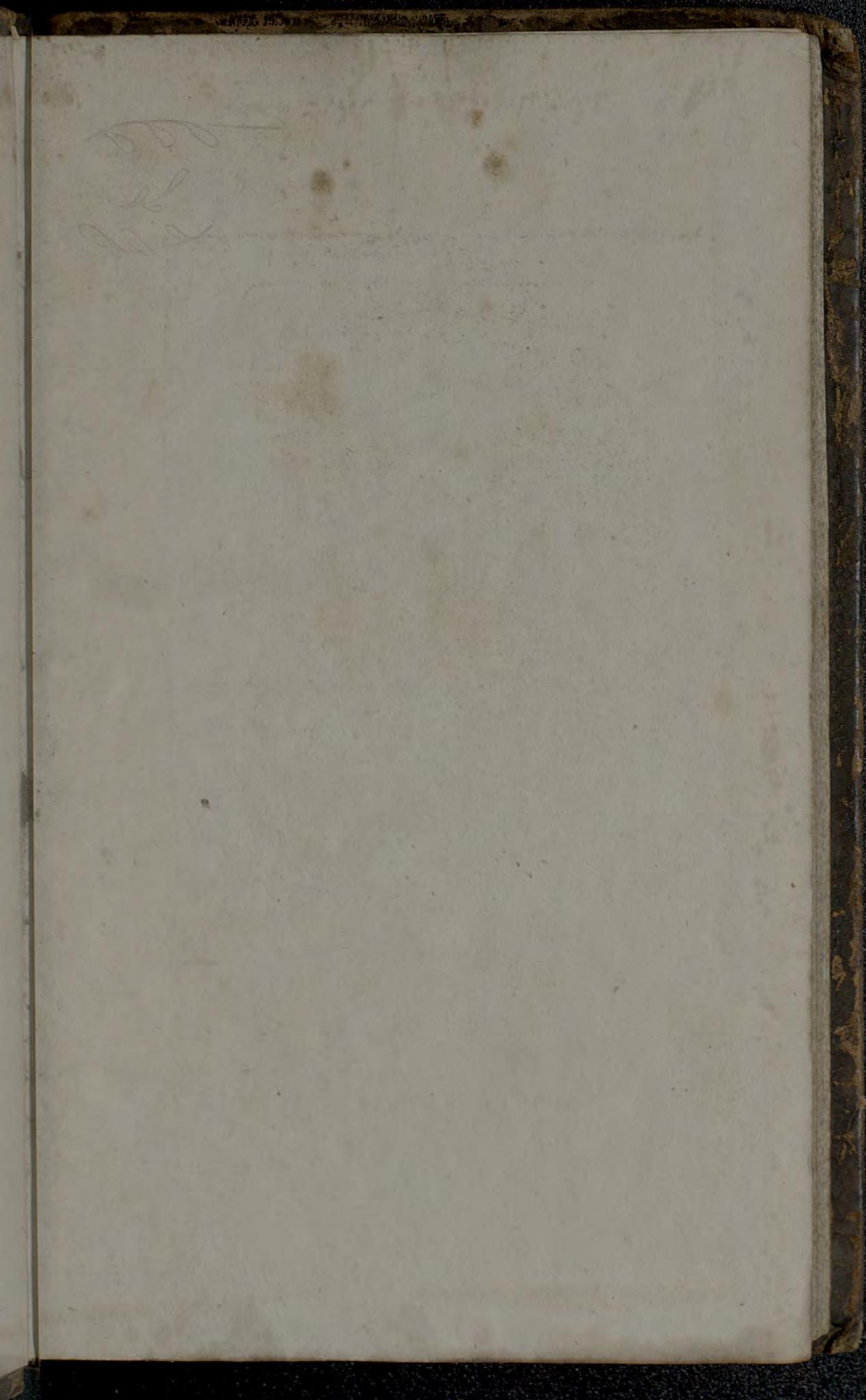
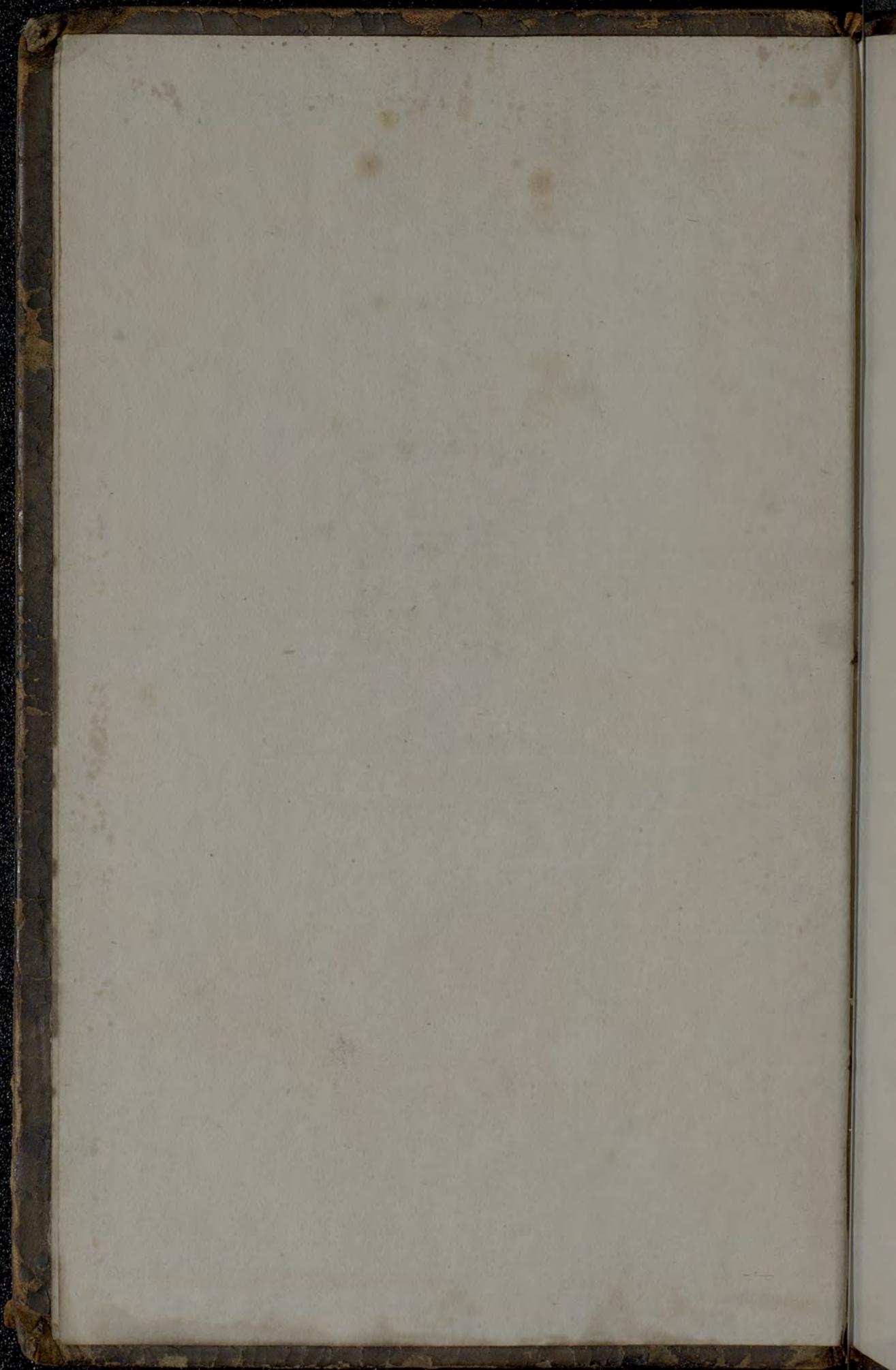


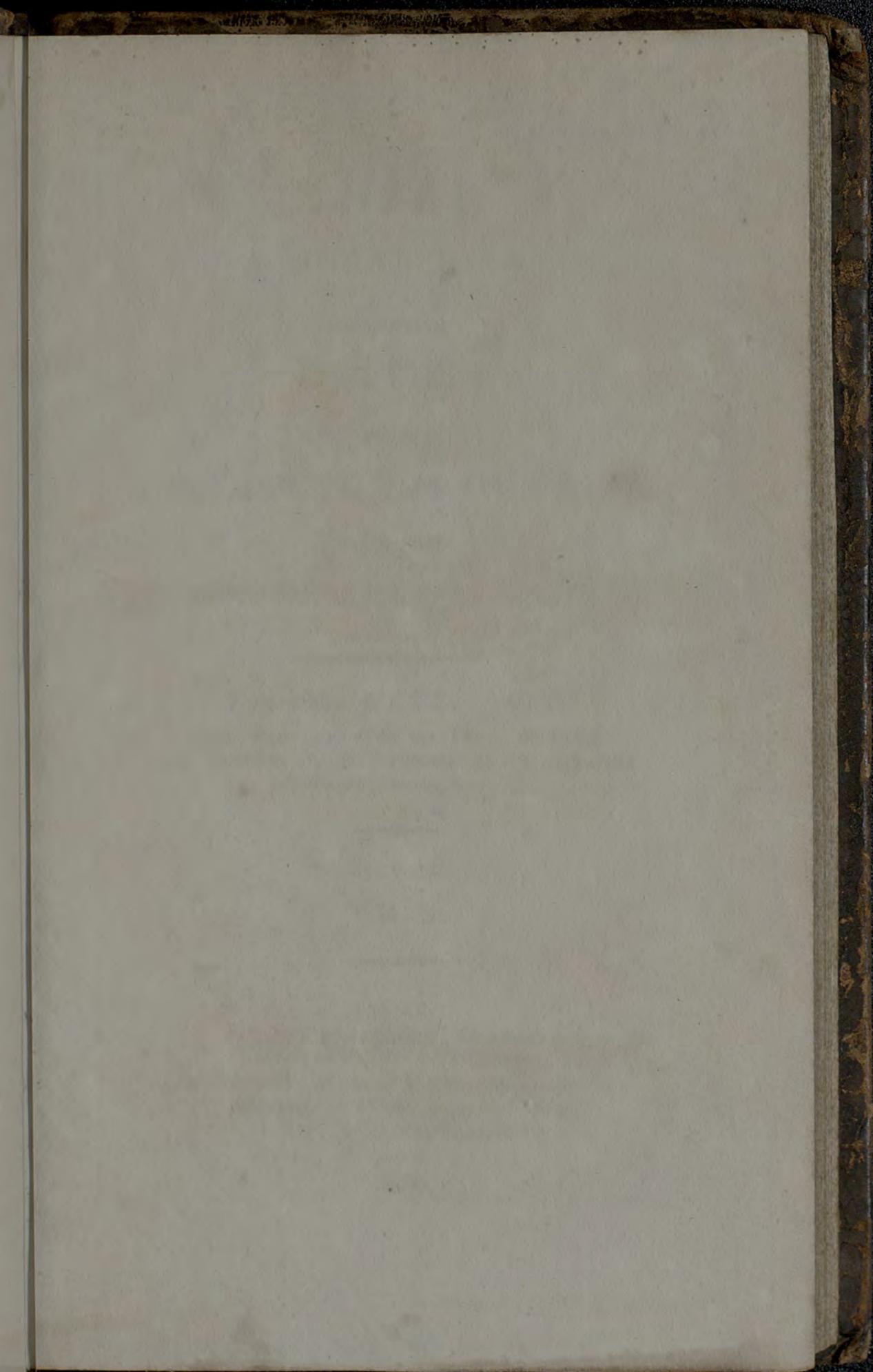


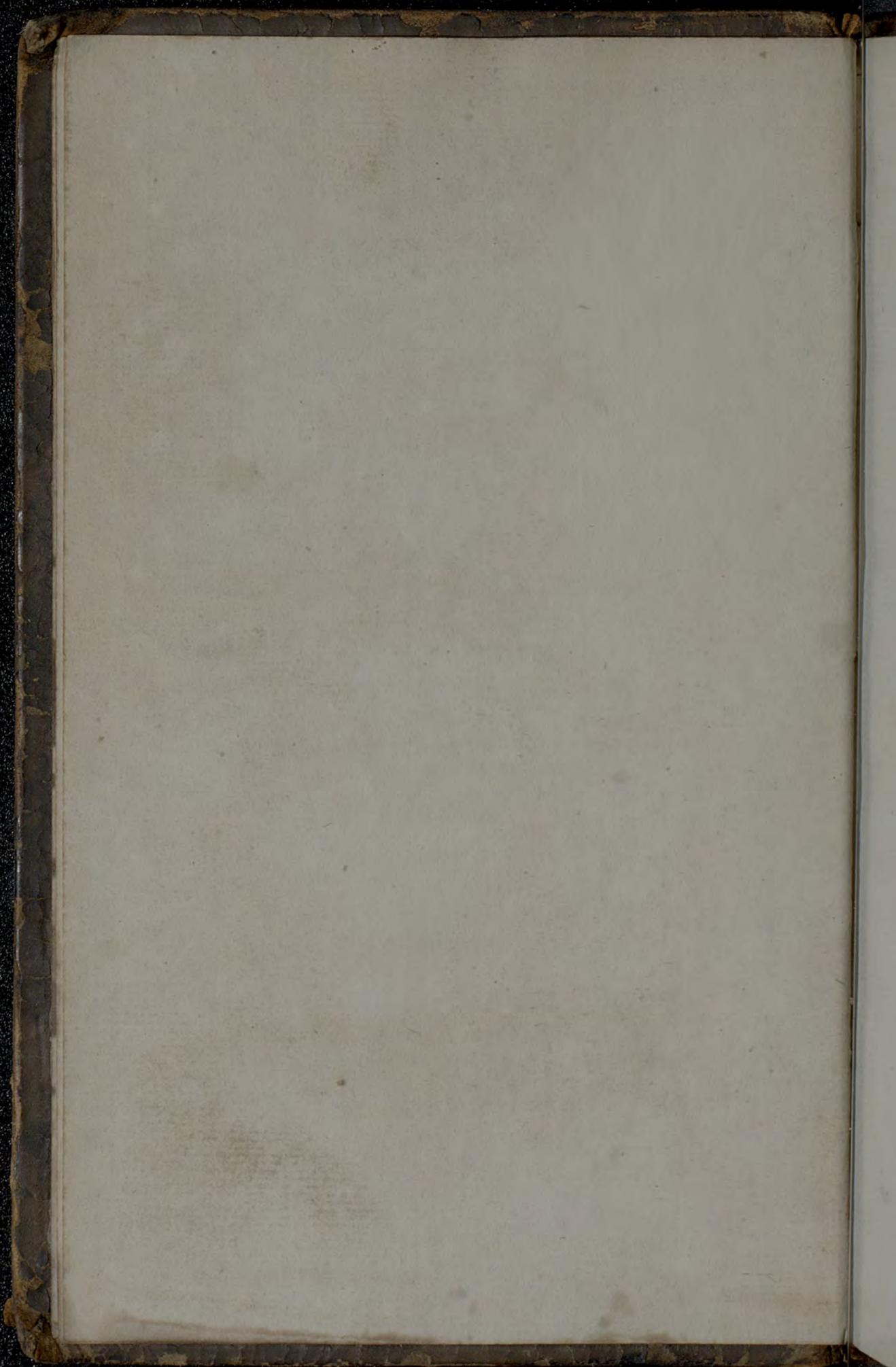
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EMILY,
A MORAL TALE,
INCLUDING
LETTERS
FROM
A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER,
UPON THE
MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

By the Rev. HENRY KETT,
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AND AUTHOR OF THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL
KNOWLEDGE, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1809.

EMILY.



LETTER XII.



COLONEL LORTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.



ON SCANDAL.

FROM the most careful observations I have been able to make, I am inclined to think that the propensity to tell a story to the disadvantage of another person, or what is generally called *Scandal*, is as common to men as it is to women, and therefore your sex are unjustly accused of being more prone to

it than our's. I do not think however that this inclination either in men or women arises more from spleen or ill nature, than a want of some other subject of conversation, or from a supposition that it is agreeable to those with whom they are conversing: for we frequently find persons taking a great pleasure in reporting tales concerning those who have done nothing to offend them, and are so far removed from them by rank in life or distance of place, that they are very unlikely to be the objects of their envy.

Some persons may flatter themselves they can build their own fame upon the ruin of that of others; and may think their own good qualities will shine with superior lustre, if those of their friends are thrown into the shade. This kind of artifice does not always gain its end. If Miss A—, for example, describes any one of her neighbours as ill natured, vain, or censorious; if she asserts that she sings badly, dances ungracefully, and looks horribly, it is very clear *who* is to be regarded

regarded as the model of all possible perfection; and that she wishes to degrade her neighbour for the sake of exalting herself.

You will sometimes meet with those who have a peculiarly artful manner of relating a story, with a view of saving themselves from being thought censorious. They preface their narratives with assuring you, "they only relate what they have heard; but they will not venture to pledge themselves for the truth of what they are going to say." Then they proceed by their tone of voice, innuendoes, and laughing, to show you, as plainly as possible, their opinion of the case, and what impression they are anxious to make upon your mind. There is too a mode of contradicting a story, which may serve to confirm it—a mode well known, and successfully practised by many a *Mrs. Candor* you may chance to meet with. She asserts, indeed, she does not credit a word of the affair; but she may speak in such an ironical manner, as to convince the whole company she wishes every syllable of it to be believed.

This may be called Scandal by *implication*; when "more is meant than meets the ear." It may be true, that those who communicate a story in this manner, may not be the inventors of it; but if they circulate it from malevolent motives, they are surely as culpable as if they were so. The *intention* constitutes the offence; or else there would be no justice in the law which enacts, that the man who circulates a bank note, well knowing it to be bad, is as guilty as he who forged it.

If I proceed to a farther description of those, whose chief delight consists in the wanton exercise of their tongue, for the unfeeling purposes of calumny and detraction, you must not attribute my attempt to my own indulgence of such a practice, but rather to my wish to put you upon your guard, and to prevent you from being blinded by their plausibility, and deceived by their arts.

The tale-bearers who are prompted by ill-nature to misrepresent the conduct of others, make the worst possible use of those figures of rhetoric which consist in omitting some
circum-

circumstances, adding others, and in swelling trifles into subjects of the greatest importance. The mischief they may produce in society is incalculable. They cause coldness, and even hatred, to take place among friends; they inflame suspicion into jealousy, dislike into malice, and aversion into revenge. Such are the busy-bodies, who, by the whispers of insinuation, and the pestilent breath of slander, alienate brother from brother, and estrange the affections of the wife from the husband: and they have been known to produce effects more injurious than these—even to raise the arm of the duellist to shed the blood of his friend—perhaps of his benefactor. Such perverters of the gift of speech ought to be the outcasts of society; and yet they are too often admitted, and welcomed into its bosom, because they are pleasant companions. If, however, our anxiety for the characters and feelings of others do not induce us to keep them at a distance, we may at least have some regard for ourselves; for while we are listening to their plausible tales,

we

we may be assured, that we are marked out as the prey of their garrulity. Our absence only is requisite to make us the sport of their tongues: we shall suffer by the same fate, to which others in our hearing have been condemned: and can our punishment be undeserved, if we have cordially joined in the laugh of approbation, and assisted in swelling the triumph of malevolence over innocence and merit?

Be assured, that a pure and un sullied reputation is one of the greatest blessings a mortal can enjoy. The continuation of it to future ages, which constitutes fame or glory, is the greatest reward of valor, genius, and patriotism. It was for This a Chatham counselled, and for This a Nelson fought and died. In private life, it gives splendor to every rank of society: it is the pride of the rich man, and is more precious than all his treasures: it may be the only possession of the poor, and should he preserve *this*, he is not likely to remain long in a state of indigence, and he can never be an object of contempt.

A good

A good man values his character, not only as the reward of his past actions, but as the earnest of his future success. So deservedly high does it stand, that it is held dearer than life itself; and most degraded is the state of that person who has lost his character—degraded indeed beyond all power of recovery. The specks of dirt upon the purest snow are the lively emblems of stains upon our reputation; but recollect, that such stains are far more fixed and indelible.

————— Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:—
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—————

SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.

The faculty of speech was given to us for the most benevolent ends, for our mutual improvement and rational pleasure; we ought therefore

to

to be careful that we do not abuse it to the most injurious and disgraceful of all purposes, and the most opposite to the designs of its bountiful Giver. How unworthy of the fair sex is it for their tongues, which can warble the sweetest notes of harmony, to express the harsh language of discord, and to taint conversation with the infectious poison of scandal! How much more innocent, or rather how much more becoming and captivating, is silence! If a girl who is very talkative is not upon her guard, the admirers she may flatter herself she has fully secured will forsake her, and her tongue will destroy the triumph of her eyes.

The following old epigram may give a useful hint to such a censorious babbler.

To DORINDA, who constantly wears a Veil,

DORINDA, why not more disclose
 Those charms thy Damon longs to view,
 Thy cheeks that emulate the rose,
 Thy eyes that steal from heav'n their blue?

Dorinda,

Dorinda, why with ceaseless railing
Do you consume the live long day?
While you indulge this odious failing,
Your wearied lover flies away.
Would you his captive state prolong?
Unveil your face, and curb your tongue.

The considerations proper to repress a disposition to scandal cannot fail to have their effect upon every ingenuous mind, and every feeling heart. When inclined to indulge in censoriousness, recollect, my Emily, that you are going to employ an engine which may recoil with equal, or perhaps greater, force against yourself. Scandal is a vice not less injurious to man, than sinful in the sight of God. We are expressly told in Scripture, that “the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds”—that “lying and deceitful lips are an abomination to the Lord”—that “if any man among us seem to be religious, and bridled not his tongue, that man’s religion is vain.”

Whenever

Whenever you hear aspersions cast upon any one, let them lead you rather to inquire than to judge. It may be very wrong, and certainly is very precipitate, to admit as true what is as likely to be false, or at least greatly exaggerated. It is much more prudent, as well as more generous, to take some pains to ascertain a matter of fact, than "to fit in the seat of the scornful," and pronounce a decisive sentence. Let not indolence repress your exertions, nor prepossession blind your judgment; but in cases of importance to the honor of your friends, spare not your best endeavours to find out the truth.

You may think I place this subject in too serious and gloomy a point of view; and you may say, that in the levity of conversation no such mischiefs may be likely to arise as those which result from deliberate slander; and that stories may be related merely in sport, and for the sake of exciting a laugh. But if we raise such a laugh against the absent, let us be sure that we do not add cowardice

ardice to cruelty, by aspersing those who are not present to defend themselves. And if we are inclined to indulge a laugh at those who are present, and expose their follies and foibles, let us be very select in the objects of our merriment, and certain that we do not give more pain than we receive pleasure. Some persons can "speak daggers, who make use of none:" what they say in jest may be understood in earnest: the smart may be felt, the wound may fester, and one severe word may destroy tranquillity of mind, and for a long time interrupt the comfort of life.

You see then how poignant, how cruel, how injurious that expression may be, which raises a blush upon the cheek of innocence, and gives a pang to the bosom of virtuous sensibility. Even to the bad you surely would not wish to give pain, unless, like a skilful surgeon, you were confident that, in some particular cases, the only method of curing a disease is to inflict a wound.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

From the same to the same.

ON LETTER WRITING.

BY your request that I would give you some directions upon the subject of letter writing, you assign to me a task, which is comparatively a light one: for it is much easier to prescribe rules, than to follow them. Is it the suggestion of well or ill founded diffidence, when I express an apprehension, that my own letters in many respects may be far from deserving your imitation; for perhaps there are persons, even if you be more indulgent, who would think that I resemble the bad authors described by the poet—

Rules for good writing they with pains indite,
Then shew us what is bad, by what they write.

To

To make you however some amends for the imperfect execution of your wishes, and my own, I shall conclude what I intend to say upon the subject, with some specimens of letters that may produce a smile, while they suggest a caution.

Whether ladies excel gentlemen in letter writing, is a question, I am inclined to answer in the affirmative. Ladies display a peculiar ease of expression, they know how to set off every little circumstance to advantage, and they show such delicacy and sensibility, as are peculiarly calculated to carry this employment of the pen to perfection.

In writing letters, some of the most important points to be attended to are perspicuity, elegance, and precision. It is necessary to add, that a regard to method, a strict attention to truth, good humour, and politeness, are essential to a good letter: without these requisites, your letters cannot answer the best ends of correspondence, which are to give information, and communicate pleasure. Every letter cannot be expected

pected to sparkle with wit, or to strike with solid observation: there is however a style at once easy and elegant, which conveys the spontaneous dictates of the heart, and never so completely fixes attention and invites frequent re-perusals, as when it flows from the pen of those of whose warm and sincere attachment we have received the most satisfactory proofs.

Perspicuity, or clearness, is the prime quality of a good style. If a person expresses himself obscurely, he speaks or writes almost in vain. You can no more understand him than you can see a face concealed by a veil. Nothing can compensate for the want of perspicuity, which far from being merely a freedom from error, is as much a positive beauty, as the transparent water, through which you behold the pebbles at the bottom of a stream.

As shines the lily through the chrystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand more sweetly glows.

The

The letter writer, who to clearness unites *elegance*, will reach excellence in this kind of composition. An elegant writer from many modes of expression, which may occur to him, selects the best, and carefully avoids all vulgar, affected, or pompous language. This excellence belongs to persons of superior refinement, and was conspicuous in the letters of Mrs. Rowe, Lady Wortley Montagu, Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. Gray.

Precision consists in cutting off every superfluous expression, and in saying as much as is necessary to make the subject clearly and fully understood,—and *no more*. By what you retrench, you add to the strength and the beauty of what you retain. Thus is the vigour of the finest shrubs in a garden increased by curtailing their luxuriant branches. Precision excludes the crowd of unnecessary words which encumber ideas: and will prevent from running the risk of being tedious, a circumstance which will never produce the acknowledgments of your correspondents. We ought to have some re-

gard for their time as well as our own: let us then suffer them to rise from our epistolary banquet rather with an appetite for more, than with a disposition to censure us for setting a profusion of ordinary dishes before them.

A wag, on receiving a long letter full of unmeaning words, said, it was like an old ruinous castle, for the *passages* wanted *light*, and *led to nothing*.

Truth and sincerity ought to form the basis of letters. Falshood and artifice disgrace the character of man, they ought therefore to be banished from every kind of social intercourse, and particularly from that, which admits, or rather encourages the warmest and most undisguised sentiments:—the pen should always be the faithful interpreter of the heart.

In all letters, and more especially in letters of business, some arrangement of topics is necessary. If you do not attend to order, you will be betrayed into repetitions, and
your

your thoughts by being scattered will be weakened and confused.

With respect to subjects, and the proper manner of treating them, letters naturally take their colour from the persons to whom they are addressed: that is, they depend upon the age, rank, and character of your correspondents. You would doubtless think it improper, or rather ridiculous, to address the old and young, the grave and the gay, the scholar and the country squire, the courtier and the farmer, in the same stile. If therefore you were writing to a duchess, you would address her with great respect; if to your friend with freedom and ease, yet devoid of too much familiarity, and if to a servant, with condescending civility. The decorum necessary in correspondence is the same as is requisite in conversation.

