It (II) "It (I,D.)
	7	George (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	11	French with (II) French, with (I,D.)
	18	George (II,D.) Deo. (I)
307	3	Oh, (II) oh, (I,D.)
	4	month, in (II) month--in (I,D.)
	9	Fermiere Generale (II) Fermiere generale (I,D.)
	10	Fermieres Generales (II) Fermieres generales (I,D.)
	12	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	14	Louis (II) louis (I,D.)
	22	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
308	3	*wise (II) soise (I,D.)
	3	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	7	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	16	Fielding, (II) Fielding. (I,D.)
	23	coterié (II) coterìe (I) coterie (D.)
	25	in (II) "in (I,D.)
309	2	Areoi (II) areoi (I,D.)
	6	--You (II) You (I,D.)
	8	This the (II) This, the (I,D.)
	21	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	22	--He (II) He (I,D.)
310	5	himself, he (II) himself he (I,D.)
	9	Poreé (II) Poreè (I) Poree (D.)
	12	Louis (II) louis (I,D.)
	17	better, or (II) better--or (I,D.)

Page	Line	
310	17	not; the (II) not--the (I,D.)
	18	disquisition. (II) disquisition---. (I,D.)
311	1	--Monsieur (II) Monsieur (I,D.)
	1-2	guards, was (II) guards was (I,D.)
	2	it: and (II) it; and (I,D.)
	3	friend (II,D.) Friend (I)
	4	--"That (II) "That (I,D.)
	6	chere amie (II) chere amie (I,D.)
	7	who, (II) who," (I,D.)
	7	Parroque (II) Paroque (I,D.)
	9	Generale (II) generale (I,D.)
	13	probable," (II) probable;" (I,D.)
	14	"Je ne scai pas," (II) "Je ne scai pas," (I,D.)
	14	--"All (II) "All (I,D.)
	15	Generales (II) generales (I,D.)
	17	George, not (II) George not (I,D.)
	18	un petit souper (II) un pet souper (I,D.)
	20-21	â la mode d'Angleterre (II) â la mode d'Angleterre (I) a la mode d'Angleterre (D.)
312	3	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	4	fear, indeed, (II) fear indeed (I,D.)
	5	Louis (II) louis (I,D.)
	7	contempt, this (II) contempt this (I,D.)
	11	true, then, (II) true then-- (I,D.)
	14	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	17	--Me (II) Me (I,D.)

Page	Line	
312	17	Me, whom (II) Me--whom (I,D.)
	23	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
313	13-14	said, in (II) said in (I,D.)
	18	time, "--said (II) time--"said (I,D.)
	19	sobbing; (II) sobbing, (I,D.)
	22	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
314	3-4	----Amantium ira, amoris redintegratio est (II) Amantium ira, amoris redintegratio est (I,D.)
	6	--This (II) This (I,D.)
	6	say, is (II) say is (I,D.)
	6	--We (II) We (I,D.)
	8	"Can...once?" (II) Can...once? (I,D.)
	9	"Yes...three." (II) Yes...three. (I,D.)
	10	"Detested...love!" (II) Detested...love! (I,D.)
	11	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	14	"Simple (II) Simple (I,D.)
	15	"What (II) What (I,D.)
	16	trade, or (II) trade--or (I,D.)
	17	truth, and (II) truth; and (I,D.)
315	6	missile (II) missile (I,D.)
	14-15	left.¶ "And (II) left. "And (I,D.)
	16	gentleman (II) Gentleman (I,D.)
316	7	dignity, bade (II) dignity; bade (I,D.)
	22	Lindsay; for (II) Lindsay, for (I,D.)
	25	*conversation, Mr. (II) conversation; Mr. (I) conversation; Mrs. (D.)

Page	Line	
317	3	*visit (II) visits (I,D.)
	5-6	observation.¶"If (II) observation. "If (I,D.)
	9	times, too (II) times too (I,D.)
	10	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	12	do-- (II) do! (I,D.)
	14	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	16	yes-- (II) yes,-- (I,D.)
	19	"Oh!-- (II) Oh!-- (I,D.)
	20	doubt. (II) doubt! (I,D.)
	21	Sir (II) sir (I,D.)
	23	lady-- (II) lady,-- (I,D.)
	25	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	25	"Oh! (II) "Oh, (I,D.)
	25	hope.-- (II) hope! (I,D.)
318	10	"This (II) This (I,D.)
	10	done, Mr. (II) done Mr. (I,D.)
	12	--Perhaps (II) Perhaps (I,D.)
	12	Madam (II) madam (I,D.)
	16	tears-- (II) tears.-- (I,D.)
	17-18	bear."¶Saying (II) bear." Saying (I,D.)
	22	*inconvenient to (II) inconvenient at present to (I,D.)
	23	*engagements (II) engagement (I,D.)
319	8	--Even (II) Even (I,D.)
	8	safe; for (II) safe, for (I,D.)
	11	"Dear Mr. Lindsay, (II) "DEAR ME. SINDSAY, (I,D.)

Page	Line	
319	19-20	--and (II) and (I,D.)
	20	*ever (II) never (I,D.)
	21	reason. (I,II) reason: (D.)
	22	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	23	small, and (I,II) small and (D.)
	24	frizzled (II) frizled (I,D.)
	24	for.---- (II) for. (I,D.)
320	14	house, you (II) house you (I,D.)
	16	man, David (II) man David (I,D.)
	20	said a (II) said, a (I,D.)
	20	bed-fellow (II) bedfellow (I,D.)
321	4	"Your (II) Your (I,D.)
	5	"to (II) to (I,D.)
	6	"D. (II) D. (I,D.)
	16	George, (II) Geo. (I) George (D.)
	19	Paris, and (II) Paris; and (I,D.)
	20	arrival, Sir (II) arrival Sir (I,D.)
	21	Accident, however (II) Accident however (I,D.)
	22	occurance, which (II) occurance which (I,D.)
322	2	first, English (II) first English (I,D.)
	3	cannot, in (II) cannot in (I,D.)
	6	<u>honest</u> (II) honest (I,D.)
	9	<u>fracas</u> (II) fracas (I,D.)
	16	--A (II) A (I,D.)
	16	rouleaus, of (II) rouleaus (I,D.)

Page	Line	
322	17	Louis (II) louis (I,D.)
	21-22	one, resounded (II) one resounded (I,D.)
	23	when, in (II) when in (I,D.)
323	2	Champaigne (II) champaigne (I,D.)
	5	--The (II) The (I,D.)
	6	--a (II) a (I,D.)
	8	once, without (I,II) once without (D.)
	12	--rest (II) rest (I,D.)
	14	'till (II) till (I,D.)
324	2	--These (II) These (I,D.)
	3	peoples (I,II) people's (D.)
	6	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	8	had, however, (II) had however (I,D.)
	9	--Youth (II) Youth (I,D.)
	10	economy (II) oeconomy (I,D.)
	12	--The (II) The (I,D.)
	13	Rue (II) rue (I,D.)
	15	--Yet (II) Yet (I,D.)
	20	Colerain, though (II) Colerain though (I,D.)
	21	--"She (II) "She (I,D.)
	22	Colerain," (I,II) Colerain,' (D.)
	23	"I am (I,II) I'm (D.)
	24	Colerain," (I,II) Colerain, (D.)
326	7	--The (II) The (I,D.)
	8	reverence, I (II) reverence I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
326	9	attrocious.-- (II) attrocious? (I,D.)
	10	unauthorised (I,II) unauthorized (D.)
	11	George-- (II) George,-- (I,D.)
	13	be, whilst (II) be whilst (I,D.)
	16	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	17	your's (II) yours (I,D.)
	18	instant-- (II) instant, (I,D.)
	20	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	21	connexions (II) connections (I,D.)
	26	though (II) tho' (I,D.)
327	3	--but (II) but (I,D.)
	8	despise-- (II) despise; (I,D.)
	9	--If (II) If (I,D.)
	9	friend's (I,II) fiiend's (D.)
	17	--"Paris (II) "Paris (I,D.)
	19-20	l'Esprit, le bon ton, la belle usage (II) l'Esprit, le bon ton, la belle usage (I,D.)
	22	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	22-23	--to (II) to (I,D.)
	26	les filles de joie.-- (II) les filles de joie. (I,D.)
328	5	sure, then (II) sure then (I,D.)
	9	coterie (II) coterie (I,D.)
	16	your's (II) yours (I,D.)
	16	disquise (I,II) d isguise (D.)
	17	it, like (II) it like (I,D.)

