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FRONTISPIECE.



Quæ non Artificis, Sed populari trutina Estimantur.

As de Orat
They are not weighed according to private Prejudice
but in the Balance of Public opinion.

London Characters ;

OR,

ANECDOTES, FASHIONS, AND CUSTOMS,

OF

THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL, *Engraver*

SCENE AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE ARGYLE-ROOMS, AND OTHER
PLACES OF ELEGANT RESORT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Embellished with appropriate and humorous Engravings.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutuluseve fuit, nullo discrimine habebo. *Virg. Æn. X. 107.*

Jeune ou vieux, riche ou pauvre, enfin Juif ou Chretien,
Nul ne m'echappera, s'il n'est homme de bien. *Regnard. inel.*

Old and young, rich and poor, Churchman, Baptist, or Jew,
If foolish or wicked, I'll hold up to Show. *E. S.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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GATE, CHELTENHAM, BATH, WORTHING, WEYMOUTH,
AND OTHER FASHIONABLE PLACES.

1809.

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P R E F A C E.

A few detached Ideas on the Life, Talents, and Works of the AUTHOR.

SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL was born in Derbyshire, in the year 1768.

His parents were not rich, but of a most respectable and ancient family in the county. Honesty and virtue rocked his cradle; they whispered their heavenly principles into his infant ear; and he walked ever since in the path of rectitude.

His heart was naturally good, his mind liberal: education perfected both.

Music and poetry amused his youthful days; painting and morality were the objects of his attention, since he approached the meridian of his life.

He sang well; wrote little; painted much: his fame will last as long as the love of virtue and an innate well-directed zeal against vice will find partizans and friends.

The honour of knighthood was bestowed upon him by the best of Sovereigns, as a token of esteem for one of his best subjects.

His situation, his fortune, the extent of his talents, the variety of his connexions, enabled him to bring within his compass both the zenith and the nadir of society. He loved all men, pitied many, and imitated nobody—he was an original.

As he never spoke of himself, we shall say but a few words concerning these pages, his last production.

In the bitterness of his heart he saw how corruption stalked away, and progressively invaded all the districts of the social empire: he grew wroth, and, displeased at his cotemporaries, he took up the pen of criticism.

As he expressed in the countenance of those he painted the very perceptions and passions of their mind, he could not help using, in his writings, the vivid tints of a picturesque and glowing style; and his works are full of images and portraits.

In vain, said he to himself, the daily eloquence of dignified or popular preachers thunders in all churches, chapels,

meeting-houses, and tabernacles, from St. Paul's to the brick-fields of Somer's-town; in vain the pen of our dramatists, from the immortal Swan of the Avon, down to the croaking farce-writers of the little theatre in the Haymarket, have exposed to ridicule, in all kind of shapes and descriptions, the votaries of vice and folly; no reform is to be expected.

The Serpentine river, and the bason in the Park, reflect on their conscious waves the ghosts of the bodies which foul SUICIDE has polluted their waters with. GAMBLING swears and rages aloud, with utmost madness and despondency, in St. James's and Gernyn-street. CRIM. CON. with unheard of impudence, drives the horned cattle to the *forum*, from the west end of the town to Shoreditch and the Borough; and, through all the columns of our newspapers, sly ELOPEMENT, with the post-chaise in rea-

diness, steals off our daughters and wives, escapes to the out of-the-way inn, and gallops into public scandal. No! no! reform is not to be expected till we show VICE and her enormities to herself, and make her blush.

It is a fact, which an attentive perusal of these volumes will place beyond doubt, that, although Sir Barnaby was eminently gifted with sharpness of point in sketching, correctness and truth of contours in delineating, and brightness of colouring in his finished pieces, yet he never intended to libel any one of his fellow-creatures.

Like his beloved master, the divine Raphael, who painted not this or that individual, but selecting the most interesting parts from all existing features, exhibited the general countenance of man under the influence of all sorts of passions,

Sir Barnaby chose amongst his numerous models what suited best his purpose.

To cause the least perturbation in the mind of the good would have made him wretched : as for the vicious, the arrogant knave, the arrant fool, he did not care a straw. Peace, he thought, cannot be disturbed where she is not ; and it is not in the turbulent and putrid fermentation of a cankered heart her olive branch can ever shoot and thrive.

Sir Barnaby died a few days before the publishing of this work. His wife and children have inherited, not of his wealth, for he had none ; but of his virtues, and he had many.

His remains were deposited in the earth at Paddington. The virtuous will drop a tear on his grave ; whilst the wicked will shudder at the least breeze which agitates the lofty trees that wave their heads over his tomb.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editors, and Representatives of *Sir B. Sketchwell*, take the liberty to present their most sincere Thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, for the warm and effectual Patronage with which they have honoured the First Edition of this Publication. They are happy, also, to have it in their power to communicate to them the pleasing intelligence of Sir Barnaby's death being now a matter of great doubt; and that they cherish the fond hope of seeing him again employ his talents in the praise of Virtue, and the detection of Vice.

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LONDON CHARACTERS.

A MORNING CONVERSATION, &c. &c.

Parcere Personis dicere de Vitiis.

“I AM astonished at the homeliness of your ideas, and your strange misconception of fashion,” said the once lovely Duchess of Pymont to the elegant young woman who was seated beside her; and who was essaying to render an incorrect drawing in some degree tolerable. “I only remarked, madam,” said Lady Charlotte Stanmore, “that, I thought the conduct of Lady Westbourn very unbecoming for a person of her years.”

“And it was that very ridiculous remark which so much distresses me,” said

Characters of the Duke and Duchess of Pyrmont.

the Duchess. "Was it not that I was for a twelvemonth confined to your father's society in the country, at one period of my life, to retrieve my constitution from a round of dissipation; I should really think you had been the offspring of some romantic fool instead of his." "My dear Duchess, now you are jesting, I am sure," said Lady Charlotte. Her mother gave her a look of contempt, and quitted the room for the important business of the toilette.

Lady Elmira Scabright, the present Duchess of Pyrmont, had been married, not at a very early age, to the Duke. They were congenial souls, and yet they detested each other: both courted fashion and dissipation, in whatever form they chose to present themselves. The Duke was a man of Herculean make, and stronger in his constitution than in his mind; the latter was easily warped, the former seemed invulnerable to all attacks. The

They retire to their Country Seat.

frame of the Duchess, more delicate, seemed sinking under the frequent repetitions of revelry. Sleep was banished from her nights, and the morning avocations of receiving and returning visits, attending auctions, various exhibitions and fashionable lounging shops, prevented her experiencing, from the somniferous god, that benefit which might enable her to recruit her declining strength.

The wealthy Duke wished for an heir; but four years had elapsed and no prospect presented itself of such a blessing; an absolute order from the physicians compelled the weeping fair one to accompany her Lord to an hunting-box, situated above one hundred miles from the capital. Here, to the great disappointment of the Duke, at the end of ten months, his Duchess presented him with his daughter, Lady Charlotte, and, after a lapse of five years, his grace became the delighted father of a son.

A Description.

Dissipation, more than time, had made sad havoc in the charms of the Duchess ; no art was left untried to repair those devastations ; but in spite of Sicilian bloom, Circassian pomatum, and all the ransacked stores of the perfumers' shops, the perfidious wrinkles would appear ; the bared throat presented a yellow tinge, which no art could disguise ; the azure circle encompassed the sinking eye ; and the anatomical stay in vain exerted its elastic force to render full and plump the fast-withering bosom: Yet the blind vanity of the Duchess of Pymont made her insensible to these decays * ; she was rich,

* The art of the TOILETTE is not of modern invention ; Homer and Anacreon give us to understand that women in their times were already great proficients in the elegant science, and the beautiful description of the *Cestus* in the Iliad, is a proof that the Mæonian Bard had a peep into the female Arsenal: Esther and Judith of old, were full aware of its powerful influence on the eyes of the stronger sex ;

A Description continued.

she lived in splendor, she gave sumptuous dinners, she was the daughter of,

and, thanks to our imitative dispositions, we can boast here of as great a skill in the art as any other nation. The love of dress attends the cradle of the infant girl, and grows with woman through life! But the moment when all its strength is put in immediate requisition, its tricks most usefully played, and all its batteries directed towards half the world, is when the climacteric age of FORTY approaches. Then the goddess of the Toilette and her retinue, the milliner, the perfumer, the hair-dresser, must bring their auxiliary assistance, and do wonders. I have been told many a time that my great aunt, the Baroness of *Quincey*, was born without the least appearance of Eye-brows, and that as the brightness and *eloquence* of her eye, the regularity of her face, and the delicacy and sweetness of her smile, made full amends for the deficit, myriads of admirers fluttered about her when young, and that her marriage with the noble Baron, insured to her as much happiness as may be the lot of any mortal being. Yet, wondrous to tell! as soon as she arrived at that critical period, when the natural bloom of youth vanishes, she reflected on her countenance, and it struck her, for the first time, that she never had any Eye-brows. She

A Note on Eye-brows.

and wife to a duke, both of the most ancient nobility. There was elegance about

had never given a thought to it before ; though she allowed them to be a very pretty sort of ornament to the “ crystal windows of the soul.” What’s to be done? *Lamp-black*, ground in spirit of *ginger*, the *dark ashes of a ham-bone* reduced to impalpable powder in a well-luted crucible, the *snuff of wax-candles* kneaded with *fresh butter*, all was tried by the skilful hand of *Betty* the chambermaid, but to little purpose, for the elegant implements seemed to add more to her years than to her charms ; although these fastidious arcs of ebony colour were often accompanied with the black patch to heighten the whiteness of the skin, and turn away the sight from the incipient wrinkles. The dear Baroness carried her adscititious brows to the age of seventy, and died of a fit of laughter at loo, with three trumps in her hand. Her case, and that of the Duchess, remind me of the following strophe of an ode to *Wisdom*, which, when at school, I inserted in my common-place book.

- “ La Beauté n’est qu’un bien frivole
 “ Qu’un Souffle, un rien peut nous ravir ;
 “ Elle brille et bientôt s’envole
 “ Pour jamais ne plus revenir :

Fashionable life.

her, and a something yet *piquant* and beautiful in her countenance; so that flatterers still buzzed their soft nonsense in her ear, and she thought herself as young and lovely as ever. She therefore trod on the steps of those fashionable females, who heed neither age nor the marriage tie, but are determined "to live all the days of their lives." The Duke, perfectly indifferent to her, let her follow her own inclinations, while he pursued his, without restraint or control.

The scandalous tale of the day had reached the ears of Lady Charlotte Stanmore, and had given rise to the remark which disgusted the Duchess, to think

“ *Chloris* par mille cosmetiques
“ Veut couvrir ses rides antiques
“ Et resusciter ses attraits ;
“ Mais c'est envain qu'elle s'abuse,
“ Ni le carmin, ni la céruse
“ Ne la rajeuniront jamais.”

CHAULIEU

An Episode.

her child should adopt such an obsolete idea as to blame a woman, who was rather stricken in years, for a few *peccadillos*.

The Duke of Kersbruch, a nobleman whose ancestors came from Germany, was handsome, learned, and possessed of every requisite to form the finished gentleman. He was at that period of life, which, when it is not impaired by a too eager and invariable pursuit after pleasure, is, of all others, the most desirable in man; he was forty and some odd years; but he had so wasted his days and patrimony in continued excess, that, though he still preserved his beauty, he was older in constitution than some men at sixty.

He had been unhappy in his marriage, though united to a virtuous and lovely woman, because, as is too often the situation of greatness, inclination bore no part in the union.

Man naturally inconstant

Long before this marriage, he had attached himself to a Mrs. O'Meara, the beautiful widow of an Irish officer. She was much older than the Duke*, but so mentally as well as personally endowed, that he entirely devoted himself to her. The nature of man is naturally prone to love variety; and the Duke of Kersbruch, always fond of the sex, could not remain entirely constant to this cherished female; though she was yet lovely in her person, and the charms of her conversation were

* Mrs. O'M . . . is of the most agreeable temper, and gentle manners; and we apprehend that she was the toast of the day, by the three F's, Fat, Fair, and Forty. Some dry commentators on the age of women, some ladies of the old school who are so fond of lending to others the concealed *superflus* of their years, are of opinion that the bewitching eye of the lovely Countess had then stared her fiftieth birth-day in the face. But it is all mere supposition, and whatever may be the date of her birth, she is a full confirmation of this saying—*Non senescit ingenium.*

A determined taste for Old Women.

so fascinating, that the Duke began to fancy there must be something peculiarly attractive in the possession of *old women* !

He therefore attached himself for some time to the old Countess of Harborough, to the great grief of Mrs. O'Meara ; she, however, had soon the happiness of recalling the wanderer, and he became more firmly her captive than ever ; but the demon of caprice soon raised up another and more powerful rival in the Marchioness of Westbourn ; for her mental charms were united to personal in an imminent degree, and Lady Westbourn, though past fifty, gained a complete triumph over the wayward heart of the amorous Duke.

The course of love, a learned writer remarks, is never to run smooth. The town rang with an event, which had recently taken place, and, as a scandalous

An English Ninon.

anecdote was ever welcome at the Duchess of Pyrmont's breakfast table, her favourite *émigré* Count had given it to her, with several embellishments ; and the Duchess called Lord Westbourn a brute, while Lady Charlotte blushed at the conduct of his lady. The truth was literally thus.

The Duke of Kersbruch, enraptured with the attractions of the Marchioness of Westbourn, followed her like her shadow, was incessantly at the country-house of the Marquis, where he had very seldom been before ; till at length, Lord Westbourn, having, it is imagined, seen some little liberties taken with his venerable *moitie*, which he did not altogether approve, in as polite terms as he could to a man of the Duke's high rank, gave him to understand that his visits would be easily dispensed with in future ; but this English *Ninon*, was not so easily given up by her enamoured lover ; and

A Dismission.

at the superb town mansion, in one of the fashionable squares, the husband found this highly-favoured *cicisbeo* in a situation with his wife, which he conceived no man had a right to appear in but himself.

Without any respect to precedency of rank, my Lord instantly ordered the stoutest of his servants to turn the Duke out of doors ; who, hastening to his carriage, narrowly escaped a good flagellation, which they were prepared to give him in case of resistance.

This affair was soon buzzed through the metropolis ; much to the affliction of Mrs. O'Meara, and to the triumph of the Duke's enemies ; it added besides new seeds of discord to the menage of the Marquis and Marchioness.

Soon after the Duchess of Pÿrmont had completed her toilette, the hopes of the

An Anecdote.

family made his appearance. He entered exclaiming, "News! news! You will scarce believe what a ludicrous scene has just taken place. By heaven, I was coming through Leicester Square, and who the deuce do you think I met arm in arm, just like honest Darby and Joan, walking as fast possible, and all the little world staring at them as if they had dropped from the clouds, or as if they had imagined the noble pair did not know how to walk?—Come, now, my dear Lady Duchess, guess if you can!" "I cannot think of any Lady I am acquainted with I am sure, that would be walking this windy day." "Guess the gentleman then." "Oh! perhaps the rich Sir Marmaduke Brooks, who walks out in an old greasy hat and a coat a cobbler would not be seen in." "That would be no wonder, my dear Duchess, he is the pearl of eccentricity. But it was no other than the great Earl of Albania and

A Seizure.

his charming Countess ! do not lift up your hands and eyes in astonishment, because they were seen walking *together*, but hearken to the cause.

“ Lord Francis Sunbury, the Earl’s brother, is most confoundedly out at elbows ; an execution is lodged in his house, and, in short, as his numerous creditors cannot touch his person, they are determined to seize hold on all they can.”

“ The Countess this morning borrowed the carriage of Lord Francis to pay a few visits, and while she was in it, those villanous sharks laid their unhallowed hands upon it. Luckily her husband passed by at the time ; handed out his trembling Countess, and with that politeness which characterises almost all the branches of his family, attended his lady home.” “ Politeness !” said Lady

Observations.

Charlotte,—“ My dear brother, what must he have been if he had not attended her home ?”

“ Duchess, this girl reads novels, I think,” said the Marquis of Waltham : “ She appears to have some strange unfashionable ideas.” Heaven knows,” replied her Grace, “ where she has imbibed them.” “ Oh ! she will know better bye and bye,” said the Marquis ; “ I do detest all women till they become the property of another man ; none but married women can please me.”

Such were the sentiments of the Marquis of Waltham, and such we are sorry to say seem *prevalent* in this century ; as a learned character in the law justly observed in a late interesting trial ; “ Curiosity is no longer seen with out-stretched neck, to catch at a whisper ;” so often are actions brought against an illicit lover for the seduction of, we are sorry to remark, a too often *injured* wife.

A P trait.

The Marquis of Waltham, only heir to the titles and estates of the Duchy of Pyrmont, aged eighteen only, was already a mature sprig of fashion; fast living, and a knowledge of most of the health-sapping vices, had given to his naturally effeminate countenance an old and sallow appearance; an hollow eye, a concave cheek, a spindle form, and prominent chin, and an under-sized figure, completed the *tout-ensemble* of a mean looking meagre being. He had a good natural understanding, cultivated by a finished education; but he was supercilious, assuming and slanderous, and besides the darling of his mother, who weak, vain-minded and trifling, envisaged vice, if supported by fashion, not only without merited horror, but with a sense of approbation.

Several suitable matches had been proposed for her daughter; but the Duchess was sure to make some plausible objec-

A French Count.

tion to all; dreading the horrid idea of becoming a grandmother.

Her dressing-room and breakfast-table were the hot-bed of fashionable anecdotes, prepared and detailed, with numerous and well-timed additions, by an *emigré* nobleman, who never could be grateful enough to his dear Duke, nor sufficiently admire the “*superbe beauty*,” of *Madame la Duchesse*; and this *indigent* French Count contrived, by his flatteries and well-laid schemes, to fill his own coffers, and realize a considerable property, while he was the Duke’s humble friend and *factotum*: and has even been able to lend a needy nobleman, *sub rosâ*, the sum of five or six thousand pounds, at exorbitant interest; while this man made himself agreeable to all; sighed at the feet of the Duchess, and talked in the praise of virtue and sentiment with Lady Charlotte; laughed at religion with the Duke and Duchess, and con-

Speak well of the Dead

verted men and maids to the catholic faith, he fed well, and laughed and grew fat ; knew when, at proper seasons, to ridicule his own country, and declared he was now become *one complete Jean Bull !*

“ And so,” continued the Marquis of Waltham, taking up a newspaper, “ The pretty little Lady Ashton is dead ! she expired immediately after. . .” -- “ Cease, brother, I beg of you,” said the amiable Lady Charlotte ; “ When we speak of the dead, (as my favourite author remarks,) we should tread softly over their graves. If her life was not irreproachable, her end was most awful !”

The Duchess of Pymont was possessed of an high share of ancient family pride ; and though it is universally allowed, that a man always raises a woman to his own dignity, be her former situation in life ever so obscure ; yet title and family,

Observations.

on both sides, were requisite to obtain a passport to an intimacy with her Grace.

“ Why, Philip,” said she, “ do you entertain me with detailing the actions of such little creatures as Lady Ashton? What else could Sir George expect, when he took her from her father’s shop, to the rank of a Baronet’s lady? Such elevations, when young women are possessed of vanity, make them know not where to stop; and they think they are true imitators of the great, if they do but adopt their vices*.”

* This observation of the Duchess of Pymont is but too true; and there is, in those sorts of *undermatches*, a hidden tendency to that levelling system which being destructive of the long scutled distinctions of ranks and families, must be in its essence inimical to social order. *Grace Gregory* may ride the dickey with her coachman, but would never consent to be led by him to the altar.

A Fashionable Definition.

“What, *you* moralizing, my dear Duchess?” said her son; “pray tell me, what is vice, and what is virtue? Mere names. If there is any meaning in the word virtue, I think the greatest consists in pleasing our inclinations; else, depend upon it, *chance* would never have planted them in our breasts. But my dear sister Grave-airs, do not look so solemn. I just now parted with the sweetest pair of sentimentalists you ever beheld; how I longed to bring them home to you! But as to one of them, she never had any thing to say to me, and I am sure the other never will, for I know not who she is, and I shall never take the trouble to enquire. She is one of those kind of women, not amiss, well enough; but not worth the trouble of crossing the street to look at.” “Who are these sentimentalists, as you call them?” said Lady Charlotte. “One, I tell you, I never saw before, the other was Lady Laura Pemberton.”....

Injured Worth defended.

“ The honour of our sex, as she has been the sufferer from the cruelty of yours !” said Lady Charlotte: “ The only sensible and elegant woman, *thought* the Duchess, whose company I could ever support with any degree of patience: and she *said* aloud; “ The circumstances of Lady Laura’s *situation* are peculiar, indeed; her prudence, in *moments* the most trying, her frankness, her elegance, and the whole turn of her mind, entitle her to the regard and protection of every one. If you, forgetful of what her *situation*, and the rank she still holds in society, require, have endeavoured to build any advantage for yourself on the negligence of an unfeeling husband, she treats you with the contempt you justly merit.”

“ Bless you, my dear Duchess,” said Lady Charlotte, “ for thus pleading the cause of injured worth,” and she prest her ruby lips on the varnished cheek of

A Bond-street Adventure..

her mother : the embrace was coldly *suffered*, not returned.

“ Oh !” said the confused Marquis, “ I was ever ready to acknowledge the loveliness of the divine Lady Laura. I think her an angelic creature. But come, I must tell you the winding-up of my Bond Street adventures this morning. Lady Laura and her friend were marching through ranks of jewellery at LOVE’s shop, when Lady Laura caught up a silver Serpent, fastened it round the most beautiful tresses in the world, and asked her friend if it was not charming ? The woman had the same opinion as myself ; she did not like it. I approached them, and said, ‘ The head is divine, but not the ornament. Locks like those will be immortalized like Berenice’s, and not like Medusa’s.—By Heaven ! Lady Laura took no more notice of me, nor of what I said, than if I had been a pug dog. The dear sentimentalists seemed wrapped up

A finished Sketch.

in each other. Lady Laura, ever witty, ever happy in the association of her ideas, presented her friend with an elegant butterfly broach; it was so apt, there seemed something so *volage* about this friend, for never did I see before so much insignificance, and yet so much meaning, combined in a countenance made up of little trifling features. Her size and complexion were also equivocal, she was neither tall nor short, neither fair nor brown, her eyes blue, her eye-brows and eye-lashes black, and her hair only two shades darker than the divine Laura's." "You seem to have taken very circumstantial notice of her, I think," said Lady Charlotte. "I did," answered her brother, "because I immediately saw she was one of those women that please, we know not how, or why. She was quite Pope's Calypso; I am sure she could charm; but it was without beauty, for like her she was,

"Just *not* ugly!——"

Maternal Feelings.

She saw a beautiful cameo of Lord Nelson, and presented it in return. The sweet beaming eyes of the feeling Laura 'spoke volumes' of maternal tenderness, while her lips faintly articulated, 'My boys!'

"'The renowned Nelson, no doubt, brought the association to her mind,' said Lady Charlotte, 'Her youngest little boy has just entered the Navy.'

"'So I understand,' said his Lordship. Well, they both walked off, and I saw no more of them; and they walked off, with elevated parasols; and though the tassels of their *ridicules* brushed me *en passant*, they did not deign to cast one look at your humble servant."

"But when are we to leave town? Here is scarce any person of fashion left! A few country boobies are just come to gape at Vauxhall, return home in a

A Fashionable Driver.

month, and tell of the wonders they have seen in *Lunnun*. Oh! now I think on it, I must tell you a good thing of a sweet-looking country girl. As Tom Kenworth jumped off his box, equipped completely *en cocher*, from the cape downwards, and smacked his whip in the true driving style, like the French postillions he has heard on the continent, (but which here always gives the idea of a carman,) he stood, taking up the whole door-way of Madame Lauchestre's, the milliner. You know his size is not of the pigmy kind, and he increased his breadth by putting one arm a-kimbo. Thus he stood, gazing at the face of the pretty innocent, who seemed to wish to enter, but was abashed at the torrid, flaming countenance of the Cerberus who guarded the door. A respectable-looking country squire was just behind her. "Papa," said she, "I wish you would speak to that great coachman to get out of the way!" Tom's auditory faculties are

A Mistake.

amazingly quick ; the natural purple of his face was heightened by a glow of the deepest scarlet ; the colour it assumed would make a beautiful shot for a winter pelisse, I assure you, ladies. Poor Tom ! he walked away ready to burst with disappointed importance and astonishment, that all the world, from the North to the South pole, should not know the Honourable Thomas Kenworth of Grosvenor Square : and a new dashing Barouche stood close by, with a pair of the sweetest Arabians that ever Tattersal sold. To mount the box he would not ; that would still dub him, in the eyes of the pretty lady, the coachman *ex professo*. I stood at a convenient distance, enjoying the scene, and I do believe once he was inclined to force his way through the milliner's rooms to inform the strangers who he was, when suddenly, a brother whip, in the person of Lord Somertown, clapt him on the shoulder. Tom wished his lordship to mount the box.

A Scheme for Country Pastime.

My lord observed rather too much spirit in the Arabians, threw himself into the carriage; and Tom drove again, in a very sneaking manner, and got out of the street, as fast as possible."

"My dear Philip, you are a mad, entertaining creature," said the Duchess, "We shall leave town positively next week, and what will you do with yourself amongst green fields and shady groves?"

"I think I will turn author, and scribble for your Grace's amusement. I'll draw all the characters of our fashionable acquaintance, and read them to you on a Sunday, or when we are weary of a little innocent gambling; by the time the midnight hour strikes, then, what I have compiled in the day, I will read to you till three; and then we will court repose. The soft, candid, and sentimental part, excuses for our neighbour's failings, and

The Plan agreed upon.

all those pretty *et cæteras*, I will allot to Charlotte ; mine shall have the true zest of fashion, scandal, and the spirit of the times !”

“ Excellent !” said the Duchess ; “ This will do ; our country amusements are excessively insipid, owing to the immense distance of that horrid mansion from every fashionable watering-place, and where we are obliged to be immured for a few months every year. So much for parent’s fancies ! It is a pity they are allowed to express more in their wills than merely to bequeath us their property ; that is all a will is worth.”

Alas ! the Duchess of Pymont little thought how truly she would be indebted to her son, for a proposal formed in the giddy impulse of a thoughtless moment !

A Lady, celebrated once for beauty,

A Recipe for enlarging the Eyes.

famous for her travels, and always justly so for her literary talents and taste, had been married some years to a German Prince : she had been much in Turkey, had seen and known more of the customs and manners of the Turkish ladies, than any of her travelling predecessors. The eyes of the Duchess of Pymont were of a beautiful black, but rather small. The Princess had innocently told her, they had the true Turkish hue, in point of colour ; and that the Beauties of the Ottoman Empire had a custom of enlarging the orbit of their eyes, by a powder of lead ore, finely ground, and prepared with sweet-oil on a porphyry stone, and lightly laid on with a camel's hair pencil, but cautioned the vain and silly Duchess against making use of it.

To be admired for her personal charms, was the Duchess of Pymont's weak side : She caused the powder to be procured ; and on the evening that she gave

The Duchess becomes blind.

her farewell rout, before her departure for the country, to a few noble friends who had not yet quitted London; when the stately rooms were beautifully adorned with alabaster lamps, and the Egyptian rosewood urns, exhaled the powerful and odoriferous otto; dressed completely in the *costume à la Turque*, appeared the smiling Duchess. Triumph sat over her well-arched eye-brow, and on the enlarging circle round and under her eye-lids; but, whether by a mistake in the preparation of the destructive powder, or that her Grace had not been sufficiently careful to keep it from the sight, a sudden and frightful dimness came over her once-sparkling eyes: with horror she reflected on the warning words of the Princess Benchaussen, when she said, “My dear Duchess, pray take care, do not think of using it.”

The party was broken up; faintings, hysterics, succeeded each other through

A Consolation.

the night ; in vain she wished to behold another and another morning ; the sight of the Duchess was gone, for ever !

Still she was a Duchess ; she continued to be idolized and courted ; and she yet had ears open to the flattery of those shallow fops, who, to gain access to her parties, and to be seen in them, would compliment her on her likeness to the hoodwinked little god, declare her still the finest woman in the world, and that heaven had closed her brilliant eyes in pity to mankind !


Her taste for anecdote and secret history, became more vivid than before : *one* sense was closed, that glanced on her neighbour's defects, and the *other* became more sensibly acute.

In autumn the days were very short, and she had not yet arrived to any degree of skill, in the art of playing with those

Her Amusements.

cards, which by punctures are made perceptible to the touch of a blind person; to such a degree of perfection has art of every kind been brought at the present day.

Her son and daughter truly loved her; and they did all they could to divert her mind: but nothing afforded her so much satisfaction as the various modern characters they put together for her amusement, and which were similar to those contained in the following pages.



LADY FRANCES SUNBURY.

- - - Ô quantum est in rebus inane ! PERS.

LADY Frances Stuart was the daughter of the Earl of Benfield, who was much more famous for his military achievements, than for the fairness of his private character: in the field, few equalled him for valour or skill: in his house and family few could come in competition with him for cruelty to a most amiable wife, and neglect of daughters who promised, in their early days of childhood, to be patterns of loveliness and grace.

Virtuous, prudent, and as resigned, as far as is possible for humanity to be, the suffering Countess bore the repeated indignities her unworthy husband loaded her with, for a length of time; so that her forbearance astonished even the most *apathetic* characters. In concurrence,

Portrait of Lady Sunbury.

however, with the wishes of all her friends, she obtained a separation, having it agreed to retain her daughters with her.

Lady Frances, the youngest, was extremely beautiful: gay, volatile, early accustomed to receive the adulation of man; like the unconscious rose, she suffered the butterflies to hover round her: noxious insects will however mingle with the innocent; and the wasp-like stings of calumny endeavoured to depreciate the innocent Frances: she might, it was true, be a little of the coquette, but she was no more than a little; and envy and slander were obliged to own their invectives groundless.

The health of the Countess of Benfield obliged her to quit England, and, accompanied by her family, she departed, to try the more genial and tempered air of Italy.

Continued.

A proficient in the fine and elegant arts, here Lady Frances passed her delighted hours under the mild influence of an unclouded sky, and amongst a people unaccustomed to view a chastened freedom of polished manners in an improper light, Lady Frances reigned among them like a little goddess; and her beneficent mind was rendered completely happy by the happiness she imparted to others.

She had hitherto lived in that tranquil indifference, which, pleased with general attention, exacts it not from one alone: at Bath, in London, at every fashionable summer resort, she had been followed by crowds of lovers; but her young mind and care-repelling heart, had never yet formed an attachment: an accomplished man of fashion was as indifferent to her, if he helped her to mount or dismount her horse, as her mother's footman would be when performing the same office:

Her meeting with Lord Francis Sunbury.

and when she was dancing, an exercise of which she was very fond, in vain the enamoured partner gave her the tender and meaning pressure, as he led her by the fair hand through the dance; one partner, if he danced well, was the same to her as another.

She was now residing in the land of love; where love is the constant theme of conversation; where the soft-hearted Italian girl lends a willing ear to her lover, whose enthusiasm finds,

“ A mistress or a fane in every grove.”

A modern Adonis arrived in this delightful land; and he came from England, from the native country of Frances. A fine person, elegance and accomplishments, then united all their delusive attractions in Lord Francis Sunbury. The fair insensible found herself no longer the same: the similiarity of their tastes, the vivacity of their manners and congeniality of thoughts, soon gave birth to a mutual

A few Questions to the Heart.

attachment. Music's divinest strains in the very region of harmony, the sublimest efforts of the sculptor's and painter's skill, called forth those remarks from them, which evinced to each other their feeling, taste, and genius: whilst the evening's walk, where the orange blossom and jessamine of Calabria, the rose of Pæstum, and the crocus of the Sabine fields, strove for the mastery of fragrance, soon tempted Lord Francis to offer his hand and fortune to the consenting Frances. Why should such delightful moments of life be ever forgot? Why does not the recollection of them act as a stimulus to decaying affection, and rekindle the languid torch of love? remembrance cannot sleep over moments, where the mind has held the chief ascendancy, and vitiated must be that mind, that seeks to repel those dear intrusions of memory! When these delighted young people wandered through the labyrinths of romance, and when Sunbury found in the similarity of their

An Innocent Delusion.

names, a sure presage that they would be indissolubly united, could his Frances ever think he would wish to dissolve such an union? Oh! no, she would say; (if sometimes a moment's reflection did come to her aid) when he thinks of his own name, every time he writes it he will think also of me!

Oh! man, accuse not woman of deception; how dost thou put in practice every *Proteus-like* art to gain thy purpose! soft, gentle and fatally insinuating, thou seemest incapable of wounding the heart that confides in thee; even thine own life appears but a trivial sacrifice for the beloved object.

It is but charity to believe, that man, from the impulse of high and ungovernable passions, is honestly sincere, at the moment when he is making protestations of unchanging fidelity, and that he does not really deceive with an avowed in-

They return to England.

tention to betray. Weakness in the art of self-conquest, when passions again intrude, renders unsupported every feeble barrier of remaining virtue, and he continues to veer by the destructive force of each momentary inclination, from bad to worse.

Lord Francis well knew that his father would never consent to his marriage with Lady Frances: he had in view for him more high and splendid alliances: Lady Frances knew this also; and that her mother would never consent to sanction their union, without his father's approbation: a private correspondence was therefore agreed upon.

The young nobleman's travels being finished, he departed for England; and the family of the Countess of Benfield left Italy soon after.

On the arrival of Lady Frances in London, Sunbury became more in love

The Banns are published.

than ever: he proposed a private marriage; but how could it be effected? The health of Lady Benfield was yet fragile, and the affectionate Frances would give up her heart's dearest inclinations, sooner than by an elopement impart pain to an indulgent parent, and by giving irritation to her mind, perhaps accelerate her decay.

Who would grant a licence to people of their rank? Lord Frances yet under age! They, accordingly, among numerous other couples, had their banns published in church, and they were unheeded by the auditors of fashion, as they never attended to the concerns of such *little people* who could be asked in church, but purposely turned a deaf ear;—My Lady took the opportunity of enquiring of her daughter, whom she had invited at a select party to cards in the evening? Another would take a card from her *ridicule*, and read over a list of the morn-

The Lovers are united.

ing visits she meant to pay when church was over: while others sat ruminating on the parties they were likely to meet at the different houses of the nobility who gave Sunday concerts.

After the banns had been duly published, the thoughtless pair were married, as was currently reported, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Francis. This marriage could not long be kept concealed from the parents of both parties; the old Earl, the father of Lord Francis, did all he could to annul the match, and declared it void as his son was under age.

Love, for a while, triumphed over duty; and Lord Francis nobly declared, that he never would own another wife. A lovely boy was born to him; and Frances, happy and delighted with her new state, quitted all her former gaities, and gave herself up to the pure and affectionate characters of wife and mother.

A visible change.

Soon after the birth of her second son, with mingled pain, and all the fluctuating anxiety of fear and hope, dreading to bring conviction to her mind, she too plainly perceived a visible inequality in the behaviour of her Francis towards her; till then invariably kind, and ever charmed with her winning society: he now became frequently absent from her, and sometimes for a length of time: her good sense however taught her, that frowns and reproaches would be of no use, but only render her situation worse; that, assiduity and tenderness, though they would not entirely make him the ardent and adoring husband he once was, yet might ensure her his confidence and unchanging esteem.

But the charm of novelty was fled! the hour of conjugal felicity was past! Willingly he now welcomed the nullity of his marriage; and declaring he should ever provide for the children, as born in

She bears it with patience.

lawful wedlock, yet a separation was become absolutely necessary, to ensure him the future countenance of his friends and relations; and that her maintenance, on their being divided, should be so munificent, that it should enable her to live in the splendour becoming his wife.

She was obliged to bow, in patient acquiescence, to this most trying circumstance of her life. Her fortune was very small; her mother had long been separated from her husband, and though it was universally known that he had treated her ill, and though after his death she might receive her jointure, yet her interests, and those of the Benfield family, had become separate. Lord Francis had rich, high and powerful friends, with his own inclinations concurring to dissolve his marriage: She therefore accepted the terms of a separate maintenance; and resolved, if possible, to see him no more.

She retires to the Sea-shore.

It will scarce meet with credit, but is nevertheless true, that she was, from failure of payment, on the part of Lord Francis, obliged to have recourse to the forms of the law, to procure her maintenance from him, who would once joyfully have welcomed poverty for her sake, her, whose form alone could once delight his eyes, and whose simplest accents were once the sweetest music to his ear.

She retired to an elegant dwelling by the sea side, where she lives beloved and respected by all who have the honour of her acquaintance. Her conduct is uniformly correct; her society well chosen and cautiously selected: so totally impossible does she render it by her prudential conduct, for the forked tongue of slander to reach her: her mansion is the embellished seat of taste, elegance and hospitality, as her heart is that of refinement, candour, and kindness.

Conclusion.

She devotes her chief time to her children, her books, and the exercise of the various accomplishments she so amply possesses.

Though Lord Francis seems to have forgotten the happy hours he formerly passed with her, yet the father has still prevailed; he cannot forget his boys, nor the claims they have upon him. But why give pain to the anxious heart of the mother? All her maternal feelings have been lately called forth, at the idea of being deprived of these blossoms reared and cherished by her hand, who are to remain no longer under her own inspection, but entirely to be consigned to the care of guardians of his Lordship's appointing.



THE DUKE OF WARTON.

“ Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum

“ Sera moratur.”

HORAT. Carm. i. Ode 38.

HAD we but for a few moments the friendly assistance of the Asmodeus of Le Sage, how many yet undiscovered scenes might be presented to the public eye! yet without such a demoniac aid, the tongue of rumour, impossible to be checked, the whispers of babbling indiscretion will circulate from ear to ear, and disclose those truths which art and fashion so much wish to conceal.

The dressing-room of the decrepit old Beau, whose character is here delineated, would furnish ample subject for a ludicrous poem; and, though guarded with every scrupulous care, the penetrating eye of curiosity has yet explored it, and busy prattle has told the tale.

Chicken-gloves, milk of roses, every

His Dressing-room.

adipous unguent to smooth the wrinkled skin, lie in scattered profusion on the toilette of this venerable Narcissus: the wig, of a beautiful auburn colour, and made to look as much like nature as possible, hangs on a gilded stand, by the looking-glass, with not one shining curl discomposed.

In one corner swells the ponderous milk-bath, in which his Grace so lately escaped a drowning; and the warm sheep-skin shirt depends from the glittering-hook, ready to impart, in the absence of the maid of *Shunam*, an artificial degree of heat at night to his age-frozen limbs.

In one really possessed of manly accomplishments and taste, well-versed in the manners and language of those various countries he has visited, what can be the motive of his thus giving himself up to such trifling vanity?

His Search after Pleasure.

It is not because the season of dotage is arrived; the Duke of Warton has ever been the same without variation from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the present day: it is that ruling passion which attends poor mortals to the last, and is so well described by Pope, who, in that of the old lover, gives us a faithful picture of the Duke:

“ He envies every sparrow that he sees.”

MORAL ESSAYS.

The Duke of Warton was a constant admirer of the female sex, but we are led to suppose he never had been a favourite with them, being always obliged to content himself with purchasing favours from those ladies whose occupation consists in selling them. It has even been reported that he used to wander, unattended, in the streets, in search of the credulous servant girl, or the unexperienced and giddy young wife of the

His Motive for leading a Single Life.

unconscious labourer: and that, frequently, his Grace has met with those rebuffs, from these children of virtuous simplicity, which his illicit proposals have deserved; to others he has often been obliged to the resource of making known his high rank, and then he has sometimes succeeded with vain and easy-gained ignorance, who thought it a glorious conquest to attract the notice of a Duke!