Lord Bacon has well observed, that "Reading maketh a full man, speaking a ready man, and writing an *exact* man."

If letters do not admit the copiousness of conversation, they have the double advantage

tage of more correctness, and more reflection. The act of writing allows that time for premeditation, which the ardour of conversation excludes; conversation is often a sketch of the mind, which may be highly coloured indeed, but is often hastily drawn. Letter writing ought to be a more correct resemblance, a more nicely finished picture, and if it possesses the elegance of a Melmoth, the liveliness of a Montagu or the facetiousness of a Gray, it is like a miniature set in diamonds.

You will do well to recollect, that attention is due to the *hand writing*, as well as to the expression of a letter. To be compelled to toil through a letter written in so small a hand as almost to require a microscope, or wherein the letters are so formed, that they look like hieroglyphics, is laying too heavy a burthen in addition to postage, upon your perplexed correspondents, and most unlovely is it to the eye to see your paper, "as the pure limpid stream when fouled with stains," deformed with blots,
and

and crowded with interlineations. The waving line of beauty may suit the figures of a drawing, but the mathematical precision of straight lines is better adapted to a letter.

Always remember, that any thing worth doing, is worth doing well. Even the mode of folding, directing, and sealing a letter is not beneath attention. Persons of rank and fashion are seldom negligent in these respects. It is equally necessary to be attentive while you are engaged in writing to a person, as when you are in company with him, for those who are *distract*, or absent, are apt to make ridiculous mistakes. So completely occupied was a lover with the idea of his mistress, that—

He wrote to his father, ending with this line,
I am my lovely Celia, ever thine.

You may recollect the case of the person who sent a confidential letter upon urgent business, but forgot to add the address; the consequence was, it was opened at the post-office, read and laughed at by the clerks

c 2

there,

there, and returned to the writer a complete month after. Another person directed to his mother a letter, which, to her great surprize, began with the familiar address of friend Tom; nor did *friend Tom* less wonder to find the letter sent to him, begin with *honoured mother*.

I shall now give you some specimens of two different styles of letter writing, the frenchified and the pompous, illustrated by the address of two lovers to two ladies. They will I hope produce a smile at the expense of the writers, and afford some good exercises for your judgment, which I think will enable you to discover the bad taste in which they are expressed, without my enlarging upon the subject.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

FROM SIR PEREGRINE FOPLING TO
LADY A—.

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCHIFIED AFFECTATION.

Madam,

MY *valet de chambre* has been fortunate enough to discover your *sejour*, at the moment when I was *au desespoir* to know where a *billet-doux* would find you. The impression you made upon my heart at lady O's *dejeuné* was confirmed by our *tete-a-tete* at lord R—'s *petit souper*. To confess the truth, I was struck with your *tout ensemble* at the first *coup d'œil*. Your dress was completely *imposing*, yet allow me to say, that if it wanted any thing, it was a little more of the

Parisian *coustume*, and to be a little more *a la greque*. Your *beaux yeux* were irresistible, the whole *contour* of your face reminded me of the Venus de Medicis, and if you have any fault, it is your sometimes discovering a little *mauvaise honte*. If you do me the honour to accept my matrimonial *projet*, you will, I assure you, find in me a *bon garcon plein d'esprit*. My *chateau* is *superbe*, the *environs* are spacious, there you may *promenade* *sa* *façon*, and enjoy all the *agremens* of a delightful *paysage*. You may be assured, that with respect to a settlement, I shall give you a *carte blanche*; I shall be *abimè*, should I fail to inspire you with sentiments favourable to my *penchant* for you. Do not consider this *billet doux* as a mere *bagatelle*, or idle *jeu d'esprit*, but answer me by assurances of the same *tendresse*. I shall be a prey to *ennui*, till I receive your *contre projet*, which I shall deposit in my *porte feuille*, and pre-
ferve

serve as an invaluable *bijou*. *Adieu* ma
belle ange, disclaiming all *verbiage*, as in-
 consistent with the dignity of a person of
ton, I am with the highest consideration,

Your cher Ami,

PEREGRINE FOPLING.

LET-

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. POMPOSO POLYSYLLABLE TO
MISS SUSANNA R—.

A SPECIMEN OF POMPOUS AFFECTATION.

Madam,

PERMIT me to dispense with the scrupulosity of diffidence, and as the exuberant passion which I experience for your incomparable fascinations germinates from the radical principles of sincerity, allow me without any additional prefatory expostulation to enunciate that you have long been the object of my supernal predilection. As my intentions emanate from the diaphanous fountain of the most immaculate honour, they cannot provoke the hostility of that delicacy, which in you is superabundantly admirable. Con-
descend

descend then, Madam, to peruse with benignant optics, these epistolary effusions, and demonstrate the susceptibility of your heart, by being propitious to this precatory address.

Impel me not, I supplicate, to the abyss of desperation, emancipate me from the tortuosities of agonizing dubitation, nor drive me O cogitation, pre-eminently terrific! to seek on the ramification of a tree, or in the voraginous profundity of a stream the privation of my vitality. Rather, O benignant nymph, elevate my longing aspirations to the animating prospect of your sympathetic compliance, indulge the dulcet reciprocity of affection, and acknowledge that you are not impervious to the same vulnerary sensations from the shafts of Cupid, which perturb my nocturnal slumbers, and augment my diurnal solitudes; and that you will, without procrastination, consent to the celebration of our hymeneal ceremonies.

Abtain-

Abstaining from superfluous verbosity, which might exhibit the phenomenon of adulatory and unmeaning supplication. I remain,

Madam,

Your obsequious admirer,

POMPOSO POLYSYLLABLE.

LET-

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY. 83

has justly been esteemed a very valuable
method of improvement; not to look what
happened before.

LETTER XVI.

is to be always a child.

An acquaintance with history is indispens-
able.

COLONEL LORTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

It is connected with every branch of know-
ledge, every discovery, and every improve-

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

of mind, which is the result of
study.

I HAVE often wished to give you my ob-
servations upon the very great use that may
be derived from an acquaintance with the
history of former times, but I thought you
too young to understand and relish the sub-
ject. Now you are grown older, I wish to
state the general advantages you may derive
from this study, and hope my remarks will
induce you to renew your application to it.

There are few objects to which our cu-
riosity, one of the most active principles of
the mind, can be more pleasingly, or more
rationally directed, than to the most useful
branches of history. Ignorance of the past

has

has justly been esteemed a very culpable neglect of improvement: not to know what happened before you were born (said Cicero) is to be always a child.

An acquaintance with history is indispensable for all persons who are well educated. It is connected with every branch of knowledge, every discovery in science, and extraordinary exploit and occurrence. It is a kind of universal principle, which diffuses itself through all parts of knowledge, all professions and liberal pursuits in life.

The divine, the moralist and the orator, make frequent allusions to historical subjects; and although the province of the poet is fancy, yet his fictions are so much built upon facts, that an acquaintance with history is necessary to throw light upon his writings. It is very difficult to understand Homer, Virgil, Tasso, or Milton, without it; and it is for this reason so many notes have been written on their works.

A knowledge of history is useful, as it is
con-

considered in a moral, political, and religious point of view. In a *moral* point of view it is beneficial to mankind at large, as the guide of their conduct. In a *political*, as it suggests useful expedients to those who exercise even the highest public offices of the state, whether they are kings, ministers, or magistrates; or as it enables us to form, by comparison, with those who have gone before them, a just estimate of their merits. In a *religious*, as it teaches us to regard the Supreme Being, as the Governor of the universe, and the Sovereign disposer of all events.

The faculties of the soul are improved by exercise, and nothing is more proper to enlarge, quicken, and refine them, than a survey of the conduct of mankind. History supplies us with a detail of facts, and submits them to our examination, before we are called into active life. By observation and reflection upon others, we begin an early acquaintance with human nature, extend our views of the moral world, and are enabled

to

to acquire such a habit of discernment, and correctness of judgment, as others obtain only by experience. We thus by anticipation are conversant with the busy scenes of the world; by revolving the lives of sages and heroes, we exercise our virtues in a review, and prepare them for approaching action. We learn the motives, the opinions, and the passions of those who have lived before us, and the fruit of that study is a more perfect knowledge of ourselves, and a correction of our failings by their examples. At the same time, we form those general principles of conduct, which must necessarily be true and commendable, because they are founded upon right reason, and are sanctioned by the uniform authority and practice of the wise and good.

Our experience is imperfect, but the examples of ancient times are complete, actual observation gives only a partial knowledge of mankind; great events and important transactions open very slowly upon us, and the shortness of human life enables us only
to

to see detached parts of them. We are not placed at a proper distance to judge rightly of their real nature and magnitude. For heated by our passions, hurried on by precipitation, and misled by interest and prejudice, we view the affairs of the present times through an obscure medium, and frequently form very wrong opinions of them. The examples of history, on the contrary, are distinct and clear, they are presented to us at full length, and we can contemplate them in their origin, progress, and end. We consider them at our leisure, and decide upon the actions of those who are removed by time to a great distance from us, with a cool and dispassionate judgment.

Prejudices in favour of our native country are very justifiable and wholesome; but they should never degenerate into blind partiality: from these an acquaintance with history will exempt us, and will enable us to give other countries their due degree of praise.

This study likewise tends to strengthen our abhorrence of vice, and creates a relish

for

for true greatness and solid glory. We see the hero and the philosopher represented in their proper colours; and as magnanimity, honour, integrity, and generosity, when displayed in illustrious instances naturally make a favourable impression on our minds, our attachment to them is gradually formed; the fire of enthusiasm and of virtuous emulation is lighted, and we long to practise what we have been instructed to approve.

In the volumes of history likewise we see the most deceitful, and crafty men, stripped of the disguise of artifice and dissimulation, their designs developed, and their stratagems exposed. By the fall of the great and powerful into a state of disgrace and indigence, as well as by the revolution of empires, we are not so liable to be astonished at the events which pass before our own eyes: the reverses of fortune of which such frequent instances are recorded, convince us of the mutability of human affairs, and the precariousness of all human grandeur.

Readers

Readers of every age and description may find in history ample materials for improving their judgment, by tracing the due connection which subsists between causes and effects. They ought not to be satisfied with the recital of events alone, but endeavour to investigate the circumstances which combined either to produce, to hasten, or retard them, as well as the manner of their operation, and the degree of their influence.

History is very extensive; it opens to your view like the prospect of the wide ocean; you must not embark at a venture, but previously determine to what port you will direct your course.

May the vessel in which you sail be found, and the gale blow favourably; and may you return from your voyage laden with the choicest produce of distant climes, and have reason to be thankful for the experience, and skill, of your father, who thus ventures to be your pilot.

Readers of every age and disposition may find in history ample materials for improving their minds.

LETTER XVII.

connection which exists between causes and effects. They ought not to be satisfied

with the result of events alone, but endeavour to investigate the circumstances

which combined circumstances, to happen

of events, as well as the manner of their operation, and the degree of their in-

ON HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LETTERS.

I FLATTER myself you will be convinced upon reflection, that the advantages I have stated as necessarily resulting from the study of history, are far from being imaginary or exaggerated, and that I could without difficulty add to their number. I am certain you will always reflect with pleasure upon the hours we have spent in perusing the history of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, and the most distinguished nations of modern times; and that your recollection of the most remarkable occurrences will be the more complete, because we always connected them with proper attention to geography

graphy, and chronology. These aids are indispensable for the elucidation of such subjects, and therefore they are with great propriety of metaphor, called "the eyes of history."

If you do not keep up your acquaintance with *geography*, you will be liable to be puzzled by every boarding-school girl you may meet with; and every newspaper you take up will reproach you with ignorance, particularly as our commerce, and our military expeditions are extended to almost every part of the globe.

You complain that you are not so well versed in the history of England as you wish.—You may supply that defect by reading "the History of England to the peace of Amiens 1802, with a view to the state of society and manners in each age, by Charlotte Smith;" and should you wish to go deeper into the subject, I recommend to your more studious perusal the latter part of Henry's History of England, and Smollet's

Continuation of Hume. You had better begin with *the reign of Henry VIII*, which I fix upon, because it is a proper era from whence to date the laws and institutions both civil and religious, which have the greatest influence upon the present state of society in England. The times preceding were comparatively barbarous and uncivilized, and rather to be surveyed as subjects of curiosity, than of any importance to us.

By beginning at the above-mentioned period, and continuing your historical course to the present times, you will see how the CONSTITUTION both in church and state, of which we so justly boast, was gradually improved; under what particular circumstances the *laws*, which guard our civil and religious liberties were passed,—what *eminent men* have flourished,—and you may trace the progress of *Arts, Sciences, and Manners*. Thus you will gain a complete view of the steps by which Great Britain has reached her present exalted rank among nations, and
you

you will see that she has gained it, by the good sense and enterprising spirit of her people, the power of her navy, and the extent of her commerce.

In short, my dear girl, you will observe enough in our history, combined with your own observations upon the actual state of society, to make you thankful to Providence, that you were born in *such* a country, and *such* an age; for you must be convinced you can enjoy all the advantages that civilized society can give; the light of useful knowledge shines full upon you, and your sex emancipated from the rigours, and relieved from the ignorance of former times, are allowed every rational privilege they can desire, and the modes and habits of life are favourable to their pursuit of every object that is conducive to their real happiness.

There is *one* branch of history to which I wish particularly to direct your attention, and that is *Biography*. To your sex it may be no trifling recommendation of it to remark,

mark, that it admits much of the spirit and lively description of the best novels, without their improbabilities.

In general history, we find out-lines and sketches of great and illustrious characters, in biography there are more complete and highly finished portraits, and the province of the biographer does not merely extend to those who have acted upon the public theatre of the world as soveraigns, statesmen, and warriors, but to all who have improved the condition of human life by their useful discoveries, adorned it by works of genius, or in any respect have benefited mankind. To examine the characters and conduct of such persons, who have not been enflamed by ambition, or courted empty popularity, but have given dignity to the walks of private life by the discharge of the social duties, and the general exercise of virtue, will be a high gratification to your mind, and will increase your love and admiration of such excellence, as comes within the reach of your imitation.

In

In order that you may have a proper acquaintance with the history of those eminent men, whose names are deservedly enrolled in the records of fame, I recommend to you the following works.

1. Scripture Biography, containing the Lives and Actions of all the principal Characters in the Old and New Testaments, by Dr. Watkins, 12mo.

2. A Selection of the Lives of Plutarch, by Dr. Mavor, 12mo.

3. The British Nepos, by Dr. Mavor, containing select Lives of our most distinguished Countrymen, with Remarks, 12mo.

4. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, 4 vols. 8vo.

And although your sex, from the nature of their duties and occupations in life, cannot, and ought not, to be so conspicuous as men; yet happily the history of many of the most worthy females has been recorded no less for the example than the admiration of succeeding times.

You

You will be much pleased by reading the lives of *Lady Jane Gray, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lady Rachel Russel, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, Anne of Austria, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, and Mrs. Chapone.*

You will find these lives very pleasingly detailed in "Female Biography, or Memoirs of remarkable and illustrious Women of all Ages and Countries, in 6 vols. 12mo.

The *Letters* of Persons of Distinction have likewise strong claims to your attention. They will introduce you to an acquaintance with the learned, the polite, the accomplished, and the good of various ages: They will inform you of the unreserved opinions they communicated to their bosom friends; you will see in what a pleasing manner, genius, wit, and humour, indulged their natural fallies, and adorned the common occurrences of life in the dress of elegant description. In the best letters taste, fancy,

fancy, and sensibility, shine in their native beauty; gaiety and seriousness are displayed without disguise, and even negligence is not destitute of grace.

In the collection called *Elegant Epistles* you will find many that will answer these descriptions; but I wish you to peruse at large the Epistles of *Pliny*, translated by Melmoth, as they express the sentiments of a very benevolent and elegant mind. The Letters of *Lady Russel* are replete with unaffected piety, and those of *Dr. Johnson*, *Mr. Gray*, *Mr. Cowper*, *Fitzosborne*, *Mrs. Rowe*, and *Mrs. Chapone*, equally deserve an attentive perusal.

I wish by no means to limit your library to the books before mentioned; but expect, when you return home, you will bring a collection not only of historical works, but such as relate to instructive subjects in general: yet be very careful in your choice;—while you traverse the fields of literature, pluck none but its most beautiful flowers.

As

As we are not ambitious to obtain praise for the extent, but for the excellence of our selection, let us leave such as are inferior in fragrance and colour to those who make a collection more for the sake of ostentation, than any regard to use, or real ornament.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to the same.

ON TASTE.

I AM confident, my dear Emily, you will agree with me in thinking that those persons make a great mistake who confound the distinction which prevails between *fashion* and *taste*. Is not Fashion the offspring of capricious fancy, changing its colours like the chameleon, and almost as mutable as the wind and the weather? And is not Taste a principle fixed and permanent, which enables us to relish the beauties we observe in the works of nature and art? Taste should correct and restrain fashion, or it will degenerate into absurdity. This was the case

with regard to dress when the long-waisted ladies were mounted on high heeled shoes, and encumbered themselves with enormous hoops; and when the heads of all gentlemen, whether young or old were enveloped in bushy wigs. You cannot suppose that Taste contributed to such grotesque appearances, and made such preposterous efforts to disguise, rather than to adorn the human figure: no, that pure principle can never give its sanction to any deviation from nature, simplicity, and true elegance. What is the reason we admire the dresses of the antient Greeks and Romans? It is because their flowing garments clothed the body without impeding its motions, and admitted the full display of grace and ease. How well adapted to activity is the light garment thrown over the shoulders of the Apollo Belvidere; how flowing and graceful is the drapery of the female figures represented in the fresco paintings discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and of those which the ingenious Flaxman has copied from the purest designs of the
the

the Greek artists with congenial taste to illustrate the works of Homer and Eschylus!

Taste, however, is not confined to dress, equipage, or furniture: it takes a much more extensive range, and presides in more extensive provinces, by reigning supreme over Poetry, Painting, and Music.

True taste coincides with the love of the beauties of nature, and this love is universal. For example, who is not pleased with flowers? How delighted are children with rambling into gardens and fields to gather them! Time confirms this fondness, and every person makes some attempt to raise them, from the poor mechanic, the tenant of a garret, who displays them from his casement, to the duchess, who can exhibit an elegant and extensive conservatory, fraught with the plants of every clime.

Young children gather poppies as often as any other field flowers, but time and experience correct, or rather form, their taste, and they learn to give the preference to those that are pleasing for fragrance, as well as
lively

lively colours: they throw away the dandelion to pluck the rose. Thus they are guided by the principle of *selection*, and this principle ought to be applied to all the elegant arts. Poetry and Painting, abstractedly considered, are delightful effects of human invention, but neither all poems nor all pictures are equally calculated to give pleasure. You are not to conclude because a certain number of verses are printed in a beautiful type, upon wire-wove and hot-pressed paper, and are adorned with elegant vignettes, and called *Poetry*, they deserve the name, on that account *only*: by no means; for true poetry is the offspring of a fervid imagination, clothed in suitable language: it must consist of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," to make a pleasing, powerful, and permanent impression upon the mind, and be worthy of its high name, and noble character.

In the earliest poet of Greece you will find the most numerous examples to answer this description: and perhaps in the whole range

range of poetry, it would be difficult to find a delineation of the appearance of nature, more magnificent and striking, than that which Homer has given in the eighth Book of the Iliad;—I allude to the following most exquisite landscape of a moonlight night.

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts through all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Let it not escape your attention, dear Emily, that a true poet is not content with presenting his readers with the mere description of shady groves, rapid torrents, flowery vales, and lofty mountains, but, like a great painter, introduces life and action into his scenery:

scenery: and you will likewise observe, that the “conscious swains” of Pope, or rather the *shepherd* of Homer, would not have admired these beautiful appearances, had he not been a man of taste; for very bountiful has nature been in imparting this faculty to every person possessed of sensibility and judgment, from the prince to the peasant.

That Akenfide, in his elegant poem on the Pleasures of the Imagination, caught the idea from Homer, I do not venture to assert; but he has given a description of the same kind, and has beautifully enlarged upon the effect produced by a fine evening upon a rustic and uneducated spectator.

————— Ask the swain

Who journeys homeward from a summer day's

Long labour, why forgetful of his toils,

And dull repose, he loiters to behold

The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,

O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,

His rude expression and untutor'd airs

Beyond the power of language, will unfold

The form of beauty smiling at his heart,

How lovely! how commanding!——

Far

Far more pleasing than the mere descriptive is the poetry that touches the heart, and this kind of poetry is called *pathetic*. I cannot give you a more delightful specimen than the parting of Hector and Andromache, described in the sixth Book of the Iliad. And the terror of the child, the young Astyanax, at the sight of his father's helmet, is a stroke of nature, that can never be too much, or even sufficiently admired.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest;
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terror from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.

Among short poems we sometimes meet with such as we admire for the sentiment they convey. The following instance will not, I hope, please you less, as you can only read it in a translation, for the attempt which

I have made to express its elegance in
English.

AN ADDRESS TO TIME.

From the Spanish.

I.

O TIME, thy rapid pinions close,
Delay thy cruel pace,
Pluck not the sweetly blushing rose
From Violante's face.

II.

Dim not the lustre of her eyes,
Forbear upon her head,
Where auburn tresses graceful rise,
The snow of age to spread.

III.

But if by Nature's stern decree,
Thy course no change can find;
For charms of which thou rob'st her form,
Give others to her mind.

IV.

Mild Courage that defies all fear,
Religion's sacred store,
Good Humour's smile, soft Pity's tear,
Content that asks no more.

v. And

v.

And O may Friendship's tender flame
 With age still brighter shine ;
 That richer gem than wealth or fame,
 Sweet maid, be your's and mine.

For easy and elegant compliment, and just
 allusion, you may take the following descrip-
 tion of a river, addressed to a young lady,
 by Cowper.

Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid ;
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng ;
 With gentle, yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destin'd course ;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest, where'er she goes ;
 Pure-bosom'd as the wat'ry glass,
 And heav'n reflected in her face.

No true critic can withhold his warm and
 unqualified approbation from such verses as
 I have quoted. By a true critic I mean
 one who is guided by taste ; who displays the
 E 2 beauties

beauties of authors with pleasure, because he feels them with rapture, and will rather palliate faults for the sake of the beauties to which they are allied, than expose them with severity. Such critics were Horace and Longinus among the antients, and Addison, Dr. Joseph Warton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, among our own authors. Critics infected with spleen, or instigated by malevolence, are the tigers and wolves of literature, who subsist either by preying on other animals, or by tearing each other. The true critic endeavours to display every latent beauty of his author, like the connoisseur who hangs every picture in the most advantageous light.

Such was Quintilian, one of the best Latin writers after the Augustan age. A more happy instance of taste, applied to the illustration of an author, is scarcely to be found, than the following remark taken from his works.

He observes, "that when an orator wishes to raise a high idea of the excellence of the person in whose favour he is speaking,
it

it may sometimes be done better by implication, than in direct terms. Homer, in the *Iliad*, has given an example of this kind. What ideas are we to entertain of the charms of Helen, the most celebrated beauty of all antiquity? Our opinion of it is not to be formed from the expressions of her lover, Paris, nor any youthful admirer, but from the hoary counsellors, the venerable associates of Priam, who all express their admiration of her matchless attractions. Even the aged monarch himself, tired as he was with the long siege of his capital, and deprived of many children by the war, is not silent in her praise; for as soon as she appears upon the battlements, where he and his counsellors are sitting, he welcomes her with affection and tenderness, calls her his daughter, places her by his side, and even makes an apology for her conduct."

This remark of Quintilian is so excellent, that I am at a loss which to admire the most, the acuteness of the critic, who displays to such advantage the beauty of the poet, or
the

the beauty of the poet, which gave rise to the acuteness of the critic.

To persons of taste the objects of nature, which the dull and insensible pass by with indifference, are sources of very great pleasure. They survey with delight the limpid current of the winding stream, the field clothed with the gay attire of summer, and the vast expanse of the ocean; "each rural sight, each rural sound," loses not by familiarity its effect upon their imagination.

Happy are you who can extend the sphere of these pleasures by the means that education and refinement afford; for you can enjoy the sweets of Poetry, the graces of Painting, and the scientific improvements of Music. Wherever you go, whether to an exhibition of pictures, a concert, or a splendid house, new scenes of elegance are opened to your view, charm your ear, and amuse your fancy. As these pleasures of taste arise so much from the beauties of Nature, and the refinements of Art, they are pure and innocent,
and

and are therefore connected with Virtue. May they confirm your attachment to its principles, increase your ardor in its pursuit, and heighten your gratification in its practice!

From the same to the same
The first of these is a description of Mrs. Wilson's violent
temper gives me much concern, particularly
on your own account, as her conduct, when
under its influence, must render her very un-
mole and of course must greatly diminish
your regard for her. The health language
she uses to her servants is by no means more
excusable than her impetuosity in the pres-
ence of her equals. It should, my dear
the useful and noble cannot be proper if
she has any real tenderness. The resolution she
takes must be as painful as those she takes
LET-
of

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

ON SELF-COMMAND.

YOUR description of Mrs. Wilson's violent temper gives me much concern, particularly on your own account, as her conduct, when under its influence, must render her very unamiable, and of course must greatly diminish your regard for her. The harsh language she uses to her servants is by no means more excusable than her impetuosity in the presence of her equals. Be assured, my Emily, the fretful and irascible cannot be happy: if she has any real sensibility, the emotions she feels must be as painful as those she causes in the breasts of others; and when the calm
of

of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, her solitary moments must be embittered by very mortifying reflexions; for it has been well remarked, "that anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance."

I remember hearing of an experiment that was tried upon a girl, who used to throw herself into a violent rage upon the most trivial occasions. A friend happened to call when Miss was *furiosa*, and he instantly led her to the looking-glass: "Only look," said he, "at yourself—when calm and composed you are a very pretty girl; but now you are in a passion, had ever hag such distorted features, was ever Medusa so ugly and frightful!" The mirror convinced her of the truth of the remark; she felt the justness of the appeal, and from that time abated her storming humour, for fear her anger should spoil her beauty. I should like to repeat this experiment in the case of Mrs. Wilson, and possibly the compliment to her person might reconcile her to the reproof.

Or

Or if you think that by relating to Mrs. Wilson the following incident, which once took place in our family; you may chance to moderate her anger, when she is disposed to direct it against her servants without just cause, you are at liberty to quote my authority for its truth.

Your dear mother had a costly and beautiful set of china, which she valued very highly;—they were perhaps the envy of some, and certainly the admiration of all her friends, and were never used in the family except upon such festive occasions as a birth-day or a christening. One fatal evening, as a servant was carrying them from the tea-room, her foot slipped, the beautiful equipage fell from her hands, and the stone pavement of the hall was covered with the glittering fragments—for not a single cup or saucer escaped unbroken. This unfortunate servant had lived with us many years, and we esteemed her, among her other good qualities, for her great carefulness.—Your mother, instantly anticipating what her feelings
of

of concern must be, uttered indeed some expressions of surprize at the accident, but not a *single* word of anger escaped her lips: she bore her loss like a philosopher, and you must be as great an admirer of old china as she was to be a judge of the sacrifice she made of her own feelings to those of her domestic. As I wish you always to discriminate between accident and design in the conduct of servants as well as others, I hope you will never forget this distinguished instance of self-command.