Page	Line	
328	17	toy, away (II) toy away (I,D.)
	18	--But (II) But (I,D.)
	26	--"When (II) "When (I,D.)
329	1	--Oh! (II) Oh (I,D.)
	4	--"but (II) "but (I,D.)
	8	Soissons, I (II) Doissons. I (I,D.)
	9	--"I (II) "I (I,D.)
	12	--"and (II) "and (I,D.)
	17	--he (II) he (I,D.)
	20	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	21	--"Never (II) "Never (I,D.)
	21	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	24	Colerain, sinking (II) Colerain sinking (I,D.)
	24	George! (II) George, (I,D.)
330	2	Rue (II) rue (I,D.)
	5	'till (II) till (I,D.)
	11	saw, in (II) saw in (I,D.)
	17	retired, therefore (II) retired therefore (I,D.)
	19	complained, in (II) complained in (I,D.)
	20	tone, of (II) tone of (I,D.)
331	1	"Oh! (II) "Oh (I,D.)
	14	"Oh! (II) "Oh (I,D.)
	14	non" (II) non," (I,D.)
	22	*amongst (I,II) against (D.)
332	6	Thuilleries (II,D.) Tuilleries (I)

Page	Line	
332	22	more, to (II) more; to (I,D.)
	24	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
333	1	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	2	risks (II) risques (I,D.)
	2	risk (II) risque (I,D.)
	3	because, in (II) because in (I,D.)
	3	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	9	men, and (II) men; and (I,D.)
	15	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	15	*and then endeavoured (I,II) and endeavoured (D.)
334	4	*soon (I,II) often (D.)
	6	--of (II) of (I,D.)
	6	perhaps-- (II) perhaps,-- (I,D.)
	8-9	notice."¶ Sir (II) notice." Sir (I,D.)
	11-12	enough.¶ "Whenever (II) enough. "When ever (I,D.)
	14-15	table."¶ So (II) table." So (I,D.)
	17-18	summoner, death (II) summoner death (I,D.)
	21	whence no (II) whence, no (I,D.)
335	2	lodgings, kept (II,D.) lodgings kept (I)
	3	it, and (II) it; and (I,D.)
	5	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
	20	Lindsay, will (II) Lindsay will (I,D.)
	26	fallen, Lindsay (I,II) fallen Lindsay (D.)
336	3	12,000 (II) 12000 (I,D.)
	6	expiditious (II) expeditious (I,D.)

Page	Line	
336	8	"George (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	8-9	him. ¶ "I (II) him. "I (I,D.)
337	3	"Noscitur a sociis (II) "Noscitur a sociis (I,D.)
	4	Noscitur a sociis (II) Noscitur a sociis (I,D.)
	5	Heaven (II) heaven (I,D.)
	9	*accepting (II) excepting
	13	money for, (I,II) money, for (D.)
	16-17	capers. "No (II) caper. "No (I,D.)
	17	room-- (II) room,-- (I,D.)
	18	fifty (II) 50 (I,D.)
	20	me,"-- (II) me-- (I,D.)
	24	Think, however, (II) Think however (I,D.)
	25	'till (II) till (I,D.)
338	5	Monsieur (II) Mons. (I,D.)
	6	women, and (I,II) women and (D.)
	7-8	horseback, came (II) horseback came (I,D.)
	11	pleasure," (II) pleasure!" (I,D.)
	16	George, I (II) George I (I,D.)
	17	"Yea (II) Yea (I,D.)
339	7	"Oh! (II) "Oh (I,D.)
	9	*Cornelia's (II) Cornelia Colerain's (I,D.)
	22	20,000 (II) 20000 (I,D.)
	22	friend, and (II) friend and (I,D.)
340	2	Tho' (II) Though (I,D.)
	2	*had been (II,D.) has (I)

Page	Line	
340	24	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
341	2-3	Colerain with (I,II) Colerain, with (D.)
	5	*would (II) wouldst (I,II)
	9	*once (I,II) once (D.)
	19-20	his, Promises (II) his. Promises (I,D.)
342	3	Readers (II) readers (I,D.)
	6	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
	6	*think of (I,II) think on (D.)
	9	Monsieur (II,D.) Mons. (I)
344	15	is (II,D.) his (I)
	17	wreat (II) great (I,D.)
	25	*his (II) this (I,D.)
346	1	confinement had (II) confinement, had (I,D.)
	6-7	hear.¶ "You (II) hear. "You (I,D.)
	11-12	indiscretions, I (II) indiscretions I (I,D.)
	12	true, Mr. (II) true Mr. (I,D.)
	13-14	prison! ¶ "He (II) prison! "He (I,D.)
	15-16	villany." ¶ Mr. (II) villany." Mr. (I,D.)
	17	Mons. (I,II) Monsieur (D.)
	24	now the (II) now, the (I,D.)
347	7	connexion (II) connection (I,D.)
	20	Mons. (I,II) Monsieur (D.)
348	3-4	appeared. ¶ "But (II) appeared. "But (I,D.)
	5-6	obliged?" ¶ "To (II) obliged?" "To (I,D.)
	6-7	Lindsay.¶ "Good (II) Lindsay. "Good (I,D.)

Page	Line	
348	7	God!" (I,II) God! (D.)
	11	*where (II) when (I,D.)
	14	* kind of office (II) kind office (I,D.)
	17	then, if (I,II) then if (D.)
	24	replied," (I,II) replied, (D.)
349	6	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	12	France till (II) France, till (I,D.)
	14	*I will consent (II) I consent (I,D.)
350	13-14	title? ¶ "None (II) title? "None (I,D.)
	15	"I (I,D.) I (D.)
	17-18	there." Almost (II) there." Almost (I,D.)
	18	said, "He (II) said "He (I,D.)
	20-21	manners." ¶ "Yes (II) manners." "Yes (I,D.)
351	1	then? (II) then, (I,D.)
	1-2	George. ¶ "Yes (II) George? "Yes (I,D.)
	3	here with (II) here, with (I,D.)
	9	far he (II) har, he (I,D.)
	13	death wound (II) death-wound (I,D.)
	14	its (II) it's (I,D.)
352	6	But, my (II) But my (I,D.)
	9	"Perhaps had (II) "Perhaps, had (I,D.)
	13	inflames (II,D.) inftames (I)
	17	society, to (I,II) society to (D.)
	20	merely (II) merily (I,D.)
	23	live, I (II) live I (I,D.)

Page	Line	
352	24	your's (II) yours. (I,D.)
	25	G. (II) "G. (I,D.)
354	7	Paradyne," (II) Paradyne;" (I,D.)
	9	own." (I,II) own;" (D.)
	12-13	passions (too [II] passions, (too [I,D.]
	13	Lindsay) for [II] Lindsay), for [I,D.]
	26	sexes' (II) sexes (I,D.)
355	1	George, (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	16	mature consideration (II,D.) mature con-/consideration (I)
	20	say, will (II) say will (I,D.)
	23	inquired (II) enquired (I,D.)
356	16	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	19	it, madam (II) it madam (I,D.)
	19	Lindsay (II,D.) Lind-/say (I)
357	2	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	9	Fretteau? (I,II) Fretteau?" (D.)
	10	too? (II) too?" (I,D.)
	14	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	19	"That (II,D.) That (I)
358	1	dieu; (II) dieu! (I,D.)
	21	dieu? (II) dieu!" (I,D.)
	22	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	26	down. The (II) down. ¶ The (I,D.)
359	15	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	16	forgive!" (I,II) forgive?" (D.)

Page	Line	
359	22	then?" (I,II) then!" (D.)
	23	"No-- (II) "No,-- (I,D.)
360	2	language, lost (II) language lost (I,D.)
	14	cardial (I,II) cordial (D.)
	21	"Of (II,D.) Of (I)
361	6	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	7	long?" (I,II) long!" (D.)
	12	inquire (II) enquire (I,D.)
	15	sir, (II) Sir," (I,D.)
	18	"not (II) not (I,D.)
	22	on account (II) on-account (I,D.)
	26	vanities which (II) vanities, which (I,D.)
362	6	Mountpelier (II) Montpelier (I,D.)
	7	Mountpelier (II) Montpelier (I,D.)
	19	*your--" (II) you." (I,D.)
	24	*true (II) truly (I,D.)
	26	louisd'ors (I,II) louis d'ors (D.)
363	4	"I (II) I (I,D.)
	7	intreating (II) entreating (I,D.)
	13	Robert's (II) Robarts's (I,D.)
	15	gratitude, for (II) gratitude for (I,D.)
	19	Mountpelier (II) Montpelier (I,D.)
	25	*denoted (II) denoting (I,D.)
364	3-4	happy." ¶ "And (II) happy." "And (I,D.)
	11	Robart's (II) Robarts's (I,D.)

Page	Line	
364	16	attorney (II) Attorney (I,D.)
	22	Robart's (II) Robarts's (I,D.)
365	6	*or (II) our (I,D.)
	10	Birimport sitting (I,II) Birimport, sitting (D.)
	14	period." (II) period. (I.D.)
	15	asked-- (II) asked.-- (I,D.)
	24-25	frail, Second (I,II) frail Second (D.)
366	19	your's (II) yours (I,D.)
	20	Birimport you (II) Birimport, you (I,D.)
	26	spirits (II) spirits, (I,D.)
367	10	*dealt (I,II) dwelt (D.)
	12	*a deal (II) a thin deal (I,D.)
	13	temper--to (I,II) temper to (D.)
368	4	form by (II) form, by (I,D.)
	9	unlady like (II) unlady-like (I,D.)
	15	"The (II) The (I,D.)
	18	diaphonous (II) diaphonous (I,D.)
369	2	*Lady Mary (II) she (I,D.)
	10	peroration (II,D.) peronation (I)
	11	it was (I,II) it, was (D.)
	20	Lest (I,II) "Lest (D.)
370	2	own (I,II) ſown (D.)
	5	book?" (II) book. (I,D.)
371	4-5	unbounded.¶ Whilst (II) unbounded. Whilst (I,D.)
	11-12	strength and (II) strength, and (I,D.)