His Grace was never married, owing, it is believed, to the fickle inconstancy of his mind in respect to women: otherwise, a nobleman descended as he is, from the most ancient line of Princes and Monarchs, with his high and respectable living connexions, he might, no doubt, have formed a matrimonial alliance with not only some titled, but wealthy female.

If the self-knowledge of an inconstant disposition was his motive for embracing a single life, it shews him to be a man of

Reflections.

the most honourable principles. Examples in this polished century too often present themselves amongst the great, of marriages contracted only to obtain riches, in the pre-determined resolution of squandering them, to support unworthy and rapacious mistresses, and indulge the vitiated taste of varied inclination.

When the changing affections of men wander after a multiplicity of women, they may, for a short time, be the favourites of the fair, but it will not last; the spell is soon broken, and they discover that a degree of incapability to please them long, is ever attached to those famed for inconstancy; it is like Epicurism in the science of eating; we generally find the healthy cat with a good appetite of one pure and salubrious dish; but the languid and broken stomach seeks its gratification in all the various ways that the culinary art can make use of to render the food any way palatable.

An Anecdote.

A most interesting period happened at one part of the Duke of Warton's life. He fancied he was a father! Was it then only fancy? Oh, no!—Nature twines herself round every fibre of the heart, and parental feeling cannot be deceived.

Hitherto his Grace had never beheld woman but only in a sexual view. Charlotte Horton, whom he regarded as his daughter, was lovely and engaging in her person, yet he beheld her without desire; pure, yet ardent was the affection that warmed his bosom: he felt jealously tenacious of her honour, and keenly alive to her future interests: But then, her mother! so lavish of her precarious caresses! Who could determine whose child she was? One of the great Wits of the day declared she was his, for he felt pleased with the acquisition of such a daughter: Yet he felt not like the Duke of Warton. Still, like him, he was determined to claim her, own her before all

Casting Lots for Fatherhood.

the world as his daughter, and amply provide for her. "Oh! she is mine alone," said the real father. "Well! as wise Solomon said," replied the Wit, "we will divide her: the mother has divided her affections between us; and though, trust me, I do not mean to cut her in halves, yet, as I am pretty confident that I have as much claim to Charlotte as yourself, we will bring her up at our joint expence, give her a good education, and that portion as shall entitle her to a respectable marriage!"

"Since you quote scripture," said the Duke, "you prove, like the harlot who wished the child to be divided, that she is none of yours!—Hear me! she shall be, as I am sure she is, wholly mine, or I give up all claim to her."

The Wit, catching up a dice-box, said, "Come! chance shall decide it:" And it was so, apparently, decided: But it was

He is declared Father.

not chance,—no, the gentle breath of the angel who presides over paternal affection, blew the dice; and the Duke was declared, without contradiction, the father of Charlotte Horton!—And before they threw, it had been previously agreed between them, that whoever lost should never, by any word, direct or indirect, assert that kindred with her, which afterwards was sufficiently proved the Duke had the only claim to.

The Duke of Warton acted the part of a kind and tender parent; and while he enjoyed the company of his Charlotte; happy in watching her improvements, seeing her caressed and admired, he gave up in a great degree, the ridiculous and continual change of his promiscuous amours.

He had the satisfaction of seeing her well and happily married to a nobleman; and he soon relapsed into all the silly



Casting lots for Fatherhood *it was not chance . ' no .*
But the gentle breath of the Angel who presides
over paternal Affection, blew the Dice .



Returns to his favourite Pursuits.

licentiousness of his former life, now made doubly ridiculous for him to pursue, from his increasing infirmities, and a confirmed old age, which no art is able to conceal or disguise.

Yet he is determined to call in every aid to preserve his complexion, and to give himself an air of youth; and he really does look tolerably well, for one who has led such a life, and told so many years.

However, in scanning the Duke's character with impartiality, we shall rejoice to find him a man more weak and vain, than wicked: he has loved women, gaming, and horse-racing; but he is not a married man!—he has injured no one but himself; and his large fortune has been at his own disposal to employ as best pleases him.

He is possessed of many excellent

His excellent Qualities

principles, which largely preponderate against his faults, and will cause his little vanities to mount aloft, when weighed in the balance of charity and candour.

He is most loyal to his king and country ; ready and honest in the discharge of his tradesmen's bills: That his heart is warm and affectionate, his constant attachment and conduct to his daughter unquestionably prove ; and that charity and benevolence are inmates of his bosom, his munificent assistance to the unfortunate and proscribed wanderers from a neighbouring nation, is a sufficient and ever-living testimony. If spontaneous and innumerable charities, as we are assured, cover our sins, however great their multitude, he has a claim to forgiveness, for he will prop up a falling institution by his liberality, and make it flourish in renovated strength. When he hears of the wretched sufferers from a dreadful fire, the ready thousand pounds fly from his ge-

Overbalance his Faults.

nerous coffers : and if the friendly voice of Britannia invites her wealthy sons to support a laudable patriotism in any part of the world, his Grace's name blazes first with effective and superior radiancy on the list of the subscribers. How much better is he than the close-fisted miser, who because he does no harm, is called *a good kind* of a man, and under the sanctified appearance of a Christian, hides a heart of stone !



MRS. ARLINGTON.

... "te sæpe vocanti
"Duram difficilis mane." HORAT.

THIS lady was not much known in the fashionable world, and very little spoken of, until her marriage with Colonel Arlington; and it is painful to relate, that even after her marriage, she was less taken notice of as a dutiful, constant, and affectionate wife, than she was in becoming the theme of general conversation, after she had formed a fatal attachment, which ended in her public disgrace!

Her husband, being a man of large fortune, of a noble family, and appearing, in the opinion of the world, to live very happily with her, each eye was turned with disgust at her faulty conduct, and every ear was open to the invective hourly poured forth on her blighted reputation.

Be it our part not to screen or palliate

A fair and just Defence.

vice, but fairly to investigate the faults on both sides, ever to lean to the side of the weakest, and prove the unhappy wife not always the *sole* aggressor.

Certainly every proof was adduced of Mrs. Arlington's guilt; but what might lead or urge her on to the commitment of it, is carefully concealed. We cannot forbear remarking, that very peculiar circumstances must influence a brother to welcome a proscribed wife, and grant her an honourable and safe protection! A brother is always tenacious of his sister's honour, and is seldom known to screen her, when guilty of the crime of adultery, unless some strange concurrences, which perhaps cannot be made public, induce him to it.

Not one kind word is said in defence of Mrs. Arlington, though she does not fly to the arms of her seducer, but deplures her fault in retirement, and seeks

A Caution to Married Women,

consolation only from the soothings of fraternal affection.

Beautiful, and in the prime of life, she too easily lent an ear to the blandishments of flattery, directed to her from a man of high rank and accomplishments in the absence of her husband. That part of her conduct admits of no defence. Gradual is the progress of vice, and the married woman must guard against receiving protestations of love from any other man ; for when she listens with outward complacency, and inward pleasure, she is lost, especially if the honour of her lover is not to be depended upon ; and little can be relied on where a man allows himself, in such a situation, openly to profess his inclinations.

We do not say that Colonel Arlington was purposely absent, but after a husband has harboured suspicions, why does he prefer aquatic excursions to the so-

Damage-hunting Husbands.

ciety of an amiable woman, and leave her unguarded and assailable? Why not expostulate with her? why not tell her his suspicions? or rather why not be more at home, increase his own attentions and kindnesses towards her, and thereby act on a generous mind in that safest manner of ensuring her virtue and his own honour, by so preventing the lapse of her's? No, the sweet hopes of obtaining high damages are the temptation; and men seem delighted with the gilded antlers, which they proclaim before all the world they wear. Even two hundred pounds from a livery-servant have had their charms for one of these damage-hunting gentlemen;—Since he has ripped up the old frailties of his guilty partner in the sweet expectation of obtaining a *little more*, and he was not disappointed, for he gained *one shilling!*

But Mrs. Arlington does not appear to be depraved; she might have been kind-

Observations.

ly led back to virtue, before she stepped into the path of vice : she now shrieks, abashed, from the world, and conceals her shame under her brother's roof.

Colonel Arlington seemed determined to find her guilty : he went not himself to prevent the fatal assignation before it was too late ; but every plan was laid to proclaim her crime, and his own disgrace, to the public.

What officious, *high-feeding* landlady would lose her own dinner, and sit, for an hour, watching the guests who frequented her house, had it not been previously planned, and she well rewarded for it ?

The chamber-maid, likewise, and servants, seemed all to combine the force of preconcerted evidence, against the unhappy transgressor.—And how often has the evidence of domestics been procured

A Word *en-passant*.

to overthrow the quiet of families ! Many instances could be adduced of false accusations being made by a worthless servant, who had been turned away for neglect of duty, and thus has sought revenge.

The world cannot have forgot, and surely it will be handed down for centuries to come, the cruel conduct of a Naval Officer of high rank in his profession, towards a chaste and amiable wife; whom he had repeatedly treated with those indignities, which shock every mind possessed of any degree of delicacy, and her's peculiarly so: yet this woman, so pure, so refined, he scrupled not to accuse of incontinence with a black servant ! And the poor wretch owned on the trial, that he had been highly bribed to accuse his mistress :—By whom bribed ? The horrid conviction too plainly speaks to the astonished mind !

Lord Berwick, the too highly-favour-

Bribery.

ed lover of Mrs. Arlington, could not be on such a degree of intimacy with the family, as it appears he was, without the knowledge of Colonel Arlington; and that the Colonel had his suspicions, is but too evident, from every corroborating witness adduced by servants. We cannot think much of the disinterestedness of the Inn-keeper's wife, because she refused the munificent bribe held out to her, to make her hold her tongue: "From the abundance of the heart, the mouth will speak:" And she said to his lordship, "No; if I am silent, all the servants know it, and will not be so." She therefore felt convinced that, tempting as was Lord Berwick's offer to her, as he had not made the same to the servants, they would be sure to tell all they knew, if from motives of envy alone. It may naturally then be surmised, that she was rewarded from another quarter.

Think not, reader, that adultery is

Nothing can compensate the loss of a good Wife.

here palliated, or in the smallest degree defended; but it is impossible to feel much pity for the man who ameliorates his fortune by his wife's and his own disgrace. Did Lord Berwick take away money from Colonel Arlington? How then could a few thousands compensate for the loss of a once-loved, once kind and faithful wife? Could they restore her lost fidelity; would not every guinea be expended of it remind him of his present dishonour and past happiness?

When an husband, so injured, asserts his honour, he SHOULD NOBLY REFUSE the paltry damages accorded him, and shew that lucre was not his motive for exposing the adulterous parties to the eyes of the world.

Would a man wish, by obtaining this gilding for his ornamented brow, to enrich children, to whom it may be doubtful whether he has a true parental claim?

She was unskilled in Intrigue.

We are indeed concerned, when a woman of Mrs. Arlington's once fair character, has thus violated her marriage vows. A seeming stranger to vice; only one billet had she written to her illicit lover: artless, unskilled in sly intrigue, she tells him to come and see her, when her husband was from home, in the hearing of her servants. She was pleased with Lord Berwick's conversation, she liked his society; and we must repeat that, we find her frequently left to solitude: for the evidence against her says, his Lordship came *very often*, and always when the Colonel was *from home*.

These visits could not be planned on the part of Mrs. Arlington, as she never sent but one note to his Lordship.

When she had taken the last fatal step, which sunk her, and her hitherto spotless fame, into the abyss of infamy, when discovered, she uttered, that, it was the

Conclusion.

first time she had been *imprudent!* She gave it too gentle a term ; for we really believe it was the *first*, (and we may be led to suppose, from circumstances that followed, the *last*) time she had been criminal!*

* The following lines of a celebrated poet, should not be understood as a rule for married people :

Curse on all laws but those which love has made ;
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

POPE,

SIR JACOB SAMPSON.

“ . . . moriemur inultæ
“ Sed moriamur, ait.”

VIRGIL.

IN this gentleman we behold a man, not striving by pecuniary acquisitions to insure himself that happiness, which he finds every reason to suspect his wife has for ever destroyed, but we see him sinking under the affliction, caused by his suspicions, and seeking refuge only in despair.

Sir Jacob Sampson, as his name sufficiently evinces, was of that race which were once the chosen favourites of their Maker; and if, as the liberal and well-informed mind assures its possessor, all religions are equal in the eye of OMNIPOTENCE, if mercy, justice, and integrity are the leading rules of their conduct, then we may safely say, that Sir Jacob was one who shone amongst the favourites of heaven.

His Character.

No man knew the value of money better than he did ; but he knew its value only, as it served him to prop the State which protected him : he had lavished it in support of government, and in affording the helping means of carrying on an arduous war : he has employed it also in magnificently feasting the sons of his lawful Sovereign ; and, though a merchant and citizen himself, in regaling those nobles, which he knew, how empty soever may be the mere *sound* of title, are yet necessary to support each proper gradation of government : while his liberal hand, ever open to succour distress, has blessed and comforted the poor in his vicinity.

But much as money may be deemed desirable, as for the pleasure it affords in dispensing it for good to others, in that delightful way Sir Jacob was ever assiduous to do ; yet he well knew that the precious metal gold, is unable to

His Friend.

heal the lacerated heart, or calm the tortures of an anguished mind.

He had a friend, rather an humble friend, because he was in a great measure dependant upon him: he was possessed of a fine person, and great acquired endowments of learning. The study of the college may impart wisdom to the head, but it cannot give the more amiable virtues of the heart: yet how often do the learned follow that occupation, whose chief and first lesson of instruction is virtue; and which early teaches the lisping infant to repeat the maxim, "Do as you would be done by."

The polished ease of fashion, and a liberal mind and education, allow of freedoms and intimacies unknown to the middling and lower classes of life. Sir Jacob's connexions and acquaintance ranked amongst the highest circles, his *Ami* was *l'Ami de la maison*, and Sir

Imprudent conduct of his Wife.

Jacob well knew that a virtuous woman is in no danger with a male companion, if that man is an honourable man; for he often acts, in every correct sense, not only as a protector, but, at the same time, a cherished friend, and with whom, thought he, could his wife be so safe, as with a good and sensible man, whose calling is that of virtue and principle?

But the conduct of Lady Sampson seemed to be divested of its accustomed prudence; so that an affectionate husband began to be alarmed.

Just to his own honour, yet unwilling to make any *eclat* in the world, he was at first like Joseph, “minded to put her away privately:” yet her still *endearing* behaviour, the recollection of the happiness she had once diffused over his social and private hours, made him look into his own thoughts, and imagine that, perhaps, a spark of jealousy, almost insepa-

Admonitions received with Contempt.

rable from true love, had crept into the enlarged composition of his heart ; and still he would have stronger proofs before he came to extremities ; as for a trial in Westminster Hall, and suing for damages, that never once entered his mind.

He became still more alarmed ; and, as he imagined, with reason ; and, it is said, he ventured to expostulate with her, on the unguarded partiality she evinced for his humble friend. We should hope all that has been spoken on this event is not strictly true ; it is, however, confidently reported, that she not only refused to alter her conduct, but treated her unhappy husband, and his kind admonitions, with the utmost contempt. The pangs that inward agitations produce, especially those of the heart, are indescribable, and their result not to be accounted for : A settled and dark melancholy came over the once-active mind of Sir Jacob ; the interests of his country were no longer

His untimely Death.

dear to him ; the habit of diffusing good to others, was continued, from systematic order, but it gave not its accustomed glow to his benevolent mind ; it was become habitual only, and mechanical, as the hourly time-piece strikes, unconscious itself of the effect it produces.

Worked up to a state of melancholy frenzy, this useful life was closed by his own rash hand *. We have been persuaded to believe, that a chronic disorder, gradually ascending to the recesses of the brain, produced this fatal event : we sincerely trust it was so.

We hope for the honour of the female sex, that his wife, however suspected by

* These beautiful lines might be well applied to this unfortunate man.

“ Ho core anch'io che morte sprezza e crede
“ Che ben si cambi con l'Onor la Vita.”

Observations on Suicide.

the fancies of melancholy, engendered chiefly, perhaps, by severe indisposition, was yet innocent: that he was in a state of lunacy, at the time he committed the fatal deed, is certain; so is nearly every one who perpetrates the act of suicide, however seemingly predetermined: nature, in her lucid moments, shudders at the thought of being her own destroyer, and the preservation of life is the first law.

It may be urged that, there are many instances, where a person has acted very methodically and coolly, before he has lifted a daring hand against his own life: we acknowledge it all; but then the lunacy has already taken place; for the lunatic generally dwells on one subject; and what instances of regular method will their not occur in madness! how will a man, in all the raging fury of a brain fever, lay plans for his *escape*! how will he not watch the drowsy eyes of the Argusses who surround him, to see if

Conclusion.

they sleep, that he may effect this *escape*. In this instance there seems thought and apparent reason; but it is instinctive thought only; the brain is still on fire, and in such a case, if this febriculose man should emancipate himself from his keepers, and be found self-destroyed, would he be pronounced guilty of suicide, and condemned to be buried in the cross-roads? surely no.

The whole nation mourns the loss of such a man as Sir Jacob Sampson, and laments that he could not remain in this scene of sorrow his appointed time: his name and memory will ever be held in veneration, and his remaining kindred, who bear that name, are equally revered; they have the same means, and the same amiable propensity to do good, as their unfortunate brother, and we trust they will long enjoy that useful life, which reflects honour on human nature.

ANIMADVERSIONS,

&c.

“ Quid fles, Asterie ?”

HORAT. iii. 7.

“THIS will never, never do,” said the Marquis of Waltham; “Charlotte has a tear trembling in her eye, the dear Duchess pensively leans her head on her hand, and I cannot but lament the fate of my unfortunâte and munificent friend, Sir Jacob Sampson. But a truce to these mournful subjects: You, Charlotte, who are so firmly devoted to the belief of a future state, you must know that a man of his character, according to your creed, cannot fail of being happy. Come, my dear Duchess, the rain is over: the grounds are delightful on the gravelled path-way after this little shower—let me lead you.

“I do not much like these morning readings,” continued the Marquis as they walked; “nothing shall again tempt me to it: to-morrow I will collect some-

A ludicrous Adventure.

thing more gay for our evenings amusement. And now I must tell you a few of my ideas, as they start to my mind.

“In the character we have sketched of the Duke of Warton, and to which, Charlotte, your sweet candour gave the finishing touches, one curious anecdote of him was quite forgot; it is but little known, and I am certain you are both ignorant of it; it is, nevertheless, true. Sit down a little while, dear ladies, in the prospect-chair, and I will stand by and tell it you.

“His Grace was one day on his usual perambulations, coursing on foot, after some little uncautious leveret or other, that might perchance fall in his way; when, behold, a very well-dressed, fine-looking woman crossed his path, and this amorous septuaginary swain immediately began his attacks. The lady at first took no notice of him; she was young, hand-

Continued.

some, had a something of fashion about her, and yet accompanied by a kind of inexperienced air.

“ As he had never seen her any where before, he had recourse to the old expedient of making known his rank, and intreating and imploring the lady would accompany him home. The artful fair one appeared to be softened, refused this favour, but seemed willing, and, indeed, rather desirous, the Duke should accompany her. He had rather have spared himself that trouble. Again intreating, and the better to obtain his purpose, he slipped a note into her willing hand. Still he was obliged to follow, for the lady had highly charmed him, and she led the way, resolving not to accompany him to his residence. Of course a woman of any fashion seldom walks far when quite alone ; she soon stopped at the door of an house in a fashionable square, the door of which

The Catastrophe.

was opened to her with great respect by a servant in a dashing livery.

“Appearances, and the conduct of the lady, made the Duke now think he had fell in with some courtesan, kept in high style and splendour. They were shown into an elegant saloon back-parlour, where was seated a most respectable looking gentleman, whom, to the amazement and confusion of his Grace, the lady introduced as her husband!”—“And permit me, my dear,” said she, “to introduce to you his Grace the Duke of Warton! and see,” added she, laying the note on the table, “the honour his Grace intended you and me, and how generous he would have shown himself!”

“How this adventure ended, you may easily guess: I had heard enough, from the first authority, of the truth of it; and as the *qui pro quo* was all I thought

Plan for future Readings.

worth of it, I did not stay to hear the rest: I only know the poor Duke was most egregiously duped and confused; and was close housed, for some time after, under pretence of indisposition.

“ Now I will tell you whose adventures I mean to give you next.” “ Oh, if you are going into adventures and histories, I shall be weary,” said the Duchess; “ most truly so.”

“ Customs then and characters,” said his Lordship; “ and they shall be those of the Honourable Mrs. Fernonville.” — “ Oh! heavens,” said Lady Charlotte, “ neither her customs or character can, I am sure, be edifying; I think they will rather disgrace your pen.” — “ Disgrace my pen!” replied the Marquis, “ Oh! she is the glass of easy manners, in which delightful mirror I would like each dear-bewitching female to dress herself! Come now, is not that thought almost as

Deserved Censure.

pretty as your divine Shakespeare's, my prudish sister?"

"You cannot tax me with that," said Lady Charlotte; "no one, I believe, is more free from prudery than myself; but I cannot help saying, that the indecorous conduct of Mrs. Fernonville, however she may be supported by the fashionable world, is not only disgusting but extremely prejudicial: Be assured, my dear brother, it is such women who give men an unfavourable opinion of our sex; and, not only unfavourable, but it causes them to lose that respect which is due to us, when they see the *demi*, more than *demi* nudity of a wife and a mother: and thus the continual trials in Westminster Hall, for the seduction, as it is called, of wives, most alarmingly increases. Why cannot women draw a medium between starched frigidity, and the licentious manner of a courtesan? So different from that sweet and chastened

on Demi-nudity.

freedom of manners, where liberality of mind and elegant ease make up the charm of lively conversation? Instead of this we either now find a stupid silence, a romantic and affected purity, in the air and discourse, or else they run into that levity, which is sure to injure their characters, however undeservedly, and subjects them to the licentious attacks of every unprincipled libertine; while their dress exceeds in immodesty that of the unhappy female who walks the streets. I should think, such want of covering can leave nothing to the imagination, and must disgust your sex in the moment of reflection."

"I declare Charlotte, you are a sweet girl," said the Marquis, embracing her: "I believe you will one day convert me into a moral man, in spite of the prevalence of dear fashion: But do not you see, Duchess, she has a little spice of voluptuous coquetry about her? she wishes

Women desire the Approbation of sensible Men.

to enslave the hearts of men by ensnaring their imagination."

"Oh! you pervert what I say, brother," said Lady Charlotte; "I wish not to enslave the hearts of men; but all women, let them say what they will, desire nothing so much as the approbation and regard of the sensible and worthy part of mankind."—"Honest Charlotte!" said the Marquis, "and now, I will be honest in *my* turn. About a year ago, I began to think it requisite, as a man of fashion, to be an admirer of your sex; and I found the truth of Ovid's remark, that,

"A man sometimes begins to love in jest;

"And after *feels* the torments he *profest*."

"For though I entered on my amorous career with apathy, and merely for fashion's sake, yet women to me became sweet-erring Angels; "I love them *with*, and

The age of the Duchess.

even for, their faults ;” and I loved them all : Never could I be weary, I thought, of beholding the fine-turned limb, delineated through the almost transparent drapery that enwrapped it. The Venus-like bust, sometimes wholly uncovered, created rapture at first ; till at length it grew too familiar to the eye ; and now I declare to you I can behold these frequent nudities, that are obtruded so continually on the sight, with the same cold sensations of indifference as I would look on a piece of carved wood.”


The Duchess smiled, but her smile was accompanied with confusion : She felt a sense of shame stealing into her bosom. The recollection of the years she had numbered, shot its troublesome and intrusive truth over her mind. She was fifty-five ! But she had been, and she was still beautiful, though blind.

She wished to change the subject. She

A hint to the Reader.

arose to walk, and took the arm of her daughter. For almost the first time in her life, Lady Charlotte found it gently pressed against her mother's bosom: *she* felt happy and delighted.

The Marquis retired to his study, to commence the character of Mrs. Fernonville; and though we do not present this character, or any other, in the exact words of these noble Biographers, yet the sense is preserved. It is in our power to add some little anecdotes, perhaps unknown as un-noticed by them, and we wish also to intersperse those reflections, which unheeding fashion too easily dispenses with.



THE HON. MRS. FERNONVILLE.

“ How dost thou risk the soul-distracting view,
“ As, from her naked limbs of glowing white,
“ Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand,
“ In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn, . . .
“ And fair exposed she stood ?”

THOMAS. SUMMER.

WITH an high degree of momentary rapture and delight, on the glow of roseate bloom, on the bewitching dimpled smiles of an Hebe, on the cupid-like, infantine softness of an alabaster pair of handsome shoulders exposed to public view, to attract universal attention on a bosom, whose whiteness and firmness create the idea of Pygmalion's animated marble, the admiring eye rests itself, and finds these charms combined, in the Honorable Mrs. Fernonville.

The Honorable Edward Fernonville, the husband of this beautiful lady, was the younger son of a noble family; and, as is too often the case with younger brothers, was under the necessity of seeking in a foreign country to ameliorate that

Liberty of thinking and acting.

fortune which was too small to satisfy his ardent spirit, or in any degree to make that kind of figure in England, his rank in life required.

He was not disappointed in his pursuits and expectations : he returned to his native land, after realizing an immense fortune ; which his lady as well as himself, knew how to expend in every species of gratification, which fashion, extravagance, and dissipation, hold out to their votaries.

The present ease of dress and manners adopted in England, highly pleased Mrs. Fernonville, and not to be outdone in any one instance of enlarged ideas and liberty of thinking and acting for herself, she gave into the most unbounded licence of manners, and seemed ambitious of appearing in the eyes of the world, by her half-dressed figure, and all her outward manners, a female libertine.

Visits at the Bed-side.

We sincerely believe that it was only a giddy levity, yet it approached so near to absolute impropriety in her dress, manners, and language, that her female friends of respectability have been often put to the blush for her conduct, and even gentlemen have sometimes been compelled to acknowledge, that Mrs. Fernonville's behaviour was really too bad!

On a morning, perhaps, a gentleman might happen to call too early, after she had been sitting up all the night before with a party of inebriated *bon-vivants*; for on those occasions Mrs. Fernonville never quitted the room, but would sit and laugh with them, and cool their wine and ices for them with her own fair hands; so incorrect, so truly thoughtless in her conduct, unheeding what the world might say, she has accompanied them from the scene of bacchanalian riot, when

Transparency of Dress.

they were not even company for each other, much less for ladies. And if after such scenes, or those of a similar nature, which had kept her up during the night, any gentleman might chance to call, to pay his respects to her ; without any regard to decorum, he was ushered into her chamber, and she received him literally at her *ruelle* !

Was the weather very sultry, or did she wish to be equipped as much as possible in the style of the Medicean Venus, she was perfectly indifferent when she entered almost without covering, into a large party, about the multitude of gentlemen which might happen to be there collected ; but said aloud in their hearing (nay, she would not mind addressing her discourse to them ;) “ Well, I have nothing on but my gown and *chemise* !” While every little shallow art has been put in practice to draw their attention,

Danger of Example and Manners.

either by the caresses of children, or other manœuvres, to a most beautiful, though indelicately-exposed, bosom.

The amiable and modest Lady Harriet Norton, though she cannot be easily warped by the conduct, nor adopt in the smallest instance the manners, of Mrs. Fernonville, yet the consequences derived from the acquaintance of Lady Harriet to Mrs. Fernonville, has made that Lady ever desirous of being in all her parties ; and she has cultivated the acquaintance with eagerness, pretending a great affection for Lady Harriet ; and, when in her company, she has generally endeavoured to induce Lady Harriet to think like herself ; but that is impossible ; yet her example and manners are dangerous, it is not improbable, but what she may make Lady Harriet not quite so cheerfully contented as formerly ; for it is the invariable aim of Mrs. Fernonville, and most ladies of her description, to depreciate

Half a word to the Wise.

gentleness and prudence in wives ; but more particularly do they inveigh against submission, and it is the constant maxim she preaches up to Lady Harriet, that, for her part, no husband shall ever dictate to her ! and then she will endeavour to persuade the meek and gentle Lady, to order her carriage, whenever she thinks proper, and drive wherever she pleases.

All such advices are incapable of turning a mind of rectitude, like Lady Harriet's ; but how many are there, and excellent young women too, who are not so shielded by strength of mind, and to whose happiness and tranquil content Mrs. Fernonville might do the most serious injury ! Lady Harriet Norton is wedded to one of the worthiest of men ; but his health often suffers from indisposition : Was she not the most affectionate of wives, who delights in the happiness she feels only as she imparts felicity

Conclusion.

to her husband, how easily might she be led to believe her situation, not only very uncomfortable, but unhappy; and by asserting her rights, and suffering no one to dictate to her, as Mrs. Fernonville advises, she might render herself actually and indeed completely wretched. We hope, however, that she will be superior to this, and justify still the truth of these lines, once addressed to her by her accomplished husband :

“ —Son cœur a comme les Dieux
“ Le privilège d'être heureux
“ Et le bonheur d'en faire !”

SIR CHARLES GRAINGER,

AND

LADY INGLEBY.

“ Cur me querelis exanimas tuis ?” HORAT. ii. 17.

COME, come, I am weary of so much *snivelling* !” said Sir Charles Grainger to the unfortunate Lady Ingleby ; who now seeing the glaring effects of her imprudence and folly in their true light, wept over that happiness which for her was gone by, never to be recalled ; to that fame which was clouded for ever ; and for that once-adored child, whose interests she had slighted and disregarded in the moment of unheeding passion.

Such was the result, Sir Charles, of thy cloyed affection ! Such is the treatment the woman must consequently expect who forgets the most sacred duty ; and such is the gratitude too often shown by unthankful man.

A Seducer is a faithless Friend.

But ought such to have been the language of Sir Charles Grainger to a female who had braved the frowns of the world, who had forfeited for his sake all claims to respect, all future title to conjugal quiet and happiness? That her mind had a strong sense of what ought to have been her duty, Sir Charles must have seen, when she fled from her own noble mansion, where she lived honoured and beloved, to place herself under his protection. Her young mind, first seduced by him, and then having become a guilty wife, she scorned to carry deceit and falshood to the arms of her husband; and abandoning that honour and reputation, which she might still have lived in amongst the unsuspecting circle of her acquaintance, she openly confessed her guilt by elopement, and fled to hide her shame in the bosom of her betrayer.

Of a family, as respectable for their virtues as for their riches and nobility, Sir

A Family formed to please the Fair.

Charles had enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign; had acquitted himself with honor in the station assigned him, and received that approbation from a grateful government which he merited. The family of the Graingers might be said, in every respect, to be formed to please the fair; handsome in person, insinuating in manners, brave, and elegantly accomplished!

When such are the temptations thrown in the way of an inexperienced young female; who perhaps finds not her loveliness, her merit, her affectionate heart, and correct conduct, treated with that warmth of gratitude they deserve, what are we to expect? A faithless husband too often makes a faithless wife, and what but the natural fickleness and depravity of nature, seemingly inherent in the composition of man, can render him so? Does the term *wife* carry with it an antidote to love and constancy.—The conduct of

No palliation for Guilt.

many of our fashionables would induce us to imagine it did. We do not directly say, that Lord Ingleby was one of these inconstants ; but when rumour is busy in spreading such reports, when private letters, which were brought forth as proofs to condemn a deluded female, glance in a most marked and pointed manner, on the duty of constancy and fidelity in an husband, and recommend its charms, by adverting to the conduct, and enforcing the example of a faithful domestic quadruped, then we may naturally suppose, that rumour for once had truth on her side.

The outrageously virtuous will perhaps call these remarks, a palliation for guilt ; no, they are not so intended ; the writer of these pages is as much shocked to see the rapid progress of vice, and the frequent repetition of a breach of conjugal duty as any one can possibly be. We do not by any means excuse the adultress ;

A great example of Mercy.

but we compassionate her when not wholly abandoned ; and shall we, who are unexposed, perhaps, to temptation, dare to withhold our pity, when HE, whose attributes are mercy and compassion, not only pitied her who was taken in adultery, but forgave ! The “naked human heart,” was open to his view, and he knew when to withdraw as when to display his mercy. Man, who cannot discriminate, is most like Him when he shews compassion !

After a man has, for his own gratification, deprived a woman, not only of her virtue, but of the countenance of the world, he is bound by every principle worthy the heart and mind of a gentleman, not only to protect, support, and screen her person from future insult, but to treat her with unremitting tenderness and friendship ; he is to endeavour to hush and soothe her sorrow, however self-acquired, however well-merited : he

Money a compensation for Shame.

is to “bind up her broken heart,” and speak peace to her afflicted conscience; to lead her back again, if possible, to virtue, but not with

“Hard unkindness’ alter’d eye

“Mock the tear he caused to flow!”

An eminent Pleader at the Bar, on a late similar occasion, says, “The rabble will hoot at a man as he passes in the situation of a *Cornuto*, if his rank stands particularly high!” Yet noblemen appear very desirous of convincing the world, that they wear the fashionable ornaments, with which the modern wives of the last and present century choose to adorn their brows. They are not afraid of being “hooted as they pass,” so as they do but get a few thousand pounds damages; and laughing in their sleeves, they say with La Fontaine :

“Pour toutes ces raisons je persiste en ma These :

“Cocuage est un bien.”

A Parallel.

The warm-hearted and ardent-headed Hibernian, when he is convinced of the infidelity of his fair partner, makes no scruple of punishing her and her guilty lover, and shooting them both through the body. Here a husband will get rid of a wife he is already tired of, whom he has perverted first by his own ill-example; but he will first take care to get something by her, and fill his purse. Nature is at first shocked at the conduct of the former, not reflecting that in this instance, he shews himself truly her offspring. He loved his wife, perhaps he loves her still; then what is life without her? The thoughts of an ignominious death, which may follow his rash action, does not enter his mind. His happiness here, by the infidelity of his wife, is blighted for ever. And if her depraved conduct creates hatred in that breast, where love has once reigned, does he think of gaining a paltry pittance by pro-

A French Husband.

claiming his infamy to the world? No, bravely impetuous, he punishes her guilt himself; nor lets the seducer escape, if he can get him in his power.

As to the harmony subsisting between Lord and Lady Ingleby, it is the common-place detail of a crim. con. trial. People in high life, and knowing no other behaviour than politeness of manners, will never break out in recriminations or asperity before the world, particularly in the presence of those who are come on a visit, to reside under their roof, for a short period of time, unless they are notoriously unhappy in their union indeed.

It is urged, that Lady Ingleby was an *affectionate* wife; Lord Ingleby an *attentive* husband; so is a polished Frenchman, who marries a woman he dislikes, and intrigues with every one who falls in his way: yet what obsequious lover

My Lord not perfectly right.

could shew himself more outwardly *aux petits soins* to the most adored mistress, than he does to *Madame son Epouse* ?

When the unhappy Lady Ingleby was accused by her lord of her crime, her own heart and conscience told her, she was guilty. She denied, she confessed nothing ! but fled in a distracted moment from the dwelling of her injured husband. Her letters, which were so incorrectly exposed in order to criminate Sir Charles Grainger, seem, if read with precision, to prove that something was not altogether right on the part of Lord Ingleby, whom she appears to endeavour to draw towards her by the strength of her affection. She warns him against fraud and deceit, and the irritation they constantly produce in the mind of the person deceived.

It is hard if a lady is to be denied the society of a male friend, of agreeable

A male friend to a Wife.

and elegant manners, either at her own dwelling, or to accompany her in walking; and though there is no doubt left of Lady Ingleby's guilt, we are sorry to be compelled to say so; yet why are such flimzy proofs adduced, as there is, in general, on these occasions? A wife is always criminated on the testimony of servants!

If a lady separates from a female domestic when she meets a gentleman of rank in her walks, that is brought forward as a convincing proof of her infidelity to her husband; as if a nursery-maid ought to walk familiarly with a titled lady and an ambassador! This would be adopting the system of equality indeed!

“ Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.”

Better, much better will it be for Lady Ingleby to quit her seducer*, and

* There is something glaringly shocking and truly intolerable in the conduct of an adultress, who, after

 Reflections.

employ her days in retirement, and the deploring of her fault. To her husband's roof she can never return; his doors will for ever be closed against her re-entrance; let her endeavour by her future conduct to deserve that pity the compassionate part of the world are in a degree yet disposed to afford her; and which she must for ever lose by continuing to live in a professed state of guilty infidelity: resolutely

witnessing her shame publicly proclaimed in a respectable and nearly infallible court of justice, flies to the perfidious arms of the man who has deprived her of true happiness and real pleasure, and scandalously lives with him, walks and rides with him, pays visits and receives company with him, as if the sacred ties of matrimony had joined their hands. Meanwhile the injured husband sets melancholy at home, deploring his misfortune, and the loss of a treasure much above the damages allowed him.

— “ at ille

“ Flet noctem, lectoque jacens in cœlibe, planctum

“ Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.”

Reflections continued.

let her break from him, unless he proves that he has preserved his esteem for her, and, by his attentions may, some day, deserve her hand in a lawful way. Let us indulge the pleasing hope that a Divorce-Bill may pass, and that the sacred veil of matrimony will cover and conceal, for ever, from public view, former irregularities.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

“ Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit

“ Occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.”

CLAUDIAN.

THE mansion that the Duchess of Pyrmont was become a temporary inhabitant of, was a bequest left solely to her, by the Duke of Benningsen her father, entirely independent of her husband. In the will it was expressly ordered, that she should reside at it three months every summer.

This the Duke of Benningsen had planned in the ardour of paternal affection; he saw the unbounded love of his daughter for a life of dissipation, and mindful of her health, he knew he should thus ensure her a pure salubrious air, far remote from any of those fashionable country haunts, where the nobility in general carry down their vices, pleasures, and dissipated habits, destroying their health as much as in the smoky air of London.

The Duke of Pyrmont.

Anxiously concerned also to see a mind so devoted to fashion, he reflected that after her marriage with the Duke of Pyrmont, all parental admonition would be of no avail: he therefore hoped that by an annual residence in this beautiful rural spot, she might have leisure to look into her own conduct, and be induced, from the examination, to regulate it better. That period, however, was not yet arrived, and the Duchess was like a prisoner of state, thinking herself the most unhappy woman in the world, to have this restriction put upon her time and choice.

As the Duke her husband was not included in this order, he never accompanied her; he was five years younger than she was, and their interests, pursuits, and inclinations, had long been separate. He once knew his wife was the handsomest woman at Court; as such he was vain of her. Her fortune was immense, so

The Fashionables.

was his own; but beautiful and followed as she was before her marriage, he would not have wedded her without her large portion. As has been said before, they were not unlike in disposition, but they hated more than they regarded each other, and mutually divided their society.

The children of the Duchess accompanied her partly from compulsion, partly from choice, as the Duke of Benning-sen had desired that they should at least pass some time there with their mother, or forfeit the estate at her death.

One morning, just after the noble trio in the country had taken their breakfast, two visitors were announced; one was the Duke of Westbury, the other was Lord Orton.

If vulgarity of manners, hard-drinking, boisterous mirth, and a carbuncled face, might interest at first appearance,

A Description of smart Costume.

recommend the owner, and evince the man of fashion, then the Duke might rank high for his emblematical merit.