The example of Mrs. Wilson's violent temper is alone sufficient to convince you of the great importance of that *self-command* which morality enjoins, Christianity sanctions with all its authority, and which is indispensably necessary for the happiness of life.

The province of self-command comprehends *manners*, as well as *morals*; for if we do not lay a proper restraint upon our own will, but give the reins to our darling propensities, how can we pay to others the attention

tention which civility and politeness inform us is their due?

Self-command exercises its noblest office, when it enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings, by establishing the empire of Reason over the passions. It renders a person the master of himself under all the various circumstances of life—in prosperity cheerful without insolence, and in adversity resigned and calm without dejection. It gives an effectual check to all the vicious propensities of envy, malice, and anger; and in the same proportions as it restrains them, it encourages the growth of the virtues, prevents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds.

If you consider this self-command as the proper regulator of all the movements of your *thoughts, words, and actions*, you will be able to estimate its value, and ascertain its effects upon the happiness of your life.

As a genial soil produces weeds as well as beautiful flowers and nutritious fruits, so is the mind fertile in all kinds of thoughts.

The

The object of self-command is to turn this fertility to the best advantage, and to check the growth of all such ideas as are vitious, frivolous, and fretful; and to encourage those that are innocent, instructive, and cheerful. And you cannot, my Emily, exercise this restraint over yourself for more satisfactory purposes, than by passing over little affronts without notice, by repressing the mortification you may feel for the imaginary or real slights passed upon you by others; or than by checking, if you cannot exclude, your vexation for petty disappointments. I shall have no great opinion of the firmness of your mind, if you discover much concern because a lady of quality, to whom you have been introduced, happens not to notice you the next time you meet; or because your dress-maker has delayed to bring home the gown, in which you intended to appear at a ball.

The importance of self-command with respect to conversation may perhaps be estimated by remarking the fatal effects that may attend its absence. Two gentlemen of my acquaint-

ance, who had been friends for years, were hurried by the heat of argument into contradiction: the one uttered an unguarded and irritating expression, which the other instantly resented: a duel took place; one fell a victim to this gothic and murderous custom, society was deprived of a valuable member, and a widow and her helpless children were left to weep the fatal consequences of one rash word.

Miss A—— and Miss B—— had been for many years inseparable companions; a little altercation took place, which tempted Miss A——, a girl of an affectionate but hasty temper, to call her friend by opprobrious names; a quarrel was the consequence; by the interposition of friends a seeming reconciliation was effected; Miss B—— shook hands with the culprit, and forgave her, as far as professions went; but memory, too faithful to its trust, will never allow her to forget the language she heard. Miss A—— spoke such daggers as fixed an incurable wound in the bosom of her alienated associate; the one was rash, the other was unrelenting,

lenting, and Friendship laments the extinction of its flame in bosoms that once glowed with its purest and most ardent heat.

You remember Mrs. Y——, of Perith.— She is a woman who acts under the influence of self-command, more than any person I know. Her caro sposo, who resembles Sir Anthony Absolute in the School for Scandal, is fond of argument, and as he grows eager in pursuit of his favourite point, he becomes dogmatical and choleric. She is well aware of his foible, and knows how to moderate the storm, which she is seldom the intentional cause of raising. When he is growing hot and impetuous, she continues cool and sedate; when she finds he is going into extremes, she contrives, with admirable dexterity, to turn the current of the conversation into another channel: he becomes conscious of his indiscretion, and sensible of her kindness, and follows the topic to which she leads him. Thus is tranquillity restored, to the no small joy of all the company present.

Upon

Upon some occasions, you may feel a great temptation to indulge in satire and raillery, and to raise a laugh at the expense of another: but always remember the fable of the boys pelting the frogs—what was mirth to the mischievous urchins was death to the helpless croakers: Jocularities and satire are weapons that may be turned against the assailant, so that prudence very often, if not good nature, as I have before hinted, may keep you silent and inoffensive.

Of very great importance is self-command with respect to *secrets*. In this case, your constant vigilance is necessary. To many persons a secret is an insupportable burden, although the disclosure of it is a complicated offence. It is a breach of honour, and of prudence; yet they cannot be easy, till they have found others to share it with them. The same discreet disposition which guards you against divulging secrets, will restrain you from the mean curiosity of prying into them. You will disdain to imitate Mrs. R——, who reads the addresses of all the letters the postman

postman brings to the village; or to interrogate the servants of your neighbours about affairs which their master and mistress do not chuse you should know.

This curiosity begins in weakness, and ends in mischief; for you may depend upon this assertion as a truth confirmed by long observation,—that the desire of knowing secrets is always attended by the desire of telling them.

Of all haste in conversation, none is worse or more detrimental, than that which betrays a person into *rash promises*. This has been the cause of great misery in all ages of the world. Recollect the story of the inconsiderate Jephtha, as recorded in Scripture—so elated was he with victory, that he made a solemn vow to sacrifice the first living creature he should see on his return home, and he was met by his beloved daughter, his only child! The impious Herod, bound by a similar promise, beheaded John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Messiah.

But to increase your caution, by adverting to more familiar instances—never forget the case of Sarah S——, of Amblefide. She saw young R—— only once or twice; he was handsome, she listened to his plausible conversation, and bound herself by a promise to marry him. Her friends told her that he was a spendthrift and a sot. In vain did she attempt to retract; for he kept her firm to her engagement, and she now bitterly repents her folly.—He is wasting her little fortune at a tavern, while she sits lonely at home, a prey to misery and tears.

Self-command may prove your best friend, and ultimately secure you great pleasures, when at present it may wear the appearance of an enemy. Suppose you are invited to a party this evening, and are indisposed with a cold; if you go, you may increase your complaint to such a degree as to be obliged to seclude yourself from company for a long time; but if you resolve to stay at home, and attend to your health, you may be perfectly well in a day or two, and able to mix in the
society

society of your friends for a long course of uninterrupted enjoyment.

Nor is self-command less useful when applied to economy, or the regulation of your expenses. For example; suppose you go to a shop which exhibits a variety of the most beautiful trinkets and ornaments, and you see a lady purchasing them with eagerness, regardless of their price: you may wish to do the same; but let reflection guard you against yielding to such a temptation: the lady who lavishes her money may be in possession of a large fortune, while it becomes you to recollect what your allowance is, and that you must pay for the useful articles of dress, before you have any to expend upon superfluous bracelets and broches, fans and necklaces. In all situations of life, expense ought to bear a due proportion to income: regard to this principle is necessary even to persons of the largest fortunes: if even a lady of the highest rank is inattentive to it, embarrassment will be the consequence of her profusion: such was the case with the

Duchess of D——; her beauty and elegance of manners charmed all who had the happiness to know her, but her extravagance degraded her rank and character, and embittered the close of her life.

Self-command gives a person the greatest advantage over those who do not act under its influence. When other persons are warmly disputing upon any subject, if you can keep yourself cool and unruffled, you may often see where the blame lies, and where truth is to be found. In cases of difficulty and danger, *presence of mind*, which is self-command under another name, will frequently enable you to extricate yourself, and to avoid the precipice from which the imprudent and the impetuous fall. In short, self-command is a quality of universal application; it enables us to exercise all our faculties and powers, both of body and mind, in a manner calculated to accomplish the best ends of life; and no person ever was, or ever can be, good, or great, or happy, without its salutary restraints.

Remember

Remember that he who is rash, is just as
wise as the rider who suffers his horse to run
away with him, or the boy who steps upon
the thin ice, regardless of the deep water it
covers; while he who is deliberate, walks
by the rule of Reason, and escapes a thou-
sand dangers, which if we by our own fault
incur, we shall feel the more acutely, because
our pride will mortify us with the consciouf-
ness that we suffer deservedly, and fall the
victims to our own folly.

LET-

LETTER XX.

From the same to the same.

ON MARRIAGE.

THE unhappy circumstances of your friend Caroline's elopement with the Count de Malmaison, naturally suggests to me the propriety of communicating my thoughts to you upon the subject of Matrimony; and I shall write to you with more pleasure, as I am persuaded my observations have the best and strongest claims to your serious attention, because they are the result of long experience, and flow from my warm and anxious regard for your happiness.

If you were to be betrayed into a matrimonial engagement by a gay admirer, who is indebted to his dancing-master, his taylor, and

and his coachmaker for his attractions, and were to be induced by a few flattering speeches, and his stylish appearance, to listen to his proposals, you could not have extreme youth, nor perfect ignorance of the world, to plead your excuse—you are now old enough to know your own mind, and not only to be decided as to what you like, but to judge what *ought* to please you. You have had the advantage of being introduced into genteel company, and have daily opportunities of exercising your judgment upon the behaviour and characters of gentlemen. It is my anxious wish to strengthen that judgment, upon a subject of all the most interesting to a girl of your age.

Marriage is the source of all the most tender endearments, and most delightful charities of life: but as we do not live in paradise, where it was first instituted, and as that which may be a supreme good in the abstract, may, under some circumstances, be a positive evil, we must exert our own prudence, as to the choice of that condition which is upon the
whole

whole most eligible, and not enter even into the desirable state of wedlock, before we have duly weighed a number of considerations.

You will therefore be the less surpris'd to observe, that I am not an advocate for the absolute necessity of a young woman marrying; for she *may* be as happy without a husband, as with one. The laugh of the world is, we know, a good deal directed against old maids, but they, as well as old bachelors, may often blame themselves, if they are not both contented and respectable. Let old maids act in character; let not aunt *Deborah* ape the manners or borrow the dress of *Miss in her teens*; let her not be peevish to her juniors, nor imperious to her servants; but show a mild and benevolent temper to all around her: let her store her mind with useful knowledge, and take a pleasure in communicating it; let her make herself useful to her relations and their families—let her pursue this line of conduct, and although she may not have a train of lovers, she cannot fail to secure many friends, and
she

She may pass her life among them with pleasure and satisfaction. A married woman has doubtless many comforts and enjoyments, but a single one is exempt from the weighty cares and deep sorrows, that are often the lot of the wife and the mother. If your pursuit be happiness, take care to fix your desires upon proper objects: we are apt to make a great error in judgment in altering our condition—we flatter ourselves we shall *increase* our pleasures; the truth is, we only *exchange* them; we must take care not to lose by the exchange, as Aladdin did, when his old lamp was given for a new one.

Suppose you were invited to go a journey for a month or two with a person who professed great desire to enjoy your company; would you agree to accompany her without ascertaining her disposition and character, and her ability to render the excursion pleasant? and would not such an enquiry be much more necessary, if your journey was to be extended to many years of your life? Apply this case to marriage, a state in which
you

you must have an inseparable companion in a husband.

I put this case from the recollection of some very precipitate marriages, when after the parties had seen each other once or twice in a ball-room, or at a rout, the gentleman made the lady an offer; they agreed to visit the temple of Hymen, but never after the honey-moon was over did they pass a complete day in the temple of Concord.

The season of courtship between two persons equally amiable and sincere, is a season of mixed delight and anxiety. It is the spring which shows the blossoms of those joys, which we hope to see ripen into the most delicious summer fruits. It is a kind of magic state of souls and affections; matrimony dissolves many of its charms, and shows the real temper and disposition. You must not be much surpris'd or disappointed, when you discover the husband not to be that perfectly amiable being you found in the lover; and if even you discern faults in him before unobserved, you would perhaps wrong his character,

character, if you were for a moment to suspect that you were the dupe of his artifices. New circumstances may occur which may make new trials for you both, and of course you must make mutual allowance for your behaviour under them. Always remember that if he be not a Sir Charles Grandison, you may not be a Miss Byron.

As you value your own happiness, let no temptation to indulge a laugh, or to relate what you may think a pleasant anecdote, induce you ever to expose any of your husband's faults; rather conceal them under the veil of prudence, and state them to him in the hours of confidential intercourse. If he act in the same delicate and discreet manner towards you, you have the best assurance of each other's love, and the best prospect of years of uninterrupted harmony.

You must behave to your husband without reserve in all matters of conduct. He who is worthy of your hand in marriage, is worthy of your confidence. Banish all artifice and affectation: let him not be indebted
to

to the exaggerated, and perhaps malevolent, accounts of others for information relative to the circumstances of yourself, or your family, when you are at liberty to disclose them to him: sincerity and candour are duties peculiarly sacred between friends—how much more ought they to be so between husband and wife? Remember the unhappy result of a want of confidence in Mrs. C—. Captain C— requested to know the amount of her debts before he married her; she repeatedly declared to him she had incurred none. After marriage his door was besieged by her creditors; she had told him (strange infatuation!) a deliberate falsehood: he regarded himself as the dupe of her deception; in a frenzy of disappointment he banished her from his house, and has vowed never to see her more.

The proper sphere in which a married woman ought to move is in domestic life. If she understand her true interest and happiness, she will never quit her own house for any length of time. There the character,

con-

connections, and property of her husband will give her most influence, weight, and respectability. There she may enjoy a thousand comforts, not in her power to command elsewhere: There she may diffuse the most extensive good among the poor, and best attend to all the duties she owes to God, her neighbours, and herself.

This remark seems the more necessary, because too many pairs at present resemble birds of passage; like swallows and woodcocks they take periodical flights from one place to another, and never stay long any where. Our modern people of fashion, who act upon this locomotive principle, live almost as much in their carriages as in houses, and they can hardly be said to *reside* any where. London in the spring, watering places in the summer, and Bath in the winter, occupy almost the whole of the year; and thither they resort with a kind of religious punctuality to worship at the shrine of dissipation and amusement. The family mansion is deserted, or only visited for the
husband

husband to settle his rents with the tenants, and for the wife to dazzle the weak eyes of the villagers with the parade of her carriages, and the display of her liveries.

We may thank the fashion of the times for not confining the encroachments upon domestic life to London and the watering places. A life of complete dissipation may be passed in the country, and your own house may be the principal scene of it. Card parties, routs, plays, balls, and concerts, may be very pleasant and innocent modes of passing our time; but I see nothing in them to increase the affection of married persons for each other. The most rational of their social pleasures are to be found in small parties of friends, whose tempers are gentle, and manners polished, and whose cheerfulness, good humour, and good sense, give an attraction to your table, and a relish to your dishes and wines; where the husband and wife endeavour to make each other appear to advantage, and create new claims to each other's affection, by their
kind

kind and hospitable reception of their common friends.

It was said of Hannibal, one of the greatest generals of antiquity, that he knew how to conquer, but not how to make a proper use of his victories. Let the ladies try to excel this African hero, and achieve what they all, no doubt, think they are capable of doing. Next to securing the affections of your husband, you must endeavour to retain them; you must not relax in your efforts to please. There is one mode I wish particularly to point out to you, and that is to be very attentive to his relations and friends, if they deserve respect and esteem. Take care neither to drive them from your house by coldness and formality, nor to disgust them by affectation, or giving yourself airs. Your husband will be sensible of the compliment you pay him; he will be gratified by the sanction you give to his choice of companions, and he will be eager to show equal attention to *your* friends. It is not easy to convey to you an idea of the pleasure which
you

you may have it in your power to convey to the circle around you; men of sense never find more agreeable society, than in the company of young *married* women, who unite modesty with frankness, and are freed by the rules of society from that extreme reserve which is imposed upon spinsters.

If your husband be a man of information, you can rarely want for topics of conversation, or subjects of rational pursuit. Ask him to instruct you, and your desire to have him for a teacher will give you a new claim to his heart. If I was to go a courting again, and wished to succeed, next to giving the fair object of my choice some proof of my courage, I should wish to give her proofs of my knowledge, and of my desire to communicate it to her; for a common pursuit is a great cement of affection; it makes you fond of each other's company, and confirms a similarity of tastes.

If you marry a *fool*, under the delusion that you will be able to manage him, you may be the victim of your own schemes;
for

for fools are obstinate, and your supposed ideot may put those fetters upon you, which you intended for him. If you marry a *rake*, from the flattering supposition that you shall be able to effect his reformation, you may bitterly repent of having miscalculated the power of your attractions, and may die of jealousy and despair. If you marry a *merely rich man*, you may indeed gain splendid furniture and gaudy equipages, but you may find too late that a house at the west end of the town, and a box at the opera, are no cures for disappointment, and have not much connection with connubial happiness. If you throw yourself away upon a *pauper*, he may add ingratitude to ambition; he may disgrace both you and your family; his vulgarity may shock, and his insolence may terrify you. If you marry a *rich old man*, the world will say that you act from mercenary motives, and are only thinking of a large jointure, and the handsome figure you will soon make in widow's weeds. If you marry an *invalid*, you must make up your mind to pass many

hours in a sick room, and to perform the offices of a nurse.

In short, my Emily, that you may stand the best chance for connubial happiness, you must have a husband of your own rank in life, and of little more than your own age. Look for good temper, good sense, unblemished health, sound principles, and respectable attainments—these are the foundations for cordial love, full confidence, and permanent affection.

As I am not acquainted with any persons more proper to be proposed as examples of connubial felicity than Mr. and Mrs. S——, I must strongly recommend them to your notice. Congenial in their dispositions, they married after a courtship of a year or two. They have too much sense not to concede what is proper to each other's management, and too much affection to wrangle about any thing: if he says he must go a journey, she immediately prepares for packing up; if he determines to stay at home, she talks of the comfort of their own fire-side; whatever the one proposes the other assents

burden of infirmities by every means in their power; contented and cheerful themselves, they inspire good humour in all around them, and it seems as if even death itself, although it may separate them, cannot extinguish their affection.

Could you meet with such a lover as Mr. S— was, affectionate without weakness, so mild and yet so manly, so polite and yet so sincere, so correct in his own conduct, and yet so inclined to palliate the faults of others; in short, so completely *amiable*, I would give my consent to your being married to-morrow. If you throw yourself away upon a husband who has none of his good qualities, you will have every reason for self-reproach; for you will act in opposition to your own sense of propriety and delicacy of feeling, and against the whole current of your education—you will be the cause of your own misery—and you will break my heart.

But if you can collect from these hints what kind of a partner for life you ought to prefer, and such a man should be the object
of

of your choice, you will make *three* persons happy—your *husband*, your *father*, and *yourself*. Consider therefore the extensive good or evil you have it in your power to produce, and let your own judgment concur with my wishes in regard to your taking a step of all the most important in your life.

END OF THE LETTERS.

of your choice, you will make them
 some happy—your husband, your father
 and your son. Consider therefore the ex-
 tentive good or evil you have it in your
 power to produce, and let your own
 heart consent with my wishes in regard to
 your taking a step of all the most impor-
 tant in your life.

END OF THE LETTER

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CHAP. XIX.

What Nymph is that with wild voluptuous' eyes
 And deeply crimfon'd cheeks, whose ivory forehead
 The peacock's plumage shades, whose flowing vest
 Shines with the rainbow colours of the sky?
 She waves in either hand a lucid mirror,
 Where dance gay images of joy and love
 Delusive, flattering only to betray:
 'Tis *Fiction*—Hence begone, thou fell enchantress,
 Nor tempt me thus to tread thy magic circle;
 But rather *Truth*, thou white-rob'd guide conduct me
 To yonder rock, where stands thy sacred Temple;
 Teach me the lessons of Experience old,
 And useful Wisdom; teach me how to tread
 The mazy path of life's dark wilderness,
 And reach the Heav'n, from whence thou art de-
 scended. A.

At the time the correspondence between
 Emily and her father commenced, no person,
 in all Mrs. Wilson's circle of acquaintance,
 solicited Emily's attention and friendship with
more

more eagerness than Miss Caroline Sparks, the young lady alluded to in the letter on *Friendship*. She had been placed at a fashionable boarding school, where she would probably have made some progress in useful knowledge and accomplishments, had not her mother indulged her to a very culpable degree. Not a week passed but she paid her daughter a visit at school, and gave her what money she asked for, or sent for her home, and pampered her with every luxury of the table. Caroline always took this opportunity of complaining of the severe restraints under which she was kept by her governess and the teachers, and her exaggerated tales were too readily believed by her fond and credulous mother. The consequence was, she was taken home, and was soon allowed to obtain the ascendancy over all the domestics. When the least opposition was urged against her wishes, she feigned a headache, or acted an hysterical fit, and her mother, who was always alarmed for the state of her health, although without sufficient reason, in
a short

a short time yielded every thing to her will, and a tear or a scream would gain any indulgence she wished—Her mother became her slave, and the servants were reprimanded, or even discharged, in compliance with her caprice.

The only pursuit to which Mrs. Sparks could persuade her daughter to pay the smallest attention was Music:—for this Caroline had neither genius nor taste; but as her mother represented to her that Music was now the universal rage, and all the young ladies of her acquaintance were studying counterpoint, and warbling Italian airs, Caroline was prevailed upon to take a certain number of lessons upon the piano every week. This was her ostensible occupation, but her favourite and private pursuit was to read every novel she could procure. Novels put her whole mind in agitation; they were her study by day, and the subjects of her dreams by night. She was fascinated with the descriptions of gothic castles and haunted towers, and wept over the distresses of faithful

ful lovers and persecuted damsels; she thought persons with such highly-sounding names as *Somerville*, *Turreville*, *Roseville*, or *Lorimon*; *Isabinda*, *Honorina*, *Julietta*, or *Rosella*, all which she had met with in her favourite novels, were the most peerless, perfect, and charming beings in the world; and that if she could meet with such a friend as a *Melesina*, or a *Margaritta*, or such a lover as *Fitzormond*, she could not fail to pass all her hours in supreme felicity.

Her mind was brought into a state so pliant and susceptible, as to be deeply affected by every description of fictitious woe: every novel that had the title of *Sorrows* to recommend it, was particularly welcome: she began her career with the *Sorrows of Werter*: in the course of reading it she bedewed many a handkerchief with her tears; and she proceeded in a regular flow of sympathetic distress through the *Sorrows of Edith*, the *Sorrows of Matilda*, and the *Sorrows of Love*.

She

She felt the more bewitching influence of those titles to novels, that had the epithet *mysterious* annexed to them. The "mysterious Penitent," and "the mysterious Friendship," were objects of her very diligent research; but her curiosity was raised to the highest pitch by "the mysterious Visitor," and "the mysterious Count."

Many a midnight hour did Caroline devote to this delusive and pernicious kind of reading, and often did the wick of her candle increase to a grotesque figure, and great length, from her mind being completely engaged by the interesting detail of fanciful adventures. Once she fell asleep in bed, and left her candle burning so near the curtains, as to endanger the house and her own life at the same time. A servant fortunately entering the room prevented any accident; and her own terrors, rather than the remonstrances of her mother, put her upon her guard against any similar danger.

Emily often talked to her of the real pleasure and solid improvement she derived from
reading

reading books of history and biography; but the cloying sweets of romance had destroyed Caroline's relish for every kind of plain narrative—that was a dish far too insipid for her refined taste: she thought even newspapers extremely dull, except when they conveyed intelligence of elopements, or advertisements of new novels. Her whole thoughts turned upon the fictitious and the sentimental; and she would have given the world, if at her disposal, to trace in Switzerland the scenes described in Rousseau's *Eloise*, and to read St. Preux's Letter to his Charmer, among the rocks of Miellerie.

“ I cannot imagine,” said Caroline to Emily, “ how you, who now move in the fashionable circle of life, can be so much led away by what is commonly called Charity, as it is really a very plebeian virtue—you should suppress its unfashionable influence, and aspire to sweet and stylish sensibility. I observed you yesterday giving money to a poor girl who sold matches, and a tear started from your eye when you relieved a
foldier's

soldier's widow, who told you her husband had fallen in the service of his king and country: but, my dear Emily, leave such wretched creatures to the humanity of the parish officers, and make a more genteel use of your money by subscribing, as I do, to two or three circulating libraries."

Emily expressed great surprize that Caroline could feel any *real* pleasure in the perusal of such affected descriptions, as set nature and simplicity at defiance; and when Caroline still pressed her to peruse some of these fascinating works, Emily finding it vain to attempt to laugh her friend out of her romantic humour, assured her, with a serious air, that she confined her reading to books recommended by her father and Dr. Marriot, and that they were both averse to the indiscriminate perusal of novels.

"You are then," said Caroline, with a frown, and in a peevish manner, "a girl of no spirit—your mode of thinking is contracted—very contracted indeed; and as you make such a point of being guided by parsons,

parsons, and those who think like parsons, I shall not be much surprized if you one day turn Methodist, and marry some "spiritual Quixote."

Emily was piqued at the insinuation, imagining it might be aimed at Edward Marriot—"You are too severe," said she, "in your remarks upon my friends, who are so kind as to give me their advice: I ought to be grateful to them for turning my attention to something better than those romantic scenes and characters with which novels have filled your head: if you draw your ideas of lovers from them, you are, no doubt, upon the tiptoe of expectation for some lord or colonel to come and throw himself at your feet, and vow eternal constancy and love.—You say my mode of thinking is very contracted: I am sure your conduct better deserves that expression, for you seem to think of no one but yourself: Do you not deprive both your mother and me of your company for many hours in a day to indulge the selfish pleasure of reading these delusive books?"

Caroline

Caroline was hurt at this remark, for she loved Emily : a tear started into her eye—

Emily perceived it, and seized her hand—
“ My dear,” said she, “ it is far from my wish to make you uneasy : let not, I beseech you, any thing I have said upon this subject interrupt the harmony so dear to us both : I hope that whatever fictions your favourite novels may contain, they at least assure you of this truth—that Friendship is essential to happiness, and that slight differences of opinion, like the breeze that fans the flame, serve not to extinguish, but to increase its power.”

CHAP. XX.

The demon Flattery plays his fraudulent part,
And spreads his snares to catch the female heart;
He tells the nymph the Graces all combine
Their matchless pow'rs to mould her form divine;
Where'er she roves, birds warble from the spray,
And roses bloom to deck her airy way:
He talks of chrystal streams, and myrtle groves,
The bow'rs of Venus, and her snowy doves:
Beware—Deception lurks beneath the strain,
False as the fyren, fickle as the main—

A.

As French emigrants of a genteel appearance have easily found admision into English society, it is not to be supposed a lady of Mrs. Wilson's fashion would exclude them from her parties. The Count de Malmaison readily accepted her frequent invitations. He had lost, amid the tumults of the French Revolution,

Revolution,

Revolution, all his property, except a small pension; but his misfortunes abated very little of his natural vivacity.

Gay and frivolous, he talked of every thing, and thought seriously of nothing; a game at billiards or cards, drawing a pattern for a lady, or playing a tune on his flute, were sufficient to banish from his mind every irksome idea, and he found in these amusements such resources against the sense of his losses, as an Englishman sometimes seeks ineffectually in reflection.

His vanity was, if possible, more than Gallican; for he flattered himself that he was an irresistible object of love to every lady who saw him, although his person was far from being very handsome, or his manners the most elegant. When he first came to England he had figured at Bath; but several debts incurred at play, and the importunities of his tradesmen, obliged him to quit that place with more expedition than credit.