Page	Line	
371	19	Major (II) major (I,D.)
372	3	Chevalier---- (II) Chevalier-------- (I,D.)
	4	"Signior Mavini," (II) Signior Mavini-- (I,D.)
	4	honour, "do (II) honour--do (I,D.)
	6	bears." (II) bears.-- (I,D.)
	13	duke (II) Duke (I,D.)
	20	him I (II) him, I (I,D.)
373	11	George (II,D.) Geo.
	14	monosyllablic (II) monasyllabic (I,D.)
	20	George, (II) Geo. (I) George (D.)
374	1	George, (II) Geo. (I) George (D.)
	8	George, (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	10	were (II) "were (I,D.)
	15	Banditti (II) banditti (I,D.)
375	2	pleased when (II) pleased, when (I,D.)
	6	sir, (II) Sir," (I,D.)
376	3	God or (II) God, or (I,D.)
	6	"You (II,D.) "you (I)
	8	"is, that (II) 'is that (I,D.)
	13	Bardoe; "but (II,D.) Bardoe,;"but (I)
	21	sir (II) Sir (I,D.)
	21	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	23	sir. (I,II) Sir. (D.)
377	7	morning. (II,D.) morning." (I)
	10	there, injurious (II) there injurious (I,D.)

Page	Line	
377	11	*perceiving (II) perceived (I,D.)
	15	END OF VOL. III. (I,II) omitted (D.)

Volume IV

Page	Line	
378	3	*things (II) thing (I,D.)
	5	*care (II) cares (I,D.)
	6	world, that (II) world that (I,D.)
	7	*of (II) for (I,D.)
	13	*an acute (II) a cute (I,D.)
379	3	earth gave (II) earth, gave (I,D.)
	11	*his (II) this (I,D.)
	13	one, That (II) one. That (I,D.)
	18	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
380	1	*his little air (II) a little his air (I,D.)
	3	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	26	suppress it (II,D.) suppressit (I)
381	1	*circumlocution." (II) circumlocutions." (I,D.)
	2	George, (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	5	*are (II) is (I,D.)
	14-15	associates, is (II) associates is (I,D.)
	17	George. (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	21	victory, though (II) victory though (I,D.)
	21	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
382	2	"Nothing," (II) "Nothing;" (I,D.)
	3	*gentlemen (II) gentleman (I,D.)
	7	apartment till (II) apartment, till (I,D.)
	9	case. But (II,D.) case. were accepted graciously; and the But (I)
	10	George, (II) Geo. (I) George (D.)

Page	Line	
382	14	talk, till (II) talk till (I,D.)
	16	use, the (II) use the (I,D.)
	18	reasons, as (II) reasons as (I,D.)
383	9-10	they were accepted graciously, and the first (II) they first (I) their first (D.)
	12	Frenchman (I,II) French-man (D.)
	16	epithet, which (II) epithet which (I,D.)
	19	divine flame (II,D.) dive stame (I)
	26	Bardoe (II) Bardoa (I,D.)
384	21	honour, (II,D.) honour (I)
385	8	George, (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	8	*acute (II) accurate (I,D.)
	25	What a pity (II,D.) What pity (I)
386	7	oorselves (I,II) ourselves (D.)
	8	attention, You (II) attention. You (I,D.)
	10	*paintings (II) painting (I,D.)
	13	Geo. (II) George, (I,D.)
	17	leads (II) leading (I,D.)
387	5	know Sir (II) know, Sir (I,D.)
	6	no' (II) na' (I,D.)
	7	poond (II) pound (I,D.)
	13	leeteers (I,II) leeters (D.)
	13	George (I,II) Geo. (D.)
	14	Paraden's (II) Paradyne's (I,D.)
388	7	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)

Page	Line	
388	10	friend; Rome (II,D.) friend. Rome (I)
	15	Bardoe, is (II) Bardoe is (I,D.)
	17	readers, will (II) readers will (I,D.)
	20	himself, that (II) himself that (I,D.)
389	17	*met once (II) once met (I,D.)
	23	Rome; and (II,D.) Rome. and (I)
	24	Pescara. When (II,D.) Pescara, When (D.)
390	20	Zapora. (I,II) Zapora'. (D.)
391	5	to (I,II) To (D.)
	8	*"If you (II) "You (I,D.)
	9	----I (II) ------I (I,D.)
	20	unfortunate, and (II) unfortunate and (I,D.)
	22	Latin (I,II) latin (D.)
	25	will, (I,II) will (D.)
393	16	*suspect it in (II) suspect in (I,D.)
	21	form." (II,D.) form," (I)
394	18	-Square (II) -square (I,D.)
	25	Lodoto (II) Lodoro (I,D.)
	25	*friends (II) friend (I,D.)
395	8	*to feel (II) it fell (I,D.)
	10	*any (II) my (I,D.)
	11	flatters with (II,D.) flatters, with (I)
396	3	days, such (II) days such (I,D.)
	10	*she grateful (II) she will be grateful (I,D.)
397	3	her, and (II) her and (I,D.)

Page	Line	
397	3	dutchess (I,II) duchess (D.)
	11	Hoeever (II) --However (I,D.)
	15	maid, some (I,II) maid some (D.)
	23	suppose, can (II) suppose can (I,D.)
398	1	long, or (II) long or (I,D.)
	1	elegant, as (II) elegant as (I,D.)
401	8	*expected (II) expedited (I,D.)
	20	successful; and (II) successful and (I,D.)
403	2	surprise (II) surprize (I,D.)
	3	--no" (II) --no--" (I,D.)
	11	proposal, would (II) proposal would (I,D.)
	26	"was (II) was (I,D.)
404	7	"but (I,II) but (D.)
	15	desire, or (I,II) desire or (D.)
	16	George, (II) Geo. (I) George (D.)
405	10	*procure (II) promote (I,D.)
	14	then, inviting (I,II) then inviting (D.)
	23	"If, (II) "If," (I,D.)
407	21	Emperor (II) emporor (I,D.)
	26	This, at (I,II) This at (D.)
408	11	*God's (II) his (I,D.)
	25	them? and (I,II) them; and (D.)
409	8	censure (II,D.) sensure (I,D.)
	26	queees (II) queens (I,D.)
410	13	*a retired (II) a very retired (I,D.)

Page	Line	
411	14	obedience into (II) obedience, into (I,D.)
412	6	merchant, returning (I,II) merchant returning (D.)
	8	inquiries (II) enquiries (I,D.)
	15	*on (II) in (I,D.)
413	13	----"I (II) ------"I (I,D.)
	21	kept, far (II) kept far (I,D.)
414	9	grandmamma (II) grandmama (I)
415	20	beautiful----" (II) beautiful--------" (I)
416	11	society, The (II) society. The (I)
	16	not, sir (II) not sir (I)
	26	wants, whilst (II) wants whilst (I)
417	21	*be (II) by (I)
418	15	*himself (II,D.) herself (I)
423	16	*once (II,D.) one. (I)
426	19	will. (I,II) will'. (D.)
427	10	gentlemen, (II) gentlemen," (I,D.)
	13	George (II,D.) Geo. (I)
	21	would, submit (II) would submit (I,D.)
428	15	this, Mr. (I,II) this Mr. (D.)
	16	required, and (I,II) required and (D.)
	19	You (I,II) "You (D.)
429	6	----Lady (II) --Lady (I) ------Lady (D.)
	11-12	affairs.¶ The (II) affairs. The (I,D.)
	14	Marquis de (II,D.) Marquis, de (I)
430	14	fulness (I,II) fullness (I,D.)