His boots appeared as if they had not been cleaned for months; a large coachman's coat, a whip in his hand, and a coloured silk-handkerchief round his neck, ornamented his person: But he soon found out, that it was "confounded hot!" so throwing his whip into the hall, he called to his "Scoundrel," to come and take his coat; he then discovered on the bosom of his linen, which was not of the whitest hue, the two famous gladiators of the eighteenth century, of exquisite workmanship, in correct and diminutive gold figures, and which formed a shirt-broach.

"Well, my Lady Duchess," said he, "I promised, you know, to come and see you, and here I am, with my whey-drinking friend, Orton! Do, Waltham, let your butler give me something to

Fashionable Breakfast.

drink; I am confounded thirsty." "Your Grace shall have breakfast immediately," said Lady Charlotte, "Oh! no, no, I thank you," said his elegant Grace, "I breakfasted long ago, on eggs, ham and ale; and I want something better to drink than tea or chocolate."

Different white wines were then presented on his calling for wine. "Put some Madeira on the side-board," said the Duke, "I'll help myself." His Grace then poured out a pint goblet of Madeira, nearly full, and completing the measure of it with brandy, as a *qualifier*, according to his own expression, he drank it off at one draught, to the astonishment of Lady Charlotte. "Do you ever mean to grow any taller, Waltham," said the Duke. Then rapidly changing the subject, he said, "Come, my good fellow, shew me your horses; I am now inclined to make the exchange with you we have talked about some time;—My Steam-En-

 Real Jockeyism.

gine against your High Flyer ; what say you, hey, my fine one ?”

The Marquis knew the Duke did not scruple taking an undue advantage in horse-dealing, which he would call the fair game of jockeyism, and that something of that kind now was the purport of his visit, said, “ I have altered my mind, for since you last took the knowing ones in with Steam-Engine, at Newmarket, he seemsto be no favourite on the turf: High-flyer beat Haverton’s Knowing-Bess, at the conclusion of the sport, and I cannot think of parting with him.” “ Oh ! you’re off, are you ?” said the Duke, “ but come along, we may as well go and look at the cattle : How many *bits of real blood* have you now in your stud ?” — “ My dear Lord Duke,” said the Marquis, “ my stud is not here ;—I have only High-flyer and Lady-Teazle here ” “ Do, my dear *Lady Fairface*,” said the Duke, turning to his companion, “ let me persuade you cosmetic I have done,

Jack Spindle, portrayed.

and then, my lily-faced Orton, you will look as rosy.”

Lady Charlotte could not forbear a smile at the associations of cosmetics and a rose on the flaming countenance before her ; but the feeble voice of Lord Orton, saying he should prefer a glass of lemonade, made her turn her eyes towards him.

He was of a delicate, fair complexion, and very diminutive in stature, with a pair of legs of a remarkable thinness ; for which the quizzers of the day had given him the name of Jack Spindle, which was generally the appellation he was known by in his absence : present, his society was courted, because he was immensely rich, but very shallow and superficial in his understanding ; and though the Duke of Westbury was the inheritor of great wealth, and ruled like a little king over two of the richest counties in England, yet the sports of the turf, fre-

The Portrait continued.

quent, and not always successful visits at Boodle's, a settled stipend paid in St. James's place to a certain Lady Abbess, another to an extravagant actress, who had once been the Duke's reigning favourite, together with the expences attendant on constant inebriation, and other destructive pleasures, made him often obliged to his delicate little friend for pecuniary assistance.

To finish the portrait of Lord Orton, who now took up the attention of Lady Charlotte Stanmore, he was the most disproportionate of figures, for with his fairy body and small face, his hands and feet were large, and his mouth wide: his little face, as he turned towards Lady Charlotte, was almost hid in the envelopement of his cravat and a large pair of sandy-coloured whiskers.

“ Perhaps your Lordship will take tea or coffee,” said Lady Charlotte. “ I have

How to spoil and weaken a Child.

already taken tea, Lady Charlotte," he replied, "and though I am fonder of it than any other beverage, I dread its effect on my nerves." "Chocolate, sir?" said the Duchess. "Oh, my dear Lady Duchess, it is too heavy for my stomach." "Take a good glass of brandy!" vociferated the Duke. The little Lord smiled, and looked on his friend with admiration.

Lord Orton was an only child, and having lost his father in his infancy, was left to the care of a foolishly fond mother, who always fancied the dear boy was sick; she therefore rendered a naturally strong child unhealthy; impeded his growth by confinement, and destroyed his nervous system by the continual fear she imparted to his mind, on every slight indisposition incident to children, that he was certainly dying.

After the dowager's death, he became acquainted with the Duke of Westbury;

Vain efforts at Imitation.

he admired him above all men he had ever seen ; he longed to launch out and be like him, but habit had become second nature, and nature herself had formed him a very different being from his dear Duke. He was ambitious, however, to imitate him, but could not; and whenever he endeavoured to pluck up a spirit to act in any degree like him, he always felt his old puny habits, of trembling nerves and delicacy of appetite, return worse, and more confirmed than ever. At one time of his life he was in danger of becoming a martyr to his silly imitation; for he drank brandy in a morning with the Duke, and reduced his nerves to a more alarming state of weakness, and his legs to a smaller dimension, than before.

The Duke was afraid he should lose his dear, useful friend, and consulted some confidential doctors to put him under a regimen, which, by strictly observing, Lord Orton is yet permitted, a little

Elegant Conversation without meaning.

longer, to do honour to the name of his wealthy ancestors.

“ Well, my dear Duchess,” said the Duke of Westbury, throwing himself on the vacant seat beside her, “ you appear as lovely as ever; the country agrees with you; you and Lady Charlotte are as blooming as two roses !”

“ That flower seems a favourite simile with your Grace,” said Lady Charlotte, as she viewed his poppy-coloured face.— “ Tell me,” said the Duchess, “ as you have just left town, is any body there? I had rather stay in Portman-square all the summer long, and not one living creature of fashion but myself in London, than be imprisoned here.”

“ O, yes, really,” said the Duke, “ I agree with you, Duchess; constraint is a horrid bore; and I can assure you,

Cousin Tom.

there really are some decent people yet left in London."

"Pray," said the Duchess, "though it is a strange enquiry to ask after an husband, but have you seen any thing of the Duke of Pymont?" "Only parted from him the night before last," replied the Duke of Westbury; "we were all together supping at his Cousin Tom's, and we were as happy as wine, love, and mirth, could make us."

"His cousin Tom's!" echoed the Duchess; "why, Pymont has neither uncle nor aunt; what cousin can he have?"

"Oh! I will tell you, my dear lady Duchess," said the Duke, first laughing immoderately. "Cousin Tom is the name a good-natured convenient fellow goes by, who keeps a house of accommodation in one of the Squares of the me-

His Friends and Customers.

tropolis. I know you are not of a jealous disposition, or I would not tell you that your dear Duke is one of the firmest supporters of Cousin Tom's house (that is the *slang* name he goes by.) Many of the married nobility keep up the credit, and support the expences, of the house, myself for one."

Lady Charlotte unaffectedly blushed: the Duchess had too much high fashion about her, and freedom of modern manners, to be easily abashed. She said, "Really the *sobriquets* and *equivokes* of men of fashion, which you are pleased to denominate *slang*, are so copious, that they require an explanatory dictionary; and a woman, who is in the smallest degree precise, must never open her lips to ask the sense of what she does not immediately comprehend."

This the Duchess uttered with the most unassumed indifference; she could

Deplorable indifference in the Duchess.

listen to a recital of the Duke of Pymont's intrigues, though he was her husband, with the utmost *sang froid*; and the knowledge and conviction of his repeated infidelities, had never given her one momentary pang*.

“ I think,” said the Marquis of Waltham, “ the pure and immaculate Sir Edward Moreton, never went to Cousin Tom’s.”—“ No,” said his Grace, “ I would bet my ducal coronet against young *Carlin*, my wife’s pug dog, that he would not go there for all the universe could offer.”

* It is that degradation of manners, which cannot be too much lamented, and certainly will, in the end, overthrow society, and reduce us to universal barbarism; it is that deplorable indifference of husbands and wives for their mutual faults, which is, as here depicted, some of the greatest evils of our times. It has called upon a neighbouring nation the vengeance of Heaven; let us be aware of its effects.

Conclusion.

The allusions of his Grace, unobserving of the noble females who were present, becoming rather indecorous, they quitted the apartment to dress for dinner. The Duchess, though she still hated solitude, was not sorry when her boisterous guest, accompanied by his delicate companion, "who shivered at a breeze," concluded the visit. She listened with much more pleasure to sketches of fashionable characters, than to the very common-place topics of *tonish* dissipation, especially when given in the coarse language of so disgusting an orator as the Duke of Westbury.

SIR EDWARD MORETON.

“ Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.” JUVENAL.

HERE, no City addresses, no congratulations on a beloved Sovereign's recovery from severe indisposition, invested the noble ancestors of this worthy young Baronet, Sir Edward Moreton, with the title : his family, almost as ancient as Baronetage, were distinguished in several reigns for their valour and their public virtues.

To go back as far only as the present Sir Edward Moreton's grandfather, we shall find him enjoying his immense wealth during a long peace ; and having sufficient to bequeath his son to live independent of all parties in the cabinet or the field, he left him the sole male heir to his riches, without bringing him up to any of those public professions so

A Character

many of the nobility embrace from choice.

The late Sir Edward Moreton did not live to a very advanced age, and left this present Sir Edward, his eldest son, in possession of the title and chief estates.

This extraordinary and amiable young man, appearing eccentric only to those votaries of fashion who plunge into every species of dissipation and extravagance, is now about twenty-three years of age ; a love of study has imparted a seriousness and precision to his thoughts, and has caused him to investigate the characters of mankind with scrupulous care. As his chief society is confined to high and fashionable life, he is sensibly shocked at the conduct of most of the young men of the present age : but he beholds their follies without any degree of puritanism, and he only makes use of his observations to bring home to his

A Man of Economy and Prudence.

own mind an useful guide, to steer and regulate his own conduct by.

In all the ardour of uncontaminated youth, with an admiration of all that he finds lovely in the female sex, he yet retains that purity of conduct, so little known, so little thought of, even by the fashionable world: as the adorning of his person takes up but a very little portion of his time or attention, his intellectual ornaments are of the highest value; he is generous where he knows generosity will be acceptable, where it will be well bestowed and gratefully acknowledged by the silent thanks of the heart; but he lavishes not his money away in a ridiculous and prodigal manner, nor ever suffers himself to be duped and imposed upon because he is a wealthy man. Thus he looks into and inspects his own affairs, and, trusting not wholly to his steward, knows the extent

Old-fashioned Ideas.

of his fortune, and calculates how far and how well he may expend it.

He is greatly shocked, and that without any fastidious affectation of virtue, at one reprehensible part of the conduct of the rich and great; which disgust, in so young a man, often draws a smile from the high-born and insolent: he feels it in his own breast; and he expresses it aloud to his most valued friends, that he cannot imagine why any man, because he is born a nobleman, can think himself authorised to treat his inferiors with contempt and arrogance; or, because another has well-filled coffers, that he should believe they give him a licence to lavish their contents in guilty and destructive pleasures, and thereby set so dangerous an example to those beneath them.

Sir Edward Moreton is old-fashioned and eccentric enough frequently to utter these, his virtuous sentiments; to which he adds and sincerely feels, that truly

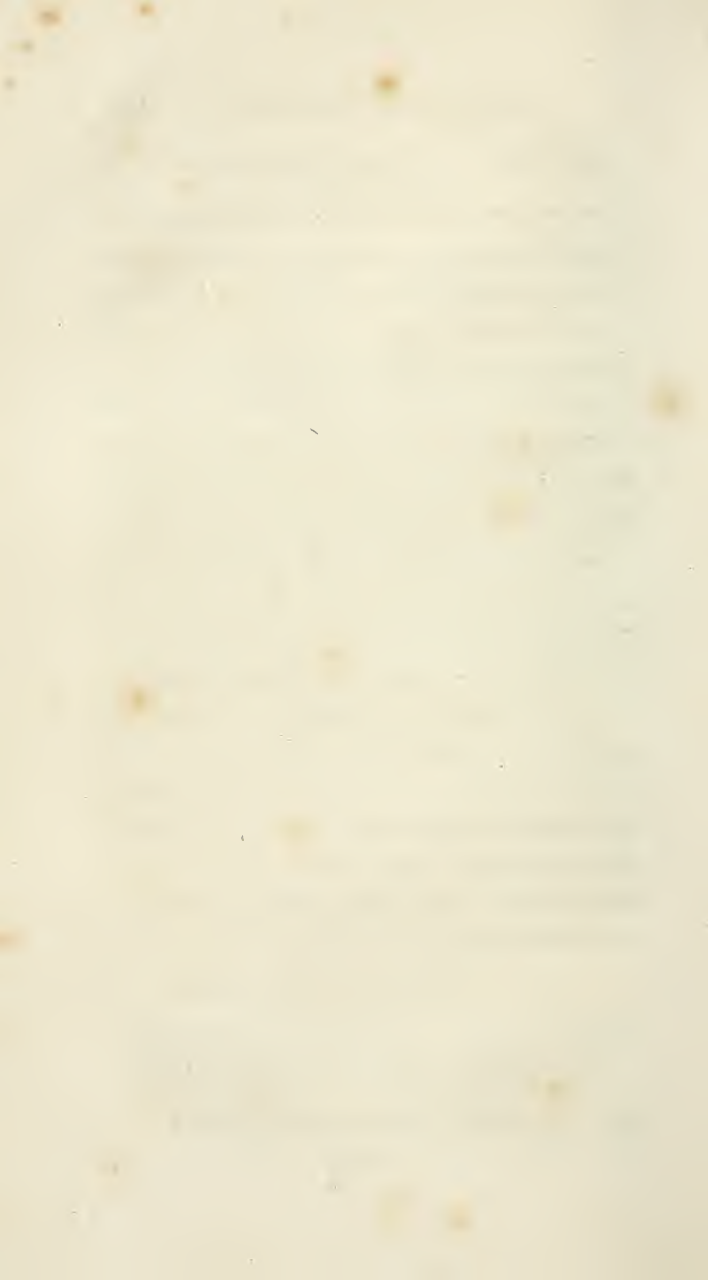
Conclusion.

noble principle, which teaches him that the higher the station to which a person is elevated, so much the more pure and circumspect should be his conduct.

Yet, though so amply possessed of all the milder virtues, Sir Edward Moreton knew what was due to his high consequence and dignity. He knew how to maintain that consequence in a cool determined manner, such as ever characterises the true gentleman; nor would he suffer the nearest or most dear of his relatives to interfere with his concerns, or in any degree to warp or counteract those principles of his exalted mind, which he was conscious were those of rectitude, and which were founded on the sure basis of virtue*.

“Rara avis in terris alboque similtima corvo.”

* This character, being truly after nature, Sir Barnaby had an uncommon deal of satisfaction in painting it, and he performed the whole *con amore* !



THE
HON. MRS. EGERTON;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF CALUMNY:

“ Sæpe oculi et aures Vulgi testes sunt mali.” P. SYRUS.

THIS is the Lady, whom the Marquis of Waltham had taken so much notice of, as the friend of Lady Laura Pemberton.

The vicissitudes of life, some few years absence from her native country, and the effect of slanderous tongues, had made such a change in her countenance, (which yet could not be entirely divested of its powers of pleasing,) that she was *méconnoisable* to the fashionables of London, when she returned to England to take up her residence there.

At an early age she fled from the boarding-school, and married an officer,

Elopes from the Boarding-school.

several years her *Senior*. Though not possessed of one regular feature, except a beautiful set of teeth, inclosed in a small, well-shaped mouth, yet, an animated complexion, a most exuberant flow of spirits, then unchecked by care, and unassailed by calumny, gave brilliancy to a pair of eyes, which were always expressive of a great share of meaning, and imparted to her whole countenance that irresistible *je ne sçais quoi*, which is sure to charm, as the Marquis of Waltham justly said, “ We know not how, or why.”

The longer a person is known, so much more does this indescribable attraction please ; but, unfortunately, it pleases the men most ; and creates envy, and often dislike, in the bosoms of the female sex.

Emancipated from the rigorous rules of the boarding-school, thrown into the company of crowds of Officers, who every

Becomes giddy.

time they conversed with her, admired her the more, the change of scene, so different from that she had been accustomed to, almost turned her little head, and she became giddy, thoughtless, and perhaps in some degree imprudent, but nothing more. She loved her husband with the warmest and most sincere affection, but yet she loved to see scarlet beaux fluttering about her.

Pleased with the admiration she excited, and which was generally more directed to her talents than her person, her husband often encouraged those men, who however they may appear charmed with the hospitality of the husband, and the wit and vivacity of the wife, have yet no other views, than to drink the good man's wine, meet parties, play cards, pass jovial evenings, and cry quit in the hour of distress.

The Honourable Major Brereton, the

Creates envy, and causes eclat.

husband of Mrs. Egerton, was a fashionable man in his customs and manners, but possessed of all the warm and ardent affections of the heart: while another gentleman was at hand, he never could bear the idea of being his wife's escort; and, though in private they were like the most fond and constant lovers, yet they took no more notice of each other in public, than if they were absolute strangers: thus Mrs. Brereton had always a train of dangles to attend her in her walks, either in the morning or the evening: and at balls, had been engaged to partners twelve deep, had disappointed half of them, caused discontent among the rest, and some *eclat*, by such thoughtless conduct; and thus set the tongues of the malevolent, (particularly of the old and ugly) at work, on her unguarded and apparent partiality.

By degrees, she observed a visible change in the manners of her female

She quizzes and writes Epigrams.

acquaintance towards her; at length they almost entirely fell off; and her husband, by the few prudent men who are sometimes found in the army, was treated with distance and coldness.

Mrs. Brereton was possessed of brilliant talents; she quizzed, with mortifying severity, some eccentric characters of high military rank, in little pasquinades and witty epigrams: they were handed round amongst her friends; her enemies, it should rather have been said: for they exposed them, and exposed them to those very persons, for whom they were so palpably intended: this, therefore, was imagined by the Major and his wife to be the cause of the present coolness: she desisted from her *quizzings*; thought the breeze would soon blow over, and laughed, walked and danced, as usual, with the gay, *male* throng who now, *alone*, frequented the Major's quarters.

Acquires new Acquaintances.

At length the curtain was undrawn. A lady of high rank came from a distant quarter: she was the female friend and patroness of a learned physician, who truly admired Mrs. Brereton's unaffected, intellectual merit; was amused and delighted by the happy flow of spirits she united to a depth of erudition, and was her sincere friend and adviser: He was determined to raise the consequence of Mrs. Brereton by introducing his noble friend to her; for when she should be seen in her elegant and correct society, he knew how much it would raise her to dignity and respect; and how sure it would establish it; that her female acquaintance would then return to, and seek her company with eagerness.

His true knowledge of the world, made him well know, that, though the society of such women as compose the greatest part of the fashionable world, is often such as it would be much more agree-

The Army a dangerous place for a young Female.

able to dispense with, yet, that, a young female, possessed of that liveliness for which Mrs. Brereton was remarkable, is in a dangerous situation, in the army, in point of character, if divested of companions of her own sex, especially if her acquaintance with the opposite sex is numerous.

The wish of his heart was about to be realised. The lady arrived in the garrison; they all met at a ball: she entreated the Doctor with an energy which rather surprised him, not then to introduce her to Mrs. Brereton; carefully shunned her, and sat as far from her as possible at supper.

The Marchioness of Adingbroke, though arrived at a certain age, was yet a fine woman, and her rank, more than that, made her the object of general attention: the gentlemen all crowded round the illustrious guest, and though they did not

Is warned by the Doctor,

desert Mrs. Brereton, they addressed her in a style of easy and almost impertinent familiarity she had never experienced before, and she went home dull and dispirited.

The next morning Major Brereton went to London on business for a few days. While Mrs. Brereton was taking her breakfast, her friend the Doctor was announced. His mind seemed labouring with something he knew not how to give utterance to. Mrs. Brereton was his friend and *confidante*; his own story was deeply interesting, and she had wept at its recital with him; for this "laughter-loving dame" *could* weep, and tenderly feel for others.

Anxiety and scrutiny were painted in his feeling eyes; his cheek was palid, and his oft-begun sentences trembled on his tongue, fearful of inflicting the wound, he knew they must give.

and attacked by Calumny.

Mrs. Brereton rallied him on his want of spirits ; but at last she appeared to catch the infectious anxiety, and eagerly asked him, what was the matter ?

He then, without farther reserve, unfolded a scene of calumny to her astonished hearing, which deprived her for ever of the countenance of the Marchioness of Adingbroke, which drew the character of Mrs. Brereton in the most odious light, as the worst of wives, and the most licentious of women ; and had solemnly asserted, as facts of her abandoned conduct, what had never been in existence. But some bore this testimony of their truth, that she could not deny having walked at such an hour, and in such a place, with one officer; or at a very late hour in the evening, during a sultry summer, with another That the same vain unprincipled men have sneered when they were accused, and with a knowing laugh have declared, they were too much

Falls in a Swoon.

men of honour to betray any lady's secrets, or the confidence she might be pleased to honour them with.

The Doctor almost repented of acquainting Mrs. Brereton with these cruel attacks upon her fame ; the effect the knowledge of them had upon her mind caused her a violent hysteric fit.—The Doctor carried her to her chamber, soothed her, stayed with her till she recovered, and pressed her to his bosom with fatherly tenderness, as he parted from her, unseeing as unheeding the maid servant, who just entered the apartment. Her hysteric shrieks of laughter, her faintings, the Doctor's friendly adieu, reached the ears of the neighbours. Her husband was absent—the Doctor was an elegant, good-looking man, in the prime of life . . . The calumny levelled against her increased, and Lady Adingbroke told her medical friend, she was very sorry that he had added to the number of those who had

She sees her Error.

fallen victims to the fascinations of Major Brereton's *immodest* wife.

How little did she deserve such a cruel epithet ! Her mind, as well as her person, was pure, and uncontaminated. The unmerited slander which attacked her, had a mournful effect on her health and spirits. She investigated her own conduct, but so free did she find it from *intentional* blame, that it never once occurred to her as the cause.

Major Brereton, on his arrival from London, found her changed : Oh ! how changed ! She had no idea of the mischief which might ensue, but thoughtlessly told him all ! His heart, wrapped up in her, and knowing her innocence, he comforted and urged her, improperly, to set her enemies at defiance, by launching again into her former gaieties. — “ Never,” replied she ; “ if the world again shall

Her Husband's generous behaviour.

choose to countenance me, I will not put it in their power to say, that I am slandered on account of my own giddy behaviour."—"Why," said the Major, "I have heard as much of you in London as would fill a small volume: But my busy secret-telling friends are all withheld, by pretended honour, from giving up their authors."—"Say, does my dear Laura Pemberton," asked Mrs. Brereton, "does she too follow the multitude?"—"Oh! never," said the Major; "do not so wrong her: she, like me, knows the innate purity of your heart, and that, even your ardent imagination cannot lead you to guilt."

However, after a little time, Mrs. Brereton, by the prudence of her conduct, by the extended knowledge of her high connexions, found her society again flattered and courted, but it was but for a short period. When once a female cha-

She comes to London.

racter is assailed, it is made a pretext, on every occasion, for capricious or purposed neglect.

That which generally causes the world to fall off, reduction of fortune, now bereft her of high and fashionable friends : the extravagant dissipation in which the Major and his wife had lived, brought innumerable and heavy debts upon them, and an execution was lodged in their house.

A foreign nobleman, of high rank undertook the affairs of his friend, who was again re-established, in some degree of comfort : But now the envenomed tongue of slander pointed its keenest darts against Mrs. Brereton, and even against the honourable principles of the Major, as conniving at the transgressions of his wife. He retired, in disgust, from the army ; which, though a liberal school in itself, he often found retained both

Her ci-devant Governess.

tutors and apt pupils in the art of scandal. He had lost his friend, the Doctor, and the secret of who were the principal traducers of his wife, that fatal secret died with him.

The calumniated couple repaired to London; but, as Mrs. Brereton could not give splendid entertainments, nor have very large parties, she was always spoken of with invective when absent, and treated with cold neglect when present.

She had a kind of equivocal friend; but she was one who attacked her insiduously. This woman was highly respected in the fashionable circles, though she had been only the Governess of that school, from whence Mrs. Brereton escaped just before her marriage. She always shook her head, in pity, at the detail of Mrs. Brereton's imprudences; but destroyed that pity, by saying, "Mrs. Brereton was really old enough to know

Retires to the Sea shores.

better, and that great talents, like her's, when abused, rendered the possessor doubly criminal." But she never was known to utter one sentence to extenuate or excuse her. When Mrs. Brereton first entered the army, she regularly corresponded with her. But Mrs. Brereton could not now make her accustomed figure in the world; and, rich herself, and loving riches and shew, the *ci-devant* Governess would rather countenance one, who had lived as a professed mistress to a Baronet during his wife's life-time; and now that she was become the Baronet's wife, and was possessed of a title and a carriage, she was her dearest bosom friend.

Mrs. Brereton found Lady Laura Pemberton invariably her friend; but the misfortunes which at that time assailed that angelic woman, afforded her not the power of raising her in the eyes of the world, and giving her that consequence she wished.

The Cloud clears up.

Major Brereton quitted London, and retired to a small village near Weymouth, on the remains of his broken fortune. He had quitted the service, but its habits could not wholly be laid aside; where he found the military, he naturally associated with them; and the inhabitants of the village expressed their wonder to each other, who that fine-painted dashing kept-woman was, who was always walking about with the foreign officers that were quartered there.

This, however, was soon cleared up. The constant invitations she received and accepted of, to balls and concerts, where the first characters attended: her respectable friends and relations, well known, who called on her in their way to Weymouth, soon shewed Mrs. Brereton to be the honoured wife of a gentleman, and the beloved kinswoman of some of the first families in the kingdom for nobility and virtue.

She goes to the East Indies.


Out of humour with her unkind and ungrateful country-women, she prevailed on her husband to permit her to accompany him to the East Indies, where a lucrative situation was offered him; and where, after staying a few years, a distant relation to the Major's, of the name of Egerton, bequeathed him his immense fortune and his name.

Never could wealth have offered itself in a more welcome, nor in a more seasonable hour : They departed for England, with their minds tutored by a knowledge of the world, and their extravagant propensities checked by the experience of pecuniary embarrassment.

To the ardent vivacity of Mrs. Brereton, succeeded the soft resignation and equalised cheerfulness of Mrs. Egerton. Her eyes sparkled not with their wonted life and fire ; but they gleamed with a smile

Conclusion.

indicative of what they *had* been: she was thinner and paler, but she was more interesting. She appeared to look forward with hope; it was the sweet hope that calumny will not again assail her, and it never will while she is very rich !!!



SIR THEODORE BRYDGES.

“ Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor.” SENECA.

THIS is a kind of character which we should hope seldom appears on the great theatre of life : a disgrace to the part allotted him; presenting only to the beholders a picture of depravity and vice, instead of following the steps of virtue chalked out for him at his entrance into polished life, by virtuous instructors and anxious parents.

By such a man as Sir Theodore Brydges is the female mind and character destroyed; watching, like the wily crocodile, how he can draw into his power unsullied virgin innocence and conjugal honour; both are equally his predestined prey. He admires the modesty of the bashful maid, destroys what he admires, and then deserts her; he is

Seduction described.

charmed with beholding an affectionate wife ; like the first tempter, he watches the endearments of an happy couple, resolves to undermine and destroy that felicity by every art which man can put in practice, and rests not till a wife's caresses are lavished on himself. So consummate is his artifice, so progressive the steps he takes, and the plans he lays for the seduction of a weak-minded young female; when his intended victim is married, that he gains first the friendly confidence of the wife, and by degrees a portion of that wife's tenderness, till she finds herself plunged at last in irremediable guilt ; this renders her, who is not yet lost to the sense of virtue, odious to herself : unable to bear the burden of her crime, she becomes cheerless, she loses all her former gaiety ; and the bright glow of beauty gone by, she becomes disgusting to him who has despoiled her of her charms and vivacity, who deserts and

Clarissa Wakefield.

abandons her to carry discord and anguish into the bosom of some other family.

The subject we shall first treat of, is Sir Theodore's seduction of a virtuous and innocent young female, the daughter of a respectable Ecclesiastic. Lovely in her person, mild and modest in her demeanor, the unfortunate Clarissa Wakefield could not yet be insensible to those delicate attentions paid her by a man of Sir Theodore's rank: In vain her mind, in the hour of reasoning reflection, would urge to her, that he was exalted too high above her, and that his heart-stealing blandishments might most probably be followed by illicit proposals. She shuddered at the idea; and the next time she saw him, received him with a becoming distance and reserve.

He had been accustomed to study, with care, that faithful picture of a youthful unsullied mind, the countenance;

Cunning and Hypocrisy.

and when he saw her fearful modesty painted on her's, he knew well how to be the kind and cheerful, though correct, friend: without hazarding one word that might glance on the subject of love, without giving one single pressure of the hand, and carefully to abstain from all particular conversation: his adieu rather bordered on coldness, and he took care that a long interval should take place before he repeated his visit. "I have been perhaps too rigid;" the sweet girl would say to herself—for the love he had already professed, the chastened softness of his former embraces had, unheedingly and insidiously, stolen into her bosom. "I see him not now, perhaps I shall never see him more, or, worse than all, perhaps he no longer loves me!"

She was anxious to prove to him, at their next interview, that he was by no means indifferent to her. But he watched her; he kept her in that continued state

Inconstancy and Levity.

of anxiety, till he saw the sure hold he had of her affections, trifled with them, and then basely

“ Seized the minute of returning love.”

Soon he left this lovely but unfortunate girl to deplore her fault, and execrate the hour that she lent an ear to this base betrayer. Charming as she was, she could not fix his inconstant and wavering heart, but for a very short period of time. Promiscuous and varied gallantry were best suited to the capricious sensuality of his ideas; and the unfortunate Countess of Lerranagh, the wife of an Irish Earl, was the next conspicuous object of his licentiousness.

We pass over his subaltern amours, in the interval which took place, between his treacherous seduction of the Clergyman's daughter, and that of his conduct

A new Mistress.

towards the lady in question ; but we are told they were numerous.

Lady Lerranagh appeared to hold a longer empire over his inconstant heart than all his other female conquests ; for the guilty commerce carried on between them, by circumstances which were brought to light, must have continued some length of time before it was discovered. One summer's evening led to the developement of this fatal transaction.

A few friends were on a visit to the Earl ; a walk in the grounds was proposed, from which her Ladyship begged to be excused, alledging indisposition.

But as the party was returning homewards, late in the evening, to the surprise of Lord Lerranagh, they met her, leaning familiarly on the arm of Sir Theodore, without hat or shawl, and by no means

An unexpected Confession.

having the appearance of a person indisposed.

When retired to rest, her Lord told her that he thought she was very imprudent. Alas ! good man, he little imagined her to be more ; and it is a doubtful point whether he meant that she was imprudent, having a cold, to go out in the evening as she had done, or whether he alluded to her conduct with Sir Theodore Brydges.

The dreadful conviction of her guilt flushed in her face, and stuck its rankling arrows into her reproaching conscience. “ Oh ! my dear, my injured Lord,” she cried, “ I am more than imprudent ! But hear me, on my knees, solemnly assert, I give up all future connexion and acquaintance with the vile seducer, Sir Theodore Brydges, who has made it his unremitting endeavour, ever since he

Continuation.

came to the house, to draw my affections from you, and possess my person!"

The character of Lord Lerranagh is mild, gentle and rational. Sir Theodore Brydges, thought he to himself, has acted the part of a villain, but I detest duelling: I will expostulate with him. Still he had no idea of the extent of his misery or his disgrace; no idea that his wife was actually guilty, but imagined she had only accused Sir Theodore to him for his want of honour, and herself as criminal in having listened to him, and not imparting his dishonourable proposals before to her husband.

They passed a wretched night. Lord Lerranagh dreaded the meeting with a man whom he had ever looked upon, and was yet willing to believe was still his friend: But for his honour, he knew the necessity of forever giving up his friendship and future acquaintance. — The

Impudence of the Seducer.

tears of Lady Lerranagh bedewed her pillow ; and she arose in the morning the picture of agony and despair. She obtained an opportunity of speaking to Sir Theodore. She told him of the confession she had made ; exhorted him, if his life was dear to him, to fly, or dreadful might be the consequences.—He execrated her folly for the premature avowal of their correspondence ; ridiculed her fears for his life ; stigmatizing and laughing at the man he had so basely injured as an arrant coward, who knew better than to fight with a man so well skilled as himself in duelling. And Sir Theodore Brydges was as famous for that genteel mode of murder, as for other prevalent vices of this polished century.

Frantic, unconscious how she acted, she again bent her steps to the chamber of her injured husband. She found him much indisposed, from the restlessness he had experienced the preceding night,

A Mystery unravelled

and his frameshook with the agitation her presence produced on his mind.

He was caressing a lovely little infant. She suddenly caught the child from his arms, put it into those of the nurse, and ordered her to quit the room with it.—“My Emily,” said her kind husband, “why are you thus agitated? Be assured, I lay not the least blame on you, only that you did wrong in not immediately informing me of the improper conduct of Sir Theodore towards you.”

“I charge you, my Lord,” said she, “as you value your own honour, never touch that child again: It is not your’s! It is the offspring of Sir Theodore Brydges, by your guilty wife!—And now, once more, I kneel; I kneel to request one last favour of you, before we part for ever!—I solemnly entreat that you risk not your life against that of the vile Brydges; expose him publicly; ex-

A fair Expostulation.

pose your guilty abandoned wife, and let her not receive that forgiveness from society which she is resolved never to accept from you, her injured Lord.—Let me be held up as a mark to posterity; and let me feel the penance of neglect and contempt for my shameful conduct. Oh! swear, my Lord; swear, that you will perform this my last supplication!”

The result has proved how his Lordship attended to this unhappy pleader.—What the agonies of her soul must have been, either when led to make, or when making the fatal confession, is beyond the conception of the human mind. No one, but a person in the same dreadful situation, can form the feeblest imagination of this torturing racking of the human heart.

How new must she have been to vice, how unskilled in intrigue, to make her husband's heart the depository of this dreadful secret! And what arts must have been

Reflections.

used, what sophistry practised, to turn a mind to guilt, which evinced itself to be naturally the seat of innocent candour and virtue.

She could not endure to receive the affectionate care of an injured husband. His reproach, though kindly meant, wounded her susceptible heart. She scorns to receive his unmerited attention, and makes ample confession of her fault. Oh! Sir Theodore Brydges, what hast thou not to answer for in corrupting such a mind?

We have been informed, that since this unhappy event, he has attempted to destroy himself: it was but a vague report, which is now contradicted.

No! live Sir Theodore; we wish thee to live; we wish thee to feel, in some degree, the pangs thou hast inflicted on others. We wish not to see thee have thy marriage couch profaned, and thy

A Wish.

innocent daughters seduced ; the *lex talionis* is not the Christian's law ; but we wish to know that thou feelest severe compunction for thy repeated offences against God and man : and we conclude in one pious wish, that thy late guilty life may be purified by long and sincere repentance, lest that punishment, whose slow, but invariable steps, follow close the guilty, should attain thee when it is least expected.

“ Rarò antecedentem Scelestum,

“ Deseruit pede pœna claudo.” HORAT.



MRS. VILLENEUF.

“ Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.” P. SYR.

THIS Lady is the wife of a rich City merchant, who is enabled to support her in splendour, and introduce her into the circles of fashion. She attaches no duty to the title of wife, but rather makes it a privilege to indulge every idle and extravagant inclination; and, it is much doubted whether she keeps her pleasures within the bounds of innocent freedoms.

The pretended fondness she lavishes on her husband, even in the presence of those whom she has suffered to entertain her with their real or well-feigned love for her, and which professions she has been willing to return, in all their outward appearance of ardour, must, we should imagine, create a disgust in those

The Danger of Male Friends.

men, whom her beautiful person has inspired with a momentary passion : She often makes use of these blandishments to the unsuspecting Mr. Villeneuf, the better to persuade him to invite her male favourites to dinner, or to her evening parties. He is an easy-tempered man, much engaged in business, and looks upon her apparent sincerity as childish artlessness, utterly devoid of guile.

We should be happy could we shew the same lenity to Mrs. Villeneuf ; but what can induce a married woman, who lives in harmony with her husband, to persist in the endeavour of drawing the hearts of all the men she sees towards herself : to court the society of absolute strangers of the opposite sex ; and she even has been known to make assignations with them.

She begins her morning operations, like a professed courtesan, as soon as her

Catching Birds as they fly.

breakfast is completed: She bares her bosom and shoulders in the most indelicate manner, and highly *rouges* a face on which is already seated the bloom of early youth.

In this unmatronly guise she draws her seat close to one of her front drawing-room windows, which are made even with the floor, and there she sits playing with her child, or léads, by some other attraction, the eyes of all the idle young men who pass by.

As she was seated in this way one morning, she drew the attention of a very handsome young man, who, taking her for a lady of improper character and profession, knocked at the door, and told the servant who opened it, he wished to speak to his mistress; and the man immediately ushered him into the drawing-room. She had noticed this gentleman in the street intently gazing at her, and

A chance Lover.

her folly and vanity felt highly gratified to find him seated by her side, rivetting his looks on her with that kind of tender expression which a man of intrigue so well knows how to throw into his eyes.

The young man found an air about every thing around him, in the behaviour of the servants, in a carriage or two calling, the owners of which left their tickets, which proved to him that she was a married lady, the respected mistress of the house, though her conduct so little deserved respect. In his conversation, he first introduced general topics : he found she had not much to say ; very little mind about her, but seemingly well skilled in throwing out the allurements of her person : She often smiled where she should not, but that was easily pardoned ; for she treated the beholder with the display of beautiful dimples, and a set of teeth white as ivory.

A Rendezvous.

The young man was more apprehensive than the lady of her husband's return. He hastily introduced the subject of love, and the deep impression her beauty had made on him. She was delighted, her animation gave her new charms in the eyes of the enamoured Alfred, for no other name would he ever give her, no other knowledge did she ever obtain of who he really was, but that his christian name was Alfred !

Alfred, before he quitted the house, obtained her consent to give him a meeting, the next morning, in an adjoining square ! They afterwards soon parted to meet no more ; and she shed some tears at separating from her Alfred.

She told this event in confidence to a friend ; and indeed every one she saw, whom she found possessed of the least good nature, was her *confidante* ; but she happened to mention this ridiculous af-

A mild and tender Censor.

fair to a woman of exemplary prudence, who had known Mrs. Villeneuf from her infancy. She chid her, not like a severe and envious censor, but she tenderly exhorted her, and kindly admonished her to be more prudent. Guilty, whatever she thought, she would not pretend to believe her. She begged her to consider what she owed to her parents, to her husband and family ! “ But, Evelina,” said this amiable woman, “ if you are determined to continue this unguarded, this faulty conduct, I beseech you, confide not your reprehensible behaviour to me ; and permit me to withdraw my acquaintance, though your mother was so anxious you should preserve it : You know how with tears, on your arrival in this giddy metropolis, she charged me to watch over you on the entrance into gay life : My admonitions have been useless ; allow me then, to absent myself from your society.”

With all the most solemn professions

Love no one but your Husband.

she could make use of, Mrs. Villeneuf declared herself innocent; that she had only met her dear Alfred and walked with him; but she could not help loving him.

“ But my dear child,” said her friend, “ You are now to love no one but your husband.” “ Oh ! replied Mrs. Villeneuf, “ I have now parted with Alfred never to see him more ! I will, indeed, think only of Villeneuf; do not you forsake me.”