In London he shone in a new sphere, and at Mrs. Wilson's displayed his snuff-boxes, watch, seals, rings, pocket-books, and tooth-pick cases, more to his own gratification, than the wonder of the beholders. He talked of the splendour of his chateau, and the extent of his domains: he boasted that his best gold snuff-box was presented to him by a fair Countess, whose miniature graced the lid—that his Geneva watch was a present from a noble Duke, his intimate friend; and that he had a sword given to him by the late King of France. Although he would have been ready to challenge any one who denied the French language to be the finest in the world, his gallantry induced him to learn English, solely, as he professed, to comply with the prejudices of the ladies.

The Count soon attracted the attention of Miss Sparks; nor was the Count less favourably impressed—but not with her extreme sensibility, or her romantic turn of mind, no—he had inducements of a less sentimental,

mental, and more fordid kind to cultivate her acquaintance. Common report had told him, that she was heiress to a large fortune, and he calculated that by marrying her he might be supplied with the means to free himself from his embarrassments, and possibly by advancing a sum of money recover his chateau. All his address and caution were employed to prevent Miss Sparks and her friends from being acquainted with the real state of his affairs.

In a short time he induced the too credulous Caroline to believe, she had made the conquest of his heart. He beguiled her imagination, he flattered her vanity, and she could think of nothing but that the ideal happiness she had so often pictured to herself would at last be realized; she therefore listened with the greatest delight to the Count, when he declared his passion to her, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, and catching a glance at his own dear figure in the looking-glass, said, "Ma belle ange, if you will honour me with the acceptance

of my propofals, I will convey you, immediately after our matrimonial union, to the Chateau de Malmaifon, delightfully fituated upon the flowery banks of the murmuring Loire: we will travel in a chariot decorated with our united arms, and drawn by four milk-white horfes, a band of mufic fhall announce your arrival at my palace, a numerous retinue of fervants in fplendid liveries fhall attend you, garlands of the faireft flowers fhall be prefented to you by the tenants of the domain, and you fhall be crowned the queen of the vintage."

Eager to marry her for the fake of her fupposed large fortune, he continued thus to urge his fuit in a manner very artfully adapted to her turn of mind. A difficulty however ftood in the way of his wifhes; Caroline wanted a year to complete her minority, and her guardian, Mr. Aaron Confol, a fhrewd citizen of London, would not give his confent to the match, as he had an inveterate prejudice againft all Frenchmen, and had not the higheft opinion of the Count's veracity.

veracity. The Count's creditors became every day more pressing in their demands; what expedient was to be adopted to save himself from prison, but to obtain the fortune by securing the lady who would ere long be in possession of it?

An excursion to Gretna Green was the step that appeared to him the most eligible. Caroline regardless of the imprudence and folly of such a measure, without considering the shortness of her acquaintance with him, and having received no other proofs of his truth and sincerity than his own protestations, was delighted with the plan the moment it was suggested to her, as it was so romantic, and therefore so perfectly congenial to her wishes. She at first indeed concealed her joy, expressed surprize at the strange proposal; but he continued to importune her, till at length she consented to an elopement. One afternoon, when her mother was going to a card-party, she feigned indisposition to avoid attending her, sent the servants out of the house on various errands, and in an evil
hour

hour flew off with the Count in a chaise and four.

High as were her spirits for the first stage or two, they gradually sunk as she proceeded on the road. The length of the journey of three hundred miles allowed her full time to reflect upon her indiscretion, and the extreme impropriety of a young girl trusting herself alone to a man, a stranger, and a foreigner, powerfully struck her mind. The rude stare of the innkeepers and the impertinence of the waiters shocked her delicacy. The prospect of a strange and wild country, the lofty mountains and the gloomy plains upon the confines of England and Scotland, seemed to frown upon her, and gave her a presentiment of evil. The weather was cold and comfortless, and she began to wish herself at home again, where she could enjoy the society of her mother, and her friend Emily, and extract the luxury of imaginary bliss from the perusal of some new novel.

The Count observed her rising anxiety, and tried every method in his power to dispel

dispel it; he laughed, and sung, and he laboured to beguile the long journey by giving a jocosé turn to every incident, that occurred on the road: he told her a hundred marvellous anecdotes of himself and his family, and a thousand times professed his most ardent and unalterable affection.

At last after a harrassing journey, in the course of which the Count often wished, that the jaded post horses were converted into "fiery-footed steeds," they passed Carlisle, and reached the little village of Gretna; distinguished on the distant and dreary plain by a clump of fir trees. Here they were received, not by a regular Divine, in a surplice, but by a vulgar fisherman dressed in an old blue coat, who performed the marriage ceremony for twenty guineas, and a bottle of whisky.

The return to London formed a strong contrast to their flight to Scotland. The Count closely questioned his bride as to her expected fortune, and he was astonished to hear from her own lips, that it was much
less

less than half the sum which common report had assigned to her.

On their way to Gretna Green he had with the most sedulous attention procured every delicacy of the table to please his fair companion; but on their return, his tone and temper were changed; he complained of the extortion of the innkeepers, and ful-ly recommended her to be satisfied with the most common fare; the warmest professions of love were changed into coldness and indifference; and she was too soon convinced that Plutus, and not Cupid, had excited his mercenary attachment.

This elopement afforded a copious subject for conversation in Mrs. Wilson's circle of acquaintance. That lady, with her usual want of candour, hinted that Emily was concerned in the plot, but she could bring no proofs to justify her insinuations. Emily certainly suspected that Caroline was attached to the Count, but she had never given the least encouragement to her conversation upon the subject.

On

On the return of the Count and his Lady to London, they took lodgings in a part of the town remote from his former dwelling; his prudence or rather his fears suggested this change of residence, but his creditors soon traced him out, they closely besieged his door, and as their importunities increased, he became more petulant and querulous; he reproached poor Caroline with her want of means to extricate from his embarrassments the man she professed to love, and attempted to raise money upon the reversion of her fortune; but in vain—not a single advertising money lender could be found to advance a guinea upon such precarious expectations. The projects of ideal happiness were changed for real distress: the Count was the victim of disappointed avarice, and the Countess had been the dupe of his gross flattery, and her own romantic fancies.

An event soon occurred, which produced their lasting separation. The Count became an object of suspicion to Government, and
from

from some expressions in his letters to his friends in France, which were opened at the Post Office, there were grounds for thinking him a spy. The Alien Bill was therefore enforced against him, and he was compelled to leave England. He did not once ask the Countess to accompany him, and never repeated his romantic description of the flowery banks of the Loire; but quitted London without taking leave, or even writing to her. Thus he behaved with a degree of neglect and indifference, that proved his heart to be totally devoid of affection.

108

CHAPTER XXI.

The richest soil will be o'ergrown with weeds,
Wanting the plough, and seed of cultivation:
What weeds so rank or so luxuriant,
As the wild produce of the youthful mind! A.

CONSPICUOUS among the company that visited Mrs. Wilson was Sir Lionel Wager. His excessive vanity led him to aspire to the title of Knight, which he obtained, not long after he came of age. His father, a London citizen, had brought him up in the enjoyment of every indulgence, under a mistaken notion that he was a prodigy of genius and wit. From the different schools to which he was for a short time sent, he brought away nothing but an improved propensity to vice, and a fondness for every thing expensive.

five. On the death of his parents he succeeded to a fortune, which allowed him an ample range for extravagance. His whole conduct showed the ill effects of a bad disposition favoured in all its tendencies by a neglected education.

From the low company he kept, he imbibed many corrupt notions, of which none was more pernicious than that which led him to conclude, that if he did but preserve the *appearance* of a gentleman, the reality was of no importance.

Rather handsome in his person, and plausible in his general conversation, he was pleasing on a first visit; but this prepossession was short-lived, as he wanted sincerity, the radical excellence of a virtuous mind. As many profane expletives, commonly called *oaths*, were intermixed with almost every sentence he pronounced, the serious and the truly polite could not fail to be disgusted at him; he however persevered in the practice, because he vainly imagined it might pass

pass for wit, and give him the appearance of manliness and courage. The sphere in which he moved when he first succeeded to his fortune, consistently enough with this vulgar and impious habit of swearing, was in stables or on betting-stands, among grooms, horse-dealers, and black legs. To buy a horse cheap, and to sell one dear, were the favourite objects of his ambition; upon the turf at New Market and Brighton he was well known; and sometimes habited as a complete jockey the Knight rode his own horses for large stakes. It was reported he had fought a duel, in consequence of a quarrel at a billiard table; but he did not gain much credit to his courage by this rencontre, as at the first fire of his pistol, a circumstance rather ludicrous occurred—his hand trembled so much, that he wounded himself in the foot; and the seconds, fearing similar mischief in case he repeated his fire, persuaded him to appease his antagonist, by making him a very ample apology.

By

By the time Sir Lionel was thirty years of age, he had sustained so many losses upon the turf, that he found it prudent to quit his old associates, reduce his establishment of horses and servants, and take lodgings in London. He raised a sum of ready money by granting annuities upon his estates, and resolved to marry a lady, whose fortune would redeem him from the hands of the Jews. Common report, which like a snow-ball always accumulates in its progress, had conveyed to him an exaggerated account of Colonel Lorton's estate, he thought it therefore would prove an excellent speculation to secure Emily Lorton as his wife.

To accomplish this object, he determined to spare no pains; and rarely have ingenuity of contrivance, and perseverance in a favourite pursuit, been more closely united than in the whole career of his insidious conduct.

It was one of Sir Lionel's profligate opinions, "that gold could open the way to the conquest of every heart, and that no mortal

mortal could resist the influence of bribery;" provided it was made to assume a form, and dress, adapted to the wants and wishes of its object. He had been too fortunate in his application of this notion to the selfish and sordid persons, among whom he had chiefly lived, not to be confident of its universal success. He found, however, that like an arrow shot against a rock of adamant, his attack in whatever mode directed, made little or no impression upon a pure and well principled mind.

He suspected, that although Emily made a very genteel appearance, her allowance was insufficient to enable her to enter into all the fashionable expenses she wished: he therefore busied his ingenuity to discover those articles of elegance and ornament she most desired, and he flattered himself, that presents judiciously applied would be caught at with eagerness, and infallibly win her affections.

She wished to go occasionally to public places; he therefore offered her tickets for balls,

balls, concerts, and plays: he brought bracelets, ear-rings, and necklaces for her choice, and at the same time pointed out ladies of their acquaintance, and made her acknowledge their beauty was heightened by these fashionable ornaments, that she might think them equally becoming if worn by herself.

The conversation sometimes turned upon horse-exercise. Emily adverted to the pleasure she used to enjoy in Cumberland, where riding on her favourite poney, she traversed the mountains with her father. Sir Lionel took the hint, his horses were paraded in the square, in view of the ladies. Emily's attention was caught by a favourite Galloway, beautiful in colour, quiet in temper, and perfect in all paces. Sir Lionel took pains to inform Emily, how greatly it was admired, and how much it was worth. He first tried to raise her wishes, and pretended he had partly agreed to sell it to a lady of quality; and then to excite an agreeable and flattering surprise, offered to make her a present of it.

These

These offers Emily always mentioned to Mrs. Wilson, as soon as they were made, and she accepted a trifling present or two of a ticket for a concert, or a little music, more in consequence of her encouragement, and the Knight's importunity, than her own wishes. Her daily increasing scruples as to the propriety of acceptance were confirmed by the following incident.

Sir Lionel, who was a perfect Proteus of complaisance, when he found Emily was fond of music, pretended to be its warmest admirer. She complained, in his presence, of the badness of her harp. "That inconvenience," said he, with his usual specious address, "I can easily remove; my friend Lady C— has just given me the best Erard ever made—it is much at your service—I have heard her Ladyship play upon it a hundred times, so that I well know its tone to be charming, I will send it to you tomorrow; allow me only to see you when playing, and hear you accompany one of your favourite airs, and I shall be amply re-

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paid for my present, if it was worth a hundred guineas more than it is."

Conscious of the compliment, Emily blushed, and with her usual diffidence and delicacy declined the present: the next day a new and splendid harp was brought by a porter to the house, and he had strict orders to leave a bill with it. This circumstance appeared very strange to Emily. The bill was addressed to Sir Lionel, and amounted to eighty guineas. About an hour after, she received a note from the Knight, expressing a hope, that his friend Lady C— had sent the harp, and that Emily was pleased with its elegant ornaments and fine tones.

Falshood, to be successful, requires a disguise: if artifice does not lend it a handsome mask, its visage of native deformity is instantly discovered, and it fails in its power of deception.

Sir Lionel was in this instance off his guard; he had neglected the proper precaution of sending the harp from any place

to

to Mrs. Wilson's, rather than from a music shop, where his servant had ordered it, and certainly had not ordered the bill to be sent with it; for there was nothing of which the Knight had a greater abhorrence than of a bill—except of the tradesman who brought it.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VERY short time after Emily had sent back the harp with a polite note, another stratagem was practised, and the Knight and his faithful ally Mrs. Wilson flattered themselves with complete success from its execution.

Mrs. Wilson, desirous to keep up appearances, never introduced Emily into her gaming parties, except when they consisted of her most genteel acquaintance. She then recommended the amusements of Faro, Speculation, or Vingt un, with remarking, that every female who aspired to notice in a fashionable circle, indulged in a little play of this kind. One unfortunate evening, she teized Emily so much, at a time when the rest of the company were preparing to gamble,

and when by excluding herself she would have been a marked object of singularity, perhaps of ridicule, that she was induced, however reluctantly, to comply. She played at the same table with Mrs. Wilson and the Knight, and was *at first* successful: they congratulated her on her good fortune, and advised her to pursue it: after various turns of chance, she rose from the table with the loss of a hundred guineas to the Knight. He pretended to treat the sum as a mere trifle, and told her with an affected smile of complaisance, she might settle it whenever she pleased.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Wilson, who well knew how to act her part, talked gravely to her on the subject; and as it was a debt of honour tried to convince her, that she was under the greatest obligation to the *generous* Knight, for not demanding instant payment; insinuating, that a lady ought to be particularly grateful to a gentleman for such forbearance.

In

In the course of the same day, Emily received a note from the Knight, requesting her in cold and formal terms to pay him the money, stating as an apology, that a similar demand had just been made upon him. On consulting Mrs. Wilson, that lady said, she felt deeply for the Knight's situation, and was sorry it was not in her power to relieve Emily from her embarrassment.

As this last project had succeeded so well, by bringing Emily into a state of dependance on Sir Lionel, he shortly came to a full explanation of his wishes. He wrote her a letter, offering her marriage; his expressions were lofty and confident, as if he presumed she could not refuse him.

This important affair she immediately communicated to Mrs. Wilson, and to her no small mortification found that lady a warm advocate for the Knight's proposal. The reason she had encouraged him in every stage of his artful conduct was, she had herself lost a very considerable sum to him

at

at play; and as it was not in her power to pay him, she wished to preclude his solicitations, for some time at least, by this base sacrifice of the young friend, who had been placed under her protection, to the wants produced by her extravagance.

Mrs. Wilson, in her conversation with Emily upon this subject, at first assumed a mild tone and a conciliating air: "I am happy," said she, smiling, "to congratulate you on such a conquest—the Knight is a man of family, fortune, and fashion; you cannot be insensible to his personal recommendations—with what grace he enters a room, and how well he dances! All the girls admire him, and any of them would be proud of such an alliance: consider, my dear, the notice you will attract as the Lady of Sir Lionel, the genteel file in which you will live, and the precedence you will be entitled to—but you look grave, instead of being overjoyed at this prospect of happiness and high life—what objection can you possibly have to so eligible a prospect?"

"If,"

“ If,” replied Emily, with some hesitation, “ I do not view Sir Lionel in the same light as those ladies who think him so agreeable, I may perhaps be censured for a want of taste. In my opinion, the noblest graces of person can never compensate the defects of the mind. That he is *handsome* I allow; but I cannot think him *amiable*; for is he not haughty in his temper, and prophane in his language? Is he not very artful too? and that he has a proper regard for truth I can never imagine, till I forget the affair of the *harp*. Is such a man sincere in his professions, or will he be faithful to his engagements? From the haughty manner in which he offers me his hand, I am certain I do not stand very high in his esteem; and he has been sinking lower in my opinion, ever since he endeavoured, by forcing his presents upon me, to bribe my affections; and has inveigled me—has been encouraged to inveigle me into his debt.”

The tears that started from her eyes as she pronounced these last words, were the expressions

expressions of such anguish as only wounds the breasts of those, who feel the keenest sense of unmerited injury.

Mrs. Wilson was too much piqued by the allusion conveyed in the word *encouraged*, and too conscious of deserving it not to be very highly incensed.

Yet affecting to be stately and dispassionate, "Miss Lorton," said she, "I believe I understand you, but I disdain to refute your pert insinuations, or give myself the trouble to remove your silly objections to an alliance, of which you, of all the girls I know, ought to be most proud; but be assured of this—If you are so perverse as to refuse the worthy Knight's offer, he will expose you to disgrace and shame, as you are unable to get out of his debt. With regard to myself, depend upon me, I will pursue," continued she, shaking her head, and pointing her finger at poor Emily, as in scorn,—“I will pursue every method to render you sorry for your folly, and make you sensible, that if you oppose my wishes, you will
have

have nothing to expect but my determined resentment; and recollect Miss Lorton—recollect, I say—the effects of that resentment may be extended to *other* persons of your family, as well as to yourself.”

Thus she endeavoured to frighten Emily into a compliance with her will. The insolence and cruelty of the close of this speech were aggravated by the frowns of the speaker, and her haughty air. Every word gave a wound to poor Emily's mind, particularly the cruel insinuation conveyed against her father. She was ready to faint with vexation. She made some efforts to reply—ineffectual ones indeed, for sobs of distress checked her utterance: could she have summoned sufficient courage she would instantly have quitted the room, and even the house. Fortunately for the relief of her tortured feelings, Mrs. Wilson retired, but not without a frown of indignation, and left her to her tears.

On this trying occasion, Emily found no resource so prompt, no balm so soothing to her

her wounded mind, as writing to her father to inform him of Mrs. Wilson's conduct, and of her debt to the Knight, with an earnest request to take her home immediately. She was, however, under the necessity of waiting some time before she received an answer to her letter.

The delay was caused by the tardy progress of the post; the winter was severe, the roads were in the worst state for travelling, and the passes of the northern mountains were obstructed by deep snow. This gloomy interval afforded scope for the exercise of patience, a virtue which had its full influence over Emily's mind. She neither sunk into sullen apathy, nor was she excited by anger to acts of indiscretion: she was neither fretful in the company of Mrs. Wilson, nor petulant to the servants: over her features was thrown the expression of sorrow, but not of resentment. To the violent language of Mrs. Wilson she either made no reply, or returned gentle answers.

When

When retired from company she had leisure to contemplate the past; she saw no subject for self-reproach; she regarded her present state of suffering as one of those unavoidable trials of temper, to which every person is liable. It was a cloud over her head, which poured down a temporary storm; but the distant prospect was bright and cheering. Her meekness, contrasted with Mrs. Wilson's violence, displayed Emily's character in a new light, and proved her to be influenced by that "long-suffering" and "patient endurance" of evil, which are "the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit"—the distinguishing graces of a true Christian.

CHAP. XXIII.

The spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

SHAKESPEARE.

AT the time this unpleasent conversation between Emily and Mrs. Wilfon took place, Edward Marriot came to pass a few days with a friend in London. Desirous to see Emily in preference to any object the metropolis held out to attract him, he called at Mrs. Wilfon's, where he was sternly informed by the porter, who had received particular instructions from his mistress, that the ladies were not at home. Mrs. Wilfon had heard of his attachment to Emily, and took every method in her power to put an end to it.

When

When she was informed that the Rev. Edward Marriot had left his card at her house, she told Emily she hoped she did not care the flirt of a fan for such a rustic, particularly as she could now command the attentions of a young man of the first fashion. "I shall order my porter," said she scornfully, "to receive no more of his impertinent cards; and I am astonished how the low bred son of a north country parson can dare to take such liberties with his superiors—but enough of such a Cumberland reptile—why should I say more of one who is totally unknown in every circle of fashion?"

Yet notwithstanding this aversion of Mrs. Wilson to Edward, he had the good fortune to meet with Emily at the Opera: his pleasure was short, and not without a mixture of mortification: she was surrounded by a large party, and among them was the Knight, practising all his address and arts of conversation to fix her attention upon himself.

Edward's

Edward's observations upon the Opera were such as may be expected from a young man, a stranger to the refinements of the fashionable world, and an enthusiastic reader of Sophocles and Shakespeare. Such were his prejudices in favour of dramatic propriety, that it was difficult to make him admire the lover who courted his mistress in recitative, or applaud the heroes who fought in cadences, and died in bravuras. He observed that the audience attended little to the dialogue, either because there was nothing in it worth their notice, or they did not understand the Italian language: no one expressed the least interest in the story or fate of *Didone abandonata*; the only circumstance which suspended the chat of some of the fashionables, or awakened others from their state of torpor or apathy, was an air sung by Graffini, or a dance performed by Parisot.

“What opinion,” said Edward, “am I to form of *their* taste, who lavish that applause upon dancers, which is only due to
such

such performers as a Siddons, a Jordan, a Kemble, a Cooke, and a Bannister, who can give life, spirit and interest to the best dramatic productions? Dancing, I allow, is an elegant accomplishment; but upon the Opera stage it loses its most becoming graces, for there agility of motion borders upon distortion of limbs, and the loose and scanty attire of the Corps de Ballet sets modesty at defiance. In short, the whole system of the Opera seems to me to be a splendid burlesque of theatrical representation; there is nothing in it to instruct the head, or to interest the heart. It is an exotic not worth transplanting into an English soil; it may suit the squeamish taste of the enervated and degenerate Italians; but it is as meagre and unsubstantial food for British minds, as macaroni and olives are for our bodies."

Edward found with difficulty an opportunity of assuring Emily how much he had lamented his long absence from her, and that ever since his arrival in London he had made every effort to see her. Her looks sufficiently

ently convinced him, she was not inclined to doubt his assertions—she would have been happy to converse with him more; but this was out of her power; the tattling of the party was incessant, the Knight persevered in his attentions to Emily, Mrs. Wilson frowned and looked disdainfully upon Edward, and wishing to prevent his farther conversation, hurried away her party from the Opera the moment the ballet was concluded.

On Edward's return to his friend's house, he found a letter from his father upon a very important subject. He informed him that he had been fortunate enough to procure for him the appointment of chaplain to a line of battle ship, which was ordered to join the fleet of Lord Keith, then going to sail to the coast of Egypt. In this letter his father hinted in affectionate terms that there was an absolute necessity for him to provide for himself by this method, the only one in his power to command, and that he had ex-

hausted all his little stock of interest to obtain the appointment.

The concluding words of his letter were particularly impressive. "As," said Dr. Marriot, "the sight of my eyes begins to fail me, I may soon find it necessary to give up my school, and perhaps the service of my church. Will not my beloved Edward therefore be happy to place himself in a situation, where he may render me such assistance, as, from the scanty pittance of my hardly-earned income, I have supplied to him for the completion of his education at the university."

Tears of affection flowed down Edward's cheeks when he perused these words, and his immediate answer conveyed an assurance at once prompt and positive, that compliance with his father's request was the most ardent object of his desires.

CHAP. XXIV.

Love strives to bind me in his rosy wreathes;
But Duty calls me with imperious voice,
To go where Glory leads the rugged way;
Shall I then sink into the lap of Ease,
Forgetful of the lore, that Wisdom taught me?
Or be the noble victor of myself,
And triumph o'er temptation?— A.

WHEN the time of the departure of Edward approached, one melancholy thought, more than all others, damped his ardour for the voyage. He was going to quit his native country, perhaps for ever, and was he to leave it without bidding adieu to Emily? The idea wounded him with such keenness, that it was insupportable: he hastened therefore to Mrs. Wilson's, and when he came
K 2 there,

there, he observed her carriage standing at the door, and the coachman informed him, that he was waiting for the ladies. With a quickly palpitating heart he entered the vestibule; for the door was open, as if the ladies were just coming out.

Emily herself made her appearance. She was dressed with her usual taste and simplicity, and looked with an air of pensiveness, that gave a peculiar interest to the angelic expression of her face. With an airy step she came gliding forward.—When she first saw Edward, she was startled, and surprise, mixed with joy, sparkled in her eyes. Edward, delighted at a meeting as desirable as fortunate, sprung forward, and clasping both her hands—“O Miss Lorton,” said he, “pardon my intrusion, and grant me, I conjure you, by that benevolence which ever reigns in your bosom, a few minutes conversation in private.”

She looked consent, and he handed her into the next room. His heart was too full merely to confine himself to the proposed farewell;

farewell ; it overflowed in his ardent expressions ; the time, the place, her engaging manner, seemed all propitious to his wishes, and he made a full declaration of his passion. His voice indeed often faltered, and his sentences were broken and incomplete, but such is the nature and such is the eloquence of love.

“ I forgot,” continued he, “ alas I forgot the intended object of my visit to you : I am going”—“ into Cumberland, I suppose,” interrupted Emily with a sigh, and a look of tender concern, “ to see your father.”—“ I am going,” resumed Edward, “ to quit London—to quit England—and perhaps shall never, never, see you more !”

On his pronouncing these last words, in a pathetic and tremulous tone, she turned pale, and he led her fainting to a sofa. On his ringing the bell violently, a servant came and brought a glass of water, and Edward held it to her pallid lips. While he was thus engaged, Mrs. Wilson burst into the room ; like a demon of rage she stormed, and

and accused Edward of an intention to rob her house, and carry off Emily by force. Slightly did he regard her vociferations, for Emily, in her present distress, was so deeply interesting, as to seem the only person in the world deserving his attention: he hung over her with tenderness, as she reclined upon the sofa, and soothed her with the sweetest blandishments, like the zephyr of the spring fanning the fragrant and newly-blown violet.

The unfeeling Mrs. Wilson, regardless of Emily's sufferings and tears, hurried her into the carriage, and ordered the coachman, on pain of her severest displeasure, to drive with all possible speed.

“And shall I not behold you once more!” exclaimed Edward; “will you not bestow one more look upon him, who will enjoy that delight, perhaps for the last time!” Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when he saw her graceful form bending from the carriage window; thrice she waved and kissed her hand, and threw a glance towards him, which he caught with rapture; it

It was the cordial that revived his sinking spirits, or rather the ray that shot a vivid light across the gloom of his despondency. Mrs. Wilton, more enraged with Emily than ever, for this marked attention to Edward, drew up the window in a rage, and the disconsolate Edward looked after the carriage with eager eyes, till it was lost in the distance.

In a state of most painful agitation he returned to his lodgings. His mind resembled a vessel tossed upon a stormy sea, agitated by winds opposed to the tide. Love and Duty contended for the empire over his affections, and it was for some time uncertain which of these potent rivals would gain the ascendancy.