Page	Line	
430	15	Love (I,II) love (D.)
432	14	Belzebub (II) Beelzebub (I,D.)
	19	smoke (II) smoak (I,D.)
433	5	*table (II) tables (I,D.)
434	1	*that (II,D.) who (I)
435	1	good-natured (II) good natured (I,D.)
	10	attrocious (II) atrocious (I,D.)
	24	suffers. (I,II) suffers, (D.)
436	10	sake------(II) sake----(I,D.)
437	5	George (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	15	"Ann (I,II) Ann (D.)
438	24	*inform her of (II) inform of (I,D.)
440	21	lady's (I,II) ladys (D.)
442	7	inopportune (II) inoportune (I) inportune (D.)
	13	friend, Monsieur (II,D.) friend; Monsieur (D.)
443	6	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
	9	connexion (I,II) connection (D.)
	11	judgement (II) judgment (I,D.)
444	25	Ann, "I (II) Ann; "I (I,D.)
445	20	reason." (I,II) reason. (D.)
	22	----what's (II) --what's (I,D.)
446	3	GO" (II) GO." (I,D.)
	7	------like (II) --like (I,D.)
	15	George, and (II) George; and (I,D.)
447	15	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)

Page	Line	
447	22	Brussels (II) brussels (I,D.)
	23	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
	26	inquiries (II) enquiries (I,D.)
448	19	George (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	26	men, you (I,II) men you (D.)
449	14	d----st (II,D.) d--st (I)
450	9	away, rather (I,II) away rather (D.)
	19	present, Sir (I,II) present Sir (D.)
451	11	Carlill." (I,II) Carlill. (D.)
	22	*their (II) there (I,D.)
	25	*stiff (I,II) still (D.)
	26	*nor the other (I,II) nor other (D.)
452	12	extream (I,II) extreme (D.)
	18	demonstrate, that (I,II) demonstrate that (D.)
454	12	a day (II) a-day (I,D.)
	17	----and (II) --and (I) --------and (D.)
455	7	----this (II) --this (I,D.)
	10	according, to (I,II) according to (D.)
	17	Mowbray, and (I,II) Mowbray; and (D.)
458	24-25	----is (II) --is (I) ------is (D.)
	25	----I (II) --I (I) ------I (D.)
459	1	inquiry (II) enquiry (I,D.)
	22	-Square (II) square (I,D.)
460	3	*heard one evening (I,II) one evening heard (D.)
	24	dote (II) doat (I,D.)

Page	Line	
460	25	madam (I,II) Madam (D.)
462	6	murder (I,II) Murder (D.)
463	7	*Cease (I,II) Please (D.)
	15	disapline (I,II) disaplire (D.)
	16	George. (II) Geo. (I,D.)
464	3	-"Square (II) -square (I,D.)
	14	I (II,D.) I (I)
465	17	commic (II) comic (I,D.)
466	17	-racing cock- (II) -racing, cock- (I,D.)
	23	happiness in (II) happiness, in (I,D.)
468	23	* motion (II) motions (I,D.)
469	24	*of Sir George (II) of George (I,D.)
472	23	*place (I,II) palace (D.)
	26	misanthropy (II,D.) mysanthropy (I)
474	8	George (II) Geo. (I,D.)
	26	artem." (II) artem. (I,D.)
475	5	*displease (II) displeases (I,D.)
	18	moris (II) mori's (I,D.)
476	17	tho' (II) though (I,D.)
479	16	*drawings (II) drawing (I,D.)
480	12	topic. (II) topic, (I,D.)
481	19	*under de (II) unde (I,D.)
	24	son (I,II) sun (D.)
482	2	negroe (I,II) negro (D.)
484	9	walking (II) valking (I,D.)

Page	Line	
484	11	*thrown (II) trown (I,D.)
485	26	died, Missress (II) died. Missress (I,D.)
486	17	--dis (II) dis (I,D.)
	20	George at (II) George, at (I,D.)
489	8	through (II) through (I,D.)
490	1	*they (II) dey (I,D.)
	5	*money (II) moneys (I,D.)
491	19	sister (II,D.) Sister (I,D.)
492	1	"I (II,D.) 'I (I)
	7	here (I,II) 'here (D.)
	21	I (I,II) "I (D.)
493	8	----if---- (II,D.) --I-- (I)
	8	stopped. (II) stopped, (I,D.)
	19	me, dear (II) me dear (I,D.)
	23	own," (II) own;" (I,D.)
495	3	*courtesy (II) curtsy (I,D.)
	20	"It (I,II) It (D.)
	26	*contending (II) contended (I,D.)
497	18	*of nature (II) to nature (I,D.)
	22	Weltjies (I,II) Weltzie's (I,D.)
	22	*proceeded (II) preceded (I,D.)
498	5	*that (II) than (I,D.)
499	11	afflicted. (II) afflicted." (I,D.)
	14	I (II) "I (I,D.)
500	3	universe of (II) universe, of (I,D.)
	12	third (II) second (I,D.)

Explanatory Notes

Title Page

1. Cf. Cicero, De Officiis, II, 37, 6-10: "Nam et voluptates, blandissumae [sic] dominae, maioris partes animos a virtute detorquent et, dolorum cum admoventur faces, praetor modum plerique exterrentur; vita, mors, divitae paupertas omnes homines vehementissime permovent.: (Cicero, M. Tullins, De Officiis. C. Atzert, ed., Bibliotecha Teubneriana, 1932.) "For pleasures, those most charming mistresses, turn aside the greater number of minds from virtue, and most men, when the fires of affliction are applied to them, are unmeasurably terrified. Life, death, poverty and riches, make the deepest impressions on all men.‡ (Cyrus R. Edmonds, tr., Cicero's Three Books of Offices, or Moral Duties, London, 1856.)

Volume I

Preface

1. I can find no exact parallel to this reference in Rousseau, although it is suggested in Emile that the novel Robinson Crusoe be a child's first book. English novels often imitating Emile with an openly educational purpose had become standard fare by 1792; among these were Henry Brooke's Fool of Quality (1766-1770), Elizabeth Inchbald's A Simple Story (1791), and Thomas Day's Sandford and Merton (1783).

2. Jean Jacques Rousseau.

3. Latin, "with one voice."

4. All authors, considered the early masters of the novel, who had written picaresque novels containing much social satire. Le Sage was most noted for Gil Blas de Santillane (1715); Marivaux for La vie de Marianne (1731-41); Fielding for Joseph Andrews (1741) and Tom Jones (1749); and Smollett for Roderick Random (1748).

5. "A thin fetid pus mixed with serum or blood, secreted by a wound or ulcer." (OED)

6. German or Dutch reviewers and scholars had a reputation for pedantry; hence even their supposedly dull minds would be tried by yet another novel.

7. As translated in the text, tristes calendae (Latin) means "saddest of days."

8. Cf. Pope's The Dunciad, I, 233-234:
"How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the Eel of science by the Tail."
(John Butt, ed. The Poems of Alexander Pope, New Haven, Conn., 1963.)
Also from a note to these lines in Eighteenth-Century English Literature, Geoffrey Tillotson, Paul Fussell, Jr., Marshall Waingrow, eds., New York,

1969: "Cf. Swift, A Tale of a Tub, sec. viii: 'The most accomplisht Way of using Books at present, is two fold: Either first, to serve them as some Men do Lords, learn their Titles exactly, and then brag of their Acquaintance. Or Secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer Method, to get a thorough Insight into the Index, by which the whole Book is governed and turned, like Fishes by the tail.'"

9. English Evanglist and founder of the Methodist Societies (1703-91), famous for the large, enthusiastic crowds which gathered to hear him preach. (DNB)

Chapter I

1. Latin proverb, literally "in the head" or "in chief." (Hugh Percy Jones, Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations, Edinburgh, 1929.) From the context, Walter Erdolf Paradyne had been placed in charge of one of Henry II's castles.

2. French, "high style, short for bon ton."

Chapter II

1. Doctrinal formulas put forth in the Restoration by the Church of England to state its position on theological controversies of the time. They are often ambiguous and capable of diverse interpretations. The clergy and candidates for ordination were required to subscribe to the formulary.

2. "A partisan or supporter of the Stuarts after the Revolution of 1688." (OED)

3. Cf. Swift, "A Description of the Morning," l. 13,
"Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet,..."
The nobility were often notoriously late in paying bills.

4. Epictetus makes numerous references to money, such as "When you are shown money, have you practised giving the proper answer, namely, that it is not a good thing?" (Discourses, III) and "If I can get money and at the same time keep myself self-respecting, and faithful, and high-minded, show me the way and I will get it. But if you require me to lose the good things that belong to me, in order that you may acquire the things that are not good you can see for yourselves how unfair and unconsiderate you are." (W. A. Oldfather, tr., Epictetus, Vol. I, II, New York, 1928.) I have not found a quotation which parallels Bage's point here.

5. Marie Jean Antoine Nicolas de Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet (1743-1794), a French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary, noted for his early work on mathematical probability, Essai sur l'application de l'analyse à la probabilité des decisions rendues à la pluralité des voix (1785.)

6. French, "the general effect (of a work of art, etc.), the whole of something considering without attention to details." (A. J. Bliss, A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases in Current English, New York, 1966.)

7. Sir Robert Filmer (d. 1653), a political writer noted for defending the supreme power of kings in Patriarcha while attacking Hobbes and others for their social compact doctrines of government. (DNB) By this time, many considered his ideas stuffy and outdated; yet Lord Auschamp wants a tutor who upholds such rigidly orthodox principles.

8. Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was a name synonymous with artificial and deceitful social manners. In his Letters to his Son, he had advised his natural son of all the tricks of social deportment which would help his advancement. Lady Mary wants a tutor who can present a fashionable front. The old-fashioned political ideas of a Robert Filmer would be somewhat incompatible with the slick, accommodating manners of Lord Chesterfield. (DNB)

9. Latin, "in the classic sense."

10. The huge royal palaces of the kings of Spain and France respectively, which were used to house the entire courts of the countries. The nobility could leave only with the permission of the monarch and were closely watched.

Chapter IV

1. Latin, "in silence."

2. Spitalfields is a district in the borough Tower Hamlets, London, which was heavily populated by French Huguenot silk weavers from 1685 until late in the eighteenth century. Lady Mary's remark is undoubtedly in reference to working-class manners.

Chapter V

1. French, "on a level with himself."

2. Apparently, from the context, a portmanteau word to signify a maternal uncle, by combing the Latin "mater" for "mother" with "avunculus" for "uncle", although the second carries the meaning of a "mother's brother" while "patruus" indicates a "father's brother."

3. Cf. Ch. I, n. 2, above.

4. A phrase made popular by the French Assembly's adoption of A Declaration of the Rights of Man, based on the American Declaration of Independence, also used as the title of a book by Thomas Paine in 1791-2, written in refutation of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution in 1790.

5. The rivers on which Cambridge and Oxford are situated, often used as synonyms for the schools themselves.

Chapter VI

1. Also the residence of Lord Chesterfield. (DNB) Bage obviously intends for us to find their characters analogous.

Chapter VII

1. French, "pack of dogs, the populace, the rabble, the crowd, the mob."

2. French, "society, the world of fashion."

3. Probably a reference to the French term "routurier," "a plebian, a person of low rank." (Bliss)

Chapter VIII

1. Source unknown.

2. Latin, "rare bird." Cf. Juvenal, Satire 6, 165, "Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima," tr. "A rare bird upon the earth and very like a black swan." (Jones) From Juvenal's context, the comparison is to a fair and faithful woman.

Chapter IX

1. A term in long use in the eighteenth century to indicate sensitive travellers, but made most popular by Sterne's short novel, A Sentimental Journey (1768). (George Boas, "In Search of the Age of Reason," Backgrounds to Eighteenth-Century Literature, Kathleen Williams, ed., Scranton, Pa., 1971, p. 29.)

2. Both Diocletian (Roman emperor from A.D. 284-305) and Charles V (Holy Roman Emperor from 1519-56) retired two years before their deaths to spend their remaining time in peaceful contemplation. Diocletian's reign had been notorious as a period of Christian persecution, and Charles V had fought to maintain the medieval ideal of universal empire, but was the last Holy Roman Emperor to be crowned by the pope, perhaps because he sacked Rome in 1527.

3. All of these authors were standard subjects in a classical education. Cicero was a Roman orator and rhetorician; Demosthenes, an Athenian orator; Quintus Horatius Flaccus (Horace), a Roman poet celebrated for his odes, satires, and epistles; and Publius Vergilius Maro, a Roman poet best remembered for his Aeneid, Eclogae, and Georgica. (Harry Thurston Peck, ed. Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities, New York, 1965.)

4. Cf. Horace, Odes, II, x, 5, "Auream quisquis mediocritatem Diliget."

tr. "Whoever cultivates the golden mean avoids both the poverty of a hovel and the envy of a palace." (John Bartlett, Familiar Quotations, Boston, 1960.)

5. "And not a vanity is given in vain." Pope, Essay on Man, II, 290. (Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, New York, 1956.)

6. Cf. Pope, Moral Essays, I, 149. (Butt)
"'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

7. "Glass balls placed among artificial lights to increase the brightness of the illumination; also, the prismatic glass pendants often attached in circles to a chandelier; a term often used for the chandelier itself." (OED)

8. "A branched support for candles or other lights, either in the form of a candlestick for placing on a table or more commonly as a bracket projecting from a wall." (OED)

9. "A person of great wealth, especially one who has returned from India with a large fortune acquired there." (OED)

Chapter X

1. Reference unknown.

2. "A species of Primula, also called Bear's-ear, named from the shape of its leaves." (OED)

3. "An ecclesiastical benefice, or income from a parish, bestowed by the chief landowner in the parish, usually for life." (OED)

4. "Men of letters, men of learning, the learned classes."

5. David Hume (1711-76), a Scottish empirical philosopher and historian who attempted to introduce the 'experimental method of reasoning into moral subjects,' and in the attempt to reduce all reasoning to a product of 'experience' reached a thoroughgoing skepticism. His major works included "A Treatise of Human Nature," "Philosophical Essays Concerning Human Understanding," and a "History of England." (DNB)

6. Thomas Reid (1710-96), a philosopher and leader of the school of "common sense." He refuted Hume's skepticism by maintaining that certain knowledge held in common by men did exist. Among his works are An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense. (1764) (DNB)

7. The husband of Julie, the heroine of Rousseau's La Nouvelle Heloise (1760).

8. A character in William Hayley's novel The Young Widow; or The History of Cornelia Sedley (1789).

9. "Various acts directed against Roman Catholics and Protestant Noncomformists, particularly the act of 1673, by which the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1661 were extended to include all persons holding public office." (OED)

10. A celebrated mathematician of Alexandria (c. 280 B.C.), who systematized geometry in his monumental thirteen book "The Elements of Geometry," which in the Middle Ages became the standard text on the subject. (Peck)

11. A Russian island, Novaya Zemlya, located between the Barents and Kara Seas and extending toward the Arctic Circle; hence, a cold place.

12. French, "pride, haughtiness, arrogance, loftiness, high spirit, dignity."

Chapter XI

1. Both Roman satirists. Horace was noted for his sophisticated, convivial pictures of social life; Juvenal for invective, bitter denunciation of the vices of Roman life. The difference in tone when each satirized women can be noted from this reference.

2. Latin expression, "beware of women."

3. French, literally "for the height," or "to top all."

Chapter XIII

1. A reference to ancient Roman coins minted during the reigns of Aurelius Antoninus Brassianus Caracalla (A.D. 188-217) and Lucius Aurelius Verus (A.D. 130-169), who ruled in conjunction with Marcus Aurelius. (Peck)

2. Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B.C.), Roman senator noted for his orations and philosophical essays, which often direct the reader to a life of the highest ideals of Roman life. He is often called Marcus Tullius or Tully affectionately.

Chapter XIV

1. Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646-1716), the German philosopher and mathematician, best remembered for his "On the Bounty of God, the liberty of men and the origin of evil," which puts forth his belief in a systematic universe, a position satirized by Voltaire in Candide as "the best of all possible worlds." The monades refer to the self-contained units making up the general harmony of the universe; according to Leibniz's theory, each operates separately and spontaneously but in harmony with every other substance. Miss Haubert was apparently dazzled by the mathematical order presented by Leibniz. (The Encyclopedia of Philosophy)

2. Nicolas Malebranche (1638-1715), the French Cartesian philosopher who extended Descartes' dualistic doctrine of mind and matter in a way compatible with Catholic theology by attributing the rational order of things to God. Since God set up the order of things, then all things are good, and man owes his existence, actions, and knowledge to God, thereby being completely united with him. Miss Haubert had taken a jump from Leibnitz's discussions of the necessities of evil in an ordered universe to Malebranche's more palatable version, which she apparently interprets to mean that, since God created this order, no evil exists. (The Encyclopedia of Philosophy)

3. John Locke (1632-1704), the English philosopher whose work An Essay concerning Human Understanding attributed all knowledge and ideas to the stimulation of the five senses from outside reality; ideas are then formed by the associations made within the mind from these stimuli. Miss Haubert was probably impressed by the subjective nature of knowledge supported by this theory, since man could therefore "know" only what was in his own mind. (The Encyclopedia of Philosophy)

4. George Berkeley (1685-1753), Irish philosopher and bishop, whose "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge" tried to reconcile Locke with orthodox Anglican theology in much the same way the Malebranche had reconciled Descarte with Catholicism. Berkeley opposed Locke by denying the reality of objects outside the mind; for something to exist it must be perceived or be the active perceiver. He also maintained that objects perceived are decreed by God so that all ideas are therefore an extension of God's will. He called his system "immaterialism." It is, of course, a short step for a mind such as Miss Haubert's to conclude that there is no evil in the mind or the universe. (The Encyclopedia of Philosophy)

5. Cf. Ch. X, n. 5, above. Hume's skepticism, following from Locke and Berkeley, maintained that, if we cannot know that reality exists, then we cannot know that there is a God or in fact anything. Miss Haubert has journeyed through eighteenth century philosophy from the position of certainty in a fixed order to certainty in nothing. Each position taken can also be seen as rationalizations for her own selfish acts and thoughts.

Chapter XV

1. An inlet on the east coast of New South Wales, Australia, named by Captain James Cook in 1770. In 1788 a penal colony was established five miles north of the bay at Port Jackson, now the site of Sydney, which became known popularly as Botany Bay.