Whether the connexion Mrs. Villeneuf had with Alfred was really innocent, there yet remains a doubt; it probably might be so, for he was a refined young man, and was, it is most likely, disgusted with the forwardness of Mrs. Villeneuf. We should suppose that young men of any mind are not fond of so easy a conquest.

For some time after this event, though

A narrow Escape.

Mrs. Villeneuf still continued in her undress, like a painted transparency at her window, yet nothing material occurred to her in her career of *lover-catching*, till being one evening introduced to the friend of an unfortunate young lady, who visited this country after having united herself to an ungrateful usurper, Mrs. Villeneuf pointed all the artillery of her personal charms at this friend. He was at first very near being drawn into her snares ; but as he was a man of most correct manners, some unwarrantable licence in her behaviour towards him, made him quit her, with a contempt bordering on disgust.

Men like to caress, but not to be much caressed. If the two great principles of Attack and Defence between the sexes, are entirely done away with, love expands his broad wings, and flies off, never to be recalled !

Conclusion.

The unpardonable outward behaviour of Mrs. Villeneuf is so palpably licentious, that charity scarce knows how to undertake her defence. It is true before her marriage she lived almost entirely in the country. The scenes of London, and its gaities open to her bewildered senses a new world ; and it is now indeed too much a world of dissipation and gallantry : This has probably affected a mind naturally weak. If not actually guilty, we fear that mind is become corrupt.

We hope she will stop in time, and preserve by her future merit, that affection from a kind husband she now so amply possesses, and we are sorry to add she so little deserves.



GEN. SIR MARMADUKE BROOKS.

—
“ Nullus argento color est
“ ——— nisi temperato
“ ——— Splendeat usu.”

HORAT.

—
THIS gentleman, the deserving favourite of fortune, ranks high for his military services and knowledge, and for a mind well cultivated by a finished and polite education.

On his first embracing a military life, young Brooks had no dependance but his commission: Born a poor gentleman, he knew not only the value of every shilling, but of an humble sixpence also; that a farthing was the fourth part of a penny, and if taken care of, was so much saved towards the making one!

Whoever now sees Sir Marmaduke Brooks, must discover that in his youth he was eminently beautiful: His coun-

Preliminary Observations.

tenance is still so ; he is above six feet in stature, possesses a Soldier's phisiognomy, with eyes of the softest mildness, a roman nose, with a betwitching mouth and fine teeth.

He was, therefore, it may easily be conceived, admired by the ladies, especially when red coats were not so familiar to the eye as they are at the present day ; but Sir Marmaduke, knowing his poverty, steeled his heart against all their attacks ; a man who loves money very seldom devotes his time to the ladies. In the mean time, there were many who were captivated not only by his fine person, but by the sweet ease and polish of his manners.

But he was not an insensible ; he did love, and he was beloved : Yet the lady's fortune being but small, he durst not think of her : The prohibition of his parent also forbade it, and Sir Marmaduke

Union of congenial Souls.

was the most dutiful of sons ; he, therefore, gave up all thoughts of her, and married a lady of good fortune, which was to be considerably increased at the death of her father.

They had been acquainted from childhood ; she was a smart agreeable woman ; he could not be averse to an union with her ; and the sweet mild temper he had ever evinced in private life, ensured them that happiness which they have now long and mutually experienced in the married state. Love in his philosophical and patient mind was vanquished : His long admired lady also married ; and, in one important respect, he found himself united to a congenial soul, that of loving and saving money !

His bravery, his knowledge of all the theoretical and practical parts of war, during that of America, entitled him to,

A true honest Man.

and procured him the countenance and protection of men of high rank, which they held both as noblemen and officers. This knowledge increased his revenues with his rapid promotion, and employed him in a department which, though it required great military talents, was extremely lucrative.

Having got into a confirmed habit of hoarding, he was soon enabled to realize a considerable share of wealth. His integrity was however unequalled, and has ever continued so; he pays his tradesmen not only with punctuality, but with the most ready cheerfulness; and though every opportunity was, and is still given him, of making money, he scorns to do it at the expence of Government, or by the least unfair dealing with any one individual.

He has for many years been Lieutenant

Refined Economy.

Governor of one of our most important garrisons; round which he often walks in a coat and boots which excite many a smile and proverbial witticism from the younger officers, who all love him nevertheless to almost a degree of adoration; so remarkably sweet, so polite and conciliating are his manners to all classes of people, to the poor as well as the rich, to the young and the old.

But the love of money still preponderates in his mind. Sir Marmaduke is so rich, that he scarce knows himself the extent of his wealth. With age the close vice of avarice increases, and though they keep a great establishment, and live in all the apparent luxury of ease, yet Lady Brooks takes special care that nothing shall be lost, even to the little feather *that may chance to fly from the bed.*

Sir Marmaduke denies himself many

Avarice chills the Heart.

superfluities of life, which to the rich are really necessary comforts, and to purchase which the money expended from his immense revenues would hardly be missed.

For whom do they thus accumulate riches? Their only child is married; and married where gold flows in abundance.

When this cold and repellent quality takes root in an elegant mind like Sir Marmaduke's, it is particularly to be deplored: Perfection is not, nor ever will be, the lot of erring humanity; but as "every one has his fault," we could almost wish a man like the above character, had some other vice though perhaps it might be even of greater magnitude; because the vice of avarice shuts up all the avenues of the heart, and hardens it, like the metal it is so fond of,

Conclusion.

till it becomes impenetrable to that divine feeling, which makes the misfortunes of another its own.

Without any consideration of the increased expences of the times, he will express his astonishment at the pecuniary embarrassments of a man, who perhaps has one shilling where Sir Marmaduke has a thousand pounds; and he will wonder at the Lieutenant who has nothing but his pay, that cannot support himself and his wife with credit, and the gentility his profession unavoidably requires of him, on the scanty pittance of five shillings and eight pence per day.

This parsimony is a spot in a good man's character: It is more: It is a stain! The love of money is justly said to be the root of all evil; it binds a man down, however religious, to the perishable riches of this earth, seeking the golden mine deep buried in her bosom, sooner than

Conclusion.

the approbation or the prospect of heaven; it destroys all the social virtues; rendering his life ever anxious and unhappy; the conclusion of it unwelcome to himself and unlamented by others.

LADY LAURA PEMBERTON.

Ἐῶτρας οὐ κίει ἀκάνθα.

The Thorn bears no Grapes. ADAG. GRÆC.

LADY Laura Elton was the youngest of the numerous daughters of the Earl of Thornborough, most of them remarkable for their personal attractions; she for a fascination, accompanying the charms of her face and figure, peculiar to herself.

In temper and disposition, she had something in the combination resembling the Flavilla of Hawkesworth, "great sweetness blended with an high spirit," but she had not the imprudence of the unfortunate Flavilla. Lady Laura was ever remarkable for the contrary virtue; and her conduct was so chastely correct, so strongly fortified by prudence, that the remarkable frankness and openness of her

Her Character.

character, never caused an impertinent word or address to be directed to her; because her pure and native dignity instantly checked the rising idea of improper freedom, over-awed the most insolent, and commanded respect even from those, who might be the least inclined of any, to afford it to her.

At a very early age she united herself in marriage to a Major Pemberton of the Guards, and the purest love and esteem were the motives which actuated both.

By this marriage she had three lovely children, to whom all her affection soon became transferred; as the Major began to show himself to be a man unworthy so rich a treasure as he possessed in his Laura. She was the little idol of the regiment to which he belonged; and his vanity was highly gratified in seeing her flattered and caressed; but his heart

She appears a dashing Woman.

became estranged from her, and his inconsistent conduct, and systematic ill-treatment of her, checked the natural vivacity of her temper; and the smiles which dressed her countenance in the public scene of gaiety, were succeeded by an overbalance of tears in her private and solitary hours.

The late Earl's numerous family had of course left but very little portion for his daughters. Major Pemberton was not rich, but he launched into expences of the most extravagant nature; and was ambitious that his wife should appear the most dashing woman in the regiment; that her horses, her carriage, should be the most fashionable and most superb, and her liveries continually new.

No one loved elegance better than Lady Laura; no one understood it so well; no one knew better that it does not consist in expensive ornaments, but that much

Her Husband goes Abroad

cost lavished on them, only destroys that simplicity which gives to elegance, when united with taste, its greatest charm. She had been early accustomed to that economy, which, however elevated the station in life may be, must yet be preserved in a large family. No one was more naturally generous, and no one could economise better: Long, very long ago, but for her provident care, Major Pemberton would have been a ruined man!

The regiment he belonged to was ordered abroad, while her three children were in the early stages of childhood. She felt this separation keenly; she still dearly loved her ungrateful husband; he loved her also, but he loved himself, and his expensive and destructive pleasures better!

Lady Laura, after his departure, placed her little girl at school; and taking her

A rigid Disciple of the Old School.

infant boys with her, she repaired to the country seat of the Countess Dowager of Thornborough, her mother.

The old Lady Dowager was a good woman, but her temper was trying and unpleasant; to keep up her dignity in high style, with her chaplains and a numerous train about her, she would practise many mortifying acts of self-denial; was parsimonious in many things to an extreme, and was a rigid disciple of the Old School.

The lively Lady Laura went with an heavy heart to immure herself in this gloomy mansion, anxiously waiting for news from her yet loved husband. He wrote to her but seldom; and she heard alarming accounts from other quarters of his improper conduct, his outrageous and haughty behaviour to his superior officers, and those beneath him. How often did she wish she had braved every

She repairs to a Cottage Orné.

danger, and had accompanied him; hoping, and fondly imagining, that she might have been a check on his extravagances and imprudence. No, Laura, not even thou canst check confirmed inconsistency, nor the untoward spirit of an head-strong, impetuous man!

We will pass over many a sad hour she numbered; many a sleepless night of agony, and many a tearful morning. She had the painful task of closing a mother's eyes; and the thoughts of her mind were in some degree dissipated, by arranging with Lady Caroline (her only sister who remained unmarried,) her late parent's affairs. Her brothers arrived, took possession of the house, and she accompanied Lady Caroline to her future residence, which was a small cottage *orné* at some distance.

Lady Caroline was quite the commonplace woman of quality; she had so long borne with her mother's humours, by

Her Husband's return.

being continually with her, that it had given a listless kind of callousness to a naturally lively and ardent mind. However, Lady Laura has ever done her the justice to say, that she behaved to her in a very trying period of her life, which followed in a short time after, in the most warm, affectionate, and sisterly manner: For the Major soon arrived in England; he had quitted his regiment, and returned to his Laura, almost a bankrupt in fortune, through his own shameful extravagance.

A series of repeated infidelities, neglect, and cruel behaviour, on his part, since his return, oppressed the active mind of Lady Laura, and brought on a nervous disorder. We forbear giving a detail of his conduct; such is too much the same, and too well known in the character of a fashionable husband.

That afflicting malady, which equally

He drags her Children from her.

attacks the nerves and mind, this mad-headed young man increased by an action, the most unfeeling on his side, and the most trying to the affectionate heart of a fond mother.

She now wished, and that most ardently, to separate her fate from his. Her children were the only ties which bound her to him. Her excellent disposition wished him well, and still felt zealously alive to his interests; but love in a mind like her's, could no longer find a place for such a worthless object.

Unrelenting, unheeding of her most earnest intreaties, (for he had bowed her spirit to the earth, and humbly and fervently she condescended to implore the destroyer of her domestic happiness, to hear her supplications; but in vain!) he dragged her children from her; and this ill-assorted pair separated for the present, but without any written forms; and she

She trembles for her Daughter.

was still liable to his insults and oppression.

At the time he tore her children from her, he took also her diamonds and other valuable ornaments; but, like another Cornelia, she had always thought her children her most estimable jewels.

He has since bestowed the greatest part of her most costly trinkets, which once adorned, or rather borrowed ornament from, the beautiful bosom of unsullied purity, to decorate that of the meretricious and abandoned courtesan.

And now, knowing the libertinism of the father's principles, having, at her early years, obtained such a sad, though extensive and useful knowledge of the world, and seen so much of the licentiousness of modern manners, her mind became anguished by the most painful solicitude for the fate of her beloved daughter.

He Tears.

ter: She dreaded lest the father might take her from school, and establish her in his own domestic circle. What might not be the result! Her heart then estranged from her mother. . . . And she would have constantly before her the dreadful example, in a woman of high fashion and great family, almost living with her father, and publicly avowing an attachment to him.

She regained, by powerful exertions, the native energy of her mind: She hastened to save a daughter! Yet still the mournful idea of being parted from her beloved boys, one an infant, sometimes so oppressed her spirits, as made her almost sink under the arduous undertaking.

Her elder brothers were worldly men, by no means warm-hearted; and, as they had ever strenuously opposed her marriage with Major Pemberton, they took this unseasonable opportunity, to con-

A Deed of Separation.

vince her of their own penetration, and to shew her the folly of her not having attended to their advice: but yet, even they, in concurrence with the advice of all her other friends urged her, in the most earnest manner, to have articles of separation, ready drawn up, in the most regular and forcible terms, and when signed, properly witnessed.

In these articles, she insisted on having her daughter with her, and of taking the sole charge of her education and future fate in life.

The writings were easily executed; but her soul-harassing husband refused for a long time to sign them. One resource was left her. She knew his extravagance often made him feel the want of money; which, though he was sometimes supplied with from the woman who forgot her own dignity, and that of her noble family, in her illicit

The Deed is signed.

inclination, yet her pecuniary assistance could not be great, as she was, in some degree, dependant on a brother. Lady Laura, therefore, willing to give up all to obtain her darling daughter, offered the small remains of that fortune which her mother left her at her death.

As soon as cash ran short with Pemberton, he eagerly signed the deed of separation. The mind of Lady Laura released from the heavy weight that hung over it, soon regained its accustomed tone of strength.

And now every one of her high and respectable friends seemed to vie with each other who should most afford her protection and assistance. Her fortune now remaining was but very small; it was but a trifling bequest left her by her grandmother, independent of all her other relations; but her native taste and

Reflections.

elegance, the happy art of uniting well-timed and requisite expense with a partial frugality, rendered the style of Lady Laura's dress and living superior to that of many who are possessed of double her income.

Lovely in person, it cannot be supposed, that she can have been always entirely free from solicitations of a tender nature: But how soon were they checked, how soon has presumption been over-awed by the mild though firm dignity of her manners !

Her prudence, the elegant turn of her mind, her undeserved fate, her uncommon share of intellectual knowledge, have gained her the countenance of Royalty itself: All the correct and higher classes of nobility, all the eminent in the literary world, are eagerly anxious that she should make one in their most brilliant parties : and many there are who feel

Lady Laura's deserved encomium.

proud in saying, that on such an evening, or at such a dinner party, they had the happiness of being seated by that charming woman, Lady Laura Pemberton.

She attends with the most unremitting perseverance to the accomplishments of her daughter, and watches her progress in them with incessant care. The fond wishes of this inestimable parent will not be disappointed ; Miss Pemberton promises to crown all her affectionate desires, and to be in many respects the counterpart of her excellent mother.

So pure, so regulated is the conduct of Lady Laura, by the strictest rules of decorum, that the most inveterate calumny has never dared to touch it with her sooty finger. Her unfortunate husband sees too late the intrinsic worth and shining contents of the beautiful casket he has thrown away : he has endeavoured, by the fairest promises and most ardent

Conjugal love is not easily extinguished.

protestations of reformation, to persuade her to again unite herself to him. Though she knows his fluctuating mind and wavering heart so well, yet he is the father of her dear boys, and when he has sought a reconciliation, it gives her severe trials, and sadly injures her nervous system. Conjugal love in so warm a heart cannot be easily, nor indeed never wholly, extinguished: But all her friends, and indeed even the relations of Major Pemberton, warn her to be careful of again putting herself in his power.

Indeed we fear the constant and habitual practice of relaxed and libertine manners in Major Pemberton has confirmed them into principles that have taken root, which now actuate his mind, and will long be the springs of his future conduct: we wish we may be mistaken; but “the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.”



JOSEPH BAXTER, ESQ.

“ Integer vitæ Scelerisque purus.”

HORAT.

THE pride of the lily sometimes adorns the humblest vallies, and it is not uncommon to gather the modest and shy violet on the brows of high craggy mountains. Virtue and vice, though of an opposite nature, thrive in the same grounds, and all classes of society are open to them. Oh! that all distinctions between man and man were measured upon the *quantum* of virtue or vice found in each individual! Then, surely, our morals would improve, and the general happiness of mankind would be the desired result of it!

Joseph Baxter, is a native of Suffolk, and has been an inhabitant of London for these last thirty years. Liberally edu-

His apartments

cated, literature and antiquarian pursuits are his hobby-horse ; but too small an income has restrained the bent of his soul nearly in all the circumstances of his life. What struggles, what privations, what trouble and pain, were not suffered or made use of, as necessary engines, to arrive fairly and most honestly to the object of his wishes ? However, perseverance and economy have conquered all.

Retired, as a lonely anchorite, in the attic apartment of an inn of Court, there, not unlike the bird of Minerva, who perches on the neighbouring gutter, and “moping to the Moon complains,” our friend silently and wisely enjoys what he calls (and who dares say he is not right ?) a comfortable life.

He is fond of old engravings and musty pictures ; his room does not exhibit an inch of plaster that is not closely co-

a true Microcosm.

vered with such precious decorations. His tolerance has allowed him to be fond of popish relicks ; and pieces of copes and chalices from the times of the Hepharchy to this day, are hung respectfully around his bed-chamber. Old missals, curious editions of scarce books, sleep on his shelves ; and precious medals repose in his cabinets. Ancient stained-glass chequers his window-frames with the seven-fold glories of the rainbow, and Mambrino's helmet chides its neighbour, the real bit of copper-ore, for its not exposing more significantly the greenish treasures of its bosom. In fact, and without joke, Mr. Baxter's small apartment is truly a kind of microcosm, where time and place have lost their distances ; where the produces of Otaheite and Mexico, are contiguous to the English and French beautiful china ; where the Etruscan vase displays its red and black allegories by the sides of modern filigree.

His Means.

But how could any body gather so many and valuable curiosities, with no other help but a very small patrimony, which his prudence bids him to preserve, and natural fearfulness forbids him to increase? For these last thirty years he has employed the same hair-dresser, who, out of respect (we suppose) never raised his price; the same laundress and her daughter have constantly attended him for the same wages, because, as they say, they are sure of their money, let it be ever so little; and the same cookshop, or, if you will, the same tavern, has contributed to his subsistence. A constant customer for so long a period, is sure to be well-treated, and Mr. Baxter never found cause to change his board. Sobriety with him is the order of the day; but a friend can enjoy, at his chambers, as comfortable a cup or dish of tea, as at any Alderman's rose-wood table.

His Haunts.

Generally averse to crowds, he runs through the street; and, if he is ever pressed or jammed any where, it must be in some foreign chapel, where, though bred up a member of the established church, he often repairs to enjoy the sight of the Russian or Roman liturgies. As his days are peaceful and harmless, his nights are undisturbed and happy. His diet is regular, light, and wholesome; therefore he enjoys his health. But do not believe that the overplus of his income is exclusively spent to satisfy his whims, and buy fodder for his hobby-horses — He feels as a man ought for the miseries of others; the sly shilling often drops from his hand into the worn-out hat of the blind and lame, and they bless him, as they would an angel, invisible and unknown.

In one word, Mr. Baxter's life, which, we are sorry to say, is now on the decline, has been like the nightly lamp, that

The only Fault he ever committed.

keeps itself in darkness, whilst it illuminates all around, and for the many years we have observed him attentively, we never heard him complain of any body, nor any body complain of him; the only harm he has ever been the cause of, and often deplored, was his treading unknowingly on the tender corn of a lady's foot, at the Queen's birth-day, ten or twelve days ago.

Mr. Baxter is a bachelor, therefore he never enjoyed the sweets of conjugal love, and the comforts of a father: no—surely—nor the bitterness of jealousy, and the continual anxieties of a tender parent for his children.

The journal of his daily conduct is as follows:—Mr. B. rises at half past seven in winter, and at half past five in summer; lights his fire himself, and dusts his curiosities; breakfasts exactly at nine; remains in his red damask morning-gown

His Diary.

till ten or eleven; dresses, and goes to take a walk if the weather proves fine; returns home at one, studies till three: goes to the tavern, dines, takes a second walk, or returns home if it rains; drinks tea at six precisely; writes or reads till nine; drinks a glass of ale, with a slight crust of bread, and at half past nine retires to his bed, where he sleeps soundly till the next day brings the same routine over again.

THE
HON. CAVENDISH WORSLEY.

“ Nunc est bibendum : nunc pede libero

“ Pulsanda tellus.”

HORAT.

WHEN a stranger beholds the delicacy and freshness of a complexion rather feminine, with small regular features, a low stature, and the *contour* of the body round and plump, but by no means stout, he is very much inclined to think that the Honourable Cavendish Worsley is a lady in male attire.

But let the above stranger be only one hour in the company of this honourable descendant of the noble house of Eastfield, and he will soon retract his opinion.

The Honourable Cavendish Worsley finds his chief delight in those truly

A Bacchanalian.

masculine recreations, of coursing, drinking, and horse-racing; but in the two former consists his greatest gratification.

He will sit up indefatigable in the service of Bacchus, for he is one of his most zealous priests,—be the last man remaining at the banquet of inebriety; after seeing all his companions carried from under the table by their servants, or feebly staggering themselves to their respective homes; and he seldom quits any party till he has taken off, to his own share, eight bottles! Now, when he finds on some fine frosty morning, the clock has struck five, at the conclusion of these drinking orgies, he calculates, that in less than three hours the morning will peep out, and that then the timorous hare may be started from her covert, and lordly man may shew his imbecile triumph over the little defenceless creature!

Hunting Parties.

Accordingly, he tucks up his legs in a chair, reflecting that it is not worth while to undress himself and go to bed; snores there till daybreak, slips on, in haste, an old green coat, often torn at the elbows, and unsewed beneath the arm: he then mounts his tandem, and accompanied by a train of country squires, needy half-pay officers, and two or three of his own class, he begins, and goes through the sports of the field with that arduous avidity, which good health at the age of two and twenty enables him to support without fatigue.

He commands a troop in an old established regiment of light dragoons, whose Commandant married one of his sisters: he is consequently sometimes a little indulged; but there are days that military duty and discipline must be attended to; and the *horrid bore* of a parade cannot be dispensed with. On these occasions he is often reported sick, till the pretext

No strong penchant for the Ladies.

is too stale to gain credit, and the Surgeon is obliged to do his duty, by declaring that Captain Worsely has nothing the matter with him, and thinks he might very well *stand* a parade ; and this he is enabled literally to do, though he may be just emerged from the mess-room, after a long night's bacchanalian riot ; for he can steadily carry off much more wine than those who appear possessed of five times his strength.

He is no particular admirer of the ladies, though always polite to them, when in their company, and attentive to their wants if he happens at dinner to be seated near them. But he has not yet made any noise by his amorous adventures. He examines the eyes of an horse with much more interest than he would look on the most brilliant pair in the feminine head : and to be convinced that a beautiful mare had not "*the mark in her mouth,*" is of far greater importance to him, than if his

His Kennel.

own sister's ivory set of teeth had just escaped being knocked out of her lovely mouth by some rueful accident.

His dogs are still dearer to him ; Cassio, Cæsar, Miss Frolic, Myrtle, Madame Josephine, are all associates at and partakers of his meals, except his breakfast, or rather his morning draught, which being a mixture of eggs and brandy would not be so pleasant to their palates : for *their* morning repast, the best white bread and new milk is purchased, and no expence spared in the procuring it.

He is a faithful disciple of Lavater ; yet the science of physiognomy in Captain Worsley does not teach him to study the human countenance, but that of the canine species : He can tell to a nicety, the extent of *Carlin's* abilities and sagacity, by looking at the meaning expression of his monkey face : He watches with precision the humble and affectionate looks

Canine Physiognomy.

of the faithful spaniel; the wiliness of the Pomeranian fox; the trifling vivacity of the French lion-muff, the shrewd archness of the *Rusé* tarrier, and the grave and settled determination of the honest mastiff, to protect his master from injury: he marks the mixture of futility, use, and perseverance, in the long countenance of the greyhound; vacant and making up a kind of nonentity in his character, when he has nothing to do, but knowing that when he is employed he is useful, and then he perseveres.

These, and many other such remarks embellish his conversation when his favourite theme of dogs is brought on the *tapis*. He has watched their physiognomies and resulting actions with scrupulous care, has made the character of that faithful animal his peculiar study; and we must say he has seldom been deceived in his opinion. How gloriously

Conclusion.

does such a man pass his life time ; how much lamented will he sink into the silent grave !

“ Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.”

SENECA.

THE LATE
COUNTESS OF EASTWOOD;

OR,

THE PENITENT WANDERER.

“ Que doit faire un mari quand on aime sa femme . . . ?
Rien.”

LAFONT.

THE pride and boast of England; once the shielding safeguard of persecuted royalty, as now the bulwark of an happy and established government, several years ago afforded a name to a beautiful maiden, who was the general admiration of the opposite sex. Amongst others who wore her chains, was the then gallant Lord Tennington, now Earl of Eastwood; who, whatever faults he had, or may still possess, was yet remarkable for never attempting the seduction of elegance and virtue, or even the wish to possess the object of his choice, in any but an honourable way.

Disparity of Fortune.

Lady Eastwood was of a good family, had a finished education, and was lovely in person to a degree of superiority over other women; but her fortune by no means entitled her to the expectation of an union with a nobleman of Lord Tennington's rank and wealthy acquisitions. At the death of an old relation she would most probably have something considerable in landed property: to that his lordship *then* did not aspire; though it is now well known, and has been for some years, that, to be the possessor of a prodigious number of acres of land, while he grumbles at the tax levied upon them, is his lordship's hobby-horse.

He was, however, and has still shewn himself most elegantly refined in the choice of his wives: how these wives fare with the Sultan who becomes possessor of them is best known in his domestic circle. But we well know that **TURKEY** is not the *only* place where husbands ex-

A superb Fête.

ercise despotic tyranny over the costly-decked partners of their wealth and selfish embraces.

On the marriage of Lord Tennington with his first wife, his adored Maria, he gave the most elegant rural holiday that had ever been before witnessed in England. Earth seemed ransacked of her choicest luxuries to regale the guests; Arabia lavished her perfumes, every foreign rarity was presented in abundance, and

“ Scarcely the Phœnix 'scaped.”

The evening concluded with a brilliant *Fête Champêtre* and ball; and for a few years Lord Tennington was the happiest of men.

He had not been long in possession of the Earldom of Eastwood, when he fancied he beheld a visible change in the manners of his lady towards him: But

An old Flame revived.

we were never told on which side the change began.

An Officer in the army of the most elegant manners, insinuating address, and beautiful person, visited frequently at the house of Lord Eastwood: it has indeed been rumoured that Lady Eastwood had received an early girlish impression in behalf of this gentleman before she saw her lord. Whether it was so, or no, she perhaps found it a task too difficult to forbear admiring a mind, that was in congeniality with her own, nor contrasting sentiment, polish, and every accomplishment, with moroseness, suspicion, and more love for the whip, and the delights of the turf, than for her fine person.

Nor were the pleasures of the bottle forgot among the *delicate* ones of Lord Eastwood, while discussing favourite topics of political opposition; in which he

His Fortune increases.

felt offended if his lady did not bear a part.

About this period, the relative of Lady Eastwood died, and bequeathed to her landed property well worth retaining; and this happened about the time that Lord Eastwood, disgusted with some events which took place at Newmarket, had turned all his thoughts towards improving and extending his landed possessions.

In the will of this relation it was positively expressed, that the property left to Lady Eastwood was on this condition, that it should be bequeathed to her *existing* husband, at the time of her demise, if she died before him. This was done the better to ensure it to their future children, for if she was left a widow, it was instantly to devolve to them, and be equally divided amongst them.

Her guilt.

Lord Eastwood soon began to entertain very strong and very unequivocal suspicions of his wife's fidelity: he watched her himself, and set spies over her conduct; and we are sorry to say, that, in effect she had been and continued for some time criminal and faithless!

In the mean time, his Lordship had conceived an unbounded and sincere affection for a lady in a public line of life; but who well deserved to obtain all that purity of love, respect, and esteem, which she has ever enjoyed; and will, we hope, long enjoy through the whole course of her correct and exemplary life. Of this truly admirable woman we have never heard but one opinion.

Lord Eastwood, even if he wished to corrupt her principles, or possess her person in any illicit way, knew the innate virtue and delicacy of her mind too well

Continued.

even to attempt it ; never would she see him but in the presence of her mother ; never trusted herself with him alone, either in public or private. She has carefully guarded her susceptible heart against the encroachments of love ; she could not but be grateful to Lord Eastwood for continual acts of friendship and generosity bestowed on her, and on every part of her family. She was sensible how great his assistance had been to her, in making her rise to the summit of eminence in her profession ; and gratitude, in so pure and excellent a bosom, easily admitted its growing into a more tender passion ; but it was pure, as the seraphic sentiment of an angel ; nor entertained one thought of supplanting Lady Eastwood, though she knew she had so fatally destroyed her own peace, as well as offended against her husband's honour.

Lord Eastwood had those proofs of his lady's criminality, which he well

A faux Pas leads to a Fall.

knew in a court of justice would bring him ample retribution. But he was wealthy enough, and some few in the world, though they strongly suspected her ill conduct, and others, who dared not speak of it, had conviction of it ; yet, for very cogent reasons, at least to him, Lord Eastwood smothered his resentment, cast a cloud of obscurity over the business, and determined she should yet remain in his house, and bear her title undisputed.

Females of virtue, however, shunned her ; but she had all the spirit of fashion about her ; she had broken down the barriers of decorum ; and she revelled in pleasures little suited to her once delicate and elegant mind ; but which, while the intoxication of gratified inclination, and the ardent affection of an enraptured lover, not long blessed with possession, continued, she hushed every rising reflection, and lulled with the poisonous

No Comfort found in a dissipated Life.

opiate of lawless love, the monitor, conscience !

Her society consisted chiefly of officers ; in whose company she would, with her cherished male friend, dine at a regimental mess, be the worshipped idol of the table, and the life of the martial party : but mirth and wine soon began to lose their influence : and though she never was seen intoxicated by the latter, she could take her bottle of Madeira with the most indefatigable military votary of Bacchus.

But the polished mind of an elegant female, who has sacrificed all her principles of duty, and all her claims to respect, for love, and love only, cannot long lose its poignant reflections in those distracting pleasures, which add to instead of diminishing their baneful effects. The heart of a woman of Lady Eastwood's natural delicacy, could not find gratification, consolation, or comfort, in

Repentance.

a life of noisy and thought-repelling dissipation.

Her mind became the prey of bitterest anguish, and of the most sincere and unaffected repentance, which preyed, and rapidly worked destruction, on her delicate frame : she dismissed her lover, and solemnly vowed never to see him more !

He loved her dearly, and fervently as ever ; and this last laudable sacrifice she made to duty, it is thought, hastened her dissolution. Oh ! sacred love, why is thy hymeneal torch only mutually kindled by humble cottagers ? while, for the high-born and wealthy thou tearest asunder the *special licence*, and laughest, with demoniac triumph, at the ambition of parents, who sacrifice the unwilling fair to gold and title !

Lord Eastwood had long ceased to

Death is deaf to our Prayers.

live with his Lady as an husband ; and nothing but the certain conviction that if he was divorced from her, her military favourite, who still adored her, would instantly wed her, (and *he* would then be her *existing* husband), prevented him from seeking a legal separation, and for ever uniting himself to that virtuous female, whose mind and person had so completely enslaved him : but then, no land of his own was equal to that charming little possession, which, if his Lady died, *really* and *bonâ fide*, his *wife*, and not the wife of *another*, would become his own, to all intents and purposes : he could not think of giving it up !

The physicians of Lady Eastwood declared her in a deep and rapid decline ; and death, he flattered himself, would soon make both the land and his long-admired lady his own. He, therefore, invoked death as his best friend, not for

A great Example.

himself, but for one who had been once more than his *second self* !

Alas ! the Lady lived long ; much too long for his Lordship ! her lingering life was spared to purify her soul by the most sincere and exemplary penitence, and which marked the last years and moments of this interesting woman : like a second Mary Magdalen, “ she loved much, because she had, like her, much to be forgiven ! ”

Lady Eastwood, like Mary, deplored her faults at the feet of her REDEEMER ; she trusted in his never-failing mercy ; and the divine who attended her in the awful period of her last moments, declared her death to be both edifying and happy !

Lord Eastwood had loved his present Lady in the brightest season of her

A Coronet no pledge of Happiness.

youth ; he found it now past : but yet he loved her with more sincerity than ever. Such is the triumph of true virtue.

As soon as decency would permit, he raised her to the rank of his Countess ; and this high situation her merits do honour to. She has three lovely children by his Lordship.

Her situation is envied by many ; but, alas ! the present Lady Eastwood is not happy. Surely the manners of Lord Eastwood, in his domestic establishment, are not calculated to ensure the felicity of his wife : the unbounded gratitude Lady Eastwood feels for him, her knowing no other attachment, will never make her faithless. She suffers then the more in some respects ; for, though self-reproach is added to the guilty, yet, when a wife has been rendered so, chiefly through the ill-usage of an husband, she may, for

Conclusion.

a short time, feel a temporary illusive kind of happiness; while the pangs of suffering virtue, and slighted conjugal fidelity, silently corrode the afflicted heart, leaving it for ever cheerless, dead to every species of enjoyment, or only alive to agony.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

“ Ad populum phaleras ; ego te intus et in cute novi.”

PERG.

“ **P**ATIENCE, my dear Charlotte,” said the Marquis of Waltham, “ or I shall begin to suspect you have some secret interest in the person whose character I am about to unfold.” — “ Why, you must allow,” replied the Duchess of Pymont, “ that such a sermon as we heard this morning was calculated to awaken interest in any one ; and if I, thus sadly deprived of that sense which has so large an influence on the rest, am desirous to learn some particulars of this mild and Christian orator, surely there is some excuse for Charlotte’s more lively curiosity ; for I am told, he is a personable and a single man. It is certainly strange that we should have heard no-

A Conversation.

thing of him in the great world : his name and title are equally strange to me."

" In the *gay* world, however," sarcastically answered her son, " your Grace would hear enough of him ; for he is there acknowledged as one of those political sensualists, who saint it in the pulpit, and sin in the corner."

" We surely should be cautious," quickly interrupted Lady Charlotte, " before we embrace a report which may injure the character of those, who must ever be more responsible for their actions than others ; being called upon, by the sanctity of their profession, to exhibit, both by practice and precept, an example for edification : but this is a sad world, and I am rather inclined to believe, my dear brother, that what you have heard of Sir William Featherington, prejudicial to that purity of morals and honest iuge-

An Enquiry.

nuousness, which should distinguish a minister of the Gospel, has originated in envy of his talents and worth. It is said, you know, that our good qualities, rather than our bad ones, mark us out for persecution: whether this is really the case, in the present instance, remains to be proved; and therefore, my dear brother, spite of your bantering, I call upon you, in the name of the Duchess and myself, to give us a 'plain unvarnished' history of this interesting theologian." — "Why, the *varnish*, my dear sister, is so very thick, I am told, and so neatly put on, that it requires a very skilful analyzer to shew you the real *ground-work* of this *body compound*; but, in these days, when enlightening science rears her head, investigation is enabled to point out the truth; and sometimes to strip the hypocrite of his borrowed sanctity. As this is exactly the case, with respect to Sir William Featherington, I think, my dear

Discussion.

Charlotte, I may promise you an *unvarnished* tale: you may wonder at it, but you shall hear nothing but what is sanctioned by truth."

"Dare I suppose that my puritanic sister, or that your Grace, had ever turned over the pages of that ingenious, but rather licentious work, known by the title of "The Monk," I could point out some traits in the character of his hero, which might serve as a specimen of the ecclesiastic in question; and, by this means, save myself the pain of a farther delineation; for, where the delusion favours a generous prepossession, it is by no means a pleasant task to undeceive."

"Well, well, go on, dear brother," somewhat hastily, answered Lady Charlotte; "we will judge by fair evidence." "Why, Charlotte," returned the Marquis, without appearing to notice the interruption; "never, till this moment,

Continued.

did I suspect you of borrowing *false colours* ! The vegetable *tablet rouge*, together with the liquid bloom, fade into nothing when compared with your present glow. To whom do you owe the mystic art ?”

As Lady Charlotte did not think it necessary to let her brother into this secret of her toilet, we take upon us to inform our readers, that this Lady had occasionally seen Sir William prior to his obtaining his title at the hospitable mansion of the Dowager Lady Clairville; and the report made of him, by that aimiable character, (over whom he had acquired great ascendancy) falling in with the opinions she had herself formed of his amiability and worth, induced her to receive the elegant attentions he had occasionally paid her with more than common satisfaction.

Lady Charlotte possessed an heart alive

Character of a Clergyman.

to every generous principle ; though born to an exalted station, and herself to a suitable fortune, she was endowed with an unaspiring sweetness of disposition, and a mind in which dwelt the purest sensibility : to be the Lady Bountiful of a parish was her highest ambition ; and to love virtue was inseparable from her nature.

She believed Sir William Featherington the most amiable of men ; and, in a capital, where much fashionable depravity generally prevailed, thought him worthy to be ranked with those orthodox divines, who, by the severity of their manners, and purity of their principles, are best calculated to reform and instruct a wandering and deviating multitude. Such was the opinion formed by Lady Charlotte Stanmore of Sir William Featherington, when she heard, with no small satisfaction, that he was appointed to the living of Bryarsfeldt, within two miles

His Sermon.

of Laurel Villa, the summer residence of the Duchess of Pyrmont; and it was through the persuasions of the former that her Grace, accompanied by Lady Charlotte, went to hear divine service at Bryarsfeldt, on Sir William's delivering his introduction sermon.

Nothing could be more awakening, more impressive, or more orthodox, than his discourse: the whole sermon breathed the spirit of Christianity, set forth the mercies of DIVINE LOVE; while the glowing richness of the language, occasionally interspersed with mild and pathetic appeals, found their way to the hearts of his hearers, and impressed the congregation in favour of their new incumbent.

As Sir William, before the assumption of his title, was known in the metropolis only by a certain set, and as he had left *indelible marks* of his real character in a provincial town, where he formerly resided in his days of penury, it was only

His Origin and Pedigree.

since the event of a certain public *fracas*, wherein Sir William's specious gentleness gained both judge and jury in his favour, that he had been heard of by the Marquis of Waltham; but this unfortunate event brought him awkwardly into notice: "And who is this Sir William Featherington!" was reiterated by men of rank, who had never before heard of such a title or such a person. No one could tell, for a long time, from what remote spot this Knight of the Holy Order had sprung; nor was it until Sir William had posted it repeatedly in the Gazette, that "The King had been pleased to grant, &c. &c." that the perverse and obstinate multitude would allow the legality of his new dignity. So, however, it was: and the Marquis began his narrative by assuring her Grace and Lady Charlotte, that Sir William Featherington was actually Sir William Featherington, though the title was so *ancient* that the best Antiquarians had been puz-

Impartiality recommended.

zled to trace it, being supposed to bear date from the Holy Wars, in the time of Richard the First; and we, theretore, may naturally enough presume, from the extreme sanctity of the present Sir William's life, that he is no less than a descendant of the celebrated Archbishop Walter of the above-mentioned æra."