“Shall I yield,” said Edward, “to the influence of my ardent attachment to the most amiable of her sex, and shall I not relinquish at once my new appointment, and endeavour to gain my fair one’s consent to a clandestine marriage? What a scene of delight does the prospect of such an event open
to

to me! What heavenly joy should I experience to call Emily mine! Yet let me pause—and consider whether such a measure will have the sanction of Reason, or is merely the fond suggestion of Self-love: what if such happiness must be purchased at the expense of principle? Is inclination to be allowed to predominate in my mind, and to trample upon the claims of *Duty*, and the sacred obligation of a *promise*? Can I be deaf to the calls of an affectionate father, who has submitted to many a severe privation of comfort to supply me with luxuries? Shall I aggravate the sorrows and the infirmities of his declining health by resistance to his advice, and hasten his descent in sorrow, perhaps in penury, to the grave?”

For a moment he paused—his mind was torn by contending passions; his agitation was violent, but not lasting: he shed some bitter tears, Reason regained her empire, and he resumed his expostulation.

“ And

“ And should Emily consent to be mine, shall I not expose her to the displeasure of her high-spirited father, incensed as he will be by her union with one, whom he thinks will tarnish the lustre of his antient family? What a deplorable proof shall I give of my affection, to make the object of it thus miserable! Can I therefore cherish the thought of purchasing my own enjoyment at the price of the accumulated pain of those I love and honour? Reason and Religion command me to resist such a temptation; and severe as are their injunctions, they *shall* be obeyed. My Emily! accept my sighs and my tears, as a tribute of my ardent and unalterable attachment. And O my father, I hasten where you point the way, in confidence, in firmest confidence, that my obedience, purchased at the price of my heart's most beloved desires, will be acceptable in the sight of Heaven, and of thee!”

This triumph of duty over love was the more noble and meritorious, because Edward had no friend whose advice he could
ask—

ask—no congenial bosom into which he could pour his sorrows—no other judgment to assist his decision, and confirm his purpose. His determination sprang from his own unassisted mind: fearful, however, lest his once-formed resolution should fail him, if he lingered too long in London, he obeyed the summons of the captain, and went immediately on-board his ship, justly thinking that flight from a scene of such attraction is the only method of security.

CHAPTER XXV.

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————— Young Alonzo

Pas'd not his days on one sequester'd spot,  
Fix'd like a plant, and rooted in the earth;  
But sail'd o'er stormy seas to foreign climes,  
There did he read in Life's instructive volume,  
The manners, virtues, follies of mankind.     A.

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THE wind was fair for the voyage, the anchor was weigh'd, the sails were set, and the ship impell'd by the gale pursued her steady course. As the white cliffs of England gradually disappeared, Edward endeavoured to divert his attention from the melancholy thoughts of the friends he had left behind, by mixing in conversation with the Captain and his Officers, and was not a little amus'd with observing the rough merriment and jocularity

cularity of the sailors, who thus beguiled and softened their laborious occupations. The thoughts of his separation from Emily too often occurred to his mind to render his tranquillity in any degree complete, and nothing reconciled him to his absence more, or so gently fanned the flame of his checked but still lively passion, as the hope of hearing frequently from her.

The Captain of the ship, whose name was Wallis, was one of that description which does honour to the British Navy. To say he was generous, candid, and sincere, is only to attribute to him those qualities which are inseparable from such true courage as he always displayed in the hour of danger. His esteem for Dr. Marriot, whose pupil he had formerly been for a short time, induced him to pay great attention to Edward: he made him his constant associate, and contributed much, both by his example and advice, to give efficacy to the religious instructions which Edward, as his Chaplain, communicated to the ship's company. Although

though he strictly forbade all prophane swearing, no failors in the British Navy had a greater respect for their Captain, or were under better command, than his own. He had a taste for reading, and was particularly fond of such books, as related to classical antiquities.

So pleased was Edward with the Captain's kind and unreserved behaviour, that it encouraged him to make him his confidant. Edward found the greatest relief in disclosing to him all the particulars of his attachment to Emily: the Captain commended him for his resolution in complying with his father's request, and tried to dispel the gloom that hung over his spirits at first by an endeavour to rally him on his attachment to Emily; but finding that Edward was not to be treated jocularly upon a subject so dear to his heart, he with much address directed the conversation to topics more congenial with his turn of mind, and favourite studies.

"I am separated from all my friends," said Edward to Captain Wallis, as they were

were walking upon the quarter deck, and saw nothing but the wide expanse of the ocean around, and the dark clouds rolling above them,—“ I am now going I can hardly tell whither, an outcast from my country, deprived of almost all the pleasures of life. My mind is like the sea I behold, sometimes stupidly calm, or wildly agitated; the fair weather of happiness is gone; and I fear all my future life will be the sport of storms and tempests.”

“ I am concerned,” said Captain Wallis, “ to hear you thus complain; as I should have expected the expressions of firm resolution rather than unmanly despondency from the son of Dr. Marriot. But ‘ O, this love, this love!’ how blind and insensible does it make a man to every thing but itself. If one source of your fancied enjoyments be cut off, you ought to be thankful, that others are still within your reach. Take courage, and rouse your spirits—a new scene of pleasure will soon open upon you: as you are so great an admirer of the
8
classics

Classics and sacred Writers, how happy will you be to verify their descriptions, and illustrate their beauties in the very places that gave them birth, upon the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean Sea. The countries we shall visit are Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine: What sublime ideas do they excite; what scenes of glory, what triumphs of courage, what flights of genius do they bring to my mind. In those classical regions we may awaken the most lively remembrance of the most renowned persons the world ever saw. And as you are eager to gratify a liberal spirit of inquiry, and wish to increase your knowledge of the world by extensive observation, how highly pleased will you be to study the diversities of human characters, and manners not only in Europe, but in Asia and Africa too: rouse therefore from your lethargy, and improve, by the full exercise of your mind, those opportunities for pleasure and instruction which will be afforded to you by our voyage."

"The

“The spirit with which you enter,” said Edward, “into subjects so endeared to my mind by the whole course of my education, gives you a new claim to my esteem and friendship. How creditable is it to the British Navy, when an officer can, like you, combine the attainments and taste of a scholar with the courage and skill of a sailor, and can make every coast an object of rational inquiry and improvement.”

As the wind continued fair, they stayed only long enough at Gibraltar to give Edward an opportunity of surveying that impregnable fortress. They soon after reached the bay of Aboukir on the coast of Egypt, where they found the British fleet, under the command of Lord Keith, lately arrived from the bay of Marmorice.

Glorious was the day, the 8th of March, 1801, to the British heroes, who effected a landing upon the shore of Egypt, in defiance of an opposing French army; and such an enterprize could not fail to be deeply interesting to those who were spectators of it.

Standing

Standing upon the deck of his ship, at the dawn of day, Edward saw the rockets fired as the signal for the army of General Abercromby to quit their vessels. He saw the British troops man the boats and launches; and the sailors row them with undaunted spirit and unslackened arms, although exposed to the incessant fire of the French army. The British troops drove the enemy from his strong positions—short was the conflict, but signal the victory—the happy omen of greater success.

No triumphs of our arms were ever more complete, either by sea or land, than those achieved in the bay of Aboukir by the invincible Nelson, and on the plains of Egypt by Abercromby and Hutchinson. The honour and moderation which our army displayed in Egypt, strongly contrasted as they were with the rapine and robberies of the French, gave the various inhabitants of that country, the Egyptians, the Arabs, and the Turks, as exalted notions of British generosity as of British valour.

As often as his duty allowed him leisure, Edward went on shore to survey and examine whatever was curious in Egypt, a country renowned from the earliest ages as the parent of those arts and sciences, which successively adorned Greece and Rome, and are now cultivated in all polished nations.

At the sight of Pompey's pillar, of the enormous fragment of the Sphinx, and other monuments of antient art, his thoughts were naturally carried back into past ages. The city of Alexandria brought to his remembrance the genius of its enlightened founder, Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the East, who caused this vast city to rise amid the sandy desert, and employed the spoils of victory for the promotion of commerce. Here the Ptolemies, the antient Kings of Egypt, called the arts and sciences around them, and collected the scattered productions of literature in the noblest library in the world. Near these shores, Marc Antony, the enamoured slave of the beautiful Cleopatra, contended with Octavius for the
Roman

Roman empire, and taught mankind by his defeat and death, the danger of growing forgetful of the calls of duty, and of sinking into the arms of voluptuousness.

The Nile, rolling its ample flood through the midst of Egypt, strongly attracted the attention of the young traveller, as it is the most extraordinary river in the known world. It rises in the mountains of Abyssinia, from whence, swelled by torrents of rain, it runs into Egypt, and regularly every year overflows a vast tract of that level country. The slime it leaves behind, when the water subsides, is the richest manure of its banks. Slips of cultivated land adorn its borders, rice is sown, and the crop is reaped in four months in lower Egypt, and there the traveller beholds the prospect of flowers, fruit, and corn, flourishing throughout the year.

Edward visited Grand Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt. It consists of a strange assemblage of Turkish mosques and mud cottages,

tages, formed into irregular streets. Not far distant the pyramids, rising majestic amid vast plains of sand, like rocks emerging from the widely spread and level surface of the sea, struck him with astonishment. The largest is between five and six hundred feet high: to give a familiar idea of the wide space it fills, it would exactly stand in the area of Lincoln's-inn Fields. All the pyramids are composed of vast blocks of granite, and are supposed to have been erected not less than thirty centuries ago. These oldest monuments of human labour known to exist, still defy the ravages of time. Edward thought it most probable, that they were built for the purpose Herodotus the most ancient of Grecian historians mentions, and were designed for tombs to contain the embalmed bodies of the Egyptian kings.

As he was travelling with some officers to Alexandria, the conversation happened to turn upon that extraordinary phenomenon, which the French call the *mirage*. It is an appearance,

appearance, which gives to the distant plains of sand the exact resemblance of a large sheet of water.

“ I am inclined,” said a young officer, “ to treat the French account of this mirage as a kind of Gasconade, merely intended to excite astonishment, and not founded on fact.” “ You had better not decide too peremptorily,” said Edward, “ as our own experience is continually convincing us, that all travellers are not dealers in romance.”

The event soon justified his candid observation, as they continued their march towards Alexandria. The sun was shining with remarkable splendour, its beams played upon the distant sands, and the vivid reflection dazzled their eyes. “ How far,” inquired some of the party, “ is it to yonder city?” “ About two hours journey,” was the answer of the Arabian guides. “ That must be a mistake,” said the sceptical officer; “ for in front of us is a large lake, and its waters are so extensive, we must take a considerable

siderable circuit round its shores, before we can reach the place. How beautiful is the reflection of the towers, spires, minarets, and palm trees of Alexandria upon its shining surface. I see them all reflected there as clearly as they would appear in an immense looking glass." "You are deceived," said the guide, smiling; "we know by experience, and you will soon be convinced, that the phantoms will vanish, as you approach them."

Such proved to be the case. The water was imaginary, the wide waste of sand was real, and the party reached the place precisely at the time mentioned by the guides.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amid these scenes to find
Some spot, to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

“MY desire is very great,” said Edward to Captain Wallis, “to explore the more distant banks of the Nile: I have read much of the warlike and hospitable character of the Bedouins, or Arab tribes, who still preserve the exact manners, customs, and independence of their most remote ancestors, and live a roving life; and I wish to be an eye-witness of all I have heard of a people so interesting.”

“Your

“Your curiosity is very natural,” replied the Captain; “but it may be hazardous to indulge it. The Mamlouks, the Lords of Egypt, and the Buddoos, or wild banditti of the mountains, are in a state of almost continual war with the Bedouins, and you may expose yourself to their ferocity and violence; if, however, you are resolved to pursue such an adventure, I will give you leave of absence; you may take your passage on board one of the light rice vessels, now ready to sail up the Nile; I will give you a letter of recommendation to Abul Mohammed, the principal Sheik or Chieftain, lately arrived in the district of Banute, and your knowledge of the Arabic language, and a few presents, will secure you a hospitable reception from him.”

Edward was overjoyed at this proposal, he changed his dress for the eastern costume so necessary for the sake of coolness, as the loose and flowing garments of the Arabs are well adapted to their torrid climate, and the numerous folds of the muslin turban are the
best

best defence against the burning rays of the sun.

Attended by a fervant, who understood Arabic, and accompanied by an Indian Fakeer, who was on his return from Cairo, where he had been on a religious penance, he embarked: the vessel under an easy sail glided up the river; verdant meadows adorned its banks with scattered groves of date, and other fruit trees of luxuriant foliage. The Captain of the vessel was talkative to his passengers, whom he wished to surprize and please with his account of the natural curiosities of the country: he described the ostrich, the largest of birds, which he had shot in the deserts. He had seen in the Nile, a hippopotamus, or river horse, that measured twelve feet in length, and its skin was so hard as to resist a musquet-ball; and he had heard of an enormous crocodile killed by an Egyptian of Rosetta; in its body were found the gold rings and ornaments of a girl devoured by the monster, as she was incautiously bathing in the river.

At

At the end of a few days Edward and his party landed, and conducted by the faithful Fakeer, they made a toilsome journey over the dusty plain. The sun unclouded shone with a burning heat, the winds blew hot from the desert, and their march over the loose sands was painful to their feverish feet. There were no trees, under whose refreshing shade they could repose themselves, no streams at which they could quench their excessive thirst: worn out with fatigue, and almost fainting with relaxation, they had the pleasure at length to discern the white tents of Abul Mohammed. They were spread over the slope of a hill, and their situation was determined by a stream of chrystal water that gushed from a rock with a loud and refreshing murmur, a luxury to the eye, the ear, and the lips, only to be justly valued by the parched travellers of this hot climate. The white tents were spread over the declivity in regular order, the pavilion of the Sheik was in the center of the front line, and he was reclining at the entrance,

trance, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening.

Abul Mohammed was between fifty and sixty years of age, his air was noble, his figure tall, his eyes bright, and his complexion tawny; his bushy and silver beard flowed over his breast, his crimson turban sparkled with jewels, he wore a scimitar and a dagger by his side, and in his hand he held a hookah or long pipe. In his conversation he was slow, concise, and grave; he sometimes indulged a smile, but rarely was seen to laugh.

Edward approached him with respect, and presented his letter of recommendation. As soon as he had read it, he courteously bowed, and led him into the front division of the tent, where they partook the refreshment of Mocha coffee, sherbet, cakes of unleavened bread, delicious raisins of the sun, dried dates, and figs.

“ Thus admitted,” said the Sheik, “ to the table of a son of Ishmael, you are entitled to his protection and hospitality, as long

long as you please to stay. Against the luxurious Turks of the caravans, and the ferocious banditti of the mountains, we brandish our scimitars, and hurl our spears; but the inoffensive traveller, who eats our bread, we welcome with joy, and dismiss with blessings and presents."

The next morning he showed Edward his fine Arabian horses, fleet as the wind, and gentle as lambs; and the hardy and patient camels, used to convey his household, tents, and baggage.

Although Edward said every thing to give the Sheik an exalted opinion of the English character, he was diffident when speaking of himself: But the Fakeer was loud in his praise, and among other eminent qualities, for which he commended the young Englishman, he informed the Sheik, that he was skilled in medicine. He had indeed paid some attention both to its theory and practice, in the course of his voyage.

This intelligence pleased the Sheik in the highest degree, and procured for Edward an introduction

introduction to the ladies of his family, which otherwise he could not have obtained.

“Englishman,” said the Sheik, “your liberal curiosity and unreserved confidence, displayed by this visit, excite my highest respect for your character. The truly generous are always humane, I want the assistance which you can afford: Fatima, my beloved wife, asks your medical skill: may Allah give his blessing to your endeavours to remove her fever, a malady too common in our sultry climate!”

At the back part of the tent was a suite of rooms appropriated to females: thither the Sheik conducted Edward. They entered an apartment where Persian carpets, and crimson sophas and cushions, formed the furniture. Three ladies, Fatima and her two daughters Zelia and Selima, soon entered from an inner room: their draperies were full and flowing, they were veiled, but not closely, their veils were divided, and joined by clasps of gold, so that their foreheads
and

and eyes could be seen: the mother only spoke, and she bowed her head with grateful dignity, when Edward assured her he would endeavour to remove her fever.

By the judicious application of some Peruvian bark he had brought with him, he succeeded. The expressions of gratitude uttered by his patient were ardent and sincere; she often made him her guest to drink coffee with her and her daughters, and they soon welcomed him without reserve.

As a proof of the Sheik's confidence and their favour, the ladies appeared unveiled; Fatima was extremely handsome, her air was noble, and her manners elegant; but what was the mother compared with the eldest daughter! Zelia was in the bloom of her charms, her face was exquisitely beautiful, her dark eyes languished with tenderness, and her form was a perfect model of female proportion. She wore a robe of the finest muslin, over which was gracefully thrown a blue shawl, her necklace was of emeralds, and her bracelets of rubies. She sat gently
cooling

cooling herself with a fan made of the gay feathers of various birds; her dark hair, parted in front, waved in ringlets on her shoulders, and the flush diffused over her cheeks by the warmth of the season, realized to Edward the highest description of beauty given by the Arabian romancers or the Persian poets.

Edward, attentive to the customs of the East, produced his presents. To the Sheik he gave a handsome pair of pistols, a telescope, and a printed copy of the Koran. To the ladies he presented a fine piece of India chintz, some small looking-glasses, and gold rings. They were courteously accepted, but were wholly unnecessary to secure the affection and the gratitude of his interesting host and his family. The Sheik offered many valuable presents in return; but he accepted only a sabre of the tempered steel of Damascus, some beautiful specimens of the porphyry of Cossair; and the ladies gave him a box of perfumes, some ostrich feathers, and a string of pearls.

They sometimes made excursions to the western hills, where they enjoyed the finest prospects the country afforded. There they could see the Nile rolling its wide spread flood amid fields of rice, and clumps of stately and ever verdant palm trees fringing its banks; on the other side of the azure river, the pyramids appeared at different distances, and the vast expanse of sands was bounded by the city and the stony mountains of Cairo.

In glowing language, and in an animated manner, the Sheik conversed with Edward on various subjects. He gloried in the honour of his descent from the great patriarch Abraham, and he spoke of his nation never debased by intermixture with foreigners, and never degraded by servitude. "Our tribes," said he, "have always maintained the most complete independence, in antient times, against the attacks of the Persians, the Sultans of Egypt, and the Emperors of Rome; and more recently against the fierce Mamlouks and the cruel Turks. In the middle ages, the fairest portions of Africa,

Asia, and Europe, were subdued by our arms, and enlightened by our literature and science; and the renown of Saladin the victor of the East, and of Al Rasched, the Caliph of Bagdad, resounds throughout the world. Independence, courage, patience, and temperance are the virtues of which the sons of Ishmael boast; and his daughters, fair as the roses of Damascus, excel in modesty and good sense."

"What a contrast," said Edward to the Sheik, "to the noble and warlike character of your tribes do the native inhabitants of Egypt present! You disdain to bend under the yoke of vassalage or servitude, but they submit, like beasts of burthen, to the oppression and scourge of their Turkish tyrants. Of all I ever saw, none are more timid, none more debased than these people: they are sunk in the lowest state of ignorance; unknown to them is the use of the lyre invented at Thebes, where now upon the tombs of its Kings are to be seen various elegant forms of that instrument. They
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cannot explain to us the hieroglyphics, or antient language of the priests, inscribed upon the magnificent tomb of Alexander the Great, found at Rosetta, and now in the possession of our victorious British Army. The art of embalming the dead, and preserving them as mummies for so many ages, and the mode by which the ponderous stones that compose the lofty pyramids were raised to so great an elevation, are secrets to them as well as to us. Time has thrown his thickest shades around many arts of their ingenious ancestors; we have not the *power*, and their descendants have not even the *inclination* to penetrate them."

"What lessons of instruction may we derive from a survey of the antient monuments of this country," observed the Arabian Chieftain! "They are calculated to humble the pride, which is too apt to accompany acquirements in knowledge, for they show how limited are the greatest attainments. Certain it is, that the antients were acquainted with many subjects, of which
the

the moderns are ignorant, and although you inform me that the Europeans boast of the superiority of this enlightened age over all the times past, is it not a question, whether they have not rather exchanged one province of knowledge for another, than enlarged its general empire?"

"*So far shalt thou go,*" said Edward, "*and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,* is a law imposed by the great Creator upon the ocean, and the knowledge of mankind seems to be circumscribed by similar limits."

"I also have received a lesson of useful instruction," said the Sheik, "to repress the spirit of vain speculation and fruitless curiosity, from the antient inscription found in the temple of Isis, at Sais, in Upper Egypt. Isis, you may recollect, was worshipped as the tutelary goddess of all this country, and was supposed to represent universal nature, whose effects are evident, and whose productions are essential to the well being of man; but whose laws and modes

of operation are inscrutable by the utmost efforts of his understanding. In the dark recesses of her temple, the goddesses sat clothed in drapery, which concealed her from head to foot, and there she uttered these mysterious words—*I am whatever is, or has been, but no mortal has ever taken off my veil.*”

CHAP. XXVII.

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The noble youth who bends to Virtue's sway,  
Unerring walks, where'er she leads the way;  
He listens not to Pleasure's magic strain,  
And even Beauty pleads her cause in vain.      A.

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IN a stile of peculiar elegance the ladies conversed on the grandeur and extent of the surrounding prospects, and they talked of the blooming gardens of Rosetta, and the crowded streets of Grand Cairo. They were not unacquainted with the events of past ages, or the lessons of antient wisdom, for these topics they had studied in their native poets, who are at once the historians and the moralists of the East. Zelia had read the works of the Persian Hafez, the Odes of Sayib,

Sayib, and the Gulistan, or Garden of Roses, by the celebrated Sadi.

They all heard Edward talk of England with pleasure, and the subject was the more impressive from the recent renown acquired by British heroes at Aboukir, at Alexandria, and at Rhamanieh. He told them of the friends to whom he was connected by the ties of duty and gratitude—he mentioned Captain Wallis, to whose kindness he was indebted for the enjoyment of their society; nor did he fail often to mention his father at his far distant home, sinking under the infirmities of age.

“Young man,” said the Sheik, “your heart seems as warm as your head is sound, and your mind is cultivated. I know not to what fascinating power you are indebted, perhaps to that by which the Egyptians charm the serpent; but I feel a strong affection for you, and know not with what fortitude I shall bear the moment of separation, when the time of your departure comes.”

As

As he pronounced these last words, a tear trickle ddown the cheek of Zelia, the symptom of an attachment to Edward she had for some time cherished: his person, his manners, his conversation, had made a deep impresson upon her young and tender heart. As she had heard Edward talk of the happy freedom enjoyed by the ladies of England, she became more impatient than ever of eastern confinement; and wished him to put it in her power to escape from its continuance. Her love was too ardent to be extinguished by the suggestions of prudence, and too strong to bear concealment from its object. Deluding herself with the fond hope that she was dear to Edward, and apprehensive of his speedy departure, she sent him a letter, in which she proposed to accompany him as his wife to Aboukir, and from thence to England.

He was at first embarrassed and distressed; blind to her beauty, and insensible of her tendernefs, he could not be; yet he resolved not to take the flightest advantage of her
indiscreet

indiscreet proposal: he returned an answer in kind and grateful terms, and expressed his deep concern, that it was intirely out of his power to accept her flattering overture.

As is customary in Egypt, the daughters of the soldiers in the camp danced upon the green in the front of the tent to amuse the Sheik and his family. These girls were comely in their persons, and graceful in their movements; but to Zelia, sinking under the effects of her severe disappointment, the sight which before had always pleased her, particularly since the arrival of Edward, no longer gave her any pleasure. She sat alone under a date tree, resting her head pensively on her hand, regardless of her mother and sister, who went to her, and in vain endeavoured to excite her to cheerfulness. As soon as the dancing was over, she retired to her apartment, seized her guitar in a transport of enthusiasm, and indulging the wild sallies of her empassioned thoughts, thus expressed to a melancholy and varied air, the feelings

feelings of untutored nature, and the resentment of unrequited love.

I.

BEGIN, my warbling lyre,
A sadly pleasing strain;
Your melody may soothe,
But cannot cure my pain.

II.

From Britain's distant isle
The noble stranger came;
His sweet delusive smile
Awakes my tender flame.

III.

Hard as his native rocks,
Cold as his northern skies,
He heeds not Zelia's words,
Nor eloquence of eyes.

IV.

Thus on the chrystal stream
The golden sun-beams beat,
It sparkles in the ray,
But feels not genial heat.

v. Say

V.

Say does your vagrant thoughts
O'er Ocean's bosom roam;
To seek a rival nymph,
Who fights for you at home?

VI.

Can Britain's daughter shine
With half an Arab's grace;
Is her's the eagle eye
Is her's the angel face?

VII.

Her cheeks of sickly hue
No crimson tints disclose,
As well the lily pale
May emulate the rose.

VIII.

Deserter of the fair,
The pathless desert rove,
And may a serpent there,
Revenge my slighted love!

IX.

Or should thy angry Fate
More venom'd shafts design,
O may it pierce thy heart
With pangs as keen as mine!

The

The scouts of the Sheik soon after brought intelligence to the camp, that they had seen the print of many horses' feet in the sands, which denoted the advance of their determined enemies, the cruel Mamlouks. In the evening a messenger, almost breathless with haste, announced their nearer approach; over the distant plains he had seen their scimitars glitter, and their colours wave in the wind.

The Sheik endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade his soldiers to wait their approach, but as they feared the superior number of their enemies, they resolved on flight. He well knew if he remained upon the spot where he then was, and was taken prisoner, he should be condemned to lose his head; and he also was apprehensive that his wife and daughters, if taken prisoners, would be exposed to the insults of the lawless conquerors.

Stimulated by this fear more than any other; he abandoned his tents, camels, and furniture; and accompanied only by his family,

mily, Edward, and the Fakeer, he retreated two days journey along the banks of the Nile.

“ Noble stranger,” said he to Edward, in a mournful tone, and with a deep sigh, “ nothing afflicts me more than that necessity now urges our separation. To all that passed between you and my daughter I am no stranger: your honourable conduct in not taking advantage of her attachment to you demands my gratitude, even more than your restoring my beloved Fatima to health. Zelia, the object of my pity, must be a victim to punishment——But I have not time to enlarge upon the painful subject; we must instantly take measures for our safety, which will lead us different ways: you must follow the winding banks of the river; at the village, which is only two days journey from hence, you may find a vessel to convey you back to your friends. I must endeavour to reach the distant fountains of El Arifch, where the bravest troops of my tribe are encamped: be not too solicitous for our safety;

safety; our enemies may pursue, but they will not find us; known to me only are the intricate passes of the mountains, and the secret waters of the burning desert. If rashness or revenge should prompt them to pursue us far from hence, they will fall a prey to thirst, to hunger, and fatigue. You have shared my bounty in the hour of plenty, and now you must be contented to take the portion my scanty means can supply."

Saying these words he divided his bread, his meat, and his water with Edward—"Go," continued he, "and tell your valiant countrymen, that although fortune is precarious, the character of our nation is the same: our independence is unbroken, and our hospitality continues the uninterrupted pride of our race; like our great ancestor Abraham I have exercised it to you, who came as the Angel of health to my tent. May the blessing of Allah guide you to your native shore, and may your father rejoice in the embraces of his son!"