2. A shepherd mentioned in Vergil, Eclogues, II. He adored the youth Alexis, his master's beloved, and lamented his unrequited love in this eclogue. (Geoffrey Johnson, tr. The Pastorals of Vergil, Lawrence, Ka., 1960.)

3. These circumstances, related in Volume IV in "Fidele's Story," take place in Jamaica. Bage has slipped here.

Chapter XVI

1. "Those who believe that matter does not exist in itself as a substance or cause, but that all things have existence only as the ideas or perceptions of a mind." (OED) Principal among these philosophers was George Berkeley.

2. Popular London resorts. Brooke's, opened in 1765, was noted for gambling. The Pantheon, opened in 1770, was converted a few years later into a concert room and theatre.

3. Cf. Prior, Henry and Emma, l. 432:
"That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."
(Kate Louise Roberts, ed., Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, New York, 1940.)

4. "A short cloak worn by ladies, originally of scarlet cloth with a hood." (OED)

5. "A highwayman who robs on foot." (OED)

Chapter XVIII

1. "A frame, usually of wood, related and fitted with one or more panes of glass forming a window or part of a window." (OED)

Chapter XXII

1. Terms in logic. "The minor term of a "categorical syllogism contains the subject of the conclusion; the major term contains the predicate of the conclusion." (OED)

2. Reference unknown.

Chapter XXIII

1. Latin proverb, meaning "Who will be the better for it? What good will it do?"

2. Martin Madan (1726-90), a lawyer who was converted by John Wesley and became a Methodist evangelist closely associated with John and Charles Wesley and Lady Huntingdon. His name became notorious in 1780, when he published "Thelyphthora," a treatise advocating polygamy, basing his argument on Mosaic law. Resigning as chaplain of Lock hospital after a storm of criticism arose over the book, he retired to Epsom. (DNB)

Chapter XXIV

1. Johan Kasper Lavater (1741-1801), a Swiss poet, mystic, theologian, and physiognomist, best remembered for his work, "Physiognomical Fragments for the Promotion of the Knowledge and Love of Man," which put forth his theories that personality can be determined by the physical appearance of an individual.

2. "The underground part of a plant used for eating or in medicine; specifically one of the fleshy nature, as the turnip or carrot, and by extention, any plant of this kind." (OED)

Volume II

Chapter I

1. The shortening of "Susanna" here to "Susan" appears to have resulted from misreading the first edition, which abbreviated the name to "Susan." to accomodate the end of a stick of type. Cf. Textual Notes.

Chapter II

1. French, "inopportunely, unseasonably, inappropriately."

2. Source unknown.

3. Cf. Smollett's Peregrine Pickle, "The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." The expression seemingly carried a connotation of a woman of low virtue, but of high station in life.

4. A reference to the head of brass that could speak and was omniscient. According to English legend, when Roger Bacon could hear it speak, he would succeed in his projects; if not, he would fail. His familiar, Miles, was set to watch, and while Bacon slept the Head spoke three times: "Time is;" half an hour later it said, "Time was." In another half hour it said, "Time's past," fell down, and was broken to atoms. Cf. Pope, Dunciad, III, 104; Butler, Hudibras, II, ii; and Robert Greene's Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1594. (Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, New York, 1965.)

Chapter IV

1. Reference not given, but no doubt a novelist having an attitude similar to the one expressed in Sheridan's The Rivals, III, iv, "When you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword."

2. "To stab or wound with a small sword." (Captain Grose, A Dictionary of Buckish Slang, University Wit, and Pickpocket Eloquence, London, 1811.)

3. French, contretemps, "a mischance."

4. French, "step."

Chapter V

1. Latin, "to the death."

2. "The art of judging character and disposition fromthe features of the face or the form and lineaments of the body generally." (OED)

Chapter VI

1. Bage has slipped here. The death of two older brothers was mentioned in Chapter I.

Chapter VII

1. A fashionable phrase at the time for breeches, particularly knee-breeches. (OED)

2. "Shortened form of grotto." (OED)

3. A resort by the River Thames in Chelsea, London, opened to the public in 1742 as a place of entertainment and famous for the concerts in the Rotunda, a domed open air building.

4. Cf. Vol. I, Ch. XVI, n. 2, above.

5. "The condition of a hypochondriac, morbid melancholy." (OED)

Chapter XI

1. "The articles of dress worn by clergy according to canon." (OED)

2. Alma Mater, Latin, literally "bounteous mother," a title given to universities looked on as foster-mothers of their alumni; hence Fielding's grandmother paid his tuition.

Chapter XII

1. Marcus Tullius Cicero's De Officiis, a philosophical treatise in three books with the third dedicated to his son and completed by Nov. 5, 44 B.C. Cf. Title page, 1, above.

2. Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 121-180), author of The Meditations, an expression of his Stoic philosophy.

Chapter XIV

1. "Visiting cards, containing a person's written or printed name (sometimes with the address), left as a token that a call had been made." (OED)

2. Lucius Amaeus Seneca, "the younger," Roman Stoic philosopher (4 B.C. - A.D. 65.).

3. Perhaps a reference to the Parisii, a fire worshipping Gaelic tribe after which the city of Paris (Parisiorum) was probably named. (Gertrude Jobes, Dictionary of Mythology, Folklore and Symbols, New York, 1962.)

4. Cf. Vol. I, Ch. XVI, n. 2, above.

5. "A kind of fine white linen, originally made at Cambray in Flanders." (OED)

6. French, "Society, the world of fashion."

Chapter XVI

1. "Any casual emolument, fee, or profit, attached to an office or position in addition to salary or wages; a gratuity expected or claimed by some employees, waiters, servants, and the like, from those to whom they perform services in connexion with the duties for which they are employed; a customary tip." (OED)

2. French, "Fashionable people."

3. Orestes, son of Agammenon, met his cousin Pylades at Phocis where Orestes was taken after his father was murdered. They formed a friendship as well known for their devotion as Damon and Pythias. Pylades later married Orestes' sister Electra.

Chapter XVII

1. French, "as among one's family, unceremoniously."

2. Cf. Vol. I, Ch. VII, 1, above.

3. French, "without doubt."

4. French, "Pardon me."

5. A province in France, supposedly the home of wild boasters. Cf. "gasconade" below. (OED)

6. An Italian version of a gasconade, or "an indulgence in a session of wild boasting." (OED)

7. French, "picturesque beauty."

8. "To boast, brag, talk big, rant." (OED)

Chapter XVIII

1. "A fashionable gathering or assembly, a large evening party or reception, much in vogue during this period." (OED)

2. Warren Hastings (1732-1818), governor-general of India, 1771-84. He returned to England in 1785 to face a lengthly impeachment trial, which began in 1787. He was charged by Burke and others with corruption in his administration of India but was acquitted in 1795. (DNB)

3. Raja Nand Kumar, an unscrupulous native administrator used by Hastings in the early years of his governorship of India. In 1775, Hastings

broke with Nundcomer, who was brought to trial in a conspiracy charge convicted, and executed. Hastings was later blamed for "murdering" the raja for personal reasons. (DNB)

4. During Hasting's governorship, the Oudh begums were the mother and grandmother of the nawab of Oudh. They had inherited a large estate and treasure which had been confiscated from the state with the approval of the East India Company Council. Since the present nawab was in debt to the East India Company, Hastings agreed to allow this inheritance to be returned to the state so the nawab could settle his financial difficulties. The ladies strongly protested, and Hastings was accused of robbing them. (DNB)

5. Latin, "well done!," sometimes, as here, used ironically. (The New Cassell's Latin Dictionary.)

6. "A formal testimony given by an employer as to the qualities and habits of one that has been in his employ; a letter of reference." (OED)

7. "Colloquial for the 'blue devils,' a depression of the spirits or melancholy." (OED)

8. A medicine made from mercury, widely used to treat syphilis, but also to treat skin diseases and as a lubricant. (Perrin H. Long, "Chemical Warfare Against Diseases," The March of Medicine. New York, 1940.) Apparently, from the context, it seems the servant was using it as a laxative.

Chapter XX

1. Reference not given.

2. Cf. Richardson's Clarissa, a madam who helped the villain Lovelace by securing Clarissa at her house of prostitution.

3. Possibly similar to the expressions "to jack" and "like a smoke," both meaning to do something quickly. (Eric Partridge, A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English, New York, 1950.)

Chapter XXI

1. French, "the uttermost limit of perfection."

2. Latin, literally "alone with oneself."

3. Obviously a misprint for "time" yet not corrected in any of the editions.

Chapter XXII

1. A battle fought during the War of the Austrian Succession in which the French under Maurice Comte de Saxe defeated an Anglo-Hanoverian force, supported by Austrian and Dutch contingents, under the command of William Agustus, Duke of Cumberland, on May 11, 1745.

2. The formost member of a group, here used as the principal members of the duel, as opposed to the seconds, or assistants. (OED)

3. Latin, "substances used in medical healing."

Chapter XXIII

1. Possibly Sebastianus Castellio or Castalio is the Latinized name of Sebastien Chatillon or Chateillon (1515-1563), the French Protestant theologian and humanist, who was forced to relinquish the rectorship at Geneva because of deviations from Calvinist doctrine; he translated the Bible into French and Latin. (Webster's Biographical Dictionary.) I have not found any mention of a work against women.