"My dear brother, you promised an *unvarnished tale* remember," said Lady Charlotte; "so a truce to your witty sarcasms for the present, and give us a plain statement of well-authenticated facts; for by those only should the aspersed be judged and condemned."—" *Bravissimo!* most noble Charlotte," returned his lordship; "I hasten to obey you."

Lady Charlotte took her ivory-netting-needles, and ran her delicate fingers through the silver and gold mazes of a most fashionable purse she was finishing

Conclusion.

for her brother, whilst the Duchess, leaning on the arm of the Marquis's *fau-
teuil à l'Egyptienne*, listened with eager-
ness to the following character.

THE REVEREND
SIR WM. FEATHERINGTON.

“ Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
“ Nor set down aught in malice. . . . SHAKESP.

THIS paragon of plausibility and meekness, of purity and principle, is the veriest hypocrite that walks the earth : he is well-versed in assimilation and dissimulation ; and all his apparent qualities of virtue, benevolence, gentleness, and forbearance, are but a cover for his vices. By the female sex he should be held in abhorrence ; for he is to them a greater foe than the most bare-faced libertine : neither old nor young women escape his aim, where either passion or interest direct his motive.

He possesses such a specious and va-

Playing at hide-and-seek.

ried suavity, and suits, with such a masterly subtlety, his conversation and manners to those persons he wishes to impress in his favour, that there are samples of old maids and widows, wives and virgins, who have been, in a great degree, captivated with his apparent amiability, and who have unanimously declared Sir William Featherington a most mild, gentlemanly, and worthy man.

Amongst the male sex he is not so much to be feared as shunned; for there is in his conduct, establishment, and deportment, such an impenetrable mystery, as must ever lead to distrust and suspicion. Sometimes he is seen with a well-appointed equipage, house, and servants, with other *convenient appendages*: in the space of a few weeks, he is met on an old broken-winded horse, and found in a common lodging in some obscure street; and, in a little time, he is walking on foot, without one seven-shilling-piece to

Outlines of a Picture.

rub against another : running about to get a bill done, or playing at *hide-and-seek*, for fear of being *dished-up* ! Shortly after he is heard of in a shop, asking for letters, directed in a fictitious name, and producing a note of considerable amount in order to discharge a small debt of two pounds. It is equally mysterious by what means he has obtained his preferment ; for before he was presented with the living of Bryarsfeldt, he scarce ever visited his parishioners at Wingfield and Derwater, but was a constant resident in the metropolis, where he shone “ the gayest of the gay ! ” sporting it, alternately, with that titled demirep, Lady Backswarden, or joining the easy parties of *ci-devant* mistresses ; paying his court to the principled old, and his addresses to the unsuspecting young ; endeavouring, by a shew of generous sympathy, to seduce the unfortunate wife ; indulging irregular and promiscuous inclinations, and treating with harsh and

The Portrait continued.

cruel indignity the unfortunate who held the *distinguished place* of his private or household mistress.

Such are the outlines of the picture ! and veracity may pledge herself of its being a faithful representation. We could wish, for the honour of human nature, that the portrait were exaggerated, for certainly there seems not a little of the *demon* in the present sketch ; but this is an unprejudiced, and we are sorry to add, a *moderate* statement: to descend to some particulars would bring Sir William low indeed ! yet, to withhold *all*, is to suffer the just and amiable to be deluded by a specious exterior—they who are unwilling; from their own purity of mind, to admit the possibility, that a character like Sir William Featherington's can be in existence.

Rank and fortune, the protectors of exalted relatives, happily exclude those who

An unfortunate Female.

move in the *very* high spheres of noble life, from the association, as well as from the danger, of such a character as is here pourtrayed; yet, those exalted females of virtuous character, who feel a generous reluctance to admit a belief of such worthlessness in the male sex, will not forget to feel for those unfortunate objects of their own, who have, by such characters as Sir William Featherington, been seduced from the paths of rectitude, and been led, even by their love of virtue, to the brink of ruin. We shun, with disgust, the professed reprobate; but, can innocence shield itself against the sinner in the garb of the saint?

When first Sir William visited at the Dowager Lady Clairville's, there was a female, whose misfortunes, integrity, and strength of mind, had created an interest, and secured her an asylum under the roof of this hospitable and benevolent Lady, who had had some knowledge of

Base and contemptible Conduct.

her in her brighter days : this ill-fated fair, whose history of domestic sorrows would form a most pathetic and instructive lesson, had the misfortune to possess such personal qualifications as attracted the particular notice of Sir William Featherington.

A combination of cruel circumstances had deprived her, at that time; of legal protection, and her scanty income, by no means answering the claims of that genteel mediocrity to which she had been accustomed, Sir William thought her a fair subject of pursuit, and flattered himself with the prospect of an easy conquest : but the Lady possessed an high sense of female honour, together with a frank and discerning mind ; and Sir William was obliged to ply all his artillery of gentle offices, sympathizing, and amiability, to make any impression on an heart, at that time, mourning over its departed happiness. At length, however, his delicate

attentions, the interest and concern he professed to take in her situation, and the belief she entertained of the probity and benevolence of his disposition, induced her to acknowledge him as one of her warmest friends.

We should offend the Lady, who is the subject of this anecdote, were we to give the sequel of Sir William's base and contemptible conduct towards her; and abhorrence would be excited in the reader, were we to offer a progressive detail of his dastardly and insidious proceedings in this affair: we will, therefore, only remark, that this circumstance, with the consequence it gave him to be admitted *en famille* in Lady Clairville's society, induced him to make a point of securing, by his speciousness, plausibility, and attentions, the good opinion of that Lady. As to those chronicles of scandal Lady Turnabout and her malicious Cousin Snargate, they will seize on any thing

 Sunday Evening Readings

that is gilded with a title ; and *man*, we should conceive, must be so rare a commodity with them, that they will naturally wish to retain him, in any shape, purely for the sake of novelty !

There *are* women, who, in preserving the virtue of chastity, lose almost every other ; and if such women be of an ordinary mould, which is commonly the case, they have, in fact, no virtue at all !* for

* The true meaning of the word *virtue* is not what it is generally taken to be. *Virtue* is a struggle of our reason against the bent of inclinations, or the *impetus* of passions ; no *virtue* without *temptation*: and my old Aunt, who from her infancy has been the most curious pattern of ugliness, and has added to this forbidding and repulsive power the crabbiest temper in the world, you may call *virtuous*, if you please, but I never can think her so ; her severity towards the innocent wantonness of one of my sisters, exemplifies forcibly what has been said above. A woman who has struggled against the danger, and with difficulty escaped the fangs, of seduction, is naturally prone to indulgence and forgiveness

“ Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco,”

VIRGIL.

where is the merit of preserving a treasure which no one seeks to wrest from us? Now, with respect to the moral widow, Lady Duffledown, whom we have always heard mentioned as an inoffensive good kind of woman, how she could be edified by the incongruous medley exhibited at Sir William's Sunday Evening Readings, we are somewhat at a loss to conceive: but we conclude her Ladyship only staid the *play*! which was generally a sentimental comedy (alias a sermon) of Sir William's own composition; and which he read aloud for the *amusement* and instruction of his assembled friends. When this discourse was concluded, the guests were offered tea and coffee; and, after about an hour's cheerful conversation, the more pure and sober of the party retired; and amidst those of course was numbered the widow Duffledown: then commenced the *farce*, in which every one present took a part; and Sir William's list of amusements exceeded, in variety and taste, that of any

Conclusion.

theatre in the metropolis. There were, *What's my thought like?* Cross Purposes, Christmas Gambols, and Mistletoe Forfeits; with imitations of Mr. Punch and his family, by the ingenious Miss Drogmore: in short, the games of feudal times united with modern manners to heighten the pleasures of the charming scene! After the owners of forfeits had paid the customary fines of kissing through the rails of the chairs, and other ridiculous sports, the whole ended with a cold collation, where the *rosy god* lent his aid: and thus was concluded Sunday night, and commenced Monday morning; for frequently, before Sir William's doors were closed on *all* his guests, "the dial pointed" half *past four o'clock*, and the sonorous voice of the drowsy watchman sounded the alarm to the jocund party. Such were the Sunday evening parties of Sir William Featherington, which, if not exactly formed to edify, will at least instruct.

OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

WITH A CONTINUATION OF

SIR WILLIAM FEATHERINGTON'S CHARACTER.

“ Dicite, Pontifices, in Sacro quid facit Aurum ?” PERS.

THE Marquis of Waltham, after giving the above sketch, in his own gay, sarcastic manner, addressing himself to his sister, said, “ Now, my dear Charlotte, be content to profit by the scrutiny of your brother ; our sex gives us opportunity for a more enlarged information of mankind than your’s ;—where delicacy precludes female investigation, our sex penetrate without opprobrium.

Lady Charlotte was disappointed in the favourable opinion she had formed, and in that momentary predilection which had taken place in her heart ; her humid eyes met those of her brother : she

Reflections.

pressed his hand between both her's ; she did not speak, but the action was eloquent ; and the Duchess relieved her, by saying, " upon my word, my dear Philip, I feel greatly obliged by your explanation ; which has discovered to me the great impropriety of admitting, as a guest, so dangerous, though insignificant, a being : I was, equally with Charlotte, prepossessed in his favour, and I had built not a little on his forming an agreeable acquisition to our evening coteries ; but now, all advances on his part, towards an intimacy, must be discouraged, and indeed rejected on our's." " Certainly," said Lady Charlotte, " for I will not, for a moment, doubt my brother's information, since he has pledged his veracity for its authenticity ; and, with me, I thank God, it has hitherto been sufficient to be shewn worthlessness, and to shun it : yet I cannot help thinking it strange, that a character, which with all its subtlety, must, in a great degree,

Continued.

have become notorious, should be received into polished and respectable circles! No one can dispute either the virtue or nobility of the Dowager Lady Clairville; and about eight months since, her Ladyship spoke of Sir William Featherington, to me, in the highest terms: and does he not visit at the two maiden cousins, Lady Turnabout and Miss Snargate? and as to the moral widow, Lady Duffledown, she declares him a pattern of piety and prudence; and acknowledges openly, that she has been much edified by his Sunday evening parties. What, therefore, have we to say?"

"Pray Philip," said the Duchess, "Where have you gathered all these anecdotes? for upon my word, the subjects and extent of your knowledge both amuse and surprise me!" "From no less a source, my dear Duchess, than the evidence of my own ocular powers;" gaily answered his Lordship. "You

Variety of Opinions

well know, that, on some occasions, *some persons*, who wish to have their rooms filled at any rate, are accustomed to send *cartes-blanches* to their several friends: now, this fashion, was practised by the Marchioness of Railton, the sister of the impoverished and profligate Lady Buckwarden, Sir William's friend and puffer. Now, as this said Marchioness really gives tolerable concerts and pleasant *petits soupers*, I took the arm of Charles Mordaunt, one evening, intending to amuse myself at one of her parties for half an hour: there I met, and was actually introduced to, the celestial Sir William Featherington, by the Marchioness, who was eloquent in his praises; which were echoed, with increased warmth, by her sister, the Lady Buckwarden. "No one, I believe," said the Marchioness, "ever blended the duties of his profession, with the urbanity and grace of polished life, like Sir William Featherington!"

concerning Sunday Evening Parties.

She then spoke of the propriety of his Sunday evening parties; and offered me a seat in her barouche on the next Sabbath. "They are the pleasantest things in the world," said the Lady Buckswarden, "and quite *uniques*, I assure you, my Lord Marquis; you will be really much amused."

As I certainly did imagine they would be, at least, *diverting*, I determined to accept the invitation offered me by the Marchioness. I accordingly accompanied her, on the following Sunday, to the *sanctuary* of Sir William; and the result of my observations are given in the detail before you.

Though the Marchioness did not quit the party immediately after coffee, yet she did not stay during the whole of the *farce*; but I, who was led there chiefly by curiosity, was resolved to sit it out; and as I joined in the Christmas games,

Continued.

and took care to have plenty of forfeits, I received for my pains several salutes from lips not uninviting, and from females not *unwilling*! Then rolled I home, smiling at the oddity of the business, and blessing myself, that no female relatives of mine were to be found *edifying* at Sir William's SUNDAY EVENING PARTIES!

Now, will you Charlotte, that I close my narrative? . . . For if not, I give you warning, what I shall further relate is not one particle more to the credit of Sir William than the statement already given: and, indeed, as some portion of the sequel is by no means fit for the female ear, I feel rather inclined to *shut the book!*"

"No, dear Brother," replied Lady Charlotte, "rather let us turn over a few more pages, with the hope of finding some good passages, to recompence us for the disagreeable ones already encountered

The Way to get a Living.

by listening to so painful and disgusting a detail !”

“ Did you ever hear, who the old lady was, that is reported to have presented him with one of her livings ?”

“ No,” replied his Lordship, “ but I have heard of an *Old Maid*, out of whom (driven by pecuniary embarrassment) Sir William sought to *make a living* ! I think you told me, you once saw this *antique* at the Dowager Lady Clairville’s !”

“ I do not, now, recollect the circumstance,” said Lady Charlotte. “ Bless me !” continued the Marquis, “ Surely you have not forgotten your coming home one morning last winter, and telling the Duchess you had been taking lessons of economy ; learning how to travel without incurring the expence of stopping at inns ; and how to keep servants without feeding them !”

The Empress of the Birch.

“ Oh !” said Lady Charlotte, laughing, “ You mean Miss Deborah Darnwell, of Lovedale Cottage !” “ To be sure I do,” replied her brother. “ Some few years since, this lady was supreme Empress of the *birch* ; but a *distant* relation of considerable property, and a great admirer of Miss Deborah’s economy and prudence, determined to leave it where there was no danger of its being squandered on the luxuries of the table, reduced by acts of benevolence, or an ostentatious display of charity ; therefore he bequeathed to his relative, Miss Deborah Darnwell, an handsome independence ; upon which she dismissed her young brood, collected together the sums due to her, set up her carriage, and built Lovedale Cottage. She turned her steel collars into scrapers for her doors, her leather back-bracer’s into harnesses, her stocks into hayracks, and kept her birches to light the fires. And now, you often see her, with a poor woe-begone coach-

Economy in high Life.

man, driving round to the cheap shops in the great city, in order to buy bargains. So remarkable is she for this last-mentioned amusement, that her friends observe, when a shop advertises to be selling off, at *prime cost*, they generally look for Miss Deborah's bust as a surer sign of a profitable market, than the Three Pigeons or the Bee-hive, &c. Then, when she has fagged out her coachman, her horses, and *herself*, she stops to refresh at the table of her friends; and while she is regaling on a sumptuous *dejeuné à la fourchette*, at the hospitable Lady Clairville's, her coachman either grumbles on his box, or feasts in the kitchen, at the expence of this generous lady.

After the cravings of nature are satisfied in the mistress and her servant, she commands to be driven home; but just stops about two miles from town, to give the *poor beasts some water!* She reaches

The Art of saving a Dinner.

Lovedale Cottage about six in the evening; it is too late then to order dinner; and she did not think of staying so long. "What have you done, Martha?" she says to the cook.

Martha sullenly answers, "Ma'am we eat the bit of cold mutton; to be sure it wasn't very sweet! but when one is hungry one may swallow a rat for that matter."

Miss Deborah never allowed herself to appear angry; on these occasions she *felt* that she had *saved a dinner*, and that made her the more self-satisfied and complacent: so making no other reply, than, "We will have an early cup of tea," she usually withdrew to her little closet, and settled her accounts of the day."

"Upon my word, my dear Philip," said the Duchess, "You are a perfect

Speculation.

master of the graphic art ; what would become of me, without the help of your entertaining powers ? But tells us, was this lady, who *cut so close*, ever thought of for a wife by Sir William Featherington ? Such an ill-associated union could but have produced dissonance and discord !”

“ Why, at the time Sir William pursued this magnanimous design, his affairs were desperate ; and matrimony, ladies, at best is but an adventurous game ; doubtless, Sir William Featherington had thought, that of two evils before us our wisest alternative is to chuse the least : he also called in his recollection to his aid, and perfectly agreed with the Poet, who says,

“ The joys of wedlock with its woes we'll mix ;

“ 'Tis best repenting in a coach-and-six.”

But all the powers of Sir William proved abortive. The chaste virgin regarded

A Dialogue.

not his protestations; she was a sample of pure and spotless adamant: she ruminated on her pillow at night—the pocket which contained her purse and her banker's book obtruded itself to her ear—she gently removed its station—Sir William instantly associated in her mind—“If I marry him,” she cried, “ye will be no longer mine; another power will, perhaps, lord it over us, and I who know your value so well, shall I give you a new master? Shall any other than myself claim a right to Lovedale Cottage?” She raised herself suddenly from her couch, snatched her pocket from the pillow, tucked it tight under the bolster, laid her head on the sacred deposit; and that action was the death-blow to the hopes of Sir William Featherington!

Three days afterwards she sent him an
UNEQUIVOCAL REFUSAL.

This circumstance so completely dis-

The Refusal.

appointed and exasperated the titled divine, that he forgot his usual mild sapience, and broke out into most unbecoming invectives against all *old maids*; he marked with epithets most opprobrious Miss Deborah Darnwell, whose callous obduracy had, at her time of life, with her scanty and withered charms, caused her to refuse the honour Sir William intended her, of becoming the protector of her person and *fortune*! In extenuation, however, of Miss Deborah's want of sensibility to the happiness offered her in an union with Sir William, and in behalf of her prudence, I must inform you, that there were other co-operating circumstances, which had their weight in determining her refusal.

Some persons urged by a malicious, or equally sinister, motive, had set forth the character of Sir William to the lady in a most despicable point of view; had represented him as an unprincipled and dis-

The Works of Calumny.

tressed man, who was merely seeking to better his fortune by an alliance, which offered to extricate him from his pecuniary embarrassments.

This report opened Miss Deborah's eyes more widely to the contemplation of Sir William's motives. He had, it is true, succeeded in persuading her to believe, that the scandalous information originated from the unfortunate prepossession of the lady, at that time the guest of Lady Clairville; and who, having mistaken his, *compassionate attentions* for more *tender motives*, was wounded at the prospect of his union with Miss Deborah; and had taken the means of traducing Sir William's character, in order to dissolve the approaching connexion. And here let me observe to you, ladies, that there is scarce any act, which has disgraced the character of Sir William Featherington, as a man and a gentleman, more than the baseness of his conduct in

The innocent suffers.

this particular instance. For though he might have traced the source of the calumny spread against him, to the concern and indignation of an offended mistress, or some other cause more remote ; yet it flattered his vanity, and suited his purpose to feign a belief, that the slanderous accusation owed its origin to the wounded feelings and jealous emotions of Lady Clairville's guest. He, therefore, not only caused the amiable Dowager to believe Mrs. Grafton the author, but used his influence with that dignified Lady to the prejudice of the suffering and much-injured female then beneath her roof ; and his specious and invidious designs so far succeeded, as not only to induce Lady Clairville to give some credit to his hints and assertions, but occasioned it to be universally believed by several of Mrs. Grafton's friends : and this already deeply afflicted woman had to unite to the keenest domestic troubles, that of seeing herself received with estranged and

A Confidence.

unaccountable coldness by friends whom she loved, and whose attention and kindness had been her chief solace during the scene of her sorrows.

“ I did not think,” continued the Marquis, “ when I commenced the narrative of this man, to have been led so far ; he has occupied too much of our attention : but as I am fully acquainted with every circumstance of this last-mentioned incident, I cannot smother my abhorrence, nor help making you acquainted with its enormity.

“ In mentioning Mrs. Grafton’s name, I have not only exceeded my first intention, but have also infringed on a promise given to that interesting woman. I know her well, and frequently meet and converse with her at the houses of several families of rank and respectability. In the course of our acquaintance she was induced from some circumstances which arose one even-

Continued.


ing in her presence, relative to the conduct of Sir William Featherington, to give me soon after a plain statement of the whole affair: she shewed me the copies of several letters, which she had addressed to him on the subject of his vile and ungenerous conduct; but to neither of which could the guilty culprit return an answer.

I have not given every circumstance of this iniquitous affair; and, as I before observed, there are other anecdotes in my possession, with which I would not offend the ears of my MOTHER and SISTER. Suffice it, therefore, that, in the character before you, you have by no means an exaggerated account; and I conclude my history with this wish, that the good fortune which has given to Sir William so lucrative a benefice as that of Bryarsfeldt, may so operate on his mind, as to occasion a general reformation in his conduct; and that, at some subsequent period,

Conclusion.

Charlotte shall be enabled to pen the *sequel* of Sir William's history, under the promising title of "THE CONTRITE VICAR; or, *Virtue Triumphant.*"

The Duchess and Lady Charlotte joined, cordially, in the charitable wish of the Marquis; who, after receiving their thanks for the information and amusement he had afforded them, wished them a good night, promising at their next readings to give them an instance of the force of female ambition.



MRS. PERCIVAL.

—
“Sunt Delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.”

HOR. ART. POET.
—

THIS lady is a fortunate heroine of the drama, who, by an easy and affluent marriage, has been enabled to quit her public profession, and live in all the comforts of independent wealth.

Her countenance was handsome, and her fine form might defy all the scrutiny and minute investigations of the statuary; who could not forbear to confess, that it came the nearest in size, proportion, and dimensions, to the famed Venus of Medicis, formerly the pride of the Florentine Gallery, as now of the Napoleon.

Like that captivating statue, the figure of Mrs. Percival, then Miss Smythe, was more inclined to the *petite*, than the ma-

Description of her Person.

jestic, and yet, though so truly feminine, she made the most attractive appearance in the masculine habit than was ever witnessed before, or since, on the stage. She had the most important requisites for this attire: beautiful feet, well-turned ankles, and legs of the finest symmetry. Nature gave her such endowments, both in person and abilities, that she was expected to become the first in her profession: but she was in many respects the slave to art. Had she implicitly followed the steps of her liberal benefactress, who had so amply endowed her, she would have been a chaste, elegant, and classical actress; but being intoxicated with the applause her vocal powers produced, and which she once unfortunately overheard compared to those of the celebrated Miss Catley's, she now determined to make that lady the finished model of her imitation.

There are certain witcheries about one person, which captivate the senses irre-

Her Abilities examined.

sistibly, in spite of reason, against all love of decorum, all obtruding ideas of delicacy or elegance; while practised by another they would create disgust: what is this to be attributed to, but those fine touches of genuine nature, which speak imperiously to the heart! — Ann Catley was only the daughter of a poor publican; she had no cultivation except that a music and singing-master gave her, to improve the natural warblings of her nightingale voice: Miss Smythe was accomplished; possessed a genteel as well as lovely countenance; she was not low in birth; indeed, we are told, she endeavoured to convince the world that she was descended from a nobleman, famous as well for his high descent as for his superior literary talents; but we believe it would not do.

Miss Smythe, by her imitations of one who had so long and so justly been the favourite of the town, pleased the indis-

She changes her Manner.

criminating multitude: but the nice-judging critic, and delicate auditor, perceived that, presuming on the indulgence of a crowded house, Miss Smythe was getting bold and vulgar.

When first she played Euphrosyne, in Milton's Comus, she had the true idea of the character; agile, various, playful, not *languishingly* but *gaily* voluptuous; or, as the French express it, truly *folâtre*: she gave to the charmed imagination the most accurate semblance of this personification of youthful and frolic mirth. When she adopted Miss Catley's Euphrosyne, she depicted the sailor's girl, dancing a mock hornpipe, in a public-house: her song of,

“ All I ask of mortal man,
“ Is to love me while he can.”

was given with nods, winks, and leers, which belong to the *fraillest* of the *frail*

Her Talent for the Dance.

sisterhood only; and which, if the immortal bard who penned the beautiful masque could be restored to sight and life, and see his character of elegant mirth thus cruelly torn to pieces, he would be compelled to drive the representative, notwithstanding her youth, sex, and beauty, from off the stage, and wish himself blind again.

This character was not only mistaken by Mrs. Percival, but it is too generally so. The Lady whom Comus wishes to delude, is of the most refined and consummate virtue; vice then must be represented to her under its most alluring, most elegant, and delicate forms; and Euphrosyne must not appear as if she received her education from Drury-lane or Portsmouth Point.

However, Mrs. Percival's character is unimpeachable in point of chastity; but she was possessed of a vanity and ambi-

Affectation.

tion not easily bounded ; the former displayed itself in every refined coquetry in the decoration of her personal charms ; but she had one defect in her outward adorning, which, *whenever* and by *whoever* adopted, we always think bespeaks not only a vulgar, but, in some degree, indelicate mind ; which is that of drawing the eye to the leg by fanciful and studied ornaments.

Miss Smythe was a fine dancer ; and we allow her on those occasions, especially on *a benefit night*, the display of so beautiful an ankle, enveloped in pink silk stockings, profusely spangled with silver. But we are assured, that the same shining appendages have graced her supporters in the promenades of Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park. 'Tis decoration, even on the boards, savours more of St. Bartholemew Fair, and the player, making one of a company of strollers, than of the genteel and elegant actress, belonging

Her Plan for a Life-establishment.

to one of those two theatres, whose correctness was unrivalled in the whole civilized world : but in public walks, when in the character of a private gentlewoman, such gaudy ornaments are unpardonable.

Mrs. Percival was never a woman of *amorous* intrigue ; but she knew how to lay her plans for her future establishment in life ; she found she had captivated the heart of Mr. Percival, a gentleman of large fortune ; and she succeeded in entirely drawing away his affections from an accomplished lady, to whom he was solemnly, and almost irrevocably, engaged, in an honourable way.

In Miss Rawlins, the above lady, she had a formidable rival to deal with : the endowments of her mind, and her literary talents, had rendered her justly celebrated.

She was, like Miss Smythe, ungifted

Her Rival.

by fortune, and very much her inferior in personal attractions; but she was not unpleasing: perfectly the gentlewoman in her appearance and manners, and of an irreproachable character, she did no discredit to Mr. Percival's choice, who had long been, in outward semblance, sincerely attached to her, till the fascinating Miss Smythe made him her captive.

Mr. Percival had, however, carried matters so far with Miss Rawlins, that she had frequent letters in her possession, under his hand, with earnest and supplicating entreaties for her to name the happy day when he might make her, by marriage, his own, for life: indeed, one letter; he would now have given worlds he had never written; which proved, that through his, and her brother's persuasions, she had modestly, though willingly, granted her consent to be wedded to him, on such a day that he had specified; and his letter, in consequence,

A Brother's Duty.

breathed all the rapture which an ardent lover might be supposed to experience when arrived at the summit of his wishes.

The brother of Miss Rawlins was a clergyman; a man of high spirit, ready to resent the smallest neglect shewn to his sister, and to come forward and support her fair fame, and to chastise whoever should dare to sully it; such is a brother's duty; and we heartily wish that there were a few more (who hold this sacred relationship) of the Reverend Mr. Rawlin's description.

After the consent of Miss Rawlins was obtained, Mr. Rawlins fancied he perceived an apparent coldness in Mr. Percival's behaviour: his frequent absences, on pretence of urgent business, were at first admitted as apologies; but when this affectionate brother saw anxiety painted on the countenance of his sister, at the long detention

She triumphs over her.

of Mr. Percival from her residence, he began to be alarmed; yet he commanded his feelings, fearful of adding to the mental pain which was consuming his beloved sister.

In the mean time Miss Smythe triumphed over the enslaved heart of Mr. Percival: he braved every thing—he forgot all his former engagements to Miss Rawlins—all fear of her brother sunk under the victorious power of conquering love—and he was publicly married to the idol of his changed affections.

It is useless, as well as impossible, to pourtray the feelings of Miss Rawlins: her brother determined on making her perjured lover suffer, in some degree, for the outrage committed against his sister's peace of mind.

Miss Rawlins is a woman of rather masculine understanding, and possessed

She is a Favourite with every one.

of that kind of spirit which by many is styled, and not quite inaptly, self-applause ! These are qualifications which belong more to the head than the heart, and seldom impart much warmth to the latter. She, therefore, bridled the impetuosity of her feelings by the aid of cool philosophy, and endeavoured to root from her mind all the remains of affection she might have formerly had for Mr. Percival. She willingly, then, acceded to her brother's proposal to sue her inconstant lover for a breach of promise of marriage.

He was adjudged guilty, *nem. con.* and Miss Rawlins obtained from him an handsome settlement, whereby she was enabled to live in genteel style, keep her footman, &c ; and by her own correct conduct and behaviour, by her literary talents, and the respectability of her family, she ensured to herself that importance in

She is a Favourite with every one.

society, which made her acquaintance regarded as an honourable acquisition.

Her happy and fortunate rival, raised from the state of life she had followed for support to be the wife of a gentleman of fortune, did not meet, at first, with quite the flattering countenance she expected: she was regarded, somewhat obliquely, as an artful supplanter, in spite of her beauty and attractions.

Fascinating as she already was in her manners, she found, however, she must change her plan of behaviour: she was no longer, then, the gay, the love-inspiring, theatrical adept; but she adopted a demeanour chastely insinuating, and becoming the youthful matron. Miss Rawlins began to lose, daily, in a great degree, her interest; her story was no longer new: Mrs. Percival knew how to be *ever* so! She could amuse and delight the gay; she was mildly sweet and

Her Rival is forgotten.

gentle with the grave; and with the valiant sons of Mars she could sing all the airs in the CAMP, divert them, and excite their wonder and admiration, by the display of those military *manœuvres*, which in her famous character of NANCY, in that entertainment, she had been so well-instructed to perform. Her late rival was laughed at in her presence, stigmatized with the appellation of a disappointed old maid, and all the gentlemen unanimously declared, that they should have acted the same as Mr. Percival, had they been so happy as to have been in his place.

Miss Rawlins is still in a state of celibacy, and we believe is likely to remain so: the settlement made her by Mr. Percival being for her life, she yet retains it.

Mrs. Percival is a widow; her ambition still predominates: and, at this time, her visionary fabrics are raised high

A distant View of a Coronet.

indeed ! A ducal coronet swims before her eyes ! She is resolved, at any rate, to try to grasp it ; and she builds her hopes on that probability, which the season of dotage and decaying intellect afford to her view.

For this grand purpose she has taken up her residence very near the dwelling of an amorous old Duke, who was always a great admirer of her theatrical talents, and who has often declared, in her hearing, that she was the finest made woman he ever beheld : and who that knows his Grace can doubt his experience, or his connoisseurship, of all the *contours* of feminine beauty.

Mrs. Percival is frequent in her attentions and visits to the Duke, on the slightest of those indispositions which his Grace so frequently experiences : she knows him to be possessed of a grateful and a generous mind ; and as she is still

Conclusion.

handsome, still captivating*, and her conduct strictly chaste (closely copying that of Madame de Maintenon towards Louis XIV., who always sent him away *pleased*, but never *satisfied*), Mrs. Percival still cherishes the illusion of being, one day, a Duchess; an illusion which, we *think*, and the Duke's relations *hope* and *trust*, will never be verified.

* She, at all the periods of her life, and even now, had powerful charms to please, as well in private company as in public; her smile is bewitching, her voice, in conversation, sonorous without *arguteness*, and she invariably brings to the mind the sweet girl of the poet;

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo

Dulce loquentem. HOR. CAR. I. OD. 22.

GEORGE MEADOWES, ESQ.

—
“ Vehemens in utramque partem es nimis.” TER.
—

THIS Gentleman had the misfortune of having one of the most indulgent fathers, who suffered his son to launch into every species of extravagance to which he might be prompted either by caprice or inclination.

At the age of three-and-twenty he was sent to study the law at Gray's-Inn; but though he had there very good chambers, he put his father to the expence of taking for him elegant private lodgings in Bedford-Row: while the old gentleman, who was immensely rich, honoured all his extravagant bills upon him, and let him want for no one luxury of life; not reflecting that he had three young daughters, whose fortunes, by this prodigal partiality, he was most considerably injuring.

A Sketch.

Opposite to the lodgings of young Meadows lived a beautiful servant girl: her father, a country shop-keeper, had failed, and taken it so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. The rich inhabitants of the village made a collection for the mother, and set her up again in a little shop; but her daughter, her "blue-eyed Patty," obtained the place of upper-housemaid to a lady who lived in London, and whose sister had been, since her father's death, her mother's best friend.

Nothing could surpass the perfect beauty of this young creature: she had not only the most lovely complexion in the world, with regular features; but the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance were irresistible, while her form had every charm of grace and symmetry.

The lady, her mistress, was very anx-

The Danger of keeping a handsome Maid.

ious and careful about this lovely servant ; she repented having brought her into the house : her husband was a man of an amorous complexion, and very handsome ; and he would roll his large black eyes, with much meaning expression, over the face and form of the blushing Patty as she waited at table : while his wife, (whether from jealousy, or any other cause, though she gave her handsome wages, made her many pretty presents, and nursed her like a tender mother, if she was sick,) made the poor girl little better than an household drudge ; for, notwithstanding she was called upper-housemaid, and paid accordingly, she had to do every thing in common with the lowest servant ; to clean the street door, open and close the parlour outside shutters, and many such kind of offices.

While her well-turned arms have been trundling a mop, or fastening back the

Love makes him neglect the Law.

shutters, Young Meadows has been gazing at his windows*, and, unused to control any one inclination, he felt assured that nothing but the possession of his adored Patty could ever restore him to any prospect of happiness. His chambers were given up, and the study of the law, so requisite for a gentleman of fortune, totally neglected. He was a fine handsome young man, of a very dashing and gentlemanly appearance. Patty could not be ignorant of the motives which brought him so often to the window; nor could she help admiring his very fine

-
- * “ Come per acqua, ò per cristallo intero
 “ Trapassa il raggio, e nol divide o parte;
 “ Per entro il chiuso manto osa il Pensiero
 “ Si penetrar ne la vietata parte;
 “ Ivi si spatia, ivi contempla il vero
 “ Di tante meraviglie à parte à parte;
 “ Poscia al Desio le narra e le describe
 “ E ne fà le sue fiamme in lui più vive.”

GIERUSAL. LIBER. Cant. iv.

A Resolution upon Oath.

person ; and, with all the imprudence of seventeen, she used, in the absence of her mistress, to take her needle-work and seat herself in the drawing-room windows.

Young Meadows never stirred from home, except to take an hasty dinner at the Gray's Inn Coffee-House and Tavern ; he began to make use of signs, held up letters, &c.: Patty took no notice of them. At length seeing her one Saturday evening, after a very hard day's work, attired in a coarse, dark, stuff gown, checked apron, and all the other insignia of drudgery, but in which habiliments she looked that night, if possible, more lovely than ever ; after she had washed the door, not without some apparent symptoms of fatigue, he swore to himself the most sacred oath that she should never be employed in so menial an office again.

He soon saw her master and mistress

He declares his Passion.

go out, dressed, to spend the evening. As Patty was closing the shutters, she felt her hand suddenly pressed with gentleness and respect; and she saw Mr. Meadows standing beside her—he swore he could not live without her—that no power on earth should suffer him any longer to see her in so servile a situation: and, whatever libertinism of conduct there has been in Mr. Meadows' life since his marriage, we must do him the justice to say, that there was a purity of affection in his love for the innocent Patty which made seduction only a momentary and quickly repented-of idea. When he begged her instantly to fly with him, and suffer him to provide her with comfortable lodgings, he soon found out the stedfast virtue of her mind; he humbly implored pardon, and requested her to receive him in the character of an honorable lover; this was easily accepted by a young, inexperienced, artless girl, from an handsome man, a man of fortune, with whom she would live in love.

A Temptation.

comfort, and ease, and eat no more the bitter and hard-earned bread of laborious servitude.

The attractions of Patty's person increased every day ; her figure grew tall, upright, and elegant ; happy in her future prospects, her eyes sparkled with new brilliancy, and the fresh rose of youth heightened its tint on her glowing cheeks. She made a complete conquest of her master ; who would often call her to brush his coat, thank her, and gently tap her snowy bosom : sometimes he would endeavour forcibly to snatch a kiss from her lovely lips, but this freedom she never would suffer ; and when he has endeavoured to argue with her on the innocence of these liberties, she has said, " Sir, I know my situation ; do not let me see that you forget your's, and make me despise a master I would wish to respect."

The master's love, however, rendered him a vigilant spy, and he, one night,

A Dialogue between the Rivals.

detected the young lovers in close conference at the street-door. He asked the young gentleman what brought him there? "Your housemaid, Sir, Patty Harris," replied Mr. Meadows. "Pray, Sir," said the master, "what are your intentions?"—Nothing less than honourable marriage, Sir!"—"Have you your father's consent?"—"That, Sir, does not concern you!"—and the gentlemen parted in high dudgeon.

The master called his servant into his *little favourite retired parlour*. "Patty," said he, "you are a good girl; I will always be your friend; I will make your fortune; have nothing more to say to that young rake. Do you imagine his father will ever consent to his marriage with you? His father, child, is one of the wealthiest country gentlemen in England; no, my sweet Patty, you shall no longer work; but promise me, faithfully, to have done with that coxcomb."

Fortitude, and deserved Reproof.

“ Sir,” said she, do not imagine I will ever accept of any protection or favour from you, a married man, the husband of a mistress, who has, in many instances, been extremely kind to me. If Mr. Meadows’ father will not pardon his marrying me, his profession in the law will help to support us, and it is impossible I can work harder than I do at present. If you continue to hold the discourse with me which you have begun this night, and which you have before aimed at, I shall think it my duty to acquaint my mistress with the whole of your conduct towards me.”

Her master now thought it time to suffer his captive to escape, and leave the obstinate girl to her fate: she had, that night, conquered all her timidity; her lover had just prevailed upon her to allow their names to be called in church: as Patty was under age, and his father’s acquaintance lying very much among

The Bans are published.

the Doctors of the Commons, he foresaw all the difficulty of procuring a license, without much investigation, and he thought it better to marry without his father's consent, than against it; for the old gentleman, so indulgent to his only son, and so liberal in pecuniary allowances, had very high prospects for him in a matrimonial alliance, and would not be easily coaxed to pardon a step, which brought into his family the daughter of a country shop-keeper, and the housemaid of a London Merchant.

It was necessary Patty should quit her place, and take lodgings in the parish of that church in which their bans were published; she accordingly wrote to her mother; who came immediately to town, rejoicing in the happiness of her daughter, trusting that parental anger would soon blow over, and that her child would be welcomed to affluence and elegance. As soon as they were married

Mrs. Meadowes's Character.

she returned to her business in the country, after receiving a present of a few guineas from her son-in-law ; but we believe it was all he could afford to give her, for his bills on his father had been immense and frequent, to defray the expences of his wedding, and clothe his beloved girl as became the wife of a man of fashion and fortune ; her new dignity did not sit awkwardly upon her ; her father had given her that education which the best school in the country could afford, for a poor man ! he never thought his daughter would be obliged to go out to service ; she had a large share of natural understanding and refined sense ; a taste for drawing had been cultivated by a master, who used to attend and give lessons about the country, and who, owing her father money, was very ready to teach so apt and fair a pupil to cancel his debt : she had a sweet natural voice in singing, and her loving husband instantly procured a master, who was to be

The remaining Stigma of Servitude.

indefatigable in his attendance, and give lessons, for which he was to be paid his own price, to teach her the Spanish guitar. She was so very quick, and had so fine an ear, that she was able, in a very short time, to play twenty new songs, which she would accompany with the sweet wild notes of her voice; so that young Meadows flattered himself, he should present a bride somewhat accomplished to his father and sisters: true it was, the redness of her hands and arms, occasioned by hard work, was a long time wearing off; though every possible remedy was used; such as Lily paste, Almond paste, and Bandana soap: she wore very long sleeves, and her hands were always enveloped in gloves, except when the constant music-master attended.