Tears

Tears flowed from all at parting: Edward kissed the hands of the Sheik and of the ladies; their glistening eyes spoke their secret anguish, and were fixed mournfully upon him; Zelia reclined her head, and concealed her face; her gentle bosom was torn with anguish, partly resulting from the distress of the flight,—and more from indignation at her slighted beauty.

Edward hastened away, and reached his ship at the end of a few days. He told the Captain of his adventure, and often did he afterwards breathe a sigh of tender concern, and as often he congratulated himself on his honourable conduct, when he pictured to his fancy the white tents of Banute, the noble Abul Mohammed, the grateful Fatima, and the beautiful and enamoured Zelia.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

O what authority and show of truth
Can cunning Sin cover itself withal!

Ah that Deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep Vice!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE incidents of the story make it necessary for the reader to return to Emily, and to notice what was passing in London at the time when Edward was pursuing his adventures in Egypt, and behaving in the honourable manner before described.

Sir Lionel Wager disappointed in his various attempts to secure Emily, was for some time disconcerted, and at a loss what plan to pursue. He could not bear the thoughts of stopping short in a chase when its object was so desirable; and his vanity was piqued,
for

for he could not endure the reflection, that a man of his experience and ingenuity should be baffled by Emily, a simple girl, who, compared with himself, had seen nothing of the world.

He consulted Mrs. Wilson, and made no scruple to avow that he was now reduced to one project—that was to carry off Emily, and marry her; but although he did not want Mrs. Wilson's assistance for the execution of this plan, he declared he wished by no means to proceed to it, as she had always taken a lively part in his interest, without her consent and approbation.

Mrs. Wilson disapproved of his proposal: although she was ready upon all occasions to take a share in schemes of intrigue, and she liked particularly any plan of match-making that was connected with her own interest, yet she was always best pleased with those of *her own* contrivance; she therefore censured the Knight, not indeed in any very severe terms, as she recollected how much she was in his debt, and then suggested another

ther scheme of the same base and dishonourable kind.

“ You do not know,” said she, “ the stubbornness of Emily’s temper so well as I do. As long as she supposes Edward Marriot to be living, you will never gain her consent to marry you. If you have a real inclination to succeed with her, you must make me your guide, and I will lead you to victory. What think you, Sir Knight, of making her believe that Edward Marriot is dead? If we can once get her to think so, she will be glad to listen to your proposals, and the proud and obstinate girl, with all her expectations, will be your’s.”

“ Excellent indeed,” exclaimed Sir Lionel, “ is this plan! it shows the superior genius of the contriver, but how can we carry it into execution?”

Pausing for a moment, Mrs. Wilson continued. “ Nothing can be easier; a letter shall be written to old Marriot, to inform him his son died in Egypt of the plague, or any other disorder you please.”

“Admirable again,” said Sir Lionel! “The old Doctor will inform the Colonel, and he will communicate the news to his daughter, and then ‘venom to thy work,’ as Macbeth says in the play; I will begin a new siege, and as I could not win the place by bribery, I hope to make it surrender at discretion. But stop, let me consider a little, before we proceed to act;—shall I not be exposed to some unpleasant consequences from the Colonel and Marriot?”

“What a coward you are,” said Mrs. Wilson, “when you have in reality nothing to fear! If you gain Emily for your wife, it is not at all probable that the Colonel will be inclined to avenge himself upon his son-in-law—no—he loves his daughter too well for that:—and if Marriot should ever return, which is very doubtful, however furious the parson may be for the loss of the girl, his cloth, you know, will secure you from a challenge.”

The

The plan was adopted; a letter to Dr. Marriot, purporting to come from the Purser of the ship, was written by Sir Lionel's valet, who was his convenient scribe upon many other occasions as well as this; it announced the death of Mr. Edward Marriot, soon after he reached Aboukir Bay.

Dr. Marriot received this letter on his return from visiting some sick persons in his village. He was struck to the heart by the sudden and melancholy tidings; yet he soon recovered from excessive grief. He felt as a father, but bore his loss as became a Christian. To alleviate his sorrow, and find consolation, he went immediately, and communicated what he had heard to the Colonel. They mingled their sorrows, which were diffusive, for the whole village and neighbourhood mourned the supposed loss of their favourite youth; grief was depicted on every face, and was expressed by every tongue; for never since the death of Mrs. Lorton had such a cloud of dejection overspread the country.

This stratagem to delude the innocent and unsuspecting Emily, and extend unhappiness through a whole neighbourhood, was worthy of the selfish spirit and diabolical contrivance of two gamblers!

To prepare Emily for the impending storm, and break a little of its force, Mrs. Wilson began a conversation with her upon the subject of Edward:—"I observe," said she, "in the newspaper of this morning many remarks relative to Egypt—a propos—have you ever heard any thing of that young man Marriot since he went there?"—"It is so long," said Emily with a sigh, "that I cannot tell what is become of him."—"Well," said Mrs. Wilson, "now he is at such a distance, I dare affirm he has forgot you, and so the sooner you forget him the better. By this time perhaps his sorrow for running away from his native country is likely to be at an end; for I am told the climate of Egypt is remarkably unwholesome. I suppose if you were to hear he had caught the ophthalmia, or was buried in one of the pyramids,

pyramids, we should have fine crying— Would you, if such a thing was to happen, be ridiculous enough to make yourself wretched?”

“ I cannot tell,” said Emily, endeavouring to check her rising emotions; “ but whatever may happen to him, or to any of my friends, I hope I shall bear my misfortunes with patience.”

Soon after a letter was brought from Colonel Lorton to Emily, sealed with black wax: she received it as she was dressing to go to a party.

The black seal struck her eye with alarm, but on recognising her father's hand-writing, she was more composed. When she came to these expressions—*It is with great concern I inform you that Dr. Marriot has received advice of the death of poor Edward*—the words seemed to swim before her eyes, the letter dropped from her hand, and she fell back fainting in her chair.

On waking as from a dream she found herself in bed, where the servants had conveyed

veyed her. Mrs. Wilson soon made her appearance, pretending ignorance of all she knew too well. Emily told her with unsuspecting frankness, that her illness was the consequence of a letter from her father, which she might read if she pleased. After Mrs. Wilson had done so, "My dear," said she with affected tenderness, "as your father is well, you have no real cause to be grieved; as for this poor young man, did I not tell you how probable it was something unhappy would befall him—but, as you have justly observed, we must try to bear such events with patience."

Emily had no suspicion of a stratagem, of which she could not conceive any persons capable but the most deceitful and abandoned of mankind. This information struck her with poignant grief: the roses on her cheeks began to fade; she had little sleep, and less appetite; long fits of absence continued while she was in company, as she revolved the loss of Edward; and whenever the servants, or the unfeeling Mrs. Wilson, interrupted

interrupted the solitude she courted, they found her in tears.

This trying occasion, however, proved that the fruits of her education were coming to maturity, and she showed the benefits she had derived from the principles her father had been ever anxious to inculcate. There was indeed an elasticity in her mind, which soon rose against the weight of her distress, and she exercised the most effectual means to invigorate and restore its depressed powers. Emily called Religion and Reason to her aid; she remembered the sound and salutary instructions her father had given her, particularly in his Letters upon the subjects of *Divine Providence*, *Resignation*, and *Contentment*. She revolved her various resources in drawing, music, and more particularly in books, and the pleasing means they afforded to tranquillize her spirits, and divert her attention from melancholy thoughts. Nor could she forget that she had some affectionate and most worthy friends, to whom she had it in her power to resort, whenever she

she pleased, for advice and comfort. And she was convinced, that she should be ungrateful in the highest degree to a bountiful Providence, if merely because she was deprived of *one* source of happiness, she should be indifferent to all others, and give herself up to fruitless lamentation and despair.

She therefore made a great and successful effort to exert the energies of her mind; by resolving to be composed, she soon became more so; the weight of her sorrow grew lighter, and more supportable, and her face began to indicate some appearance of cheerfulness. Mrs. Wilson noticed this change with no small degree of satisfaction, congratulated Emily on thus acting like a girl of spirit, and thinking her new plot ripe for execution, ventured again to express her wishes for Emily's union with Sir Lionel.

"Distress me no more, I beseech you, madam," said Emily, "upon this subject. You are pleased to say, that every obstacle is now removed to my marriage with Sir Lionel. Alas! little do you imagine the nature of such

such an attachment as mine: Edward Marriot is as dear to me now he is in heaven, as when he was upon earth: my affection is immoveably fixed; its object will ever be invariably the same; and as my heart always gave him full credit for equal constancy, and equal sincerity, I will devote myself to his love. I consider myself as his widow—yet no mourning do I wear; for I desire not to show ostentatious emblems of sorrow. If your friend had crowns and sceptres to lay at my feet, he should never tempt me to break my resolution. You are at liberty to tell him so; and if after this frank acknowledgment he should continue to persecute me, my father shall know it, and I am confident his injured daughter will not ask his interference in vain.”

She said this with a very serious tone, and in a dignified manner. Mrs. Wilson was surprised at her firmness, and much disconcerted at the failure of her darling scheme, as she had flattered herself with the certainty of success.

Emily

Emily, apprehensive of farther solicitations from the Knight, and tired of the violent temper of Mrs. Wilson, from whom she saw she had much to fear, determined to stay with her no longer. Her patience was exhausted with waiting so long for her father. Just as she had prepared to find the way home by herself, she was agreeably surpris'd by a letter to inform her of her father's intended arrival in town in a few days. He came at the time appointed, and she received him as her preserver from insult, her deliverer from a painful captivity, and her conductor to peace.

Mrs. Wilson was so mortified by the failure of her various schemes, and so ashamed of her conduct, that she did not venture to meet the Colonel: she retired to her country house the day before he came under pretence of indisposition.

When Emily and her father met, she wished to have told him all that had passed between her, Mrs. Wilson, and the Knight; but knowing how much he was in Mrs. Wilson's

son's power on account of the debt, she dreaded the thought of exposing him to her resentment; her prudence therefore was a strong restraint to her feelings.

To amuse her melancholy, he showed her several noblemens' seats and parks in the course of their journey into Northumberland. Her answers to his inquiries as to her attention to her masters in music, &c. to her private studies, and the general manner in which she had passed her time, were as satisfactory as he could have wished.

“ I am delighted,” said he, “ thus to find that my intentions in placing you in London have been answered. You have participated the amusements and enjoyed the gaieties of the fashionable world, of which young people are too apt to form extravagant notions, as if crowds and show were essential to happiness. By seeing the world you have refined your manners without injuring your principles. Like gold you have been tried in the fire of dissipation, and are come forth pure and bright from the flames. You remind
me

me of the fair Emma, the Saxon innocent, who passed unhurt amid the burning ploughshares. Happy am I to find you agree with me in thinking that notoriety is a bubble, fashion a phantom, and equipage a feather. Still happier am I to find, considering the sphere of life in which you are henceforth to move, that you sigh for the pleasures of the country, and have increased rather than destroyed your relish for the calm satisfaction of retirement."

The blush that diffused its crimson over the face of Emily, on thus hearing her own praises from *him* whose good opinion she was most solicitous to merit, was at once the emblem of her innocence, and the ornament of her beauty.

CHAP. XXIX.

She who has no taste for well-written books will often be at a loss how to spend her time, and the consequences of such a state are too frequent not to be known, and too fatal not to be avoided."

KNOX'S ESSAYS.

HER father had at different times supplied Emily with money to furnish herself with whatever articles she pleased, before she left town. He had great reliance on her prudence and discretion, and she proved how well she deserved his good opinion: knowing how changeable the fashions are, she did not lavish much upon new dresses, not wishing to astonish the humble inhabitants of her native village either with the richness, or the variety of her apparel.

Her

Her taste was formed upon her simplicity of character, and coincided exactly with what best became her appearance. What person who beheld her, could think that diamonds were wanting to adorn her head, or sparkle on her neck; or who could regret her not wearing bracelets and rings, who saw her fair and finely proportioned arms and fingers?

The greater part of the money was expended in a new grand forte-piano, some select music books, a box of colours for drawing; and the following were the principal books intended to form a permanent library, and to be as useful many years afterwards, as at the time they were purchased.

Books on Religion and Morality.

Sermons to young Women, by James Fordyce. 2 vols. 12mo.

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CHAP. XXX.

————— That some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy every look proclaims;
Why then refuse it words? The heart that bleeds
From any stroke of fate, or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself; that list'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.

MASON'S CHARACTER.

THE return of Emily to Lorton House, after so long an absence, gave no small joy to her aunt, Fanny Flowerdale, and all the neighbourhood. Her spirits rose at her first interview with her friends, but after she had been at home a few days, she sunk again into dejection, on account of the supposed loss of her beloved preserver.

The Colonel and her aunt tried to amuse Emily by every means in their power. The former,

former, always desirous to encourage her taking exercise, now held out an additional inducement by performing the promise formerly made to her, with respect to the improvement of botanical knowledge. They read Rousseau's Letters on Botany, and Withering's Work, and illustrated the theory with as many specimens as they could collect from the neighbouring meadows, woods, and mountains. Emily was amused with gathering plants, comparing them with the descriptions, and ascertaining their genera and species, and she increased the stores of her hortus ficus with the greater pleasure, as she found it was her father's wish she should take an interest in a pursuit so calculated to increase her love of a country life.

In the county of Cumberland, varying much in soil and surface, they found many rare and curious plants, and there was a spirit of adventure in climbing the mountains and exploring these Alpine regions, that gave a peculiar zest to their researches. They found

found the *circea Alpina* near their own house; the *festuca vivipara* chiefly on the mountains; the *vicia sylvatica* in Culgarth woods, and near Kefwick; the *drosera longifolia*, near Kefwick; very large specimens of the *saxifraga stellaris*, in Cross Fell, in Patterdale; a great variety of lichens, particularly the *lichen geographicus*, *paschalis*, and *islandicus*; and, after a long search, they were fortunate enough to find the *epimedium Alpinum* on a mountain called Saddleback, near Thirkeld.

On as fair a day in summer as the sun ever enlivened with his beams, and while the warmth was mitigated by the western breezes, the Colonel and Emily were induced to extend their walk farther than usual. They pursued a winding path by the side of the lake; no mists obscured their extensive prospect, every object was distinctly visible, the rocks, cliffs, groves, and scattered cottages were clear to the view. The dark recesses of the mountains were contrasted by streams of golden light, the deep blue of the
sky

sky was chequered with fleecy clouds; the nearer mountains were tinged with soft azure, and the more remote with faint purple. Cattle and sheep, single or in groups, were dispersed among some of the meadows, enamelled with grass and flowers; and in others, the mowers were busy in cutting the grass—a circumstance which gave life to the varied landscape.

Keswick Lake, unruffled by the gentlest breeze, was a perfect mirror, and reflected in their native colours the mountains, rocks, and woods, that adorned its indented margin. Swelled by the heavy rains that had lately fallen, the cataract of Lowdore was loud and full; it precipitated the ample river of Wattenlath in a frothy expanse of water between the towering and pointed rocks, from whose fissures rose tall and verdant saplings of elm and oak; the torrent, in dashing and broken streams, rolled impetuously down to its lowest stage, where it formed a sheet of white foam, and mixed with the waters of the lake. The spray, reflecting the sunbeams

beams, presented part of the arch of a brilliant rainbow.

As they proceeded gently along the road, that traced the waving line of the lake's margin, her father pointed out to Emily these various objects. They were so beautiful as to relieve her melancholy reflections and raise her spirits; she felt, that nature seen under such an enchanting aspect, was indeed sufficient to drive away

————— "All sadness—but despair."

Leaving the border of the lake, a winding path between the mountains led them to the cottage of Dame Flowerdale, the mother of Fanny. She was an aged widow, and had been a servant in the family of Dr. Marriot. Her house stood at the foot of a moss-covered rock; it was neat and white-washed, and the woodbines climbed around the windows. In her wrinkled face might be traced the expression of content and cheerfulness, and in her dress was the appearance

pearance of decent poverty ; she sat spinning at her door, and was singing a plaintive song, as her wheel turned round.

As Emily approached, a remarkably pretty spaniel at first barked, and then came fawning upon her, as if she was an old acquaintance, and Emily fancied she had seen the dog before. She inquired whose it was ; “ that dog,” said Dame Flowerdale, “ his name is Rover, once belonged to Master Marriot ; we always kept it for him when he went from home.” “ Did Mr. Marriot ever come here,” said Emily, sighing, “ O yes,” replied the old dame, “ very often before he went to sea : I shall never forget his goodness, for when my poor husband was ill, he came almost every day, and brought him either a nice piece of meat, or a little wine from his father’s house : he always spoke kindly to me, and has given me many a shilling out of his own pocket, and desired me to say nothing about it : to be sure it was a sad mishap, when I broke my spectacles, for I could not see to sew, or read my Bible ;

Bible; but, as soon as I told him, he bought me a new pair--see here they are—I cried so much for joy when I first put them on, that I could not see through them at all. Alas! if that good youth is not gone to Heaven, I know not who will ever get there!”

To this anecdote, so illustrative of true charity, and this encomium so artless and unexpected, the Colonel gladly listened. “Ah,” said he, “what a loss did we all sustain by the death of that excellent youth! Go wherever I will, his praise is the theme of every tongue: surely such acts of benevolence in the young must ascend like the incense of the morning sacrifice to Heaven, and ensure to them its choicest blessings!”

If such was the echo of the Colonel’s applause to the grateful tribute of the aged widow, what must have been the feelings of his daughter! The words she heard were like the strains of plaintive music, that soften the anguish of recollection, which they awaken in the breast. She earnestly gazed upon the old woman, then pensively hung
her

her head, as the image of her lost Edward rose to her mind: at last she diverted her sorrow, by lavishing her caresses upon the dog: she kissed him in a transport of tenderness, was delighted at her father inviting Dame Flowerdale to dine at Lorton House every Sunday; “and pray,” said Emily in a whisper, when they left her—“always remember to bring *Rover* with you.”

Each winding walk, each shady tree, each lofty mountain, reminded Emily of former days, and of places where she had conversed with Edward. Mrs. Wilson, by repeated and teizing letters to her and her father, still continued to press her to marry Sir Lionel Wager.—Thus sollicitated upon a very unpleasant subject, and frequently reminded of her loss, her situation required the exercise of all her fortitude to prevent her sinking into confirmed despondency. She sometimes looked upon the world as a vast void, in which her heart felt little or no interest,—except when she thought of her father.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

Time is become the messenger of joy;
He wipes the tear from off the mourner's cheek,
And turns that tear to rapture.

THE contrivances of the deceitful are often as shallow as they are malicious. Mrs. Wilson, and her associate the Knight, might calculate upon the uncertainty of news from Egypt, but they could not prevent the arrival of letters. Some time after the return of Emily to Lorton House, two letters were brought to the village from Edward, one for herself, and another for his father. Emily could scarcely trust the evidence of her eyes, when she saw the well known hand-writing and seal: for some time she did not venture to open her letter, till Mrs. Mapleton encouraged

couraged her to break the seal. She read with transport—that Edward was perfectly well, and unalterably attached to her; and Mrs. Mapleton confirmed her joy by remarking this letter had a date subsequent to that, which had conveyed to Dr. Marriot the account of his son's death.

In a short time Dr. Marriot arrived at Lorton House; he found the ladies by themselves, and read his letter to them, as well as his imperfect sight would allow him; and had it not been for this defect, he must have fully witnessed the overflowing delight of Emily, now rising from deep dejection to the summit of gladness.

On the return of the Colonel the joyful tidings were communicated to him, and the congratulations made to Dr. Marriot were cordial and unbounded. The transition was easy and obvious from Edward's preservation to Edward's merit: upon that topic, Colonel Lorton was copious and ardent. Actuated by his accustomed generosity of sentiment, he praised Edward Marriot in
terms

terms so handsome for his general good conduct, and particularly for having sacrificed his own comfort to a principle of filial duty, by leaving his native country at his father's request, that they affected Emily with painful rapture. Her feelings were too powerful for longer concealment; no sooner was Dr. Marriot gone, than she confessed the whole of her secret attachment, first to her aunt, and then to her father.

The scene which followed may be imagined more easily, than described: the affectionate father embraced his daughter, wiped away her streaming tears, relieved her tender sorrow, and mildly chided her for her long concealment of the person, on whom she had fixed her affections. "The letters just received," said he, "have restored our tranquillity—but how are we to account for that, which made us so wretched? It is a dark, and I suspect a malicious affair: I do not despair of discovering and finding means to punish its wicked authors." He assured Emily, that although he had always been ambitious to
continue

continue the honour of his antient family by her marrying suitably with her rank, yet he was willing to concede his wishes to her choice, since it was fallen upon a person of such singular merit.

“Why,” said he, “should I oppose the current of your inclination—why should I exercise severity, or rather injustice, and not allow you to value Edward for his *own* virtues, while I, influenced perhaps too much by the pride of ancestry, value *myself* upon the virtues of *others*?”

The kind expressions of her father thus cherishing her darling hopes, lately so sickly and drooping, resembled the soft showers of May reviving the blossoms, parched by the cold winds of a frosty spring.

Emily retired to her apartment, in a frame of mind to which she had been long a stranger; a thousand images of tenderness, affection, and happiness gleamed before her fancy; she addressed her prayers to the Almighty, and craved his blessing to reward her father's unremitting affection.

She

She thus obtained a state of composure and inward joy, after a long depression of spirits. From her windows she commanded a view of an extensive horizon, bounded by the dark outline of the shadowy mountains. The clouds were gradually dispersing, the planet Venus led the van of the starry train, and shone with peculiar brilliancy; and Emily was delighted to find a poem that harmonised with her present thoughts.

An Address to the Planet Venus.

Fairest of stars that gem the night!
 Rich in the Sun's reflected light,
 What earth-born diamond's polish'd blaze
 Can vie with thy celestial rays?
 Thee with more transport I survey
 Than all the gaudy scenes of day—
 Scenes that no lenient balm impart
 To soothe the anguish of the heart:
 Say—does thy circling orb contain
 The orange grove, and verdant plain,
 Where youths, and blue-ey'd nymphs advance
 To weave the mazes of the dance?
 Where the shrill-ton'd nightingale
 Warbles in the laurel vale,
 Water'd by the silver tide
 Of streams that murmur, as they glide.

Where

Where the jasmynes thick entwine
Their boughs with flaunting eglantine,
Whose dusky shades and flowers among,
The turtles swell their amorous song.
Such groves of old in Cyprus isle,
Venus! were gladden'd by thy smile;
When the fond swain, and blushing maid
Roses enwreath'd with lilies laid
Upon thy consecrated shrine,
To prove a tendernefs like mine;
And Hymen, blithe with myrtle bands
Prepar'd to bind their willing hands.
Alonzo! how thy image dear
Calls to my eyes the ready tear,
To think—that far from Love, and me,
You brave the perils of the sea.
Perchance as nightly watch you keep,
This orb reflected in the deep,
This moment may engage your view,
And while I fondly think on you,
Our eyes, and thoughts may social fly
To the same diamond of the sky.
How happy should my love once more
Press with quick step his native shore;
With me to rural shades retire,
There cherish soft affection's fire;
And may that fire, O Venus, shine
As bright, as pure, as long as thine!

CHAP. XXXII.

For such the bounteous Providence of Heaven
In every breast implanting the desire
Of objects new and strange; to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping father's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove. AKENSIDE.

WHILE Emily was thus recovering her
spirits, Edward, the subject of her most
tender thoughts, was pursuing his voyage
and travels with well-directed curiosity.

The coasts near the Levant presented no
objects in his opinion so deserving notice as
Judea,

Judea, on account of its intimate connection with the Holy Scriptures. With a Bible in his hand he surveyed many spots described by the inspired writers. Influenced by feelings of veneration, similar to those formerly experienced by the pious pilgrims, he explored the city of Jerusalem, and ascended Mount Calvary, where the Saviour of the World suffered for the sins of mankind. Upon the hallowed spot now stands the church of the Holy Sepulchre, respected even by the most zealous followers of Mahomet. Nor did he neglect to repair to the Mount of Olives, from whence our Lord pronounced the memorable prophecy fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and in the dispersion of the Jews among all nations—and from whence his disciples afterwards beheld his ascension into Heaven.

Captain Wallis afterwards sailed to Ptolemais, or St. Jean D'Acre, whose mouldering towers are washed by the billows of the sea. As Edward exulted in every instance

of the martial glory of his countrymen, gratifying was the remembrance, that the valour of Britons had been repeatedly displayed in this place. Upon these walls Richard the First, King of England, named for his courage *Cœur de Lion*, planted the banner of the Cross during the second Crusade; and here the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, with a small party of marines and sailors, checked the progress of a French army, and compelled the ambitious Bonaparte to abandon his darling project of the conquest of Syria.

They passed the islands of Cyprus and Candia, both subject to the Turks, sailed up the Archipelago, saw various Greek islands, and reached the Hellespont. The opposite shores of Sestos and Abydos reminded them of the unhappy loves of Hero and Leander, described in the pathetic strains of Mæus. The view of the plain of Troy recalled many of the glowing descriptions of Homer in the Iliad—the beautiful Helen pointing out the Chiefs of the Grecian army,
from

from the walls of Troy—the mournful parting of Hector and Andromache, and the stern Achilles, relenting at the sight of the venerable Priam prostrate at his feet, and supplicating him to restore the body of his son Hector.

Edward was convinced, that poetry may take some of her noblest flights from the ground of truth; as he observed many objects corresponding, even at this remote distance of time, with the geographical sketches of the Grecian bard. “Yonder,” said he, to his friend Captain Wallis, who enjoyed such a prospect as much as himself, “is Mount Ida commanding from its lofty summits a wide view of the subject plains, and the azure and broad Hellespont; down the sides of this classic mountain flowed the Simois and Scamander, now reduced to scanty streams, and probably beneath the lofty mounds of earth we see before us, many of the illustrious Chiefs of Greece and Troy were buried.”

“How do these scenes remind me of my obligations to that most original, and most
sublime

sublime of all poets, the great Mæonian bard, for his beautiful views of nature, his nice discriminations of character, his vivid descriptions of the passions, all conveyed in the most expressive and harmonious language that ever flowed from mortal lips. How gladly, now I am in this part of the world, would I repair

To Argos fam'd for steeds, for beauty more ;

or to any other of the rival cities either in Europe or Asia, that contended for the honour of his birth ; if I could ascertain which of them had the best claim to that distinction. But vain is my search—antiquity has buried the subject in the darkest oblivion ; we must therefore consider the works of Homer, as we did the waters of the Nile in Egypt ; while pursuing its majestic course, it fertilizes the soil, and flowers and fruits in abundance spring up under its prolific influence ; but its source is unknown and obscure ;—perhaps is undiscoverable.”

They passed the rocky islands of Marmora, through the narrow sea of that name. The waves were dark, over which the ship glided with a swift and steady course, while the ragged summits of the rocks were brightened by the mild radiance of the moon.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the varied prospects, as they sailed up the Hellespont, or sea of the Dardanelles, and viewed on one side the cultivated shores of Europe, and on the other the wild and desolate plains of Asia. Olympus topped with snow, famed by the poets as the residence of the heathen gods, appeared elevated far above the long range of the Asiatic mountains. They approached the castle of the Seven Towers, which seemed to rise out of the water with an air of antique grandeur. Carrying an easy sail, they passed near the gardens of the seraglio, where the fair females of Georgia and Circassia are confined within lofty walls, dependant on the despotic will and caprice of the Grand Signor; and where the captive Fatima, closely watched by his devoted

devoted slaves, in vain looks through the grated window of her apartment, with a sigh for that sweet freedom, which she sees the songsters of the surrounding groves enjoy.