Chapter XXIV

1. Latin, "pleasant to the useful," from Horace's phrase in "The Art of Poetry," dulce et utile.

2. A Merry-Andrew is "one who entertains people by means of antics and buffoonery; a clown; proper, as here, a montebank's assistant." (OED)

3. "The Ten Commandments collectively as a body of law." (OED)

4. "A universal remedy or panacea." (OED)

5. The Battle of Arbela, also called the Battle of Gaugamela, was fought On Oct. 1, 331 B.C. This was the battle in which Alexander the Great decisively defeated Darius III of Persia.

6. Aesculapius is the Latin form of the Greek "Askepios," god of medicine and of healing. (Brewer's)

7. Someone poor could pay to plunge a fork into a large pot containing portions of meat and take whatever the fork brought to the top. (OED)

8. Cf. Johnson's Rambler 117.

9. George Barrington (b. 1755), a famous pickpocket sent to Australia in 1790, after a "brilliant" career in London, much celebrated in ballads and popular accounts circulated at the time. He was emancipated in 1792, became superintendent of the convicts, and served the Governor of New South Wales. (DNB)

10. Reference not given.

11. A "jemmy" was a crow, used much by housebreakers. (Grose) Or possibly the reference is to "Gimme", slang for "Give me." (OED)

12. "A home for the refuge and reformation of prostitutes, short for Magdalen hospital." (OED)

Chapter XXV

1. Although several factories were well-known in Birmingham, such as the Wedgwood porcelain factory, the Boulton factory in Soho, Birmingham, specialized in buttons and decorative items known at the time as "toys." (OED) Since Matthew Boulton was the leader of the Lunar Society, which held monthly dinner meetings in his home, and all the men mentioned later in this chapter as having met at the manufacturer's home were members of this group, it is more likely that Bage is referring here to Boulton than to Wedgwood. (DNB)

2. Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), Dissenting theologian and scientist, perhaps most famous as the discoverer of oxygen. He also wrote widely on religious, philosophical, and educational topics. After moving to Birmingham in 1780 at the behest of Josiah Wedgwood, he was a regular member of the Lunar Society. (DNB)

3. James Keir (1735-1820), a chemist and an original member of the Lunar Society. His chief contributions to chemistry concerned his work in his glass factory and later in his alkalai and soap factory. He was an early advocate of the French Revolution and also wrote a memoir of his friend Thomas Day, the author of Sandford and Merton. (DNB)

4. Erasmas Darwin (1731-1802), a physician at Lichfield and an original member of the Lunar Society. His most famous poem The Botanic Garden in heroic couplets was primarily didactic and scientific in nature. (DNB)

5. Latin proverb, "for our altars and firesides; for God and country."

6. Boulton financed James Watts' experiments which produced the first steam engine. (DNB)

Volume III

Chapter I

1. Jean Andre Deluc (1727-1817), a Swiss geologist and meteorologist who immigrated to England in 1773. He was immediately elected to the Royal Society and soon appointed reader to Queen Charlotte, a post he held until his death. Many of his scientific works, as well as philosophic ones, were published as letters and dedicated to the queen. Among these were Lettres sur l'Histoire de la Terre et de l'Homme, 5 vol., 1779, which is probably the work mentioned here since his other works of letters were published after 1792. (DNB)

2. Cf. Pope, Essay on Man, III, 152:
   "Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
   Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;" (Butt)

3. French, "flower beds".

4. Richard Humphries, a famous boxer known as "the gentleman boxer," one of the first scientific boxers and a teacher to Daniel Mendoza, who later defeated his master three times. Daniel Mendoza was a Jewish boxer who first attained fame in 1787 by defeating Samuel Martin, "the Bath butcher," and later Humphries in 1788, 1789, and 1790. In 1789 he published "The Art of Boxing." Neither Humphries nor Mendoza appears to have operated a hall for this sport, however. (DNB)

5. Both places are noted for horse-racing. Epsom, fifteen miles south of London, is the home of famous horse race and has been since the time of James I, but these races were not established on a permanent basis until 1730. Newmarket, on the main London to Norwich Road, is the home of the Jockey club and has also been celebrated for its horse races from the time of James I.

6. I have not found the exact use of this term.

7. Reference not given.

Chapter II

1. French, "civility, good breeding."

2. French, "jests, witty expressions."

3. In mineralogy, the name given to coarse black varieties of tourmaline rocks.

Chapter III

1. Latin, "arguing from cause to effect."

2. Probably a reference to John Brown, M.D. (1735-1788), the controversial founder of the Brunonian system of medicine, whose book Elementia

Medicinae (1780) was a precursor of Erasmas Darwin's Zoonomia. He emphasized the relationship of mental and physical health in the practical treatment of morbidity. (DNB) I have not found a reference to his stimulating memory, however.

3. Cf. Vol. II, Ch. XIV, above.

Chapter IV

1. Latin, "How burning! the English Sun; .... the Polish Sun, how cold! how dull!"

2. A nobleman, one having royal privileges." (OED)

Chapter V

1. John Fielding had called Mr. Fluellin "David" in Ch. III, just previously. This is probably a slip on Bage's part.

Chapter VII

1. Members of a class of old Russian aristocracy, abolished in the time of Peter the Great.

2. Catherine the Great (1729-1796) of Russia often made her most trusted agents and ministers her lovers. Catherine also fostered French culture at her court and insisted on a high standard of decorum and manners at court.

3. French, "a party of two men and two women."

4. Latin, "belonging to a class of things peculiar to itself."

5. French, "false shame."

6. French, "the beautiful Englishwomen."

Chapter VIII

1. French, to "make eyes".

2. French, "reserve troops."

Chapter IX

1. French, "a surprise attack."

2. Cornelius Tacitus (c. 55-117 A.D.), A Roman historian. He emphasized the evils of Roman society, having suffered under the rule of Domitian. Sir George has exchanged moral indignation for pleasure.

3. French, "go."

Chapter XI

1. French, "dining room"

Chapter XII

1. Latin proverb, "He who does not advance forward, goes backwards." (Jones) A review of James Wallace had used this quote to admonish Bage for failing to correct flaws which had been pointed out in reviews of his previous novels, and from the context here, he seems to have noticed the slight. (Crouch, p. 56.)

2. French, an encounter.

3. From Horace, Odes, Bk. iv, ode 12, l. 27. Dulce est desipere in loco, "It is sweet to unbend on proper occasions." (Stevenson)

Chapter XIII

1. French, "an English Lord."

2. French, "money."

3. French, "Sir Paradyne, a gentleman everywhere....like the devil."

4. French, "the merchants of fashions, perfumes, and other things."

5. French, "household, housekeeping, economy."

6. French, "like a master."

7. A famous banking house founded by Sir Richard Hoare (1648-1718). (DNB) No reference found for Sassureau.

Chapter XIV

1. "A small four-wheeled carriage for hire." (OED)

Chapter XV

1. French, "Would to God."

2. After helping with the American Revolution, Lafayette returned to France, and in 1784 became an early leader in the revolutionary movement there. He was the vice-president of the Assembly, but remained a moderate defending the lives of the king and queen until their end.

3. The son of Thomas Arthur, Comte de Lally, who had been executed in 1766, for having surrendered at Pondicherry in 1761. His son worked in vain to have his father's name restored to honor and also played an early part in the revolutionary movement in France. By 1789, however, he had

broken with Mirabeau and the more radical leaders of the revolution and later defended the king in essays written in England. He would still have been in England in 1792.

4. Sir Isaac Newton in Laws of Motion, III, said "To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction: or, the mutual actions of two bodies upon each other are always equal, and directed to contrary parts." (DNB)

5. Cf., Pope, Essay on Man, II, 2: "The proper study of mankind is man."

6. French, "home-sickness."

7. French, "a man of war."

8. French, "warrants of arrest."

9. French, "a flow of spirits, liveliness."

Chapter XVI

1. Early leaders of the French Revolution.

2. French, "a farmer-general of revenues."

3. "The vestments and other insignia of a bishop." (OED)

4. French, "a set of acquaintances."

5. "a light sword, tapering gradually from the hilt to the point, and especially used in fencing." (OED)

6. What is meant by "Areoi" is obscure; from the context, perhaps "ariola," or "soothsayer" is meant. "Otaheite" is an obsolete name for "Tahiti." (OED)

Chapter XVII

1. Piccinni's Artaserse, an opera, was first performed in Rome in 1762. (Eric Bloom, ed. Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, N. Y., 1954.)

2. French, "dear love."

3. French, "it is."

4. French, literally, "I do not know what," an indescribable quality.

5. French, "a little supper."

6. French, "in the English fashion."

7. Cf. Terence, Andria, III, iii, 23: Amantium irae amoris integratio'st., "Lover's quarrels are but a renewal of their love." (W. Francis King,

Classical and Foreign Quotations, London, 1904.)