Young Meadows now drew a bill on his father for the sum of five hundred pounds; intending to discharge his lodgings, and carry his bride down to the pa-

A Letter.

rental mansion, in some style : he thought it better to go, and confess all, than write ; because he still beheld his Patty with the eyes of idolatry, and he thought it would be utterly impossible for any human being to withstand such loveliness : he was surprised at receiving from his father a letter, containing a Bank Bill for fifty pounds only, with the following laconic answer :

“ GEORGE,

“ Your extravagance is insupportable ! I am told you have a fine mistress, whom you keep in great splendor ; nay, it has been reported to me, that you are actually married. Mind, though I shall be sorry to see you the dupe of one of those harpies, a patronized mistress, yet I will sooner forgive that than the latter ; for, if you had married a woman of any credit or family, you would have asked my consent, or brought your bride down here : therefore, if you are married, and

Paternal Anger.

to the person report says, never see my face again.

“ANDREW MEADOWES.”

Happily for Mrs. Meadows her husband had not *yet* felt any abatement of his love for her. Old Meadows was soon convinced that the report of his son's marriage was not unfounded; his sweet and amiable daughters, whose fortunes their beloved brother was daily diminishing, used every intreaty, every persuasion they could think of, to induce the old gentleman to pardon his son: at last he consented to send him up an hundred pounds more, and he wrote him word, if he liked he might bring down his awkward *mop-squeezing* wife, and remain a little while at the Hall, as he was going to a neighbouring fox-chace.

How delighted were the sisters with their brother's choice! A sweet, sensible, unassuming Pamela seemed to stand be-

The Storm is abated.

fore them, and again to shew “Virtue rewarded;” but she was without the knowing art and affected prudery of Richardson’s heroine.

Nothing could be more elegant than the persons, manners, and dress of the three Miss Meadowes’ : free from envy, they delighted in raising their sister to the model of their politeness : little instruction was necessary ; she caught, almost instantaneously, the manners of her amiable tutoresses ; and before she had been a month at the hall, she appeared the finished woman of fashion.

One day, after she had completed her toilette for the afternoon, she had descended to the dining parlour, and accompanied her guitar with her voice. The *Spanish* guitar is very superior to the common, simple, instrument of that name ; it is played by all the Spaniards who are well-skilled in music, and is now the

Sisterly Kindness.

favourite accompaniment to a lady's voice in all the politer circles of Paris. We believe they have erroneously given the name of the *lute* to this instrument, in England. Its tones so perfectly resemble that of the harp, that a listener, not seeing the performer, would imagine it to be one; while the art of playing on it is learnt in as few lessons as is requisite to teach the common guitar.

As Mrs. Meadows was thus seated, singing with that ease which a person feels, however timid, when they imagine no one is near, old Mr. Meadows unexpectedly arrived. He stopped in the hall; he thought he heard an harp; he knew his daughters played only the Piano-Forte;—the voice had a peculiar sweetness, which, though the Miss Meadows sung scientifically, had in its mellow tones nothing similar to their's.

He entered the dining parlour. He was



Old M^r Meadowes. "I have been listening, some time at the Door, delighted."

Young M^{rs} Meadowes. "I hope not, Sir."

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Power of Harmony.

struck with the bewitching appearance of the interesting young creature which presented herself to his view. She rose, addressed him with politeness, thinking he was some country gentleman who had been invited to dinner; and as she stood before him, she displayed a form of the finest symmetry and grace;

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

Her dress was a delicately white muslin of a very fine texture, and the fashion of her robe was such as set off the *contour* of her lovely figure to the best advantage: a few ringlets of her bright nut-brown hair sported carelessly over her face, while its fine length was confined in braids by a pearl comb.

“I beg, young lady,” said her father-in-law, “I may not interrupt the charming employment you were engaged in; I have been listening, some time, at the

A Crisis.

door, delighted." "I hope not, Sir," said the blushing Mrs. Meadows. "I should imagine," replied he, "a countenance so expressive of good nature would not be displeased at imparting pleasure to others. But how long has this village been blessed in such an acquisition as yourself? for I will flatter myself you are some very near neighbour; amongst all my daughter's young friends, I am sure I never saw you before."

Mrs. Meadows now felt a sudden trembling come over her; she had been conversing with her husband's father, who had vowed never to receive her. She said, "I will inform the young ladies you are here, Sir. Mr. Meadows took her hand; "No, my charming young lady, pray do not leave me; my girls generally take a long time at their toilette when they dress for dinner, and seldom come down till a few minutes before it is on the table." "Pardon me, Sir,"

A Scheme in View.

said the trembling Mrs. Meadows, "but I am sure they do not know you are arrived." She then almost flew to the dressing-room of her sisters, and told them all that had past.

"I wish," said Miss Eliza, the second sister, "George was not so impetuous: otherwise you should go down to dinner as a stranger, till we found the old gentleman quite prejudiced in your favour; and then, after dinner, George should confess all."

They just then saw their brother returning home from his morning's walk: his sisters beckoned him, from their window, to come up stairs; but the old gentleman opened the parlour-door, and ordered him into his presence.

"I hope, Sir," said young Meadows, "you call me to assure me of that forgiveness which I again humbly solicit?"

The Catastrophe.

Mr. Meadows doted on his son; he looked at him, he saw him handsomer than ever. "George," said he, "you know I love you: I thought, I hoped, you had more pride than to take the rash and foolish step you have done. Now here is a sweet young creature, I have not yet learnt who she is, but I declare I would have forgiven you, if you had married her without a shilling." "I dare say, Sir," said George, "it is my wife you have seen." "Your wife!—not she; this is an elegant, polite, genteel young woman, fit to adorn the drawing-room of any nobleman in the kingdom: not your *cinder-sifter*, I assure you: but keep the creature out of my sight, don't let her want for any thing the house affords, but never let her come near me!"

George ran up stairs to his sister's dressing-room. It yet wanted half-an-hour to dinner: he scorned to listen to their advice, but seizing his wife by the hand,

The Reconciliation.

he forcibly led her down stairs into the presence of his father. "Sir," said he, as they both knelt at his feet, "you cannot retract what you have said in favour of this beloved woman! You have said, she would adorn the most exalted state; can you, then, wonder at your son, if he had penetration enough to discover it when she was clothed in the coarse and humble garb of industry?"

"Rise, my children," said the agitated Mr. Meadows; "I cannot, indeed, my son, I cannot blame your choice." He then tenderly embraced his daughter, and the happy family sat down to dinner, where mirth and joyful reconciliation presided over the hospitable board.

Soon after this event, in about eight months from that day, old Mr. Meadows was suddenly taken off by a fit of apoplexy. On opening his will, the

Death of his Father.

large family estate, with its rich appendages, devolved to his only son; from the unbounded indulgence of the father, and the unlimited extravagance of that son, the daughters' fortunes were found to be but very small indeed! Bred up to nothing but a life of ease, fashion, and affluence, they felt this privation of wealth most keenly. Their brother, affectionately embracing them, assured them they should always live, as usual, at the Hall, and he would do every thing in his power to make their lives comfortable, and amend their fortunes.

His wife being far advanced in her first pregnancy, he left her at the Hall, to take a full swing of his darling pleasures of dear London. How many envied the lot of Mrs. Meadows! how few had cause! A young woman, in the situation she was then in, seldom looks well; but she had looked remarkably so all the time; and the most trying time,

Pregnancy.

except the last, being over, her sisters were shocked to see the deep dejection which marked her countenance: they begged she would permit them to send for her mother, but she refused it with energy; knowing how ill she could be spared from the business of her little shop; and that Mr. Meadows had never expressed a wish, nor even had done any thing, to serve her.

Poor blue-eyed Patty was no longer a novelty! and many was the country girl, already, though he had only been married ten months, who had to rue the day she lent an ear to the flatteries of the young squire.

In about a month after the departure of Mr. Meadows for London, his wife was delivered of a daughter: the sisters wrote to their brother, thinking to delight him with the news: he wrote

A Sketch after Nature.

tolerably kind to Mrs. Meadows, but his letter to his elder sister was cold and distant: he was much disappointed, he said, at his child being a girl; but begged, for heaven's sake, it might be named after its aunt Eliza or Harriet; he cared not which, but, on no account, to give it its mother's vulgar name of Patty! that he had particular business in town, which rendered it impossible for him to go to the country for a month, at least: during that period the sisters heard, from undoubted authority, that he was keeping a favourite mistress in high splendour: this, however, they carefully kept from Mrs. Meadows, who pleased with her new state, and her little healthy darling, felt a portion of content, though keenly feeling her husband's neglect.

Nothing could appear so sweetly interesting as this lovely young woman, at this

A guilty Conduct.

period; her skin might vie with alabaster; her well-turned arms and taper fingers were now no longer coarse and red, but white as an unsullied lily. The sisters all wrote, intreated their brother to come down and see the most beautiful sight in nature.

He came at their earnest persuasions; he beheld this picture of young maternal beauty with cold indifference, though an husband and a father, and though he beheld a child her exact resemblance: decency, however, required his stay till the christening of his daughter was over; he behaved tolerably well to his wife, and civil to his sisters. They knew he was returning back to his guilty pleasures and abandoned mistress; but they already felt their dependance, and feared to expostulate. Poor Mrs. Meadows sighed when she saw him depart, and, tenderly as she still loved him, was often tempted to wish herself again a drudge in Bedford

His Folly increases.

row; but the sweet and gentle soothings of her kind sisters, her dear little girl, growing every day and increasing in beauty, often gave cheerfulness to her heart and hopes, that her worthless husband would one day be better. Alas! fond woman,—if thou art a wife, when man once forsakes thee for another, and uses thy virtues ill, while he pampers vice and wantonness, depend upon it all thy love and attention will never regain the wanderer.

In the summer Mr. Meadows paid them a long visit; seemed better pleased with his child, who began to take notice of him, and in a few months Mrs. Meadows found herself in a second state of pregnancy.

It seemed as if every new child inspired Mr. Meadows with the idea of a new mistress; for now he kept two; and, without dwelling on the sameness of the life

Embarrassment.

of his unhappy wife, before she brought her third child into the world, a lovely boy, he had three !

His infidelities had come to her knowledge, and she was a wretched and melancholy wife ; but her person seemed more delicately interesting, more charming, than ever.


Mr. Meadows was delighted at hearing he had a boy : and now, the estate must be taken care of for his heir ; but when he came to look into his affairs, dreadful was the state he found them in—he had immense debts—his sisters trifling fortunes were not yet paid, and he had drawn great sums from his banker, till his ready cash was almost exhausted.

He mortgaged the estate deeply, and it is said he has established himself in the firm of an eminent banking-house. He has realized many thousands in some

Conclusion.

scheme or other ; his sisters fortunes are paid, and the mortgage bought off.

But he is still a worthless husband, continuing to treat the grateful creature, who never reproaches him, with unfeeling barbarity, and lavishing his money on abandoned and mercenary mistresses ; while, to gratify his pride, his wife is attired with elegance and splendour, but has seldom a guinea in her purse she can call her own.



LORD AND LADY HURST.

—

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.” VIRGIL.

—

IF the satirist thinks himself obliged to record the vices and folly of the age ; if malice and envy delight in drawing aside the impenetrable curtain that surrounds the mysteries of the human heart, and exult at finding there the thistle and the nettle, thriving on the hot-bed of passions ; yet the eye of the writer who wishes well to all his fellow-creatures, of either sex, of whatsoever age and rank they may be, cannot but be pleased at the inspection of some characters stamped by the heavenly hand of virtue, and he culls there, with heart-felt gratification, the lily of innocence and the laurel of learning, the rose

Introduction.

of love, and the holly-sprig of chastity ; and of these he composes a wreath worthy of his impartial readers. To hear of virtue and worth is a pause in the mischievous storm and guilty bustle of common life, which is eagerly enjoyed by the good, whilst the wicked themselves cannot entirely turn aside their prying sight from the pages that force them to admire what they have not the good sense to imitate.

Lord Hurst is the second son of a noble Marquis, well known for his bravery in the field of battle, his skilful conduct in several diplomatic situations, and his impressive eloquence in the British Senate. His eldest brother, destined to succeed his father in the glories of his name and fortune, thought he might leave to a younger son the care of finding his way through life, sat himself down content, surrounded with his father's blazing titles, and never wished to have any splendour of his own.

Early Risings.

Lord Hurst was of a different opinion ; though respectful to the utmost degree for his father's illustrious ancestry, he allowed himself to think that personal merit is still more adherent to man than the dignity of his blood, and, by all possible assiduity to the performance of his duties, he deserved the regard and love of all who had the opportunity of *being acquainted with him.*

At college he never permitted the sun to find him in bed ; and has often declared that, if ever he said or wrote any thing worth hearing or reading, it was the result and production of those early hours : when disengaged from yesterday's bustle, and re-united more intimately to our organs by the balsamic operation of sleep, the soul is alive to the keenest perceptions, and expatiates in the wild regions of fancy and the realms of reflection as freely as the body would wander in the

College Education.

streets of the metropolis, at three o'clock in the morning.

The well-regulated succession of employments, the continual change of avocations, that life of abnegation, subordinate to the hour-hand of the dial, and a perpetual slave to the imperative tongue of the bell, taught him, at the university of Cambridge, a real knowledge of, and infused in him a decided love for, regularity.

The elementary diet of the college was congenial and wholesome to a body entirely subject to the lordly mind ; and he carried everywhere that sense of temperance which had so much singularized him among his school-fellows. A man who could understand and feel with rapture *Homer* and *Virgil*, read *Milton* and *Tasso* with extacy, laugh and philosophise with *Horace* and *Addison*, could

His Appearance in the Great World.

not be busy at *loo* and *faro*, or silent at *picquet* and at *whist*. Gamblers he had classed in his common-place book among the beasts of prey, and he avoided them as such.

Fraught with these dispositions, he came within the vortex of our system, and found himself an *extravagant* comet among the regular irregularities of high life. He was shunned by the fop and coxcomb, dreaded by the demi-sçavant and pert scholar, but well understood by the learned, and loved by the good. Conscious of rectitude of conduct and stability of mind, he saw, like the polar star, the rest of the merry throng dance through many a meandering zone around him, and as fixed and unmovable, concentrated himself in the narrow but not frigid circle of a few male and female friends, whom he cultivated with real pleasure and affection.

Their Marriage.

A young woman, of a good though not very ancient family, appeared to him destined to secure his terrestrial felicity; and, with the consent of his friends, he married her. Corruption and debauchery had not weakened the fibres of their understanding nor the sinews of their bodies; chastity had followed them both from the cradle to the altar; and, as the ties of Hymen were nought but the garlands of Love, their union was the lasting cement of connubial happiness.

Oh! blessed be ye for ever, most worthy couple! Why are you not read in your obvious sense by every one, that your example should impress the world with the dignity of your life, and force the wicked to tear off the black pages of their own character, and begin upon blank leaves the remaining part of their sublunary drama.

Two sons and a daughter are the off-

Their Children.

springs of there amiable parents. Reflected every moment in the unsullied mirror of their father and mother's conduct, their own is unblemished, and the foul breath of calumny has never yet succeeded in its endeavours to tarnish either.

Elected by the unbribed votes of the freeholders of a large county to be their representative, Lord Hurst, in the house of commons, thunders against corruption and increasing deterioration of constitutional principles—like a great character who is now no more, “he stands alone,” inaccessible to flattery or interest; and the influence he may have in the distribution of favours and places is never directed by unlawful or exceptionable impulsion.

His Lady is the sharer of all the affections of his heart, all the perceptions of his soul; and their children, the dearest

Conclusion.

pledges of their love, keeping close to the healthy and solid stem, will bear fruit worthy of their origin.

CRITICISM BELOW STAIRS.

“*Sic magnis componere parva solebam.*”

VIRG.

WHILST the Marquis was entertaining the noble Duchess and his amiable sister with the foregoing anecdotes, *Betty Winker*, a favourite among the upper-maids, was sitting at one of the windows, nursing on her lap a pretty little French pug-dog, that had lately met with a most distressing accident: he had, poor soul! uncautiously jumped from one of the red damask chairs of the balcony, and then, in a frolick, or aiming at some passing birds, had fallen between the bars of the green railing into the area of the kitchen, to the great astonishment and dismay of all the inhabitants of the subterraneous regions, “O! Lud, O! Lud” exclaimed the splay-footed housekeeper,

A Distressing Accident.

“ what shall we say to my Lady; the poor creature is killed at least:” the upper-maid, the *valet de chambre*, the French *cuisinier*, the butler, the other maids, the turnspit, and the maid-of-all-work, joined in the lamentation, *fœmineo ululatu*; and the horrid yell soon ascended to the apartments above: a sudden clap of thunder, on a cold morning in January, could not be more unexpected than this heart-breaking news, and surely would cause less astonishment and stupor. Doctor *Straightlegs* was sent for immediately, and the rumbling of his carriage from a mile’s distance caused as much anxiety as his decision imported comfort to the distressed family.

After much examination and consultation, it was solemnly stated that *Bijou* had but slightly luxated his dexter collar-bone, and bruised the lower part of the *jugularis tensor*; that his left ear had only been squeezed between the water-tub

A Nurse assigned to Bijou.

and the mop, and that his *molaris superior* had suffered but an inconsiderable concussion in the moment of the *lapsus inopinatus*. With several prescriptions for embrocations, pills, and lotions, the much-pitied sufferer was, with solemn caution, delivered into the hands and kind care of Miss Betty—after this peculiar and most important injunction, that she should have him in or on her bed at night, and on her lap by day, till his perfect convalescence was thoroughly achieved, and complete recovery publicly declared by the learned physician. Betty therefore was at her post, and rubbing up and down, with all possible gentleness, the white silken coat of the favourite, listened, *par manière d'acquit*, to the interesting relations of the Marquis. But as soon as the last character was concluded, she hastened down stairs, and addressing Mrs. *Blump*, the housekeeper;—but ere we give our readers an account of the conversation, let us delineate faithfully

Mrs. Blump,

the several characters which composed the family; for we may from them obtain a certain and most interesting knowledge of another class of people, who, although moving in a lower sphere, have their aberrations, retrogradations, and eclipses, as well as the superior planets; their observations will prove the following saying, that,

“ Un sot n'est pas toujours, aussi sot qu'on le pense.”*

To begin by the principal character of the committee of inquiry below stairs, we shall inform the public, that Mrs. *Blump* was the daughter of a respectable hosier in Cheapside, and that, in her youthful days, the poor creature had been desperately in love with a sergeant-major in the London Militia, then quartered in the Old Bailey, with whom she had

* A fool is not always so foolish as he is thought.

and her Lovers.

many a time flirted in Hide-park, and other places of reviews and sham-fights ; but the god of love is fickle, and the crimson-sashed hero soon proved unfaithful to the city damsel. Bundles of letters, boxes of ribbons, gilt gingerbread from Bartholomew fair and other noisy spots of genteel entertainment, were found in her well-papered trunk, by her suspecting father, who, before the laudable institution of the volunteer system, looked upon a soldier as one of the numerous butchers of human kind, and would never have consented to the union.

In vain the sexton of Bow-church, a bachelor of good fame and mild temper, sent his twelfth-cakes and valentines to the disconsolate Sally ; a disparity of age was for her a sufficient objection, and she would hear no longer of the long-faced church-assistant. The pew-opener at St. Mildred, the hopeful son of a most devout old widow, whose husband had

She will hear of Love no more.

died worth five hundred pounds in the four-per-cents, had no better chance; in vain he presented her with a pair of paste-diamond ear-rings, bought *bran new* at a jeweller's in Sackville-street, and a silver needle-case he had found under one of the green cushions of the pews: his presents were not regarded, and he was *éconduit* without the least ceremony. The pastry-cook of the shop opposite to her father's had showered candied sweetmeets, sent *petits pâtés* of second-hand by dozens, and a pound-cake accompanied with verses "of his own composing;" he had no better success: in three words, the Sexton was too sulky, too pale in the face, and too old; the cook too blubberous and fat; the sacred turnkey too demure and lank: she would hear of love no more, and sat herself down quietly for an everlasting maid. However, some unforeseen revolutions in her father's affairs having suddenly taken place, she was forced out of the paternal house, and con-

Her Cascades through Life.

strained to become a lady's maid at Alderman Fulham's, where she lived in credit and happy, till her master dying of an indigestion, she was dismissed with the rest of the servants.

We shall not follow good Mrs. Blump through all the situations she held within the bills of mortality, to the house of Sir John Feeling, where, by a temporary dropsical sort of an illness, she was obliged to suspend her functions for a few months, and then re-appeared as thin and taper-waisted as ever; nor to the *boudoir* of Lady Prudell, where she was found, early in the morning, in close conversation with Polhill, my lady's hair-dresser, who had strayed there by mere chance; nor, indeed, down to the kitchen of Miss Roseville, an old spinster, who dismissed her inhumanly for having foolishly gutted a brace of woodcocks, and roasted them without a toast:—we take her as we find her, a creditable housekeeper in the

 The Butler.

service and pay of the Duke of Pyrmont, a great crony with the butler, and a secret rival to Miss Betty *Winker*.

This gentleman, the butler we mean, was the most intimate confidant of his Grace; indeed he had a right to his utmost favour, since he had saved his master's honour and life at a certain volcanic explosion that took place, a few years ago, in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, where an ancient model of the *sacellum* and temple of Venus *Callipyga* was completely destroyed and burnt to ashes. His Grace, and several others, amongst whom was a notorious priest of the goddess, had escaped by the first-floor windows, in a light dress, just as they had left the *sacellum* and sacred *pulvinar*;* hooted by the profane and ignorant mob, they were on

* The *pulvinar* was a kind of bolster or cushion, which the Romans used to place under the statues, or their gods, on particular days.

His Amours.

the point of being hustled back into the flames, when, suspecting his master to have been officiating at the temple that night, the faithful butler brought garments to cover his accidental nudity. Mrs. Blump, who had been made privy to the transaction, found her interest to keep in with Mr. *Spruce*; and few people know how many bottles of Frontignac, Mountain, and Madeira, have distilled their delightful nectar on the lips of these two friends, as they always sat up after the whole family were gone to bed, in order to *put out the lights*. Treading lightly on tiptoe, often did curiosity lead Miss Betty to the door, and placed her listening ear to the key-hole, but in vain! she never heard any thing of consequence, nothing more than what is of course, viz. abusing the duke and his *ladies*, laughing at the duchess's vanity and dress, mimicking the prudery of Lady Charlotte, and the occasional simpering of *master Philip*.

Miss Winker.

Betty was the natural daughter of a petty-officer of the Custom-house, who, having been smuggled off by some ruffians, could no longer support, in the Minories, where he lived, the beautiful young Abigail whom he had seduced and led away from Rosemary-lane. However, tossed from place to place, always honest and naturally cheerful, Betty fared pretty well, and obtained both the high honour of being my lady's favourite, and the felicity of attracting the notice of Mr. Nathaniel Spruce and the pug-dog.

Monsieur Dubois was a native of *Marly*, near Paris, and had exercised the liberal art of cooking under the denomination of a French *cuisinier*, although his father was *Suisse de nation*, and porter at the gate of *Lucienne*, the country-seat of the unfortunate mistress of Louis XV. He came with that lady to England; but having left no property behind, and be-

The French Cook.

ing particularly fond of our guineas, thought prudent not to go back to France. He spoke bad French, and worse English ; was uncommonly fond of dancing, and a tolerable performer on the violin. Often would he pass his evenings, scraping at the bottom of the staircase, when the Duchess was at a rout, and solicit the *femmes de chambre* to a *cotillon* in the hall ; but in the country he led a miserable life, talking of nothing but of the *jardins de Marly*, and contriving, with all kinds of gestures, to make his fellow-servants understand the whole secret and machinery of the famous water-works of that place ; however, he had enough of the Frenchman about him to be in love with all women in the world ; to wear constantly a flower at his button-hole, and never to appear before he had twisted the black ribbon of his queue. His mental faculties were not bright, but his vivacity was often taken for wit, and his politeness for good breeding.

Miss Sharpe, the Maid.

A cunning young woman, whose name was *Sharpe*, held the second station below Miss Betty. She was born at York, and sent to London by her friends as a maid-of-all-work, at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Clapham; but, a few days after she had been there, a pair of silk stockings, the only pair that belonged to the Queen of the rod, walked, God knows how, into her trunk; and she was dismissed on a moment's notice. What could she do? No character to be obtained from her unforgiving mistress; to walk the streets at night would have been shocking to her mind and the ideas she had of virtue; by letters, in the most pathetic stile, she obtained a recommendation from a lady she was acquainted with, and the stain being thereby washed off, she, from situation to situation, climbed up and arrived at Lady Pyrmont's bed-chamber. She was pretty, and of a comely figure, and not unnoticed by *Monsieur Dubois*, who would swear,


The Irish Valet.

par Dieu, that she was the *more handsome girl of de world*.

The valet-de-chambre was an Hibernian, of the illustrious and ancient family of *O'Killy-Bate*; and although Mr. *Dubois* thought himself obliged to admire him because he went to mass every Sunday, and ate fish on Christmas Eve (if he could get it), yet he wrote him down as a fool, always supposing his name to be, and generally translating it in his mind by the French words, "*O! qu'il est bête*, what a fool he is;" but Mr. *Dubois*, who might be a good judge of soups and fricandoes, of *entrées* and *entremets*, was egregiously mistaken there, for *O'Killy* was a clever fellow, with all the openness, warmth, and sincerity of an Irishman, and the steadiness of a Briton. His brogue had never been properly broken, and he sported it in its greatest purity, although, in his humble opinion, he was persuaded that no one could take him for a native of the banks of the Liffy.

The Conversation.

Jane Ware, next in situation to Miss Sharpe, was the object of his warm addresses, and they expected soon to be united in the sacred ties of matrimony. She had travelled with an Irish lady through France and Italy, and could say her *comment vous portez vous?* and *come sta?* as deliberately as *how do you do?* The rest of the kitchen inmates were too insignificant to be taken notice of, and therefore we shall return to Miss Winker's address to Mrs. Blump.



DIALOGUE.

“ Quid domini facient audent cum talia fures ? ”

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, what curious stories, to be sure, the Marquis has been reading up stairs to the ladies ; such scandal, such gossipings, amongst the great people ! I would bless me star, to

A Discovery.

be as I am, could I think that such *anecdotes* are true.

Mrs. Blump. Well, well! here you are again, Betty; all in a stew for nothing. What's the matter?

Mrs. Spruce. Oh, she knows nothing of the wickedness of the *beau monde*, or else she would not be so amazed. I have seen a little of the world, for my own part; and really I do think that, in a lower class, people are, to a tittle, as wicked as the nobility.

The Valet. By J—s, that's very true; and I have always remarked, that our *betters* are not *worse* than we are. Now, for instance, there are some people who will preach to one to be good, and do not trifle at taking the *chips* out of one's pocket. My former master's hair-dresser, who used to shave him, and furnish his bald head with a bob-wig twice a year,

Vice and Folly in common Life.

borrowed of me six golden yellow boys, and soon after cut his throat to avoid payment ; I applied to his widow for the sum, but she proved not to be his lawful wife, and consequently I lost the whole ; there is for you, Miss Betty !

Cuisinier. Oh ! quil est bête ! Vous ne raisonnez pas bien sur ça. A wife has *no right* to pay the debts of her husband when he is dead, chiefly when she gets nothing by his death but a little more liberty. Bob Mealbrow, the baker, as you call him, left a wife and three children to bless his going off, as he used to kick such a row, as you say, when the Lord Mayor refused to raise the price of bread*.

Spruce. I knew him well; and I can tell

* As it would be unpleasant to the reader to see in print Mr. Dubois's English *orthographied* as he pronounced his words, we have followed the common way of spelling.

The fatal Bank-note.

you a good story about that fellow. His shop was in the neighbourhood of one of those infamous houses, where a man, conscious of his guilt, goes to hide with his partner, the common prostitute, the shame of his lust: a few years ago, coming home from a benefit club, to which he belonged, and where he made a point to get drunk, before he left the place every first Monday the year round, he staggered his way through the Strand, and having made choice of one of the street-walkers to accompany him, he was, by her, unknowingly led to the place of accommodation just mentioned.

What was his astonishment the next day, when his wife, with a long face, shewed him his name upon a two-pound note, which had been presented to her for change the night before, by the *very* waiter of the *very* house, who having not been hired there but a few hours before the baker and his lass came in, did

More petty Scandal.

not guess that he lived at the next door, and described him, *sans scrupule*, to his inquisitive wife.

Mrs. Blump. Oh! for shame. I should like to see that fellow hanged!

Petty. That is too bad, *Mr. Spruce*; and I shall beg leave to believe not a word of it. Why, the fellow was worse than the Duke himself; and perhaps, in his pot-house, his elbow on the greasy table, he had often the boldness to laugh at the great with unblushing impudence.

Spruce. What will you say of Dicky, the coachman of Lord Bruise, who dines every Sunday, when he is at leisure, with his son, the shoemaker, and his concubine, whom he knows to be a married woman: here is morality for you!

Jane Sharpe. Oh! that's nothing. Doctor

Continued.

Playwell has christened two of his sister's children, and took care of their education, although he was privy to their being the adulterous offspring of an unlawful connection in the absence of the husband.

Valet. Well ; what could he do ? To let the poor babes go to hell for want of baptism ? I say he was right there.

Mrs. Blump. Ahi ! ahi ! but why should he countenance such doings ; to be sure, I was never married ; but had I been a wife, I would always have taken care of the main chance.

Valet. By the bye, I have found a very pretty piece of poetry at the bottom of the bowling-green, in the grounds, which, I swear, was written by the Marquis to somebody ; for though it is not his hand-writing, I am sure he wrote them.

Explanation.

Cuisinier. Mon dieu, qu'il est bête !
How can he have written it, if it is not
with his hand ?

Valet. True ; but I meant to say, that
he composed them, and had them copied
off, or something like it ; for I heard
him visibly repeat them the other morn-
ing by himself, when he was taking an
airing in the tulip-walk with the French
Count : here they are.

Spruce. Let's see ; it is his hand-
writing, I am confident ; and the style
will shew you, if you know any thing
about poetry, that they are so very bad
that nobody else could have composed
them.

Mrs. Blump. Now, come, Mr. Spruce,
let us have 'em.

Love Stanzas.

Spruce reads.

“ Let Phillis rant in mad'ning prose,
 Whilst auburn hairs, in catching curl,
Of her cold bosom hide the snows ;
 What is she to my simple girl ?

“ Let Chloe, proud of charming eyes,
 The darts of love dextrously hurl,
And wound our hearts, and cause our sighs ;
 She's nothing to my country girl.

“ Let Lydia spread the purple bows,
 And the long Spanish cloak unfurl ;
Let her display the Nankin shoes,
 What is she to my simple girl ?”

Betty. Well, I am sure ! and whom
dy'e think it was addressed to ?

Cuisinier. I know, I know ! to that
jolie petite minois, that pretty face Tom
Sackwell's daughter.

Jane Ware. *Vous avez raison !* I'll
lay any thing it is done for her ; but

Reflections.

what a shame, that Master Philip should degrade himself so as to write verses to a red-elbowed, coarse kind of a thing like her. I saw her at church last Sunday, with her mother, in a red cloak as old as Herod, and yet she was so foolish as to suppose herself dressed *comme il faut*, and very fashionable. She was so proud, she did not know what side to hang her head.

Mrs. Blump. Manners, manners, Miss; but, howsomever, this reminds me of the Brewer and Mrs. Shark. Pray, Mr. Spruce, did you hear any thing about the trial?

Spruce. All the world is mad about it; chiefly since the public is in possession of those valentines which he sent her.

Betty. Pray, what are they like? A man of fortune, of good education and sense, cannot write to a woman like Mrs.

Curiosity.

Shark, without being very amusing, witty, and romantic.

Spruce. Romantic! ah! we have enough of that.

Cuisinier. What is the story, pray; I am quite ignorant of it.

Valet. By J—, Mr. Spruce, causes the whole of that; for, before I hear it, I am bound it must be very funny.

Spruce. Mr. Weston, an eminent brewer, in London, has by the help and kind assistance of his father (a man truly beloved by all who know him) as well as by his own industry, realized a princely fortune; in fact, and to shorten the business, he has bought up, and paid for, an immense number of licensed public-houses, which he lets to no one but those who buy and sell his porter: as far, it is all right. But Mr. Weston has a certain number of partners who claim also a right

The Brewer and Mrs. Shark.

to dispose of those places, and it appears that they could never have any share in this part of the business, as Mr. Weston used to leave the matter to a Mrs. Shark, his *chere amie*, who was cunning enough to make a good thing of it, by receiving *premium* from those whom, by her influence, she promoted to these several stations. Now there has been a monstrous row in the firm, and indeed the whole came before the public in some of the principal courts of justice. Mrs. Shark appeared at the hall as a witness, and in a spiteful speech impeached the brewer, and disclosed his correspondence with her. Several letters were produced and read, and among them, this, of which the following is a copy, excited the laughter of some and the indignation of others.

Mrs. Blump. I dare say it is very clever. Read it, pray?

Spruce. Reads.

“ Tunbridge, Nov. 15, 1808.

“ My lovely dear, and dearest of all

Princely Style.

that's dear. Not all the hops in the kingdom, were I possessor of them would, in my mind and most loving heart, be of any value, compared to the possession of one hour of your sweet presence! your kisses stick to my lips sweeter than liquorice, and sugar is a sour stuff, if,—”

Betty. Hold! hold! Sir. This cannot be genuine, it is too foolish to have been penned by a man so polished, so well educated, as he is—and a married man too.

Mrs. Blump. And that is the worst of the business. Why do not those married men keep to their own wives; it is a shame that such practices should be allowed in a well-regulated society.

Betty. It is so, Mrs. Blump!

Valet. The best fun was when this gallant brewer mistaking, in a moment of amorous distraction, the door of Lady P**, for the *private entrance* of Mrs.

Conclusion.

Shark's house, fell in, as from a cloud, in the dining room, where the family in the absence of their mistress were rehearsing a few scenes of *High Life Below Stairs*. The Cook, who was half seas-over, shook him heartily by the hand, and taking him for somebody else, bowed, and laughed him out, with these words: "My lord, you are mistaken. It is the *next door* you want."

Spruce. They served him right.

All agreed on the point, but on a sudden a most desperate pull at the bell from above, and a second rap at the door, put an end to the committee, and every one ran to answer the call, except Mrs. Blump, who, leaning back on her arm-chair, ruminated in her mind upon what had been said, and, with a gapish "heigh-ho," went gently off in a sound nap.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutulusve fiat, nullo discrimine habebø. *Virg. Æn. X. 107.*

Jenne ou vieux, riche ou pauvre, enfin Juif ou Chretien,
Nul ne m'echappera, s'il n'est homme de bien. *Regnard ined.*

Old and young, rich and poor, Churchman, Baptist, or Jew,
If foolish or wicked, I'll hold up to Show. *B. S.*

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1809.



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LONDON CHARACTERS.

ADMIRAL WALLINGFORD.

“ But I do think it is their husbands’ fault

“ If wives do fall.”

SHAKESP. Othello.

THE next evening that the Duchess and her party were free from company, it happened to be Lady Charlotte’s turn to afford the amusement for the *soirée*.

She begged of her brother to take compassion on her, and kindly officiate in her stead. “ From your inexhaustible stock of information and novelty,” she said, “ and your intercourse with our fashionable world, the Duchess will be more likely to find amusement and interest than from any anecdotes in my power to produce. However, if her Grace and your Lordship will but have patience to give me the hearing, I pledge myself the

Lady Charlotte's Promise.

next time we “three meet again,” without other company, to introduce you to some very amiable people. The sketches which compose the story are, I assure you, taken from real life; but I fear will be thought too romantic to be admitted amongst your *worldlings*, dear brother: yet as your characters, though admirably pourtrayed, do not generally carry the stamp of any exalted virtues, it may not be amiss to scatter a few worthies amongst them, as well to diversify, as to enlighten and improve. My anecdotes, however, are not yet arranged, and that is one reason that I crave your mercy this evening; for I mean to give *these* characters in the true style of *novel-composition*. Do then, dear, good my Lord, proceed; your ready and cheerful compliance will best excuse me with the Duchess.

“If I were not your brother, Charlotte,” answered the Marquis, “I should tell you, it was impossible to resist so sweet

More Characters.

a pleader : but as I have the honour to boast an affinity which precludes the necessity of embellished feeling, and warrants only plain dealing and truth, I shall simply say, that on condition of your giving us your promised *sketches of excellence*, at no very distant period, I will this evening become your officiator and advocate."

"Agreed!" answered Lady Charlotte. "And now, dear brother, *more characters* as soon as you please." "Well, but ladies," said the Marquis, "tell me, shall they be male or female? Say, quickly; for they crowd quick on my memory. Or, shall I give you a compound of both? I have on my list a profligate wife, a wanton widow, a bride elect, and a pattern of conjugal fidelity in the shape of a brave and venerable Admiral."

"Oh! what a promising group," said Lady Charlotte. "Give us all, or any

The Admiral's Opinion of Women.

of them, dear brother ; but whatever you do, do'nt, pray, leave out the dear, old Admiral." " Oh fye ! Charlotte," exclaimed the Duchess, " to wish to endanger a virtuous man, by associating him with a profligate wife and a wanton widow ! I tremble for the Admiral's fidelity, if he is to mix with such a set."

" It is not by such women as these," answered the Marquis, " that such men as Admiral Wallingford are endangered. Accustomed from the delicacy of his taste and probity of his principles to associate only with the refined, the chaste, and intellectual of your sex, he is disgusted with those forward females, whether virgins, wives, or widows, who presumptuously display their charms, and thus invite the licentious :—from the professed wanton he turns with pity and contempt !

All young and beautiful women, he

A Digression

says, are on an equality, as far as respects personal influence; but the qualities of the heart, the endowments of the mind, education, disposition, and acquirements, are the distinguishing ornaments of a chaste and polished woman; and they alone can fix the heart of man. Mind, dear ladies, these are the Admiral's *old fashioned* ideas; for my part, I know little about these subjects."

"Oh! brother," said Lady Charlotte, "I am sure you have frequently evinced the same rectitude of ideas, in regard to our sex; however fashion may lead you to—"

"Charlotte," interrupted the Duchess, "Do suffer your brother to continue, and do not be so prosing."

The Marquis smiled; but he revered his virtuous sister, and often felt sensible of his mother's impropriety of conduct—

The Wish of a dying Wife.

he seated himself between the ladies, gently put an arm round each of their waists, and pressing them softly towards him, he thus continued.

“Admiral Wallingford is the champion of your sex, and gives it as his opinion, that it is the fault of man that women are not better. He has been the husband of two amiable women; his first wife, with whom he lived several years, in the most perfect harmony, on her death-bed requested, that, if ever he married again, it might be to her friend; adding, that she was so convinced of her worth, as to be satisfied she was the best calculated being to make him happy. “Take her, therefore, dear Wallingford,” said this generous woman, “as soon as the grief, I am sure, you will feel for our separation shall be tranquillized. She will fill up the void in your heart: you have nothing to apprehend from a refusal, for Sophia has no prior attachment, and en-

Continued.

tertain the highest esteem for your excellence.

The Admiral had remained a widower near two years; when he fulfilled the dying request of his departed consort, and espoused her friend.

This lady is many years younger than her husband; but that does not operate so as to lessen her affection or attentions; her attachment is individual and ardent; and he appears to have no pleasure in which she takes not a share.