The prospect of Constantinople began to open fully to the view. This city is, by way of eminence, very properly called the *Port*, as it possesses advantages for navigation and commerce superior to any other harbour in the world. It rises from the sea to the lofty summits of seven hills covered with buildings, and the whole place appears one grand assemblage of splendid objects, extending over a space of about twelve miles, and diversified by towers, palaces, mosques, baths, and caravanseras, interspersed with gardens and groves.

As they were approaching within full prospect of this magnificent city, the sun, obscured at its first rising, gradually broke through the clouds, and poured its brightness around: its beams illumined the minarets and gilded domes of the mosques; the breezes gently swelled the sails, and curled the

the

the verdant waves; and the soft and balmy air was perfumed with the mingled fragrance of oranges, pomegranates, and aromatic shrubs that grew on the sloping banks close to the margin of the sea.

“ This mild climate, and these luxurious scenes,” said Edward, “ delightful as they are in themselves, lose more than half their charms, as their possessors are subject to the miseries and the restraints of a most despotic government. The instant the Grand Signor gives the signal, the fatal bow-string is applied to the neck of any one of his subjects, whether innocent or guilty. The prince is a tyrant, and his people are not only slaves, but fanatics; and their religious enthusiasm prompts them to oppression, and to cruelty. What though the banner of Mahomet bears the bright and glittering crescent, this is no emblem of the light of knowledge, or of virtue in its supporters.

Dark are the minds of the Mussulmen, and jealous and ferocious are their tempers; else why do they immure so many women
in

in hopeless confinement, and place so heavy a yoke upon the necks of the Christian Greeks? Alas! their triumph over our holy religion is too evident in every object we behold: observe with what haste the votaries of the false prophet of Arabia are crowding into the mosque of St. Sophia, resplendent with its golden cupola. It was once a Christian temple, distinguished by the sacred symbol of the cross, and its walls once echoed the praises of the Redeemer of Mankind."

"I suppose," said Captain Wallis, "we may trace in the vices, divisions, and contests of the Christians after the reign of Constantine the Great, the principal causes, that led the way to the success of Mahomet in the propagation of his religion."

"You are right," replied Edward, "and we cannot be much surprized at the wide extent of this delusion, when we consider how compulsory a method was used to spread it, and how artfully its precepts were adapted to the customs of the Eastern people.

"What

“ What would you think, my dear Captain, of a ship which made its way, and reached a distant port in opposition to wind and tide and adverse storms. Such obstacles did the Christian religion surmount; it must therefore be of divine origin. Our blessed Saviour commanded his disciples to preach it; and wonderful to observe! ignorant, illiterate, and humble as they were, for some were fishermen, and others tent-makers, they planted it in a very short time in the cities of Europe and Asia, when most enlightened by learning and philosophy; and this purpose they effected in opposition to the prejudices of the vulgar, the arguments of the wise, and the power of kings.

“ Had Mahomet such formidable enemies to contend with? No, indeed; and so far was he from opposing the tide of popular prejudices, that he swam with it. So far from depending on divine assistance, he had recourse to the most obvious and summary human methods to ensure success to his projects. He took his Koran in one hand, and brandished his
his

his scimitar with the other; and those converts whom he could not gain by persuasion, he secured by arms. Had he not employed force to effect his purpose, his name would never have been known beyond the confines of Medina, the place of his birth; nor should we ever have heard of the prophet of Arabia, or his pretended mission."

They explored the shores of Greece, now called Romelia, and hastened to Athens. From the rocky steep of the Acropolis or Citadel, they viewed the temples and other ancient public buildings, magnificent even in ruins. The prospect recalled to their remembrance the brightest periods of Grecian glory. The mean houses of the modern Greeks, supported by the lofty colonnades, and sculptured pillars of ancient temples, are melancholy emblems of degeneracy of character and the decline of the arts.

"If I did not give full credit," said the Captain to Edward, as they were walking through the streets of Athens, "to the accounts recorded in history, I could not believe

lieve the mean and slavish wretches whom we here see, submitting like beasts of burthen to the blows of the Turks, to be the descendants of those high-spirited and martial people, the antient Greeks."

"Add to the evidence of history," said Edward, "two other proofs, which may contribute to settle the point. You may trace in their conversation, corrupt as it is, much of the language of the old Athenians, and you may see in their fine and intelligent faces a striking resemblance of the antient coins, medals, and statues."

CHAP. XXXIII.

— Thus the Cecropian bee
 Tastes the sweet cup of every fragrant flower,
 And laden with Hymettus' honied spoils,
 Wings to her native hive her airy way. A.

“WHAT a happy privilege have we lately enjoyed,” said Edward to Captain Wallis, “when we trod the classic ground once inhabited by the noblest people in the world! How did these antient Greeks soar above the rest of their species! they were alike distinguished by genius, valour, and an enthusiastic love of liberty. They excelled in every effort of the human mind. The epic, lyric, tragic, and pastoral Muses were equally favourable to the fancy of their Poets: their Orators pleaded with all the persuasion that eloquence

eloquence could inspire: their Painters and Sculptors represented the perfect images of Strength, of Beauty, and of Passion on the glowing canvas, and the Parian marble: their Philosophers taught the sublime truths of Science and Morality, and their Historians have perpetuated some of the best human exploits, by recording the magnanimous exertions of their countrymen in the service of freedom and independence, and their triumphs over the tyrants of the East who attempted to enslave them.

“ But these ancient Greeks appear in the most engaging light, and merit the fullest measure of our praise, when considered as the Instructors of the western world. We endeavour to catch the spirit of their Poets, we collect examples of virtue from their Historians, and we learn the lessons of wisdom from their Sages. Ancient Greece has imparted to us the true principles of Taste, not only in literature, but in various arts, whether useful or ornamental. Their architecture is our model, when we erect build-
ings

ings in the purest stile—no dress of the fair is thought so graceful as the Grecian Costume, and no decorations so elegant as those borrowed from Grecian designs.

“ In the character and manners,” continued Edward, “ of these noble people, is it our national vanity, or is it Truth itself, that causes us to see a resemblance to the natives of Great Britain? We pursue similar paths of science and philosophy, and endeavour to excel in all their elegant arts: we aspire to that urbanity and refinement of manners, which arose out of their general intercourse with mankind. Like them we increase our luxuries by extensive commerce, and enlarge our dominions by the valour of our sailors. We seem to have reached that pitch of prosperity, from which they began to decline into degeneracy: let us take care to preserve our position; and how can this position be better maintained, than by the uniform practice of every *religious* and *moral* duty; by guarding our incomparable Constitution, with unremitting vigilance, against the

the

the assaults of *all* its enemies; and by the Great setting the best examples to their inferiors—by the Instructors of youth teaching this lesson to the rising generation—
‘ THAT THE PATH OF VIRTUE ALONE LEADS TO HAPPINESS.’ If these methods be not carefully pursued, the sun of British glory will set; and whether we have resembled antient Greece or not in our progress to glory, we shall certainly be like it in our decline and decay; and we shall lose—irrecoverably lose, our high, our preeminent rank among the nations of Europe; for whatever shallow reasoners may argue to the contrary, *the political power of a country, in order to be durable, must be inseparably connected with religious and moral excellence.*”

Such were the remarks made by Edward to Captain Wallis, as they continued their course in the Mediterranean. The island of Sicily appeared gradually to rise out of the sea, and Mount Etna towered majestic above all the varied prospects of land and

ocean. Light clouds floated in the air far below its summit, while the volumes of blue smoke, issuing from its crater, slowly ascended, and seemed to connect the earth with the heavens.

Wherever Edward arrived in the course of this interesting voyage, with whatever society he mixed, however gay the face of nature, or beautiful the works of art, still the love of his father, his Emily, and his native country, was so far from being undiminished, that in proportion to his distance from the shores of Great Britain, the greater proved their influence, the more powerful their attractions. Thus the needle, once touched with the loadstone, may be directed to any quarter of the compass; but left to itself, it inclines to one point, and fixes invariably there.

He often lamented that he possessed so few tokens of Emily's love. A bunch of lavender, tied by her own hands with a narrow blue ribbon, a glove, and a drawing, were all the presents he had. He frequently

8

looked

looked at the drawing with fond attention—the subject was the Fair Maid of Corinth, and it brought to his mind the pleasing remembrance of his sitting by Emily's side in the hermitage one beautiful evening in the summer, when she copied this drawing from one of his own. He often stole away from his companions to his cabin, to enjoy the sight of these treasures, and then locked them up with as much vigilance, and more heartfelt pleasure, than the miser secures his bags of hoarded gold.

They soon came within sight of Malta. Its first appearance is singular and striking. The whole island seems to consist of white rows of fortifications, rising one above another. A nearer view presented the grand towers and spires of Malta and Valetta, and those lines of formidable batteries, which set at defiance every open attack of an enemy. As they were sailing into the harbour the sun was setting, the western part of the heavens was coloured with a golden glow,

so well represented in the pictures of Claude Loraine; the whole eastern quarter of the sky, for some time after the sun had sunk below the horizon, blushed with deep crimson, and the sea, for a great extent, was tinted with the same rich and beautiful colour. The waves, impelled by the effects of a storm that had recently happened, were still high, and rolled in large and regular billows. The gentle breezes, dying away at the approach of night, were favourable to the course of the ship, and the farther they proceeded in the harbour, the more was their attention caught by the Maltese and Sicilian sailors chanting their evening hymns to the Virgin Mary.

Their strains were simple and solemn, in perfect harmony with the grand prospect around; they beat exact time with their oars, and sang in excellent tune. Captain Wallis and Edward Marriot, as well as many of the Officers, declared they never were more pleased at an Opera, or an Oratorio.

torio. The following is a specimen of one of their hymns; the subject arose out of local circumstances, and it is curious to observe, that, by an ingenious transition, not uncommon in many instances in Catholic Countries, the Maltese refer to the mother of our blessed Saviour that influence over the ocean, which their Pagan ancestors attributed to Venus, the goddess of Beauty.

A HYMN OF THE MALTESE MARINERS.

I.

QUEEN of the Sea, ordain'd to prove
Our dear Redeemer's filial love,
Bend from thy starry throne above,
O beata Virgine!

II.

Whene'er the beating tempest roars,
O give fresh vigour to our oars,
That we secure may reach our shores,
O beata Virgine!

III.

Whene'er the rolling billows sleep,
And zephyrs fan the level deep,
Chant we, while all due measure keep,
O beata Virgine!

IV. Ye

iv.

Ye white-crofs Knights, the facred train,
 Look from your tow'rs that shade the main,
 Repeat—repeat our choral strain,

O beata Virgine!

CHAP. XXXIV,

— Musing Meditation most affects

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunts of men, and herds.

MILTON.

At the extremity of the lawn, in the front of Lorton House, there was a wood, intersected with winding walks. One of them led to a hermitage, close to a rising bank, where the river formed a natural cascade, that foamed and sparkled amid the dark rocks, and verdant saplings. Emily had superintended the fitting up this sequestered building with her accustomed taste. It was thatched; the fragrant clusters of the clematis and lonicera covered the front. It was lined completely within with mosses of various

various kinds; old painted glafs, of rich and vivid hues, adorned the gothic windows, and Emily had, with her own hands, arranged marcasites of various fhapes and colours, petrifications, dried plants, and other natural curiosities, in the windows, and along the walls. Upon a ruftic table were the proper appendages of a hermit, an hour-glafs, crucifix, beads, and a miffal. The chairs were made of plain unbarked branches of yew-tree, wreathed together; and in a recess were placed a well furnished book-cafe and a guitar. An Eolian harp was fixed in one of the windows, and whenever the breezes rofe, diffufed its wild and fwelling melodies through the grove.

This was a pleafing retreat at all hours of a fummer's day, but never more fo, than when the fun glanced his declining beams upon the roof, and gilded the ruftling leaves of the fhrebs and trees; and when, as the fhades of evening drew near, the woodbines exhaled a richer fragrance than at any other time of the day. Hither Emily and her
aunt

aunt came sometimes to read and work, and Emily wandered occasionally alone to indulge her melancholy musings.

Over the porch of the Hermitage was a stone tablet, in which was cut the following inscription.

INSCRIPTION AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE
HERMITAGE.

I.

STRANGER, to smooth thy brow of care,
To ease thy heavy load of woes,
Kind Solitude invites thee here,
And lends her couch of soft repose :
No noise, no crowds her shades molest,
For here the turtles build their nest.

II.

Say, dost thou glow with Homer's fire ?
Here soar on Fancy's boldest wing ;
Or canst thou tune a Sappho's lyre,
And wake to life the echoing string ?
The warblers of this laurel grove,
Will teach thee notes of joy and love.

III. Or

III.

Or dost thou search in Nature's store,
 The glittering spar, the speckled shell,
 The valley or the mountain flow'r?
 These beauties gaily dress my cell:
 With lavish hand fair Flora strews
 The jasmine's fragrant stars, the dewy rose,

IV.

Or if Religion prompts thy soul,
 To soar above these earth-born toys;
 Low bending raise thy voice on high,
 And pray for her more perfect joys;
 Intruder need'st thou never fear,
 Unless some Angel stoops from heaven to hear.

Nothing soothed the mind of Emily so much as music; but she had lost all relish for lively airs; those she now played were of a plaintive kind; often did her fingers run wildly over the keys, and her whole soul was diffused over her rapturous touch. Sometimes as she struck out a voluntary, she threw such melting pathos into it, that her father could not avoid seeing more than once,
 as

as he sat opposite to her, a tear trickling fast down her cheek, and her bosom heave with sighs. Doubts and fears disturbed her; much time had elapsed since she had heard of Edward, and fancy was busy in imagining the worst that could befall him; he might be inconstant,—or he might be no more, as he was exposed to so many dangers and hardships, engaged in a hostile expedition, and liable to the maladies of a hot and pernicious climate.

Yet, as a proof, that however fluctuating or low her spirits, her *temper* retained its original sweetness, an incident may be mentioned.

Mrs. Goodall, the excellent lady described in the Letter on *Devotion*, had made Emily, at parting a present of a beautiful gold watch, set round with pearls, and a gold chain and seals. With this gift Emily was much delighted—she set a high value upon it, and showed it to her father and friends with great pleasure. One day she missed it, and no inquiry after it for some time was satisfactory.

At

At last, on observing one of the servants very much dejected, she inquired the cause. "O Miss," said the girl, bursting into tears—"your watch—yesterday morning I let it fall, and it is broke all to pieces, and so I dared not tell you where it was."

Emily, on examining it, found the glass broke, and the gold case battered, several of the pearls forced out, and some lost. What a trial of temper was this for such a watch, so beautiful, so highly prized! She hesitated, however, not a moment to appease the sorrow of the girl, who stood crying, and hiding her face with her apron. "Dry your tears," said she, in a tone of condescension and complacency, "I am not angry—I am sure you feel more than I do, and I am confident, from your general conduct, that the fall of my watch was the effect not of design, or negligence, but of mere accident."

Some hours in each day were employed in reading to her father, and the selection of books was left to her own choice. Her chief delight was poetry:—Shakespeare, Milton,
Thomson,

Thomson, and a few bards more modern, whose strains glowed with the warmth of sensibility, were her favourites. She sometimes read aloud to her father and aunt, with peculiar propriety, and her tone of voice and expression convinced them how deeply she was affected by the sentiments conveyed in these lines.

I.

O WHY, partial Nature, in thy dispensations,
Does Man more than Woman thy tenderness prove?
O why must *she* bear without change the sensations,
That rise in her bosom from Love, hopeless Love?

II.

Henry ploughs the wide ocean, regardless of dangers,
And unfurls the white sail to the favouring gale;
Forgets his soft anguish in converse with strangers,
On the Rhine's winding shores, or in Arno's green vale.

III.

Or he blunts Cupid's darts with the gorget of Glory,
And resplendent in arms seeks the martial affray;
Then crown'd with fresh laurels recounts his glad story,
And in goblets of wine drowns the toil of the day.

IV. Whilst

IV.
 Whilst *Emma* condemn'd on the same spot to languish,
 Like the nightingale fix'd in her prison, a slave,
 Finds no ease that sweet Liberty gives for her anguish,
 No relief but complaint, and no change—but the grave.

V.
 On that spot shall the roses she lov'd be seen growing,
 On that spot shall her fugitive lover appear,
 The tribute of sighs on her mem'ry bestowing,
 And watering the roses with many a tear!

EMILY 240

CHAP. XXXV.

Has the poor child a soul as well as thou,
As capable as thine of pure Religion,
Its humble practice and its high rewards?
Then open to his eyes the page of Knowledge,
Teach him the lessons of the Book of Life,
Lead him with reverence to God's holy temple,
And train him in the school of discipline.
Then will no more thy Country mourn her laws
Infring'd, but all her lowly sons will seek
Her welfare as their own. — A.

THERE was one kind of employment to which Emily devoted many of her leisure hours. In the village was a small school for the cottage children kept by Mrs. Affleck, a very respectable widow, who had been well educated, and had seen better days. Hither Emily had been accustomed to repair,

pair, and to take a part in the instruction of the children. She often heard them say their lessons, repeat their Catechism, and rehearse the Psalms they were to sing in the church on the following Sunday. Nor had her residence in London relaxed her zeal, or destroyed her relish by any vain conceit or modish refinement, for such an occupation.

Under her present circumstances, it was a pleasing refuge from her own thoughts to assist her humble friend two or three times in the course of the week. Whenever Emily appeared, joy sparkled in the eyes of her little group of scholars; and if she came when they were playing on the green, in front of the school-house, they left off to run to her; if she appeared during the time of study, when she entered the school, they all rose up, nor did their mistress wish to restrain the innocent ardour of their respect.

The school was regulated with great judgment by Mrs. Affleck, and its discipline was adapted much more to the hopes than
the,

the fears of the scholars. On a shelf were displayed, as incentives to diligence in study and general good behaviour, balls, whips, knives, and paper kites for the deserving boys, and dolls, scissors, and ribbons for the girls. These articles cost little, and spared the necessity of many a correction. when they were distributed, Emily was generally present, and the countenances of the young group of the order of merit beamed with delight around her.

Emily often brought little presents of cakes and books for the most deserving; and they in their turn, gathered primroses, cowslips, and other wild flowers, and contended who should first present them to her. One little boy, as he was reading this passage in the Psalms to her, *who maketh his Angels spirits*, turned suddenly and said, looking her full in the face, "Are you not an Angel, Miss Lorton?"—"Why do you think so?" said she; "because," said the boy, "you look so kind, and talk so sweetly." "If this

was flattery, it was surely the flattery of nature.

The merit of beneficence is not complete, unless it be occasionally exercised at the expense of some privation of our own particular comfort or luxury. Her father had given Emily some money, in addition to her usual allowance, as he wished to see her appear in a new dress on her birth-day. When the day came, she made her appearance at dinner, dressed indeed, as she uniformly was, with taste and simplicity, but not in the manner he expected. "You know, my dear," said he, expressing in his looks some surprize, "I am always happy to see you grace this happy occasion in an appropriate manner; why then do you disappoint me? Have your mantua-maker and your milliner both forgot you; or have you forgot yourself?"

Emily blushed and looked a little confused, recovering herself however, "dear father," said she, "if you wish to know the reason of my being dressed as I usually am,
I will

I will tell you,—and I hope my confession will not excite your displeasure. Poor Mrs. Affleck was reduced to such distress, because some of her scholars are greatly in arrears, and she cannot receive any of their money before harvest, that I lent—that is—gave her the money I received of you; and delighted, as you know I always am, with a new dress, no one ever gave me half the pleasure I enjoyed, when I put my purse into her grateful hands. To you, dearest father, I make this confession without reserve; but I should be sorry any other person in the village should be made acquainted with poor Mrs. Affleck's wants."

"Generous girl!" exclaimed the Colonel, "banish every thought of my displeasure; for your conduct charms me as an excellence, and stimulates me as an example. How often do your looks, and still more your actions, remind me of your mother!—surely her angelic spirit hovers over you and prompts you to such acts of benevolence. May your virtues,

the exercise of which constitute my happiness, and are the subjects of my admiration, meet with their full recompense from the Father of all mercies!"

CHAP. XXXVI.

Sea-circled Malta! from whose lofty brow,
The laurel only will spontaneous grow,
Which decks with verdant wreathes from age to age,
The Chiefs, that blazon Chivalry's fair page:
Thy marble heights in tow'ring pride display
White ramparts gilded by the rising day:
What though thy Champions of the Faith no more
Repel the Turkish squadrons from thy shore;
What though thy white-cross bands with rites divine,
No more bend suppliant round the Baptist's shrine;
Yet Britain, guardian of each injur'd state,
Sends her bold sons to raise thy sinking fate;
Unfurls her standard on thy rocky throne,
Rules with mild sway thy children as her own;
And pleas'd thy laws inviolate to keep,
With naval thunder awes thy subject deep. A.

THE only letter Edward received from Emily in the course of his absence, he found at Malta. It was an answer to one of his,

his, written in such a manner as to do honour to her understanding and candour. She hinted more than once at her regard for him, and although he might fairly conclude from her expressions, that she preferred him to all her other admirers, she avowed her fixed determination never to marry without the full consent of her father. Of the teizing courtship of the Knight, and the unkind behaviour of Mrs. Wilson, she said not a word from motives of delicacy; but she told him, she highly approved his conduct in leaving England from motives of filial duty, and concluded her letter with some allusions to her own declining health. This last circumstance awakened the most anxious concern in the mind of Edward, and he returned an immediate answer, replete with expressions of the most ardent affection and unalterable love. This was the letter which led to the detection of Sir Lionel Wager's forgery.

Edward, with his usual activity, employed himself in examining whatever was curious
in

in the renowned island of Malta; and in cultivating an acquaintance with the most respectable persons, to whom he could procure an introduction.

Malta struck his attention as a very interesting place. Like Gibraltar, it shows the extensive power of the British Navy. Great Britain, by having these two stations in her possession, holds the keys of the Mediterranean Sea and of Egypt. Malta has derived its celebrity from being the residence of the Knights, who composed an institution partly of a religious and partly of a military nature. This romantic system sprung from the Crusades, and preserved till very lately its original spirit. The Knights were persons of noble families, natives of popish nations; and their vows bound them to celibacy, to suppress piracy, and wage perpetual war against the Turks.

The corn which grows in Malta is not sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants; yet nature abundantly rewards their attention to the cultivation of fruits, for the
most

most delicious oranges, melons, olives, and grapes abound; and so genial is the climate, that three crops of figs in one year is not an unusual growth. Of Malta and Valetta, the inhabitants amount to 50,000; the streets are spacious and regularly built, and the houses of white stone are elegant and grand. The women are of a dark complexion, handsome, and have very fine eyes: the men are polite, and their language is a mixed dialect, chiefly composed of Arabic.

At the time Edward arrived, a few of the Knights still remained in the Island, in consequence of the kind treatment they experienced from the English. Among them was the *Baron Belfield*, a German nobleman, of an amiable disposition, considerable attainments, and elegant manners. Edward had heard a very favourable character of the Baron, which his conversation and behaviour to him fully justified. Their attentions to each other soon ripened into intimacy and mutual attachment. He was delighted with Edward for his ingenuous disposition and

1 amiable

amiable qualities—for the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his understanding. Edward sympathised with the Baron for his sufferings, and honoured him for his bravery; for he had received wounds from the hands of assassins, who had attempted his life; and when the French attacked Malta, as he was defending one of the out-posts, a bullet had penetrated his leg, and he could not move without assistance.

The Baron resided in a palace in the city of Valetta; the finest orange-trees flourished in his extensive garden, and presented the gay and beautiful appearance of foliage of the richest verdure intermixed with blossoms, and green and ripe fruit hanging from the heavily laden boughs, and perfuming the air with fragrance. Here they retired to converse, screened from the fervid rays of the sun, in a bower of odoriferous shrubs, enjoying the cool breezes wafted from the ocean, and hearing the gentle murmurs of the surge that broke upon the rocks at their feet.

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“ I have

“ I have a high respect for your order,” said Edward, “ and I think it will be a lasting reproach to the European Monarchs, if it be not re-established.”

“ Your respect,” replied the Baron, “ will be much increased, if you recollect the nature of our institution, which was not only designed to maintain the Christian faith against the infidels, but to display the virtue of charity, the brightest jewel of our holy religion. Our order has subsisted nearly 700 years; we trace its origin from the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; it was their benevolent occupation to attend the sick pilgrims, who visited that holy city. We have always kept this noble example in view, and I can refer you to an eminent proof, that in modern times, we have preserved the genuine spirit of our original institution.

“ In the memorable summer of 1783, when the earthquakes happened in Calabria, neither the continual and violent storms nor the raging sea could intimidate us;—for as
soon

soon as we heard of the destructive effects of the earthquakes, we equipped our galleys, and prevailed upon the most skilful of our medical men to accompany us, and took with us every article we thought requisite on an occasion so distressing. The standard of St. John Baptist, our tutelary saint, floated in the air, and was the first signal of relief to thousands of wretched sufferers, who stood upon the shores of Messina with outstretched arms, and suppliant cries, imploring us to hasten to their assistance. With eagerness we sprang on shore; we distributed provisions among the necessitous, we searched under the ruins of palaces and houses for the unhappy wretches buried under them by the dreadful convulsion: we proceeded to the huts raised in the fields, where some had sought an asylum; whilst others were stretched on the ground bathed in blood, and fainting with their bruises. We dressed their wounds, and supplied them with food and clothing.

“ We

“ We beheld their streaming eyes, and clasped hands raised towards heaven; we heard them utter the most earnest supplications to the throne of mercy, that blessings might descend on our heads. These were the only returns they could make—the sole recompense we desired. And what prayers, my friend, can be more effectual to call down blessings from above, than those of the distressed for their benefactors? Assuredly the angels and holy martyrs listen to them with delight, and the Most High regards them with approbation.

“ Had we expected temporal good to be the reward of our labour of Christian love, we should have misunderstood the genius and spirit of our institution. We know by the example of those who have ‘ fought the good fight,’ in maintenance of the holy faith of our Redeemer in former times,—that the great object of our high calling can be nothing in the compass of this world to bestow—nothing inferior to the crown of celestial glory.

glory. But from whatever quarter our afflictions were ordained to come, least of all did we expect, that those once considered as the most zealous supporters of the Catholic faith, would be the authors of our disgrace and ruin. To Frenchmen, even to those Frenchmen who were Knights of our Order, who had taken the most solemn vows to maintain its stability and guard its honour, we owe its fall—Yes, and worse than its fall, the everlasting disgrace they have brought upon it by their baseness and treachery.”

“ You allude, no doubt, Sir,” said Edward, “ to the conduct of those French Knights, who betrayed the Island to Bonaparte and Admiral Brueys, when the army and fleet under their command stopped here, in their voyage to Egypt:—but surely they did not presume to violate the sanctity of your religious places.”