Chapter XX

1. "A number of gold coins made up into a cylindrical packet." (OED)

Chapter XXI

1. Hester Lynch Piozzi (1741-1821), a friend of Dr. Johnson, first married to Henry Thrale. She published Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson (1786) and Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson. (1788) (DNB) I have not found the exact reference.

1. French, "spirit," "society," and "beautiful second-hand women."

2. French, "women of easy virtue."

Chapter XXII

1. French, "why, yes."

2. French, "but pardon me my freedom."

3. French, "certainly."

4. French, "It isn't by business."

5. French, "high livers and gamblers."

Chapter XXV

1. Latin proverb, "A man is known by his company."

Chapter XXVI

1. A well-known innkeeper in Calais mentioned in both Sterne's A Sentimental Journey and in Arthur Young's Travels Through France and Italy.

Chapter XXVII

1. French, 'to the point.'

Chapter XXIX

1. The tax gatherers on past roads in France, also mentioned in Bage's Barham Downs.

Chapter XXXI

1. Perhaps a reference to Moliere's Le Medecin malgre lui, The Doctor Inspite of Himself, a reference which would be ironic since Moliere's character was a quack.

2. French, droit d'aubaine, "the right of the state to confiscate the personal property of a foreigner who died in France." This law remained in effect until the last century.

3. French, "Very great, sir; my God! She is dying."

Chapter XXXIII

1. Probably the Latin expression detur digniori, "Let it be given to the most deserving."

2. Latin, "in the first place."

3. Latin, "it is proved."

Chapter XXXIV

1. "mesmerism, hypnotism." (OED)

2. Cf. Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, from Mercutio's dying speech, III, i, 101.

3. "The concluding part of an oration, speech, or written discourse, in which the writer or speaker sums up and commends to his audience with force of earnestness the matter which he has placed before them." (OED)

Chapter XXXV

1. A Roman glutton, living in the reign of Tiberius (A.D. 14-37), who was so extravagantly fond of eating that, when his income was reduced, he committed suicide rather than submit to a plain diet.

2. "A curio, antique, or other product of the fine arts." (OED)

3. Cf. Juvenal, Satires, VI.
"What! Postumus, are you, you who once had your wits, taking to yourself a wife? Tell me what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to a she-tyrant when there is so much rope to be had.... (G. G. Ramsay, tr., Juvenal and Persius, Cambridge, Mass., 1961.)

Volume IV

Chapter I

1. Cf. Vol. 1, Ch. IX, n. 3, above for Vergil and Cicero. Titus Livius (59 B.C.-A.D. 17), was a Roman historian, noted for his Ab Urbe Condita, a history of Rome. Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (c. 237-183 B.C.) defeated Hannibal in the Second Punic War. His deeds, extolled by Livy, made him appear one of the greatest heroes of Roman history.

2. French, "travelling companion."

Chapter II

1. French, "What grace! what beauty! how touching! how brilliant! how divine! how ravishing!"

Chapter IV

1. French, "You speak French, Miss, perhaps."

2. Latin, "I do not understand at all."

Chapter VI

1. In several of his theological works, "History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus," (1786) and "History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ" (1786), Joseph Priestley attempted to remove superstitious elements from Christian doctrine concerning the birth and work of Jesus. One popular legend concerning the Virgin Mary was that she had been transformed miraculously with her house from Palestine to Loretto. The site of this apparition became the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto. (Brewer's)

2. An affectionate name for Marcus Tullius Cicero.

3. Joseph II, Holy Roman Emperor, attempted numerous reforms in the structure of his domain, some of which led to an insurrection by the peasants in Hungary in 1784. The peasants had believed that the emperor would support them because of his liberal reforms, but he sent troops to repress their actions. The nobility and clergy of the area were incensed over Joseph's reforms, which included limitation of feudal rights, closing of monasteries, and replacing Latin with German instead of the native tongue Magyar as the official language. (Will and Ariel Durant, Rousseau and Revolution, New York, 1967.)

Chapter IX

1. Latin, "by divine right."

Chapter X

1. Edmund Burke, previously the author of the critical essay On the Sublime and the Beautiful, had published Reflections on the French Revolution in 1790. The remainder of this chapter is based on passages from this work.

Chapter XVII

1. Cf. Juvenal, Satires, VIII, 1. "What do pedigrees avail?" (Stevenson)

2. French, "jewels."

Chapter XX

1. "A round, a short song for three or more voices singing the same melody; the second singer begins the first line as the first singer begins the second line, etc." (OED)

2. Cf. Vol. II, Ch. IV, 2, above.

3. Reference not found.

4. "To cheat or trick: he choused me out of it." (Grose)

5. "To observe, to suspect." (Grose)

6. "To cheat." (Grose)

7. The faro table, used for a gambling game at cards, "in which players bet on the order in which certain cards will appear when taken singly from the top of the pack." (OED)

8. French, "for fresh air."

Chapter XXI

1. Latin, "Thus passes away desire. Thus ends folly." The source of this quote has not been found.

2. In 1780, Joseph II visited Brussells and the other major cities of the Austrian Netherlands. Afterwards he attempted to expand trade in Brussels and thereby incurred the wrath of Holland; his Edict of Toleration angered the Belgian Catholics. Other attempted reforms met equal hostility, even leading to the Estates of Brabant refusing to vote taxes, until the reforms were annuled in 1787. (Durant)

3. Cf. Vol. II, Ch. 11, n. 1, above.

Chapter XXII

1. I have not found this reference.

Chapter XXIII

1. The reference appears to be to Horace's Golden Mean (Odes, II, 10, 5); yet the quote is from Terence, Andria, I, i, 61, "Adprime in vita esse utile, ut ne quid nimis," "The golden rule in life is moderation in all things." (Stevenson)

Chapter XXIV

1. French, "a fortunate gentleman" (in regard to women).

2. French, "false step, a social blunder."

Chapter XXVI

1. Cf. Vol. I, Ch. XVI, n. 2, above.

Chapter XXVII

1. French, "loud noise, social acclaim."

2. Cf. Pope, Epilogue to the Satires, I, 133.

Chapter XXVIII

1. Latin, "by the whole heaven, by as much as the distance between the celestial poles, diametrically opposed."

Chapter XXIX

1. Cf. Swift's Gulliver's Travels, IV, the animalistic creatures associated with man.

2. "A soft cotton material used for canonicles." (OED)

3. "Vibrations or quivering flashes of light, or displays of such flashes, from the context, stage effects." (OED)

Chapter XXXI

1. Latin, "by art, with skill, by design."

2. Latin, "remembrances of death."

Chapter XXXII

1. Marcus Porcius Cato, the Younger (95-46 B.C.) and Marcus Junus Brutus (c. 85-42 B.C.). Both had supported Pompey against Julius Caesar,

but Cato had joined Pompey in exile while Brutus had been reconciled to Caesar only to join forces later with the assassins of Caesar in the belief that such an act would recall the ideals of the republic. Both names are associated with self-sacrificing idealism.

2. Frederick August Wendeborn, minister of a German church in London, author of "View of England toward the Close of the Eighteenth Century," 3 Vol.; seemingly he discussed here the number of prostitutes in London. (S. Austin Allibone, A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Philadelphia, 1871.) Bage also uses this metaphor for prostitutes in Mount Henneth by referring to a house of prostitution as a "convent." A bawdy house being called a nunnery was common slang. (Grose)

Chapter XXXIII

1. Cf. the epitaph of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard," "And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."

2. Latin, "an English garden."

3. James Thomson, author of The Seasons (1727), a long didactic poem on Nature which remained popular throughout the century, particularly during the cult of "sensibility."

4. A long, didactic, and scientific poem on nature by Erasmus Darwin, it was immensely popular in its day. (DNB)

5. "Earlier form of the Turkish title Pasha, a title of high rank, generally given to military commanders, but also to governors of provinces." (OED)

Chapter XXXIV

1. French, "self-proclaimed."

Chapter XXXV

1. French, "love letters."

Chapter XXXVI

1. Italian, "careless, indifferent, nonchalante."

Chapter XXXVII

1. Bage apparently invented this. I have not found such a statement in the letters of St. Paul.

2. Cf. Swift's description of the dissenters' worship service in "The Mechanical Operations of the Spirit."

3. A social reformer, author of Examinations of the third and fourth definitions of the tenth book of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, and of the Three Axioms or Laws of Motion, (London, 1787) and Essay on the Powers and Mechanism of Nature; intended, by a deeper analysis of phisical principles, to extend, improve, and more firmly establish, the grand superstructure of the Newtonian system. (London, 1788). (Allibone)

4. Probably a reference to Edmund Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, which systematically refutes Dr. Richard Price's proposals of individual rights in government by maintaining that the real rights of men are to live by the law of their government, thereby insuring harmony and the freedom assured by such peacefulness. I cannot find the exact quote, however.

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