In the service of his country, Admiral Wallingford has fought with a NELSON, a RODNEY, and a HOWE; and his venerable bark, though no longer afloat, still exists, a lively memento of former achievements, and serves to eternize his fame and glory!

It is not more than six months since I

A hasty Declaration of the Marquis.

had the satisfaction of dining with this amiable veteran, at Lady Hanwell's; and I never recollect being more struck than I was by his person and manners: the former bearing the stamp of temperance and regularity, and the latter of unaffected cheerfulness, sound principles, and manly integrity. He told us, he was in his seventieth year! No uninformed person would have guessed him above fifty-five.

His profession, as a naval officer, frequently obliged him to leave the dear treasures of his home for distant climes; but although he has been absent from his family three years together, he has solemnly declared, that he was never guilty of a single act of conjugal infidelity!— This may be literally true; but I know it is a virtue, when I have the misfortune to be married, that I shall never be able to practise.

“ Dear brother,” said Lady Charlotte,

He is chastised by his Sister.

“ I hope you will alter your opinion; and not be among the number of those men, who will not credit this latter circumstance you have mentioned of the worthy Admiral. I see no reason to doubt it; for he, who makes a matter of conscience to regulate his passions, and hold sacred a solemn contract, will, on every occasion, submit to restraint, which love and virtue impose; and which virtue will herself repay: in my opinion the best security against irregularities of this order is an attachment to an amiable and virtuous object. Though separate, there is no void in *his* heart, which is truly devoted, and his imagination fills every spot with the image of his love: thus circumstanced, an act of mere sensual grossness I should conceive impossible: for the man who dishonours his love, dishonours himself in the most delicate point of view; and I do assure you, that I think there are very few situations, in which I could consider an act of conjugal infidelity as pardonable; and in-

A most interesting Point discussed.

deed, I think, that while you exact so large a penalty for a single act of this nature in our sex, it is the height of injustice to allow so much greater latitude to your's."

"I wish," said the Marquis, "I had thought of taking out my watch, when Charlotte was at the commencement of her discourse upon male Chastity."

"For my part," said the Duchess, with a weary air, "I was silent, for I thought the *promised novel* was begun; and that this was the preface! However, Charlotte, all you have uttered is very just; our sex will every one agree to the truths you have enforced."

"But you will agree, also, my dear Duchess, said the Marquis, "that although there may often be found men extremely reprehensible, in their treatment of those females who are placed under their dominion; we, also, sometimes meet with very naughty women,

Conversation.

who have no plea to offer in extenuation of their indecorous and profligate conduct : of such a description is the character I shall next introduce, and—" But stop a little, dear brother ;" quickly interrupted Lady Charlotte, " you have neither told us where the dear old Admiral lives ; whether he has any family ; nor have you given a perfect description of his person : we will hear nothing of your *profligate wife* nor *wanton widow*, until we have learned all we can of this truly worthy character ; who comes to us, at this moment, like the Angel of Charity, bespeaking mercy for his followers."

" I think," said the Duchess, " after the despicable portrait given us lately of Sir William Featherington, this exalted character of England's first favourite, a BRITISH SAILOR, is admirably contrasted ; and although I join my vote with Charlotte's in wishing to obtain a

The Admiral's Character continued.

knowledge of every particular respecting this very good man, I own I have no objection to view, occasionally, sketches of a more ordinary cast ; *I like the world as it goes !* therefore, hasten, dear Philip, to fulfil Charlotte's wishes, and then let us have your *profligate wife* and *wanton widow*, as soon as you will." The Marquis bowed his obedience, and proceeded.

" The residence of our naval hero is certainly worthy of remark ; being just suitable to the elegance of his mind, and purity of his taste. Since retired from the service, he has built a cottage in the most picturesque part of the Isle of Wight ; and which is called The Marine Villa : it is situated in the parish of Niton ; and possesses much symmetry and appropriate beauty. The grounds, though not extensive, are laid out with infinite taste ; but the powers of description fail in picturing the almost un-

The Admiral's Villa.

paralleled loveliness and variety of the views which meet the eye in every direction, and entrance with delight the admiring gazer.

In my tour through the island last summer, we stopt at the village of Niton; and my fellow-traveller, who knew the venerable owner intimately in his days of fame, sent in his name, with a request to be permitted the indulgence of walking over the grounds.

This request brought us a polite invitation from the Admiral and his lady, to take an early dinner at the Villa: which we readily accepted. If we were charmed with the extreme beauty and neatness which were blended in this enchanting retreat, if we dwelt with enrapt emotion on the splendid and picturesque views which presented themselves at every break in the foliage, we experienced a pleasure no less lively, though of a different nature,

His Hospitality.

in the comfort, hospitality, and neatness, which pervaded his little household. At his table was plenty, without luxury : and his equipage and retinue possessed all the grace of unobtrusive simplicity, totally devoid of ostentation and show.

He has no family ; which is a subject of regret both to the Admiral and his lady ; and the more so as I think I have heard of his having lost a son, brought him by his first wife ; and a daughter, in her infancy, the produce of this, his second, marriage.

These sad privations have thrown an air of interesting thoughtfulness over the otherwise cheerful countenance of the Admiral ; and add to the natural pensive cast of features which distinguish Mrs. Wallingford. This lady has still a very handsome face ; and before her figure had lost its roundness, it must have possessed very considerable beauty : she

Portrait of the Admiral *ad vivum*.

was, at the time I saw her, exceedingly spare; but her motions were graceful, and her manners and accomplishments such as usually mark the thorough-bred gentlewoman.

The Admiral is rather of an under size and does not, in height, exceed five foot five; his features rather small—his eyes merry and sparkling, seem to have not yet lost the fire of youth: his teeth more white and sound than any I ever before witnessed in a person of his years. His complexion is invariably florid, without being coarse, and his hair is entirely white: but never did I behold such perfect personal neatness in any elderly person as in this most delightful old man: his linen fine, and white as snow, seems to vie with his venerable locks in purity of hue, and his well polished shoes equal in lustre the brightest japan. In his external habit he is invariably true to his colours. A blue coat, he says, is the

 Conclusion.

most appropriate garb for a TRUE BRITON; and even his servants are never allowed to appear in any other; in fact he is truly the

— Virum quem
conspexere —

of Virgil, whose presence has the magic power of silencing the clamorous, and of dispersing a mob.

RESULT

OF

A SATURDAY NIGHT'S DETERMINATION,

&c.

“ He was Eyes to the Blind.”

ON the Saturday night following, just before the clock struck twelve, the Duchess of Pymont addressed her children with, “ To morrow we must *all* be at church.”—“ What me! my Lady Duchess,” said her son.

“ Certainly,” replied her Grace; “ not one of our family would I have absent: there is to be a charity-sermon; and it is a duty incumbent on people of our rank to give largely.”

“ I know not how I shall sit the sermon

A Charity Sermon.

out," said the Marquis; "I am sure this theme of pious begging is so exhausted."

The Duchess, with all her faults, was generous and benevolent. "Charity is a theme," said she, "on which too much cannot be said; this too, I shall feel," added she, with a sigh; "for it is in support of the Blind Asylum lately established in the next town. All my fear is, as I am told it is rather a popular preacher who is come to display his eloquence on the occasion, that it is some methodistical divine, which I am extremely sorry to say is now the custom to employ for these purposes, in order to draw a large congregation, and thereby increase the charitable fund."

"Then make yourself easy, on that head, Duchess," said the Marquis: "it is a fashionable divine; in the prime of

Conversation.

life, quite orthodox, and Chaplain to his Grace the worthy Duke of Daventry.

“The character of the Reverend Edmund Grosvenor, who is to preach to-morrow, in this age, appears romantic; for he is really possessed of all the Grandisonian principles of honour and virtue. You know Lord Benton seldom or ever goes to church; but when Grosvenor preached in London, at a certain fashionable chapel, he always went, when it was his turn to give the sermon: for you must know, that Grosvenor does not thunder flames and torments in your ear, but allows every man to enjoy the good things of life, and thereby best please his Maker.”

“Grosvenor, Grosvenor!” said the Duchess: “let me recollect, is not that the young man who was so much spoken of, some time ago, who obtained the consent of all her friends, and married,

Portrait of a Preacher.

with their full approbation, that elegant and interesting girl, Lady Madelina Graham?" "The very same, my dear Duchess; they are now but little known among the fashionables of London; as they have retired, for some years, to a remote part of Devonshire; loving and beloved, and willingly, as mutually, quitting the great world and all its vanities. When you have heard and seen Edmund Grosvenor, I will give you his character and history, for it must be dwelt upon to do it justice."

Soon after this conversation, the noble family retired to rest; and on the following morning proceeded to church.

A clear, sonorous voice, a pure pronunciation, and elegant language, made Mr. Grosvenor heard with pleasure by every auditor of his numerous congregation: a mild unaffected demeanour, free

A Comparison with Self.

from rant or the affectation of action, marked the servant of God, and not the theatrical declaimer. His text was—
“ He was eyes to the blind ! ” —

The Duchess was wrapped in fixed attention: she perceived the mercy, the enlarged sentiments, of that religion she had so often put away from her thoughts as a rigid intruder, and which she had so often dared to ridicule: Grosvenor had made it appear to her senses, mild, sweet and beneficent; ever open, late as well as early, to impart its healing balsam to the mind of the penitent. She felt it all! her outward sight was gone, it turned inward on her conduct; and the sweet hope that Grosvenor held out to her, made her view it without terror, though with a proper sense of shame.

Though a sudden and speedy reformation in the conduct of a woman, who had

The Taste of the Duchess undergoes Alteration.

been so much given up to vanity and dissipation, could not be expected, yet she became, by degrees, more intellectual; when she listened to the faults of her neighbours, she thought, also, of her own: when she heard the characters of the good and virtuous depicted, she felt a sentiment unknown to her before warm her bosom, and a sense of humiliation, to think how much she was inferior: her Charlotte became daily more dear to her; and she has been known, sometimes, to warn her son against the vices of fashion, and only to follow *implicitly* her elegancies and all those customs which were not *actually* vicious!

In the commencement of that amusement they had planned to enliven their solitude, she always listened, with a distracted kind of attention, to the sketch of a virtuous character, except that of Lady Laura Pemberton, who was

The Marquis prepares himself to read.

always her favourite: but now, they appeared to give her more pleasure than those of the scandalous school: and one evening, when they had found a relaxation from receiving and returning various visits, she requested to hear the history of the Clergyman who had so much interested her.

Lady Charlotte, who had a very particular talent at catching likenesses, and often amused herself in sketching the physiognomy of curious characters whom she had met in society, or abroad in her walks, happened to have delineated the most prominent features of the Reverend Gentleman merely in pencil; and taking her drawing-board from off the piano-forte, she placed it before the Marquis whilst he was reading. He smiled, and admired the correctness and delicacy of the performance, but said not a word, lest the Duchess should have felt more keenly

Conclusion.

the privation of sight ; a delicate attention in which her children were very seldom deficient.

THE
REV. EDMUND GROSVENOR.

“ Votre poulx inegal marche à pas redoublés,
Quelle fausse pudeur a feindre vous oblige ?
Qu’avez vous ?—je n’ai rien,—mais—je n’ai rien, vous dis-je.”
BOILEAU. Ep. III.

EDMUND GROSVENOR was the only son of a gentleman of small fortune, but who enjoyed a considerable post under government. Dying at an early age, he had not yet, amongst the many virtues he possessed, that of economy: had his life been spared longer, it might have come in its turn, but it is not, by any means, a qualification natural to the season of youth. Little provision, therefore, was left for a widow and three children.

The father of Edmund had lived long enough to see all the fine seeds of honour, integrity, and feeling, deeply rooted in the

Choice of a Profession.

heart of his boy; he was gay and volatile as other boys, yet was never heard to mention the name of his Maker without reverence, although he appeared to condemn his companions, when they acted wrong, but made every kind excuse for their conduct.

While he thus shewed himself possessed of so much goodness of heart, the wonderful and rapid progress he made in learning astonished even his teachers, in so young a child: his father, therefore, wished much to bring him up to one of the learned professions. "If," said he, "I teach him the law, though I do not mean to vilify any calling, yet the natural and unavoidable chicane attendant on that profession may considerably impair that candour and honesty I find in him, and his natural diffidence will prevent his ever making any figure at the bar; if I bring him up to physic, a heart of the finest feelings will be constantly pained at be-

He is destined for the Church.

holding the miseries and afflictions of human kind. To the church he will be an ornament; he is just the character to do honour to the truths he will, in future, teach, and enforce by his example."

So much was this the wish of Mr. Grosvenor's heart, so often did he repeat it, that his widow was resolved to exert every nerve to effect the desire of a much loved husband. College expences, a learned education, she found, on calculation, would so drain her purse, that she feared she must give up the idea: she examined her pecuniary stores, she found it impracticable, and she waited on those of the nobility through whose interest her husband had procured the place he formerly held, to request they would recommend her son for it, when he should be of a proper age. She was still a fine woman; she had all that address and manners inseparable from the gentlewoman; and she was received with courtesy and polite-

A polite Denial.

ness; her husband was acknowledged to have most ably filled his situation, and they promised much, but did nothing!

A mother finds the education and care of daughters infinitely easier than that of sons. Almost despairing her Edmund would be able to continue in the same situation of life he had ever been accustomed to, that of a gentleman, she was crossing St. James's-square one morning, after having received the intelligence from a noble lord, which she had long been prepared for, namely, that so many had applied, that it was totally impossible to promise for young Grosvenor the place formerly held by his father; and really he could not think of any thing that could be done for the lad at present, for there were so many younger sons of the nobility, whose parents had large families, that they must first be thought of; he was truly sorry, but so it was.

A kind Offer of Services.

Just as she was turning the corner of the square, she fancied she saw a mitred Ecclesiastic, who formerly visited her, when in prosperity; she drew her bonnet closer over her face, and was preparing to pass over on the other side, when she was suddenly taken by the hand, and a well-known voice addressed her in the following manner.

“Do you wish, my dear friend, to shun the man, who has often received favours from you and your worthy husband, and who has feasted at his hospitable board?”

She then, as she lifted up her face, discovered her mistake; it was no bishop, but a simple, worthy divine, who had been the tutor of a rich nephew of Mrs. Grosvenor's, the possessor of the large estate belonging to her family, but who then took no notice of his impoverished aunt.

A Pattern of good Sense and Kindness.

“ I am concerned,” said the excellent Mr. Wrighten, “ to see you in these habiliments; I have been long in the country, and heard there a vague report, that my worthy friend, Mr. Grosvenor, was no more; which was confirmed on my arrival in the metropolis. Happy, truly happy, shall I feel myself, if I can be, in any way, serviceable to you, and your young family. Fortune has smiled upon me; and I am no longer obliged to submit to the caprice of wealth and fashion, by following the occupation of a private tutor, or a governor to attend an imperious young lord, on his travels: I have not only an excellent living, but a rich relation of my wife’s has lately left me a considerable property. This gift I receive, as the donation of the Almighty, to be employed in the way as shall best please him; not in building chapels or churches, nor in leaving it, when I have no farther use for it, to public charities;

Edmund is sent to College.

no ; I will endeavour to obtain a seat in heaven, by mending the fortunes of those who cannot toil, and, now sunk from better days, shrink abashed from the thought of asking assistance.”

The Reverend Mr. Wrihten had accompanied the widow home; he stayed and partook of her frugal dinner, and being made acquainted with the state of her circumstances, to which he listened with true interest; and was highly gratified to think it was now in his power to repay a part of those obligations he had considered himself under to the late Mr. Grosvenor. He immediately took young Edmund under his charge; sent him to college, and gave him, besides, that liberal education of a finished gentleman, to which his bright capacity did such infinite credit.

Though intended for the church, young Grosvenor had been taught to ride, to

He takes the Holy Orders.

fence, and to perform every military evolution; which gave him, in the early part of his life, that martial air, which made it often remarked at Bath, that he had more the look of an officer in the army than a divine; this is now a good deal worn off, since he commenced the country clergyman.

At a proper age, Mr. Grosvenor took orders; and being without Church-preferment, and having some leisure on his hands, he made the tour of England and Scotland. On his return he took his degree as master of arts; and soon after, an event happened, which led to that which marked the most interesting and most happy period of his life.

The Duchess Dowager of Daventry was one of the old Nobility, who always very properly judged that, though it was her duty to behave kindly, and affectionately to her inferiors, yet, that magnifi-

He becomes Chaplain to the Duchess of Daventry.

cence and dignity should always be kept up in the style of living that nobles adopted: the church, also, she looked upon as one of the firmest pillars of the state; and that its ceremonies ought to be attended to, with exactitude and precision, and not hurried over in a slovenly manner.

Through the recommendation of some noble friends, young Grosvenor was appointed one of her Grace's chaplains; she, at that time, much wished to have one of these her chaplains reside in her house, and perform duty in her own chapel, in that correct way she so desired; but they were married men, and she did not like to take them from their families: pleased with the easy and gentleman-like appearance of young Grosvenor, as one whom her sons and herself could take by the hand in any party, she fixed her choice upon him as her resident chaplain.

His highly proper Conduct.

On his first arrival, he was shewn into a parlour, where there were two or three blooming young ladies, daughters to the Duchess, seated round a table, and all employed in drawing. On a high music-stool, before a piano-forte, sat a little romp, between twelve and thirteen years of age, who was incorrectly rattling over the keys, but ceased on the entrance of the stranger: at that time, how little did he imagine this little smiling creature would ever be so nearly and so dearly united to him!

The Duchess was charmed with her new inmate, who became the reigning favourite of the house; she found him the profound scholar, without the smallest rust of the College attached to him: for he could trifle, laugh, and talk nonsense, by the hour.

The polish of his manners seemed fit only for the drawing-room; but he would

He is a Pattern of Goodness.

enter the miserable huts of abject poverty, speak kindly comfortable to the inhabitants, and adapt his elegant language to their understanding; while from his scanty purse he would give all he could spare: if those gay pleasures which always have charms for a young and cheerful mind, and which he ever loved and took in moderation, if these interfered with the sick couch that required spiritual comfort, or the last moments of the dying victim of sickness and indigence, they were readily given up for the performance of his duty; and whilst he was the least rigid, the least puritanical, of any man in the world, an oath was not known by his most intimate friends and connexions ever to have escaped his lips.

He had lived three years with this charming family, in the sweetest harmony of society, grateful to, and befriended by, them all. But in Lady Madelina Graham, the youngest daughter, he dis-

His Portrait faithfully drawn.

covered a similarity of taste, of thought, and sentiment ; Lady Madelina had indeed found a kindred mind : never was woman possessed of more sense than she is.

Grosvenor was not literally an handsome man, but he had a great sweetness of countenance, a good figure, and had that elegant ease in his deportment which marked the gentleman. He thought himself heart-whole ; but he felt it stealing away from him : he found he could not see, with indifference, the progressive development of a mind inclosed in a form, which every year had unfolded some improved attraction to the admiring eye ; she was, then, like the early unexpanded rose, which flourishing under a mild sun, and nurtured with care, daily increases in sweetness and beauty.

Honour urged his flight from so dangerous an object : should he, said he to himself, plunge unceasing regret into the

Himself a Painter. .

bosom of her excellent mother for having fostered an ungrateful viper, who in return would sting her? Shall an union with Lady Madelina ever dare even to find a place in his thought! He, whose scanty portion would scarce support himself! She, who might behold a train of wealthy nobles at her feet, and choose amongst them at her pleasure.

But how could he quit these truly noble patrons? what pretence could he make for so strange a proceeding? and how ungrateful should he appear in their eyes?

Grosvenor excelled in the art of painting: Lady Madelina had improved her taste for drawing under his tuition; and he had commenced with a course of instructions for painting in oil colours: she had began the design of a beautiful church, with a distant view of the stately mausoleum of her father. The excuses

His Health is impaired.

that lovers will make to themselves, amidst the fluctuations of hope and despair, have been experienced by many, and by them can be easily conceived. He must stay till this picture is finished : it would be the height of ill-breeding not to do it ; it would be shocking !

He stayed ; they both worked at the picture ; but the agitation of Grosvenor's mind impeded it's progress.

He, who was often the life of their convivial parties, was now pale, absent, and spiritless : Lady Madelina lost her bloom and her appetite ; but no one knew, not even the lovers themselves, for what cause.

At length honour, that sacred principle, which had ever filled the breast of Grosvenor, made him resolve instantly to absent himself, and he requested the Duchess to grant him his dismissal.

A manly Resolution.

Astonished, above measure, that he should wish to quit a situation in which he had once been so completely happy ; in which he had received such advantages of introduction to friends, who might become his patrons in the future course of his life ; where a particular carriage was assigned him, and which was always, with servants, at his command ; where he had received an abundance of the most costly presents, and every fond attention of friendship : the Duchess could scarce believe what she heard ! Her sons, her daughters, all pressed round him ; intreated to know if there was any thing left undone that was in their power to remedy, and that he would only name it. No beloved son, about to quit his paternal home, could be more regretted, or more invited to stay. Madelina, the interesting Madelina, came not forward, like her sisters, but sat pale,

Madelina's Sorrow and Illness.

in mournful silence, with difficulty repressing her tears. Again the Duchess urged ; again she requested to know the cause : “ Oh ! my Lady Duchess,” said Grosvenor, “ forgive me ; my honour is still my own, but I cannot master my affections !”

He then quitted the room, ordered his clothes to be taken to the inn, and immediately set off to perform a journey of about fifty miles.

The Duchess pondered on his last words : “ No doubt,” said she, “ Grosvenor has some tender attachment, which calls him away.” A deep sigh made her turn towards her daughter Madelina, who had fainted : she was carried to her bed, and the next morning an high fever and faintings made this tender parent tremble for the life of her beloved child.

A Consultation.

The Duchess was a mother, whose chief study was her children's happiness; and she looked upon titles or riches in the married state but as secondary objects, and too dearly purchased with the loss of wedded felicity. Still she entertained not an idea of the affection these young people had for each other: but, during the paroxysms of her daughter's fever, she soon discovered it, from some frantic expressions; and when she gradually recovered, though she remained some time in a very weak state, she questioned her particularly on the subject.

“ Be assured, my love,” said this tender parent, after hearing her artless confession, “ that it would give me sincere pleasure to see you united to so worthy a man as Grosvenor; but never shall it be confessed that my sweet girl harboured love for a man, who might probably refuse her: for such are the noble principles of Grosvenor, that, advantageous as an

A Discovery.

alliance with our family might be to him, if he did not really love you, and you alone, he would refuse the offer."

"I charge you," replied Madelina, "as you respect and value that sense of decorum you have ever taught me, that you never suffer what I have confessed to you to come to his knowledge; only permit me to live single: but I think, my dear mamma, he would not *refuse* me. I am sure he loves me."

"Has he, then, ever told you so?" said the Duchess, with dignified gravity.

"Oh! no, never; he would expire sooner, I am sure, with the secret buried in his bosom. But did you, dear Duchess, mark his last words?"

"Yes; but I thought they alluded to some attachment he might have elsewhere."

An Inquiry.

“ Oh! why, then,” said Lady Madelina, did he cast such a piteous look at me? Why did he ask *your* forgiveness for not mastering his affections, and say, *his honour was still his own?* ”

The truth is, Lady Madelina had discovered numerous little inadvertencies in Grosvenor, which are easily perceptible to lynx-eyed love. She rejoiced in finding herself beloved; otherwise a mind of her delicacy would never have encouraged the inclination she felt for him.

The Duchess called a council of her elder children on this subject. She spoke particularly with her eldest son, who was the firm and faithful friend of Grosvenor: they all certainly wished he had more fortune; but they knew no one more worthy, nor one they would be more ready to embrace, and welcome, as a brother.

An Embassy.

Lord Edward Graham knew where Grosvenor was gone ; it was agreed that he should go and make him a visit, and sound his inclinations.

He proposed a young lady to him, of large fortune, and who, it was thought, had not beheld Grosvenor with indifference ; Grosvenor coolly replied, “ No ; he had resolved on leading a single life.”

“ What,” said his Lordship, “ had you never any tender attachment ?” “ Oh ! yes,” sighed Grosvenor : “ but, as she is one I must never think on as a wife, I am resolved never to marry at all.”

“ And will you not tell me who she is ?” said Lord Edward.

“ You will pardon me, my Lord,” replied Grosvenor ; “ but I am resolved never to mention her name to any one.”

Succès of the Negotiation.

“ You are a very *resolute* man, this morning ; you are *resolved* to live single ; and, as you are also *resolved* never to say whom you are in love with, I think it is a very likely result : but I do really think you are in love with my sister Madelina.”

“ Do you think I would aspire ?—” falteringly uttered Grosvenor ; while his agitated voice, and changing countenance, soon discovered the secret.

“ Ay,” said Lord Edward, “ we find these things out better than either of you ; so come with me : I cannot be offended at your loving my sister ; Madelina’s a charming girl ; and——but come ; have your portmanteaus ready this afternoon ; you must come with me.” Grosvenor would fain have excused himself ; little imagining the happiness that awaited him.

They are married.

“ You *must* come,” said Lord Edward ; “ we shall have a very large party next week, who are all your friends : we have a near relation going to be married, and whose wedding is to be kept at our house. Do not you recollect the Duchess, is now without any resident Chaplain ? and I suppose you do not mean to throw away the scarf she has given you ? ”

It required very little more persuasion for Mr. Grosvenor to accompany his noble friend to a family, where he yet found himself so beloved. Joining his hand with that of the blushing Lady Madelina, Lord Edward said, “ There, Duchess, do not you think that it would be a great pity this lady and gentleman should live single all their lives ? ”

The many soft scenes which followed are better passed over ; they are interest-

Their Happiness.

ing only to lovers: they are insipid when related to a third person, either from the tongue or the pen; because neither can do them justice.

Lady Madelina Graham and the Reverend Edmund Grosvenor were soon made happy in each other; and Lord Francis Graham, her youngest brother, gave her away to her enraptured and grateful husband.

Never was an union more productive of lasting and uniform happiness; Church-preferment, soon after, enabled Grosvenor to live easy, but not in splendour; he had married, not only into a noble but into an opulent family, so that he was never likely to be poor; but so much was requisite to be given towards making some figure in the world, that a plan of economy was necessary to be observed; to this that amiable and best of women, Lady Madelina Grosvenor, could accommodate herself. She ever made a gen-

Conclusion.

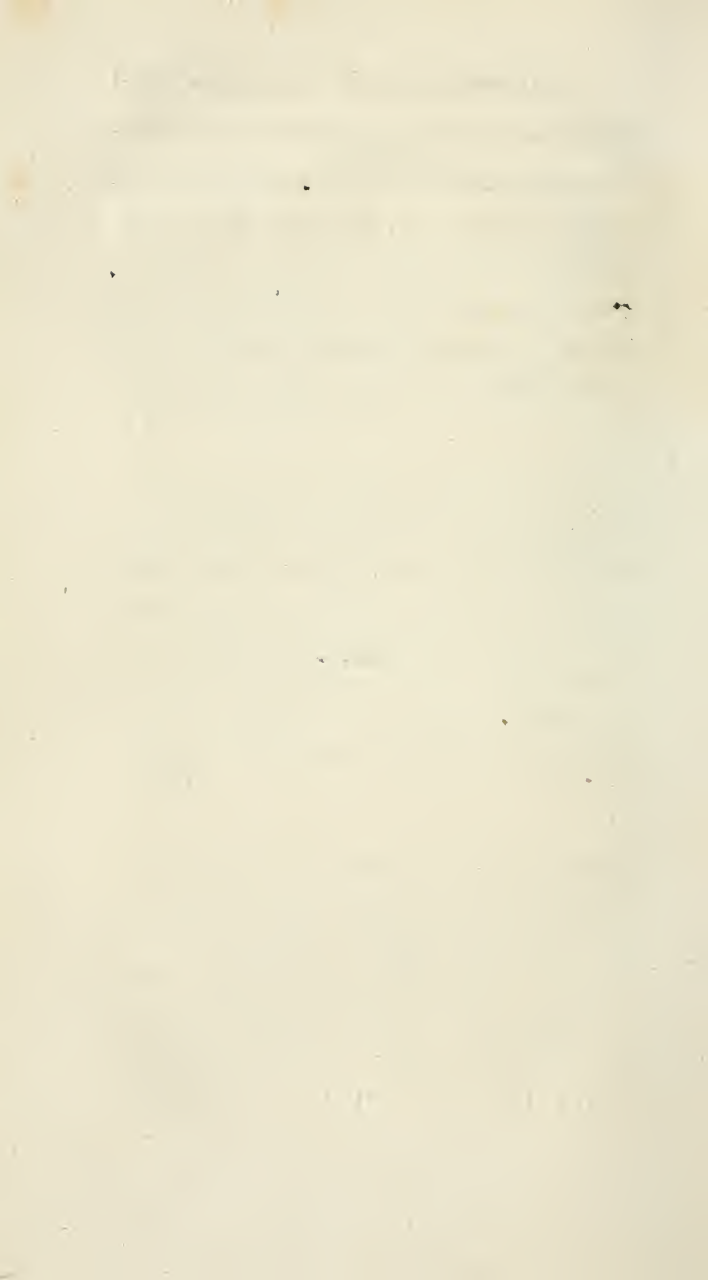
teel and fashionable appearance ; but her beneficent heart, delighting in doing good, made her deprive herself of many of the elegancies of life, to be what she had been, from her earliest youth, the patroness of the poor.

In a few years they found themselves the delighted parents of a numerous family; and, in concurrence with his Madelina's opinion, whom on every occasion he consults, they deemed it best to reside at his living in the country, from the increased expence of living in London, to support that figure in life their rank required.

There they have now resided sometime, in elegant rural happiness—in true domestic comfort. Lady Madelina has lately lost her valued mother: a scarf soon becoming vacant in the Duke's establishment, Mr. Grosvenor was made his chaplain.

Conclusion.

He has lately taken his degree as Doctor of Divinity ; a visionary mitre hangs over his head ; but he often quotes Sterne, on that occasion, and says, " it will not fit."



MORE SCANDAL, &c.

—
“ *Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.* VIRG.

—
“ WELL, my sentimental sister,” said the Marquis of Waltham, yawning; “ is not that a character after your own heart? For my part, I am as weary of reading as of writing it, it is so like a romance; and yet every word is strictly true.”

“ I have felt much interested,” said the Duchess; “ not one syllable have I lost:” “ And sincerely do I wish,” said Lady Charlotte, “ that these characters were not so rare.”

“ But,” said the Marquis, “ scarce one amongst the little world but what are firmly persuaded that Grosvenor ran away with Lady Madelina; and that, she being a favourite daughter, the Duchess

Dialogue.

of Daventry was induced to pardon this imprudent step."

"My dear Philip," said the Duchess, "what can possibly signify their opinion to people of fashion?"

"A great deal, my dear Duchess; the middling and lower classes of people make up the greatest part of the bulk of mankind: they form, as one may say, the chief mass, and from them originates, in the first instance, all the news we hear, sometimes true, but mostly false: thus, whatever is done amiss by people in our situation is exaggerated ten-fold; while among those who are possessed, in any degree, of what Charlotte calls virtue, it is magnified and multiplied as it passes from tongue to tongue."

"What an encouragement to us," said Lady Charlotte, "to do always what is right!"

Portrait of the French Count.

Scarce had she finished the sentence, when they were surprised by the sudden announcement and quick-followed entrance of the Count de Pernonville, the favourite *émigré*. They were, indeed, all rejoiced to see him; so pliantly devoted was he to all their characters, that no one seeing through the selfish deceit which actuated him, (for in reality he despised them all), they every one liked the good-humoured Count.

He was possessed of a fine person; and his address was entirely divested of French grimace: he had all that charming politeness for which a well-bred, well-educated, Frenchman is so remarkable; gay and playful with the lively; he could display his scientific knowledge with the learned and grave. Lady Charlotte admired him for his virtue and fortitude under misfortunes; the Duchess, for the zest he gave by his wit and well-pointed satire in fashionable anecdote; and the

News from Town.

Duke and his son found him that accommodating and useful friend, for a little pecuniary reward, which they knew not, from his well-planned stratagems, how to dispense with: and while he was most requisite, and most devoted to them, they, in fact, had less friendship for him than the rest of the family.

After suffering some elegant refreshment to be pressed upon him, before he accepted it, and to which, when accepted, he did ample credit, he took the Duchess's favourite pug-dog in his arms; and, after giving it several fervent embraces, said, "Pray, my dear Lady Duchess, what do you think the town and its environs now ring with?"

Old habits cannot easily be laid aside; the Duchess's love of scandal returned with all its wonted energy.—"Tell me," said she, eagerly, "is there any thing new? I declare I am moped to death in this stupid

French Compliments.

place; and I am, would you believe it? growing almost as romantic and as sentimental as my daughter!"

The Count was a little puzzled; the ladies were both present, and he wished to pay his court to both: he knew the Duchess always wished to make Lady Charlotte younger than she was, and her blooming and innocent appearance made no one believe she could be three and twenty.

• "My dear Lady Duchess," said he, "any one who sees you must know how *very* young your daughter is; and the romantic enthusiasm of virtue is peculiarly interesting at her early years: but her Grace of Pymont unites to her knowledge of the world, that charming maturity of beauty, which entitles her to be as saucy as she pleases: *N'est il pas vrai? Ma belle Dame!*" continued he, with a laugh. "The virtue of

Polite Nonsense.

Madame la Duchesse is seated deeply in her mind ; but fashion does not permit it to be blended in her conversation."

"Come, tell us your news, Pernonville;" said the Marquis, "and don't give us a speech as long as a sermon."

"*Mais, mon cher Monsieur le Marquis,* "I speak to the ladies! I can never find my discourse too long when addressed to them. But it is currently reported, that Lord Clayton, who has been so long constant to his favourite *chere amie*, and who has by her a very large family, has fallen in love with one of his daughters."

"Shocking!" said the Duchess, "I hope it is not true."

"I could venture to say," said the Marquis, "that it *cannot* be true. The Persians had a law, that, when a

An improbable Story.

man killed his son, he was not to suffer death, if the mother had ever been frail ; because it was impossible it could be his son, or he would not have been so unnatural. So I think, in this case, it is not credible that a father can feel any attachment of the kind to his daughter, if she were *really* his own ; for nature forbids and revolts from such an idea.

“ And I will tell you, that I did hear a vague and ridiculous report about what you mentioned just before I came into the country ; but it was so laughable, and so very *outré*, that, as my scandalous chronicle never departs from truth, I did not give it a place. Why, my good Count, Lord Clayton’s children are mostly boys: his oldest daughter is a child of about eight years old.”

“ *C’est possible,*” said the Count ;
“ but, from what I understand, it is one

A Misunderstanding explained.

of the Miss Suttons, the daughters his lady had by a *former* protector.”

“That can be,” said the Marquis, “and that is bad enough, but not quite so bad: and I must say, that I recollect perfectly well, at that birth-day fête that he last gave, his lordship was particularly attentive to one of the Miss Suttons, and never quitted her scarce the whole time I was there: but what of that? The mother seemed highly gratified that he should so notice her daughters; and, as I was just observing to the Duchess, before you came in, that every thing which people in an elevated rank say or do is so exaggerated, that I suppose, soon, I shall not be able to look at my mother or sister, without having it said I am in love with them.”

“That *chevelure* of your’s, my Lady Duchess, is superb,” said the Count:

A Hint on Mustachios.

“ Pray do you mean to adopt the new Spanish fashion of wearing mustachios ? ”

“ What can you mean ? you strange creature ! ” said the Duchess.

“ Oh ! I assure your Grace, two dashing Dowagers of your acquaintance mean to embellish their countenances with them : the Dowager Lady Colverton, really, as her’s *en train*.

“ But as I am not yet a dowager,” said the Duchess, “ I do not mean to follow so ugly a fashion. You know how great an admirer I am of every thing that is done by the lovely Duchess of Mesborough ; but I never could bring myself to smoke a pipe with her.” “ And yet she was in the very attitude of *smoking* when the Duke first fell in love with her ; which gave rise to a number of low puns and idle reports ; ” said the Marquis. “ Not but what I am certain, that,

On Smoking a Pipe.


to get her daughters well married, her Grace of Allingford would teach them to do any thing. She knew the Duke of Mesborough loved his bottle and his pipe with it; and she knew, also, that he dreaded the taking a wife who might be a restraint on those *delicate* pleasures. The pretty Duchess, therefore, we may imagine, learnt to *smoke* by way of self-defence."

The conversation began to flag: the Duchess grew weary, for the Count was by no means brilliant; the town was so empty, that little scandal was abroad; and the Count's visit was to the Marquis, for whom he had been carrying some schemes into effect, about twenty miles off: after dinner the happy opportunity offered of his speaking to the Marquis in private.

In the morning they both set off to carry some love-intrigue into execution

Conclusion.

against an innocent country girl; and, perhaps, to plant an ever-rankling thorn in the bosom of a careful mother. Such, dost thou proudly imagine, High Birth, are thy privileges; and such, fashion and fortune, are thy continual practices in this, our nineteenth century!



BOARD OF CRITICISM.

“ ————Odora canum vis.”

VIRG.

ONE evening that the Duchess was gone out to a concert at Lord Winterhurst's Villa, with Lady Charlotte, the Committee down-stairs resumed their critical operations; *Mrs. Blump* in the chair. Had we an *Hogarth's* or even a *Smirke's* pencil, we could give a good sketch of the housekeeper, with her lace mob, her true India silk handkerchief thrown with care, and folded with art, on the immense promontory of her bosom, her long-sleeve-gown tuck'd up as it used to be the fashion fifteen years ago, from Cheapside eastward to the Minories, and

Portraits and Sketches.

her purple jane-shoes peeping significantly under the half-seen dimity-petticoat, and forcing on the sight of the company the instep brilliancy of a mock-diamond in the center of a rose-knot. Mr. Spruce, true to his name, had on his red kerseymere waistcoat edged with brown fur, and sat by her with folded arms, his left thigh thrown negligently over the right that he might more gracefully bend on Mrs. Blump's side, when she chose to address him, which was always done in a sort of an hesitating, stammering kind of a mode. The rest of the tea-party might also give an humorous turn to the descriptive power, but we shall hasten towards the reciting of an anecdote not unlikely to please our readers ; it was given by Mr. Spruce, who knew the parties well, and could swear to the truth of the transactions.

He began thus, without any other

An Anecdote.

preamble than slightly touching Mrs. Blump's left arm with the back of his right hand. "Let me tell you a droll story. Mr. Ford, the linen draper, of Mount-street, had for the partner of his life a very handsome young woman, whom he had married at Hereford, the county-town where he comes from. By her he had two children, but they were both gone, likely to their native place above, that is to Heaven; for the dear cherubs had not lived long enough to imbibe the slightest drop of this world's wickedness." "They died," said Mr. Dubois, "as we call it, *en bas age*, I suppose?" "Very likely," said Miss Betty; and the other maid, by an assenting nod, let them all perceive that she understood Mr. Dubois. "His wife, as I said before, was young and handsome; she had brought him property, and they might have lived very happy, but—"

Mrs. B. I suppose, or, however, I am

Dialogue

bold to say, that she was something of a coquette, and he waxed jealous.

Mr. Spruce. No. She acted always with the utmost propriety, and her husband was perfectly satisfied on *that* head.

Betty. Then she was a Methodist, or a Moravian, or a Baptist, or a Papist, or some such vile thing, that never think as other folks do, and pretend to be exclusively right in their opinion.