“ Yes,” rejoined the Baron, rising from his seat, with resentment flashing from his expressive eyes, and his right arm extended,
as

as if in the act of chastising the insolence of some unmerited affront—"Yes—traitors to their God, as well as enemies to man, they plundered the Churches—even that of St. John. The consecrated standards of our holy Order, the golden candlesticks, and the sacred vessels were carried away by these impious renegadoes. In vain did we remonstrate—in vain solicit their restoration. They did not however exult long in their easy conquest, before they reaped the bitter fruits of their sacrilege, and your countrymen were destined by Providence to be the agents of its merited vengeance. The invincible NELSON, armed as it were with the elements, in the night of August the first, in 1801, attacked their fleet as it lay in a state of fancied security in the Bay of Aboukir. The sea and the heavens were illumined far and wide by the fire of his incessant artillery: his onset was unexpected as the lightning, and as fatal too; his attack was crowned with complete success, and strange to tell—but mark the ways of Heaven—the

L'Orient

L'Orient, the Admiral's ship and the largest of all the fleet, laden with the spoils of our Churches was blown up at the beginning of the action, and nearly all her crew perished in a moment. The fate of the rest of the ships I need not mention; for how can any one, and especially an Englishman, be ignorant of that great victory, the glory of which is extended throughout the globe."

CHAP. XXXVII.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

AN accident occurred, which gave Edward an opportunity of rendering an important service to his noble friend the Baron. While he was at supper in a distant part of Valletta, news was brought, that the hotel in which he lodged was in flames. He had there, in addition to his clothes and baggage, some favourite books, the journal of his travels,

and

and the letters he had received from his friends;—he inquired impatiently, if the flames had reached the next house, this was the Baron's palace—and he was told it was all in a blaze. Away he flew like lightning, regardless of himself or his property; his only concern was to save the Baron, who had been for some days confined to his apartment, in consequence of one of his wounds becoming worse. This was the crisis for an ardent effort of friendship. "Alas!" exclaimed Edward, as he entered the hall, "the staircase already smokes, and his apartment is at the farther end, how shall I reach it? The Baron is helpless, and perhaps alone, for the servants are flying in all directions; what if he be left to perish—what if he expects my assistance, and is now calling upon his Marriot!"

He rushed forward, regardless of danger, and bursting open the door, seized his friend; his intrepidity gave him strength redoubled, so that with the assistance of one

domestic, the trusty Rinaldo, the Baron was conveyed to a house on the opposite side of the street.

It may be observed, that his own valuables in the hotel were all preserved; a circumstance very unimportant in Edward's opinion, as the Baron had, by his exertions, been enabled to escape the ravages of the fire.

When he afterwards reflected upon this incident, his heart exulted with conscious satisfaction; its gratulations were as ardent as they were just. What felicity could exceed his own—he had formerly saved the life of Emily, his heart's dearest treasure; he had now preserved Belfeld, his honoured friend.

Those who are qualified by observation and experience, to make a just estimate of the gratifications, which human life can give, will not hesitate a moment to pronounce, that in none of the pursuits of the fordid, the ambitious, or the voluptuous,

tuous, are any pleasures to be found, comparable to such as spring from the exercise of resolution and courage exerted in the service of those who have gained, because they merit our affection.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O place me in some heav'n protected isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood,
Where Power secures what Industry has won;
Where to succeed, is not to be undone:
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

COWPER.

“AND whither, Sir,” said Edward to the Baron, “do you propose to go, as soon as your wounds will suffer you to quit Malta?” “The place,” replied the Baron, “of my destination, although it has cost me some struggles of mind to determine the point, is fixed: I have been so long absent from Germany, my native country, that all my near relations are dead; my property there
is

is considerable, and the state of things is insecure from the continued inroads of the French; and indeed their conduct in Malta has been so dishonourable, that I can neither relish their society, nor endure their domination: I will therefore convert my lands into money, and with it I will retire into the country where only life and property are perfectly secure.

“ Britain! thou art the asylum, where amidst the degeneracy, the venality, and the servile state of the nations of the Continent, liberty and independence are alone to be found:—Thou art the Parent of Magnanimity, Honour, and Benevolence; the Nurse of Genius, Industry, and virtuous Enterprize: upon thy hospitable shores will I seek a refuge—there I shall find a people loyal, magnanimous, and free, sprung from the same lineage as myself; over them reigns a Monarch descended from a race of German Heroes, the flag of whose sovereignty is wafted by his invincible fleet to the confines of the globe, and whose paternal sollicitude
for

for the happiness of his people is equally celebrated as his power. Under his fostering protection I shall enjoy the blessings of security and toleration: my property is sufficiently ample, not only to support the dignity of my rank, and the respectability of my character, but to supply the wants of the distressed, in conformity to the precepts of my religion, and the rules of my order."

"I am delighted," replied Edward, "with your plan: permit me, I intreat you, to assist in its execution: our ship is under sailing orders; the Captain, my intimate friend, will, at my request, receive with joy a passenger so distinguished as yourself. And should we be so happy as to reach my beloved native shore, you may be assured of my father's best attentions: he will unite with me in fixing you in such a residence as you desire, and from the prepossessions you have formed, it will not, I flatter myself, be very difficult to convince you, that England, and not Malta, whatever their strong prejudices in favour of their native rock may induce

induce the inhabitants to say, is the *Fiore del Mondo*, the Flower of the World."

"I have another inducement," continued the Baron, "to visit England:—as often as the pain of my wounds reminds me of the danger of losing my life, when the Bravos assaulted me at Naples, it reminds me likewise of my preserver from their swords. The people, to whose care I was left, assured me, that the Officer who interfered and saved my life was an Englishman. As nothing would make me so happy as to find him out, and give him proofs of my gratitude, for this purpose I would travel through the world."

At Edward's earnest request, Captain Wallis received the Baron and his domestics on board as passengers to England. They had a quick and favourable voyage to Plymouth. After performing a very short quarantine, they were allowed to land; and they travelled as fast as the Baron's wounds would admit towards the North.

On

On their arrival at the town of Kefwick, Edward left his companion, with promifes to return to him in a fhort time. Great was his pleafure when the blue mountains of Cumberland, which, by comparifon with thofe he had feen abroad, feemed fmall than they formerly were, firft appeared: the Lake of Kefwick gleamed upon his delighted eyes, and, on his nearer approach to its banks, he recognized the fcenes and objects familiar to him in his boyifh and youthful days—the tower of his father’s church, the tall fycamores, the hedge-rows, and the houfes of his native village. The recollection of the delights of former years, excited by the appearance of thefe dear objects, rufhed on his mind, and in the words of Guarini, his favourite Italian poet, he exclaimed,

Care filve beate,
E voi folinghi, taciturni orrori,
Ah quanto volontiere,
A revidervi io torno!

Dear

Dear solitary hills, and silent woods,
Sweet verdant vales, and gently murmuring floods!
With anguish once I bade your scenes adieu;
O with what rapture I return to you!

He entered his native village at the close of the day—he had been so long without hearing from Emily, or obtaining any information concerning her, that he conjectured she might be married, or have fallen a prey to her indisposition, and be no longer an inhabitant of the earth. These were such distressing considerations, that he thought to know even the worst, would be a lighter evil than to remain in the torture of suspense.

With wild palpitations of heart he reached the confines of Lorton House. The trees and shrubs were grown so high and luxuriant, as to encompass the lawn in a thick and verdant grove. He saw the smoke ascending in wreathes from the chimney in the calm of a beautiful evening. He approached the gate leading to the lawn, and found it open; and advancing found the hall door open likewise. He stopped and listened,
but

but could hear no sound; twice did he knock loudly and impatiently, but no person appeared. He stood in suspense and agitation, and his mind presaged some misfortune. He advanced into the hall, but on finding no one there, he ventured into the adjoining parlour. In the well-known corner stood Emily's forte-piano, and upon it lay her music books. Here he stood as if entranced; he imagined he heard her playing, and her lovely form gleamed in a bright vision before his fancy.

For some time he indulged this pleasing reverie, and at last starting, as from a dream, he advanced into the kitchen, where he found the old housekeeper deaf and infirm; but she recollected him perfectly well. On his eagerly inquiring after the family—"You must know," said she, "that no longer ago than yesterday morning, the Colonel, Mrs. Mapleton and Miss Emily set off for London; for what particular reason they are gone, I cannot tell; but my master seemed troubled in mind, he walked about the parlour in a hurried manner all the afternoon,

and got little or no sleep, as he said, for the last night he was at home: as for Miss Emily, she did nothing but cry, poor girl, till her eyes were so swelled she could scarcely see."

This account seemed very mysterious to Edward, and the absence of the family was a very severe disappointment; he consoled himself, however, with thinking that his father could explain every circumstance to him.

When he reached the Rectory house, he found his father reposing in an arbour in his garden, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the evening. His eyes were grown dim, and it was with difficulty he could discern any object whatever. A little boy, the son of a cottager, was reading to him the Psalms and Lessons for the following Sunday, preparatory to the duty of the day, as, with the assistance of his clerk, he could go through the rest of the service. The old man rose, on hearing the footsteps of a stranger: as soon as Edward spoke, he instantly recognised his voice, but could not distinguish his features.

“ Thanks

“ Thanks to a gracious Providence,” said he, embracing Edward, “ I again welcome you, my long-lost son!—to see you would be too great a blessing—after enjoying this delight of your return, I shall die contented!—Are you in sound health, or have you suffered by change of climate?—What news of our good friend, Captain Wallis?—Are he and his brave crew safe and sound, and is the flag of the British Navy in every sea triumphant?” Thus, with a curiosity quickened by affection and patriotism, he asked a hundred questions, without giving his son time to answer them.

The prospect from the garden was fine; the sun was gilding the tops of the mountains with his departing beams; the western clouds were tinged with gold and crimson; the landscape was mellowed by a soft aerial tint, at that point of time when the twilight was approaching, and the lake, smooth and shadowy, was lovely to the sight.

To the venerable Dr. Marriot this fair face of nature was grown a blank. His eyes, which had beheld the surrounding beauties

beauties of nature with delight for many years, were now nearly sightless; the pleasures arising from such external objects were flown; his enjoyments were *now* of *another* kind, contemplative and intellectual, springing from the pure sources of cheerfulness and resignation: his mind was lulled with the best tranquillity, and illumined by the brightest hope that can lessen the infirmities of old age—with tranquillity arising from self-gratulation on having passed a blameless and a useful life; and with hope of embracing his darling son, of hearing him praised for the virtues he had fostered in his breast—and of partaking with him their recompense in a world to come.

Edward, seated by his side, made a full acknowledgment of his attachment to Emily, requested his approbation of his choice, and proved how deserving he was of it by the sacrifice he had made of love to duty, by quitting England at his request. He likewise informed him of having gained a handsome share of prize-money, and of his intima-

macy

macy with Baron Belfeld, who had given him repeated assurances that he would make him independent for life.

“Dearest father,” he added, “this prospect, however flattering, cannot equal the transport I shall feel when alleviating the burthen of your declining age by every means in my power; truly happy I can only be, if I share with you all the good fortune I now possess, and that which Providence may hereafter bestow.”

Dr. Marriot could give his son little information as to the reasons for Colonel Lorton's sudden departure from home; but he told him some particulars that had lately occurred to make a material and most unpleasant change in his circumstances. A merchant, to whom the Colonel sold a large quantity of corn, had failed in his debt; and he had been obliged to pay a considerable sum for a neighbouring farmer, for whom he had given security. Dr. Marriot conjectured, from some particulars the Colonel had told him, that he had set off for
London,

London, in consequence of letters received from Mrs. Wilson. Anxious to secure his company, he advised Edward to wait the return of the Colonel; but as he was never less inclined to yield to his father's suggestions, than at this time, he left him with assurances of a speedy return: he then hastened back to the Baron, and informed him of the urgency of the case; and the Baron, always inclined to please Edward, was the more ready to comply with his present request, as by going to London he had an opportunity to treat personally with the agents for the sale of his German estates.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Detected Malice, hide thy guilty blushes
In deepest shades, nor dare approach the light;
For Scorn will point his constant finger at thee,
And Justice lash thee with his scorpion scourge.

A.

THE day before the return of Edward Marriot to his native village, Colonel Lorton had gone with Emily and Mrs. Mapleton to London, to endeavour to compromise his affairs with Mrs. Wilson.

The reader is reminded that in Chap. xxx. mention is made of the Colonel's observations on the forged letter relating to the death of Edward Marriot. Some particulars are here stated which led to the discovery of its malevolent author. After Emily's return from London, she took great pleasure
in

in showing her aunt all the books, papers and presents she had brought home with her. Among her letters were several from the Knight; and her aunt remarked, that she had seen the hand-writing of some of them before. Emily expressed surprize at this observation, and said she must be mistaken. Mrs. Mapleton was still confident, and at last, on recollecting herself, said, she was positive that the letter received by Dr. Marriot, containing the fatal news of the death of his son, was written in the same hand. Fortunately the Doctor had preserved the letter; it was produced, compared with some sent by the Knight to Emily, which, in fact, were written by one of his servants, and not the slightest doubt remained upon the minds of the Colonel, Emily, Mrs. Mapleton, and Dr. Marriot, as to the source from which all their late misery had flowed.

The discovery produced different emotions, according to their different tempers. Mrs. Mapleton was warm with empaffioned resentment, Emily shed tears, Dr. Marriot

expressed his astonishment that there could be so much villainy in the world; the great mind of the Colonel was moved—he said little, but determined to punish the Knight for his cruel artifice, whenever an opportunity should occur.

Such an occasion presented itself the first time the Colonel called on Mrs. Wilson. At her house, and in her company, he found Sir Lionel. In an embarrassed manner Mrs. Wilson, conscious of her misconduct, introduced these gentlemen to each other. The Colonel, with his accustomed politeness, first paid his respects to Mrs. Wilson, and then addressed himself to the confused and agitated Knight.

“ Sir,” said the Colonel in a firm tone, steadily fixing his eyes upon him, “ I am happy in thus meeting you, as it gives me an opportunity of calling upon you for an explanation of an affair which has caused no small distress in my neighbourhood. Perhaps you may think it no derogation from the character of a gentleman to sport with
the

the feelings of others, and call artifice to the aid of malevolence; but I assure you I intend to convince you that I hold a very different opinion."

"Sir—Sir—I really don't know—can't imagine—or comprehend—what you mean."

"Then, Sir," said the Colonel, raising his voice, and approaching a step or two nearer, "I will assist your faculties a little to solve this enigma—perhaps the letter I hold in my hand may enliven your recollection." At these words he produced the forged letter, opened it, and held it in such a manner that Sir Lionel could read it, without having it in his power to snatch it from his hands.

"Do you know this hand-writing, Sir?" said the Colonel.

"No—no—upon my honour, Colonel Lorton, I do not."

"Then, Sir, give me leave to say, that I do not believe you. There are the strongest proofs that you *do* know every thing that relates to this letter: I hardly want the evidence I could bring to convince me of the

justness of my suspicions, for your manner and your looks give a flat contradiction to your assertions."

"Sir," replied the Knight, "this is such language as no gentleman can put up with—Sir, if you mean to insult me, I shall call you to an account."

"By these expressions I suppose, Sir," retorted the Colonel, "you wish me to understand, after you have nearly broken the heart of my dearest friend, Dr. Marriot, and disturbed the peace of all our neighbourhood, you are eager to complete your atrocity by provoking me to fight a duel, and wish to run me through the body, or shoot me through the head."

Here Mrs. Wilson interposed: she was terrified, as she well knew the resolute spirit of the Colonel, and she was apprehensive too of her own detection—"For heaven's sake," said she, "gentlemen, cease these high words, and carry this quarrel no farther:—Colonel, how can you suppose my worthy friend, the Knight, would be guilty of such a
trick—

trick—you must have been most grossly misinformed.”

At these words the Knight took courage—
“Sir,” said he, “you asperse my character; I am certain Mrs. Wilson and every body must think so; I shall insist upon satisfaction—yes, Sir, the satisfaction of a gentleman.”

“Then, Sir,” replied the Colonel, “I am to understand that you give me a challenge.”

“Yes—sword or pistols must settle this business.”

“These are,” said the Colonel firmly, “the weapons of a soldier, and not of an assassin, as I look upon a man who fights a duel to be. I never fought a duel, nor do I intend ever to do so; for I abhor the practice as absurd and unchristian like. If I draw my sword, I do so to defend the laws, not to break them. This wound,” pointing to his forehead, “and others received in many a severe campaign, can be witness to the truth of my assertions.—But why do I parley so long with you? My remonstrances

monfrances are of no avail, unless I could awaken you to remorse, and lead you to make reparation for your base conduct. I smile at your threats, and I defy the effects of your malice. You see you are detected, Sir; and if you do not instantly promise to write a letter of the humblest apology to Dr. Marriot, I will cane you in the first public place I meet you, and post you in all parts of London as a consummate ——.”

Here Mrs. Wilson, with increased agitation, again interposed, and begged the Knight to accede to the Colonel's proposal, as he looked so sternly, and spoke with such resolution, as if going to proceed immediately to the execution of his threat; and the Knight turned pale, and trembled so much that she thought he would have fainted.

No great intreaty was necessary on the part of Mrs. Wilson, as the manly firmness of the Colonel had completely disarmed the vapouring pretensions of the Knight. He was now as submissive as he had before been arrogant: with a shaking hand he wrote the
letter,

letter, and Colonel Lorton peremptorily declared, that if he ever met him in the streets of London, he would cane him publicly, in defiance of his threats of sword and pistol.

Sir Lionel retired with shame and disgrace : when he reflected on the ridiculous figure he had made in the duel he had formerly fought, and thought that the Colonel would certainly inflict the chastisement he had threatened, he judged, like Falstaff, that “ the better part of valour is discretion,” and therefore gave up all thoughts of sending a challenge. He took great care to keep out of the Colonel’s way, and avoided every place where there was the slightest probability of their meeting. His consciousness of guilt increased his natural timidity, his fancy was haunted with a thousand fears ; as he walked the streets, he often looked back to see if the Colonel was pursuing him, and he started from his dreams by night, roused by the horrid phantoms of Dr. Marriot and his son assailing him with threatening aspects, and uplifted arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

————— Valour foars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction;
These are not ills, else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The Gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd,
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

ADDISON'S CATO,

ALTHOUGH Sir Lionel Wager took great pains to conceal himself during the whole time Colonel Lorton continued in London, and changed his lodgings to a less conspicuous street, his active creditors found out his abode, constantly besieged his door, and teized

teized him incessantly for money. He was thus obliged to solicit Mrs. Wilson with much importunity. That lady knew enough of the laws to be satisfied, that he could not recover his demand in a Court of Justice, till she considered, that if she was talked of as a defaulter in a debt of honour, she should lose all credit in the fashionable world. She had no other resource in this difficulty, than to be urgent with Colonel Lorton, upon whom she had a legal and undoubted claim for the money she had lent him. Several letters had passed upon the subject, and they had some interviews, which tended rather to irritate the parties, than to settle the business; the lady was violent and haughty, the gentleman was calm and dignified; at last, however, Mrs. Wilson condescended to explain to the Colonel the reason for her importunity, and told him, if he would prevail upon his daughter to marry the Knight, the affair might be settled in an amicable manner; but if not, the law must take its course, and

and she should instruct her attorney to do his duty, and arrest him for the debt.

Regardless of this menacing alternative, the Colonel continued firm and inflexible: to whatever distress he might be driven, he disdained to encourage the thought of purchasing his own ease at the expense of his daughter's happiness. There was only one expedient left to extricate him from his difficulty, and that was to sell his estate: but yet how mortifying was such a sacrifice to his necessities—to part with his patrimony, the endeared domains of his ancestors, upon which he had expended not only a large sum of money, but the most precious years, the diligence and attention of a great portion of his life, and this estate must be sold for probably half its real value, that is barely enough to pay Mrs. Wilson her debt. Thus he might indeed secure his daughter from matrimonial unhappiness, but thus he must leave her a beggar!

The Colonel and his fair companions went to Mrs. Spark's house in London, by her
6 particular

particular invitation and the pressing request of her daughter, the Countess of Malmaison. It is to be remembered, that the Count had cruelly left this lady, after he was ordered to quit the kingdom, without taking leave, or even writing to her. This insensibility deeply affected her, for she truly loved him. Thus deserted, she found herself very awkwardly circumstanced: she was a wife, and yet was deprived of the society of her husband; she had a title, once the great object of her wishes, and now if she assumed it, she ran the risk of exposing herself to censure and ridicule. She shunned company, and yet in solitude her once favourite novels had lost their relish, and no longer gave any pleasure. Her love, her ambition had received the deepest wounds; in vain did her mother endeavour to comfort and amuse her; disappointment preyed upon her mind, and every day made greater inroads upon her health. Her constitution sunk under this malady, and she fell into a rapid decline. Neglected as had been her education, indulged

dulged and uncontrolled her temper, and frivolous her pursuits, still her feelings of her present degraded situation were most acute, and she was much more an object of pity than censure.

The arrival of Emily in town gave the Countess an opportunity of unburthening her mind to one, whom she dearly loved. After her feelings had been somewhat relieved by a flood of tears, she addressed Emily in the following manner.

“ My dearest friend—I am fully convinced, that my continuance in this vain world will be very short: consider me as the victim of indiscretion and weakness, but not of guilt. Of much of my misconduct, my too indulgent mother has been the cause. I now can clearly see her error and my own: by making me at too early an age my own mistress, she abandoned me to the caprice of my own temper, and the folly of my own heart.—Alas! I sink oppressed by their effects; accept this miniature of the man who deluded and deserted me: he was
surely

fully undeserving of my regard; and yet, if he were now present to plead his own cause, I know not that I could condemn him, or deny him forgiveness. Remember me in your prayers, and when you shall hear any person throw reflections upon my conduct, let me, I earnestly entreat, find zealous advocates in your benevolence and friendship."

A few days ended her sorrows with her life, and her loss affected Emily with all the generous feelings of affection natural to her amiable disposition and goodness of heart.

Early on the morning, after the Baron and his friend arrived in London, Edward Marriot went to Mrs. Sparks's house. On coming into the square, he saw a considerable crowd collected; he inquired the cause, and was told that a funeral procession was coming that way. On walking forward, he saw a hearse and mourning coaches at Mrs. Sparks's door. The procession was beginning slowly to move, and the plumes of the hearse waved

waved solemnly in the wind. His heart sunk within him at the sight, and he remained motionless and dismayed. The solemn train passed by him, and what were his forebodings when he saw Mrs. Mapleton and Colonel Lorton in one of the coaches. He conjectured the very worst calamity that could affect himself: he could hardly stand, and with difficulty reached a shop. The shopkeeper very humanely, on seeing his extreme agitation, offered him a seat and refreshments, and sent as soon as he had made his wishes known, to inquire whose funeral it was. The messenger was some time before he returned, and the minutes he delayed were hours of agony to Edward. When he came back he reported, that it was the funeral of a young married lady.

“Alas!” exclaimed Edward, “was it for this, the saddest of all scenes, I have lived to revisit my native country? Would I had perished on the sands of Egypt, or been swallowed by the roaring sea, ere I had beheld this wretched day!”

The

The humane shopkeeper sent his servant to Mrs. Sparks's house to obtain certain information. The messenger soon returned, and told him that it was the funeral of the Countess Malmaison, and that the Colonel and Mrs. Mapleton had attended it as friends of the family. He added, that Miss Emily Lorton was dangerously ill.

Her attendance on her friend the Countess had increased her former indisposition, and she was pronounced by her physician to be in an alarming state of danger.

Edward recovered his spirits sufficiently to call upon the Colonel. When he sent in his name, it was most favourably received, and they met with mutual delight. The Colonel appeared much older, the wrinkles of care furrowed his face, his hair was turned grey; he was pale and very grave in his deportment. He was so much changed from the cheerful and lively character Edward once remembered him, that he could not help inquiring the cause of this strange alteration with the most friendly solicitude.

Struck

Struck with the anxious and earnest manner of his inquiries, the Colonel related to him all the particulars of his embarrassed circumstances, thinking he might with the greatest safety repose this confidence in the worthy son of his friend Dr. Marriot.

The generous heart of Edward was affected by various feelings—by sympathy for the distresses of the revered father of Emily, and by the stronger and more violent emotions of indignation.—“What fordid, what hard-hearted wretches,” exclaimed he, “are Mrs. Wilson and Sir Lionel—how do I wish to reproach the one, and chastise the other!”

“Alas!” said the Colonel, “although your generous warmth in my service does honour to your feelings of friendship, any resentment shown to them would be more likely to hasten, than to prevent my ruin. Nor are they the only causes of my misfortunes: I labour under the weight of accumulated distress; I am the victim of my confidence in others. The merchant to
whom

whom I sold my corn, is a bankrupt, and I find, since I came to London, he cannot pay me a shilling—and the farmer, for whom I was bound, has absconded, and I must be answerable for his debt. Thus embarrassed as I am, a prison is inevitable. But I know the worst *personal* evils that can be inflicted upon me, and for them I am prepared; neither the distress of poverty, nor even the disgrace of a gaol, will give me intolerable pain; for I feel strong in my reliance on that Great Being, who encourages me to call upon him in the time of trouble; and he will surely be the more inclined to listen to my prayers,—for when I enjoyed his bounty in the sunshine of prosperity, I did not forget my duty. No—no, it cannot be, Edward—He will not leave me comfortless, clouded although I am by misfortunes, and degraded in the opinion of the world.”

Here he paused, and walked about the room with hurried steps; a tear stole down

his manly cheek, he wiped it off, and another followed, and he seemed to labour with thoughts too painful for utterance. "There is," resumed he, speaking as if he drew his breath with difficulty, "a part in which I am vulnerable—my daughter Emily—my best beloved—the sweet pledge of eternal affection left me by her mother, now a faint in heaven: Oh! what agony is reserved for me, if she must be involved in the distress of her father, and be doomed, while endeavouring to alleviate his sorrows, to sink under her present indisposition, increased as it will certainly be, by the distress of the most affectionate heart that ever warmed a daughter's breast. O Edward, my wants, my imprisonment, even, my death, will be a luxury compared to the torture of surviving *her*."

That firm and intrepid mind, that had often enabled the Colonel to hear the cannon of battle without dismay, and even behold death spread its ravages among his brave companions

companions in war, was overpowered by the recollection of his only child—his sick and friendless daughter!!

Recovering a more resolute tone of voice, he proceeded. “ But I must submit to whatever may happen, for it is the duty of a Christian to learn patience from him, who even died to exemplify that virtue. Assist me then, I conjure you, who are the Minister of that holy Religion, now almost my only remaining solace, to make the triumph of resignation complete over adversity and the infirmities of human nature!”

Edward wished, as soon as the Colonel mentioned the name of Emily, to interrupt him; but his judgment very properly checked his inclination. As soon as the Colonel stopped, after thus showing the sensibility of his heart, and the energy of his principles, which no distress could shake, Edward inquired most anxiously for Emily. Her father confirmed his fears, by assuring him, she continued very ill, and must be very