Mr. Dubois. *Diable comme vous y allez !* (he would have sworn by some other words, but he never uttered a B. or an F. before the ladies.)

Mr. Spruce. No. You are all wrong in your surmises: she would have had all the good qualities desirable in a wife,

A Wife at Home!

had she not been in the whole extent and signification of the word—a SCOLD.

Mr. Dubois. *Mon dieu!* I pity him.

Mrs. Blump. However, as people say, that's better than worse; well then.

Mr. Dubois. Eh! bien! voyons donc.

Mr. Spruce. He bore it extremely well for a long time, till he found that he might pass an evening, after shutting up shop, more comfortably at a Coffee-house than at home, where all questions were peremptorily settled by his wife, *without a division.* One evening as he was coming from his favourite place of *rendez vous*, he met, by mere chance indeed, a well-dressed young woman, of an elegant figure, against whose elbow he brushed inconsiderately. The commotion threw her fan off her hand into the mud, and he was picking it up with a

The faithful Dog.

thousand apologies, when the moon, in her full, peeping from under a cloud, darted the brilliancy of her silver rays on the Lady's face, and manifested beauties of an uncommon rate. The electric shock of lightning is not so sudden as the impression it made upon Mr. Ford, and the effect of it was an irresistible propensity to follow the fair where she chose to lead him. A fine Newfoundland dog used to accompany him wherever he went; and, therefore, faithful to his master, he trod upon their steps till they arrived at a good-looking house at the corner of a square. The bell was rung by the lady; a well dressed footman opened the door; but expecting no fees from the quadruped, took care not to let him in. A room elegantly furnished, with an *ottomane* placed opposite to the chimney-piece, received the well-pleased visitors, who took a light collation, and in their chat forgot the hour. It was then between two and three in the morning. Tired, and well



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Mr. Ford had a Dog and the Dog used to follow
his Master where ever he went.

Vide. Vol. 2. Page 58.

A Discovery.

he might, with waiting, scraping, gaping, and howling under the portico, the dog thought best to go home; and arriving there, threw by his appearance the whole family in a fret, and Mrs. Ford in violent hysterics. "What is the matter?" says one. "Master is murdered, sure enough," says another; "and Sancho comes to tell us." "Ah!" said the shopman, "let me go with the dog, I'll bet you any thing he will lead me straight where master is." Unfortunate thought! however, he sets off, and the dog leads the way: what was his surprise, when after following his *too faithful* guide, he found himself at the door of a certain house of bad fame, not quite unknown to him. His hand was lifting up the knocker, when the door, as if spontaneously, opened, and his master half naked and abashed stood before his eyes. A great reward was offered, by the way, to the shopman to cook up a story to satisfy Mrs. Ford, and the matter was hushed, till

The Ballad.

Mr. Ford suspecting that this young servant of his had hinted the truth to his wife, he turned him out of doors."

The Duchess's chariot made a rumbling noise in the neighbourhood, the Committee dissolved, and, since what reflections and judgment were past upon the transactions did not come over to our knowledge, the reader will forgive us if we say no more upon the subject. However, soon after this, a ballad was composed by some wag of the district, and sung all over the town by the street-warblers of the night. It was to the tune of "Down derry down," and began thus:

" Mr. Ford had a dog, and the dog used to follow
" His master wherever he went ;
" And safe bring him home, when by chance he got
mellow,
" And be praised for his wonderful scent.

" Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Continued.

“ One night as the master and dog went a roving,
“ And the moon shone full bright on their back ;
“ The master’s sharp elbow, too hastily moving,
“ To a lass that went by gave a thwack.

“ Derry down, down, down, derry down.”

The rest of this most interesting ballad will be found in the Long-lane and Grub-street repertory of popular songs.



LADY RAVENSBURGHII.

—
“ *Ut ameris, amabilis esto.*”

OPEN.

—
THIS fortunate Lady was, as well as her two sisters, formerly engaged in a very public walk of life; namely, that of the theatrical profession: they had the happiness to be possessed of one of the worthiest and most careful of fathers, by whose fond paternal care, they were vigilantly protected, while they followed that dangerous occupation, for females so young and beautiful as they were. Never did he permit their detention in that school of gaming and dissipation, the green-room, but diligently and unremittingly waited till the performance was over, sheltering them under his fond, parental wing, till he lodged them safe at home.

Portrait of Cecilia.

Calumny, envy, detraction, all their sister fiends, could never, with their united force, raise one injurious report against the virtue, modesty, and truly correct conduct of the Miss Daltons.

Cecilia, the present Lady Ravensburgh, was by no means equal to her sisters in theatrical talents: they were eminent in their profession; but Cecilia had nothing but the beauty of her person to recommend her; and that was sufficient in the eyes of the very gallant manager of one of the two principal theatres.

A want of animation, little idea of the part assigned her, and a small portion of a provincial accent, which, though agreeable and, perhaps, fascinating in itself in private company, will not suit the nice ears of a London audience, seemed inseparable bars to her rising to any degree of eminence in her profession; yet,

Continued.

though she could not interest as a first-rate actress, her youth, her modesty, and the loveliness of her face and figure, never failed of exciting admiration: and though they were sorry to see those parts assigned her, from the partiality of the Manager, to which a SIDDONS or a SMITH alone can do justice, yet they gave her their plaudits, because they saw that she, unaffectedly, did her best: that she *looked*, at least, what Juliet, what Belvidere, and Monimia must have been,

“ Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the eye.”

Lord Ravensburgh inherited from his sensible mother a large share of her liberality of mind; he well knew, that no stigma, no meanness, attached itself to the birth of the beautiful Cecilia, but that her ancestors were really gentlemen; and by raising her to the dignity of a coronet, he should reflect honour on his own conduct, and ensure to himself the gratitude and affection of a woman, whom

She becomes Lady Ravensburgh.

his heart told him he must ever love; that cruel and indignant idea of wounding her virtuous feelings by a proposal of an handsome settlement, without the forms of marriage, never found a place in his truly noble mind : he thought only how happy he should feel, to snatch her from a scene of life so little calculated for her artless character, and where her beauty was exposed to dangerous and continual temptations ; how he should delight a father, zealously anxious for his child's virtue, by thus elevating his, then, sole unmarried daughter to rank and affluence !

The offer of the generous nobleman was received with transport ; and Lord Ravensburgh had the peculiar satisfaction of finding, that inclination for his person, more than interest, or the splendid visions of rank and riches, actuated that consent which his Cecilia gave, to accept the high honours he has now raised her to.

Conclusion.

Lady Ravensburgh is elegant and munificent, but she does not seek or court popularity : we do not see her assuming the *ton* of the high, dashing belle of fashion, nor does she lose the amiable and unobtrusive Cecila Dalton in Lady Ravensburgh.

Affable, beloved, doing honour to her high situation in life, she is the delight of her beloved Lord, and the favourite of his family : she lives, in splendour, as becomes her rank ; but she does not exceed it ; and we have reason to think, Lord Ravensburgh will never regret, but rejoice in that hour which induced him to raise her to it.

MATTHEW MONCKTON, ESQ.

“ What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth.”

MACBETH.

THIS Gentleman is but a young man, though he has long had a seat in the senate. He is well known for the great eminence of his literary talents, though they are of a very eccentric kind.

It is credibly asserted, and believed by many, that when he was a child, an old woman, who was a great favourite in the family, in which she had lived as a nurse, used to be as fond of relating to him, as he was fond of listening to them, various terrific stories of ghosts, witches, and all the frightful train of hobgoblins that she could conjure up from the old musty stores of her memory, and which had been told to her when she herself was a child.

A Romancer and Necromancer.

As he grew older, he soon evinced a very studious turn of mind; but all the leisure hours he could find he devoted to the perusal of old popish legends, the defence of the existence of witchcraft, the science of magic, the corporeal appearance of the devil, and such like works.

The happy turn of elegance which was, however, seated innately in his mind, his charming ear for a peculiar, harmonious, though irregular, species of poetry, evinced themselves in some sweet ballads, which, though they all breathed supernatural agency, yet charmed, interested, and allured every one who had any taste, in spite of their better reason, to be delighted with them.

He has written many volumes; and volumes which evince the deep science of the writer; which contain bold, forcible, and elegant language; but which are

A Play-writer.

never free from ghosts, magical incantations, and a long train of horrors. Crimes of the most enormous dye, bleeding spectres, and demons with terrific claws, shock the imagination, but almost incline the reader to believe in demoniack fascination, by the witchery of Mr. Monckton's works, which impels them to read on, because he continues, by his charming language, by the sweet poetry he mingles, and by the peculiar interest of the story, to render it impossible for the most morose stoic to close the book, and say, "I am tired of such improbable nonsense, I will read no farther;" no, we feel rather inclined to believe in magic, and are obliged to confess, that she draws her irresistible circle with Monckton's pen round the enchanted readers !

In his theatrical writings he has not been very successful ; for this taste prevailing through all his works, it is not

A good Companion.

adapted to the *veluti in speculum*, which should always be kept in view, as much as possible, on the stage. In those pieces which have succeeded of this incomparable author's, except in a Venetian story, we own we have been disappointed: a mother's bosom continually pouring a stream of blood creates an horror indescribable, and an uncle being the murderer of his brother, and wading through every sanguinary crime, which nature shudders at, for the possession of his niece, shocks the mind, and throws a terrific gloom over the piece, ill calculated to please a British audience.

Every one has his peculiar *forte*; if this legendary style is really Mr. Monckton's, he does not *bury* his talent; for it increases *ten-fold* with every new work he publishes.

He can be gay and cheerful in private life; why throw such horror into his

A good Companion.

writings? He has even ridiculed and parodied some of his ghostly skeleton scenes himself, which shews him to be possessed of sterling irony, and original wit: we think, if he would compose a burlesque novel on the existence of apparitions and art magic, it would afford that infinite pleasure to the reader, which his works, when even undivested of all that fear-creating trash, cannot yet fail to give.

One of his most popular works has characterized him with a ludicrous *sobriquet*, by which he is universally known; every one speaks of him by it; and a bookseller, with a serious face, recommends the work to his customer's perusal, by giving the author that appellation, which he gained from depicting the crimes and priestly pride of a popish recluse.

His private character is truly amiable; and as free from blame as erring mortality

A Proof of his Goodness.

is capable of being : indeed, instances have occurred, which serve to shew that his virtue, according to the system of morals adopted in this age, is as romantic as his ideas, though not so visionary : several might be adduced ; we will beg leave to quote one only, which sufficiently proves the grandeur and disinterestedness of his mind.

The widow of a Colonel in the army had written some poems and works of fiction, which were approved by the public, and which shewed the taste and feeling of the writer. An encourager of literature, and possessed of all that true liberality of sentiment, which does not wish, with masculine selfishness, to reserve and monopolize all the pride of learning to the male species alone, he earnestly wished to serve the lady, whose writings had pleased him, but to whose person, only as far as related to what he had heard of it, he was an utter stranger. He heard

His Delicacy.

she had a son, and he knew how expensive is the education of boys to a mother who had but a limited income, and to which what she might add by the exertions of her talents was very precarious and fluctuating; he, therefore, took the charge and sole expence of her boy's education upon himself; and gave her to understand, through the medium of a friend, that he meant that education should be of the most liberal kind.

The mother of course was impatient to testify her gratitude; and wrote to her benefactor, whom she had never yet seen, to permit her, personally, to express to him the sense she felt of his beneficence. He answered her letter in the most respectful terms; in which he told her, that he required no thanks for what had afforded such infinite satisfaction to his own mind, but begged leave to remark, that her fine person and his own youth might subject her to the idle and malevolent slanders of

Reflections.

the world: he, therefore, requested to decline an interview. Say, ye libertines of fashion, if ever generosity and benevolence were the inmates of your bosom, "to cover your multitude of sins," say, would ye have acted thus? No! perhaps, the fine person of the widow might rather have been the chief motive which actuated such as you to patronize her son!

Mr. Monckton has generally in his writings, and always in his actions, morality in view; he chiefly paints the rapid gradation of vice in the human mind, and how its first approaches ought, consequently, to be avoided; but he too often makes virtue suffer: and though his vicious characters are awfully punished in the end, yet through them the virtuous experience the most dreadful and bitter calamities.

The human mind early receives those impressions, which mark either the ac-

Continued.

tions, the thoughts, or the writings, when it arrives to maturity; we do not positively assert as a fact, what we have heard, of Mr. Monckton taking his early bent from the superstitious tales of an old nurse, but it is more than probable that such report has its foundation in veracity.

The impulse he has received and taken is not a guilty nor destructive one, but it has in it a species of absurdity; and had he not the advantage of uncommon fine intellects, and finished education, what he imbibed in his infancy might have rendered him ridiculous, weak-minded, and the continual victim of blind superstition. We are naturally too much inclined to believe whatever is mysterious or supernatural; and this observation, which we heard often from the mouth of one of the highest characters this nation possesses, in this moment is but too true, that is, “let a man invent a story, suppose it as ridiculous as possible, as incre-

Conclusion.

dible as ridiculous, if, by way of amusement, or through any wish of quizzing his friend, he relates it, and hawks it about, and often in company, the probable, natural, unavoidable consequence will be, that HE, at last, WILL BELIEVE IT HIMSELF."

LADY LAURESTON.

“ Grand Dieu ! que le cur d’une mere
Est un bel ouvrage du tien !

BERQUIN.

Is the human bosom alive to pity for suffering virtue, deeply injured conjugal fidelity, and maternal love ? and is it ever warmed with honest indignation against triumphant vice, or against the cruelty of the sex styled superior and protecting ? Then let sweet compassion drop the softest though most copious of her tears on the fate of the late Lady Laureston ; and may contempt and bitterest disgust spurn her cruel husband, and she who now disgraces her title, and fills that place, from whence her predecessor was prematurely and for ever driven !

The late Lady Laureston was, we believe, but little indebted to rank or fortune before her marriage with her unworthy Lord ; but she was richly endowed with beauty, amiability, and many rare accomplishments. O man ! what art thou

Mental Endowments should fix a fickle Heart.

made of? inconstancy is, surely, the most prevalent ingredient in thy composition: for, in the first instance, Lord Laureston must have loved his first lady, to wed her with what are called by wealth and title such great disadvantages as the want of them: but, perhaps, it was only the momentary spark of passion, miscalled love, which kindles into that temporary flame, confining itself to personal charms alone, and is soon extinguished.

The conduct of his Lordship too plainly shews, that her mental endowments could not fix his fickle heart; for soon after she had presented him with an heir to his title and estates, she experienced from him a series of infidelities, barbarity, and every species of cruelty.

There are women, we are sorry to say, and women too belonging to illustrious families, who disgrace their noble pedi-

She is superseded by a Mistress.

gree, as well as their sex; and scruple not to indulge themselves in the most licentious freedoms.

One of this daring and indelicate cast was a Miss Carisbroke; who, dashing through forms, and setting every public opinion at defiance, openly encouraged the addresses of Lord Laureston; and, indeed, they shewed themselves congenial souls in depravity.

Decorum, the least remaining atom of female modesty, the censure of the world, were all disregarded and trampled under foot, or rather all swallowed up in the vortex of a criminal passion; and Miss Carisbroke actually took up her residence in the house of her lover, Lord Laureston. His mild tempered, his sweetly modest, but heart-broken lady, doted on her child, on that sweet innocent, yet untainted with the vices of fashionable life.

She is obliged to quit the House.

A woman, whose mind was the seat of refined delicacy and gentleness, after the cruel outrage she had received, could not be supposed to love an husband so depraved, so abandoned, any longer. The full tide of affection, then, in a warm and tender heart, naturally flowed in all its force towards her darling infant: and for *his* sake she thought she could endure any affliction. She, therefore, let her grief silently feed, with corroding tooth, on her susceptible and deeply wounded heart; and though her anguish hourly increased, she would not quit the mansion of her Lord, for, if she did, she must then quit her child.

But gross sensuality could not bear in its presence, nor even under the same roof, the personification of delicacy, nor that beauty which takes her seat chiefly in the mind; and Lady Laureston found herself compelled by him who was denominated, and who ought to have been,

She is bereft of her Child.

her natural protector, to quit his house for ever! In vain she implored, most piteously implored, he would grant her her child; he was deaf to all her pleadings, all her supplications; and she was thus not only bereft of an honourable home, which she had adorned by her virtues, but she was cruelly torn from all that now rendered that home supportable to her, from that helpless and yet guiltless creature in whom all the affections of her soul were centered.

Her spirit might still be said to remain in that nursery, where she had past the greatest portion of her time, when the other apartments of her house had become hateful to her, from the depraved conduct of those who reigned and revelled there in all the insolence of the most audacious and open licentiousness.

After she was driven from this polluted, this once noble mansion, her fragile form

A most barbarous Conduct.

at times hovered round it; anxiously casting a searching eye, that it might catch a transient glance of her boy! Fixed on the windows of childhood's innocent abode, she cast not a look or a thought downwards on the splendid vice which occupied the truly inferior apartments.

Gentle, delicate, timid, easily checked, when self only was in question, she bowed, submissively, to any evil that Providence might chuse to inflict on her; but that she might behold her beloved son, and press him to her fond maternal bosom, she persevered with that unremitting courage which nature gives to the most fearful living creatures, when she warms their breasts with love for their offspring. Strong were the intreaties of the unhappy Lady Laureston, and frequently did she repeat them, that she might only be allowed the felicity of *seeing* her child! Her stern and unrelent-

An unnatural Child.

ing husband strenuously forbid it; and not only refused this natural request, but, with the partner of his guilt, added the most contemptuous insults to the cruel denial.

What are we to suppose could be the education of the son of such a father? It is a painful task to depict such a character as Lord Laureston, yet such there are, and such are permitted to live in affluent vice, while suffering virtue becomes their victim.

Early prejudiced by Lord Laureston, and his infamous coadjutor, against his inestimable mother, the youth, on his quitting the nursery, imbibed the seeds of hatred and malevolence towards the suffering author of his being. This very child, for whom she had endured so much, for whose sake she had braved insult, oppression, nay, had even courted them to obtain an interview with him, though but for

His shameful Crime.

a few moments ; though even only to *behold* him ; yes, the hand trembles as it writes it, this very child in all the warm sensibility of youthful nature, just ripening into manhood, was guilty of an action, which if even practised against an indifferent person of the opposite sex, is a disgrace to the name of man ! But, urged by his unnatural father, he actually aimed a blow at his angelic, his unhappy, MOTHER !

The blow, the more than *brutal* blow, did not really fall on her hallowed person ; but, alas ! all its force fell on her irreparably wounded heart !

Bleeding already “ at every agonized pore,” the fatal work was finished ! The only remaining string that attached it to life was severed and snapped asunder by him to whom she gave life and being, and for whom she would willingly, at any time, have given her own !


Her Death.

Such a crime as this son was guilty of seems to admit neither of palliation nor excuse ; but candour should ever guide the pen devoted to the cause of truth : the mind of youth is prone to every impression which education may give to it : the heir of Laureston never knew the good qualities of his virtuous and lovely mother ; on the contrary, he was never permitted to see her, and was early taught to dislike her ; his tutors were vile as his tuition.

He was never taught the principles of virtue, either by example or precept ; nor was he ever shewn the amiability of natural affection. What he will be, in future, we cannot prophecy ; but we hope some portion of the suffering angel, his mother, is blended in his composition, which will render him not altogether unworthy the high station he will one day fill.

Conclusion.

Shortly after the death of his amiable wife, Lord Laureston united himself in marriage to his kindred soul. Ancient undisputed title, rank, and riches, are sufficient in these easy times to ensure not only a passport, but an hearty welcome, in splendid and fashionable societies ; nay, even the strictly chaste and correct are sometimes found in the present Lady Laureston's company ; but we presume, they are not thoroughly acquainted with her former reprehensible conduct, nor know, in its full extent, the history of her whose place she now unworthily fills, and whom she so deeply and cruelly injured.



MRS. BUFF,

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK:

“Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.” — SENECA.

ON a beautiful summer evening, when blazing his adieu to the metropolis, the sun in a purple ocean of light was sinking gradually behind the well grouped trees of Kensington-garden, and the milk-white heifers of Green-park were lowing at the rail-gate, Mrs. Buff sat herself down on a bench, and cried—Alas! poor dear mother! Surely she has lost that beautiful angel, her little daughter, who was the pet of every one who frequented the house.—No, the girl is well and bids fair to continue so.—Well then! her husband is less kind to her, and her warm and faithful heart cannot bear those unexpected signs of coldness.—

A monstrous Disappointment.

No; union, sympathy, love, are still the inmates of their conjugal roof, and she has no reason to complain.—I conclude, therefore, that their fortune by some unforeseen accident is considerably decreased; and, perhaps, she is afraid of reading soon her husband's name in the Gazette.—No! indeed, their trade is as flourishing as ever, and there is on that head no occasion for fear or anxiety—Oh! I know, now. She has lost a near relation, and the immense legacies she is entitled to, are not, to a mind so liberal, to a heart so tender, any compensation for the loss of a friend.—No, no! Mrs. Buff was invited to a ball this evening, and the Milliner has disappointed her. That is all.

GRADUAL REFORMATION.

“ *Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitiâ caruisse.*” HORAT.

“ 'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be fool no more.” POPE.

THE Marquis of Waltham returned not to enliven the solitude of his mother so soon as she expected him from his amorous pursuit; where, we are sorry to say, he fatally succeeded. Lady Charlotte, the interesting and amiable Charlotte alone, remained for the period he was absent; and endeavoured, by every means in her power, to lighten the sometimes sad and cheerless moments of her parent; she even threw a kind of gay levity into her discourse and manner, the better to please her; but, though highly sensible of the motive which actuated her, the Duchess perceived it was not natural to

Reformation.

her, and liked her better in her real character.

When once the mind gives this applause to virtue, it imperceptibly becomes better: the Duchess found, though late, the charms of it. She could now no longer behold the lustre or the fashion of her brilliants, nor the new form of a bonnet or turban, which had formerly been shewn to no one till her Grace of Pyrmont had first seen it; these vanities had passed by, never to return; and the gratification of being dressed, solely to be admired and copied by others, began every day to lose its charms.

She had received a polite and finished education, and though her *mind* was weak, her *head* was by no means so; she reflected in how few years time flattery could no longer be dealt out to her, without the appearance of the most insolent *quizzing*. She, therefore, found herself

It increases daily.

in the last month of her seclusion, in possession of a quiet species of content, almost bordering on regret, that it would be so soon over ! She loved her Charlotte, now, with the most sincere affection ; and she began to find pleasure in the sweet emotions of maternal tenderness. The Duchess of Pymont had been proud, vain, to a degree of folly ; pleased with the outward adulation of different men, she set a much higher value on their flatteries, than on the regard of her husband ; but she had never been criminal ; her pride, her high rank, and her visible age had kept her, notwithstanding her beauty, from solicitations of an amorous nature ; this world, its pleasures, and all its most costly expensiveness had ever been her supreme, indeed, her only, delight ; now, her satirical disposition could no longer criticise a rival beauty's dress and ornaments ; no more could she see the needy, handsome nobleman purposely pointing his eyes in seeming adoration on

The Advantages of Music.

her faded charms; the splendid spectacle of the Opera boxes, and the glittering birth-day drawing-room were shut out for ever! She might be told, that she was the best and most tastefully attired lady there; she might be deceived. The *rouge* could not possibly be so delicately shaded on her cheek, as she herself had been used to dispose it; her *chevelure* might be placed awry; the malicious might laugh at it, and how could she remedy the cause of their ridicule?

She found she must endeavour to search for some pleasures of the mind, where the eye seeks not the gratification of splendour and show: first, she diligently applied herself to her music; it proved to her a source of never-failing comfort; and she always played well, but now better than ever; her ear became more sensibly alive to the nice and correct magic of sounds, and the heaven-created science harmonized her mind: yet she could not

A Spark of expiring Vanity.

entirely forget, that once, when seated at her harp, the star and ribbon-decked flatterers have styled her a Cecilia and a Muse; she sometimes fancied too, that as she played so much better than she did at that time, she would, as blind, be now more interesting: but these were only the remaining dying sparks of vanity, which yet did not kindle into the flame, that could consume the solid virtue which was gaining strength each day in her mind; and which, like the metal, gold, mocks all the efforts of destroying fire.

“Charlotte, my love,” said she, one evening, “read to me some of those sweet verses you found last week among the extracts you had collected: I mean to desire Kelly, my favourite composer, to set a few stanzas of them to music.” Lady Charlotte complied with the request of her mother; and some of those verses, though they *may* have been seen before by the public eye, we cannot for-

 Sentimental Poetry.

bear giving them a place here ; as many of our readers may not have perused them : to *every* reader they must be acceptable and pleasing ; as they mark, so well, the delicacy and feeling of the noble writer. The lines specified by inverted commas are those the Duchess of Pyrmont gave orders to be set to music.

*The Appeal of a deserted Wife to her
Husband.*

“ Ah ! good my Lord, what is the dire pretence,
 “ That draws your high displeasure on my head ?
 “ Witness this heart, unconscious of offence,
 “ Witness the blameless life I still have led.

A mother's love, a father's shelt'ring dome,
 My friends, my country, I for thee resign'd !
 In Albion hop'd to find another home,
 Nor miss those social joys I left behind.

My fond heart whisper'd, as I cross'd the main,
 Go, happy female, whom the Fates approve ;
 Go, in a tender husband's bosom reign,
 And taste the raptures of his country's love !

Sentimental Poetry.

“ Since first we met, I watch’d your ev’ry look,
“ My dearest hopes, your heart’s fond love to share ;
“ Each wish, each motion, from your eye I took,
“ Liv’d on your smiles, and griev’d in all your care.

I challenge all the spite of sland’rous tongues ;
Why cast me off?—What is the cruel plea ?
Ah ! Heav’n forgive the cause of all my wrongs,
The artful fair, that steals your heart from me !

If aught you heed the voice of future time,
Say, will it shew the brave, the manly part,
To wound that breast, whose weakness is its crime,
And urge your triumph o’er a broken heart ?

I to a gen’rous public leave my cause ;
Be mine the task, and suffer and to die !
Be your’s the worthless minion’s vain applause,
Too dearly purchas’d by reflection’s sigh.

“ Alas ! you heed me not, you shun my sight !
“ Vain are my plaints, no more this face can charm !
“ Yet once my soft endearments could delight,
“ Yet on my lips your vows of faith are warm !”

“ By that true faith you at the altar swore,
“ By all the mem’ry of endearments past,
“ Yet ONE APPEAL remains !—one trial more,—
“ And trust me, that APPEAL shall be my last !

The last Appeal.

“ Look on that smiling babe, first pledge of love ;
“ Her bosom has not learnt, like mine, to bleed ;
“ Yet more her helpless innocence may move,
“ Her speechless eloquence may better plead.”

C——e.

After the Duchess had heard the above lines, with an emotion of virtuous tenderness for the suffering writer, and a regret, not unaccompanied with indignation, that one really alive to feminine merit should be yet blind to such intrinsic worth, she asked her daughter if she had any thing new to read to her ! “ Nothing *very* new,” replied Lady Charlotte, “ but amongst other papers, I found some sketches of characters penned by Philip ; which, if you please, I will now give your Grace :” and she did, nearly in the following manner.

AUGUSTUS RYMINGTON, ESQ.

“Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas.”

TO dispel the mists of prejudice ; to rescue the human character from undeserved calumny, and destroy, if possible, the venal froth of partial and fulsome adulation, have been the chief motives which have actuated the writers of these pages.

Such laudable reasons make us step forward to mitigate the odium cast upon the principles of Mr. Rymington, from the unmerited and cruel reproaches which the partizans of the debauched Lord Linwood have so unmercifully heaped upon him.

To deviate a little from the present object of this biographical sketch, we

Portrait of Lord Linwood.

beg leave to remark, *en passant*, that Lord Linwood was repellant in his person, depraved in his mind, and by no means tolerable in his manners, nor in his outward deportment, when the lovely Miss Northwood was sacrificed by parental avarice to him, just after he had attained the age of fifty, she that of nineteen.

She became elevated in rank; but there is yet a more dangerous eminence for a female to have gained an ascendancy to, often dangerous both in its causes and effects; from its stupendous height, the fall from it becomes not only doubly destructive, but the debased victim finds no helping or pitying hand to afford the smallest comfort or assistance, when fatally precipitated from the exalted summit.

To drop all metaphorical expressions, we mean that overgrown pride, which is

His excellent Wife.

baneful in its effects, because it teaches the destined victim of a wealthy, but ill-assorted union, blindly to bow to any decree inflicted by parental authority ; and to bend to it, without any painful acquiescence, but to let filial duty swallow up every particle of regret.

Such was Miss Northwood when she became the apparently happy bride of Lord Linwood ; and such she long continued the pride of her sex, while his Lordship was the envy of his own.

A series of libertinism had, more than his years, reduced Lord Linwood to only the shadow of what he had been ; Lady Linwood proved herself to him a tender, an excellent, and unremittingly attentive nurse ; and, to perform this office to worn-out and yet continued depravity, seemed to be the inevitable doom of Lady Linwood.

Mistaken Opinion of the Public.

Fatally, for her future peace, and the tarnishing of her hitherto immaculate fame, but happily for the replenishing of his Lordship's coffers, he renewed an acquaintance, when abroad, with a gentleman, between whom and Lord Linwood there had long before existed an intimacy: this gentleman was Mr. Rymington.

Mr. Rymington has been branded with the character of being a man, whose chief aim is the seduction of the female mind and person; and that, to pursue this his favourite system, is his sole delight: the result of his conduct, on a late occasion, shews the accusation to be groundless, and the invectives of his enemies bitter and malicious. Though he deviated, in a very glaring instance, from the path of rectitude—and who is blameless? he has acted like a man of true honour in the conclusion; and has made every reparation in his power. He was

Women should not judge too severely of their own Sex.

not, as has been suspected, the cherished guardian placed by an *adoring husband* over a frail wife's honour ; but particular circumstances, and those of a nature to befriend her Lord, brought them frequently into each other's society ; when his Lordship's situation, at that time, rendered it impossible he could be present, and the visits of Mr. Rymington to his Lady were those which were the necessary result of friendly exertions to draw Lord Linwood out of his predicament.

Mr. Rymington has been falsely accused of pointing out to Lady Linwood, how grossly she was injured, and how shamefully neglected by her Lord : we believe the severe convincing proofs she experienced needed not the aid of any friend to *point them out* to her ! nor was the polite and graceful Mr. Rymington the man to advise her "*to take her revenge,*" as some hireling scribblers have affirmed.

How bewitching is the Smile of a sensible Man.

The virtuous, well-protected, and well-used wife, should imagine herself placed in the situation of a young tender-hearted female, as yet unacquainted with the passion of love, and in the habitual daily intercourse of friendship, heightened by the sincerest gratitude on her part, though, for indefatigable endeavours to serve a faithless and unkind husband! and this continual society was with a man, whose elegant accomplishments were unrivalled, and his manners dangerously insinuating.

The approaches of the mind towards kindred refinement in that of a female are far more insidious and penetrating than from the prepossessions excited by a beautiful exterior. The person of Mr. Ry-mington is rather plain than otherwise, but his smile is bewitching, and touches while it instantly reaches the heart.

His education has been of the most

Let an Ass keep his long Ears.

profound and polished kind : at that university in which he was a student, he was known, like another *Chrichton*, to carry off every prize in the different branches of learning: equally acquainted with the dead, as well as living, languages, he unites to this depth of erudition all those ornamental accomplishments of fashion, by many deemed frivolous; but which, when excelled in, as by Mr. Rymington, strike the wondering mind with a degree of enthusiastic admiration : besides, the more trifling acquirements of Mr. Rymington were all of the most elegant kind; and all skilfully and scientifically performed.

He was not *fashionably* famous for exposing the organ of the auricular sense of the *donkey*, by cropping close that wise defence, which nature has given him against a species of fly, that peculiarly infests that patient animal; and who, when he is thus cropped, and kept fat

Angels would be our Inferiors,

and sleek, to gratify the vanity of his owner, is made to run races, draw the new-invented carriages of folly, or amble under the titled demirep: no; Mr. Ry-mington's polite acquirements chalked out a different circle of amusements. He rode the sprightly courser with equestrian elegance; he danced with grace and agility; and though he passed not whole mornings, like some certain noblemen, in endeavouring to give melody to the *Jew's-harp*, he struck the chords of harmony with the science of a professed *amateur*, and excelled as a musician.

Now it has been said, that this accomplished man's *sole* object was to undermine an hapless woman's peace; *hapless*, indeed, we acknowledge she was, in every sense of the word; and it is to be lamented that she did so much discredit to her former character of unsullied virtue; it is certainly to be deplored, that she broke the ties of conjugal fidelity,

if there was no Frailty in Man.

and sought, by illicit means, to forget her wretched situation: but if mortals are to be free from frailty, if true perfection is to be the lot of erring mortality, then angels are our inferiors, and OMNIPOTENCE loses its most sacred attributes of Mercy and Forgiveness.

When Lady Linwood was found guilty, the most enormous damages from Mr. Rymington were assigned to her much more guilty, her negligent, and depraved husband; but though Mr. Rymington paid these exorbitant damages (to one who is particularly eager to assert his right to *marry again!!!*) he is not ungrateful for, nor satiated with, possession: he has proved, that the mind was his object more than the perishable charms of Lady Linwood's person; and we cannot forbear repeating that he has now made all amend in his power for his fault; he has willingly and instantly married her, as soon as the decision of the law

Conclusion.

rendered it practicable. Far be it from us to palliate, in any sense or way whatsoever, the heinous crime he has been so unfortunate as to perpetrate, yet no one has a right to say, as it was uttered in court, that seduction is the chief delight of Mr. Rymington, or that his *sole* desire was “to undermine the peace of Lady Linwood’s mind:” nor can they deny, that, whatever may be his faults, he is still possessed of a feeling heart and unexampled generosity.

THE FORMER MRS. ASHFORD.

“ — Cum magnis virtutibus affers,
Grande supercilium.” —

Juv. Sat. 6.

A SHORT time ago, a gentleman in the prime, and almost bloom, of life, united himself to the above lady, then *fast* declining towards the winter of her's; and who, though she was still lovely, we pronounce him a bold man, to venture on a marriage with one who had so glaringly violated the principles of conjugal fidelity.

During the first few years that she was the beloved and cherished wife of Colonel Ashford, from whom she has been long divorced, she was one of those *outrageously* virtuous ladies, who shrunk from every appearance of levity and imprudence; but we have often found those ladies shew themselves the least to be

The Old School exemplified.

trusted, when opportunity occurs to them of pleasing their capricious inclinations.

Mrs. Ashford was beautiful ; she was the idol of an adoring and most indulgent husband : the regiment which he commanded was quartered in a town remarkable for its expence, and its vicinity to a favourite residence of royalty. HE, who is justly acknowledged the most accomplished scholar, and the finest of all fine gentlemen, while he is the most exalted in rank, once requested the hand of Mrs. Ashford at a ball, given in the above-mentioned town. This honour her excessive prudence made her decline ; and she deprived herself of her favourite exercise, sat still the whole evening, and received, from all the grave votaries of the old school, that praise which her meritorious and correct conduct so amply, as they expressed themselves, deserved : while a few free-thinking ladies thought it a fastidious pride, and an high

Reflections on Prudery.

self-conviction of her personal charms, which must, of consequence, make her the natural subject of scandal, because she danced with so great a man.

We cannot forbear saying, that we are apt to lean a little to the opinion of these latter-mentioned female censors; it was certainly an overacted part of prudential preciseness; the wife of a Colonel in the army, who was a man also of private rank and family, was by no means (in a provincial town especially) an unfit partner for one, though he was very many degrees of precedency above her husband. The gentleman, it is well known, could not meet his equal there, in point of birth; and as he chose to honour her by singling her out, we think there was more pride and affectation of prudent delicacy in refusing him, than there would have been modest frankness and good breeding, if she had graciously accepted him as a partner.

She falls in Love.

Soon after this event, she cast the eyes of affection on a very young cornet in her husband's regiment.

His person and manners had a comical and frenchified appearance. The husband of Mrs. Ashford was some years older than herself, but was handsome, manly, and every way pleasing and prepossessing in his behaviour to every one ; to her he was the most kind and generous of husbands.

For some time her intrigue was carried on with this favourite youth, with all that precaution which we may suppose a woman of her character knew so well how to adopt. But the vanity of a man of fashion does not teach him to be very silent on those occasions ; and she being the handsomest woman in the country, the gentlemen all envied him that good fortune he wished them to understand he enjoyed : those thought-

Articles of War.

less females, whose conduct Mrs. Ashford had formerly censured in her days of puritanism, now triumphed ; and she was often hailed by them, in public, with a kind of equivocal arch smile, as much as to say, “ We know what ! ”

Still the happy lover was afraid to tell all, for fear of the revenge which might be taken on him by an injured husband : he only gave broad hints, and shrugged away the lady’s reputation, especially to her female friends ; for from them he expected most applause, a surer welcome, and more established fame, in the annals of polite gallantry.

Soon he found comfort and protection in the articles of war. Colonel Ashford had lately brought a very troublesome and querulous officer to the chastisement of a public reprimand, for a breach of that article which forbids the giving and provoking challenges : this recent reproof

Elopement.

could not then immediately be done away, by the Colonel transgressing against this article he had but just so powerfully enforced ; and it had been a standing joke in the regiment, but like many other jokes, mostly true, that the articles of war were the bible of the commanding officer.

Cornet Stanhope longed for notoriety in this criminal affair: he had a father, who treated morality as hypocrisy, and laughed at it both in his precepts and practice ; he, therefore, had nothing to dread from his anger or reproaches ; and being immensely rich, he did not tremble at the idea of heavy damages.

This event, then, the youth reflected, must be made public. What a conquest to give him favour with the ladies ! The conquest over the beauty and virtue of a *Mrs. Ashford* !

He did not let the deluded fair one rest

Nature conquered by Passion.

till she consented to elope from him : she had often been in the habit of taking morning airings with Mr. Stanhope ; nothing could be suspected, and he made use of all the sophistry such a being is capable of. She was infatuated ; and, in her eyes, he was all perfection. Yet one painful struggle she experienced, when about to quit her husband's roof and protection ; for

“ One lovely girl the lady bore.”

This tie was not easily broken by a fond parent ; and, on the very morning of her guilty elopement, the child crossed the hall, and begged, with infantine persuasion, she might accompany her mother in her morning's ride : and, when denied, she said, “ Naughty Mr. Stanhope ! I don't love you ; I used to go out with mamma ; and now you are always taking her away, and will not let me go with you.”

The Seducer found guilty.

What must have been her feelings when she was conscious that, most probably, she was quitting her daughter for ever! She drew back, turned pale, and her resolution, as well as her form, began to totter. Mr. Stanhope almost dragged her to the post-chaise, which stood in waiting; in which she threw herself, and burst into an agony of grief: but yet she went! She accompanied her seducer, who had obtained leave of absence, the day before, from his Colonel; who little thought the deep and cruel injury his officer had inflicted upon him! Too soon the fatal conviction came home to his astonished mind! too soon he found all his domestic comforts blighted for ever! The law, in this case, was obliged to take its course; and Mr. Stanhope and Mrs. Ashford were decidedly pronounced guilty.

She was yet so handsome, that she still gave consequence to her criminal lover;

He triumphs at the Verdict.

and all the gentlemen declared him *the happiest dog in the world*, to be blessed in the possession of such a woman, and to come off so cheaply ; for the damages were not so high as might be reasonably expected in such a case ; nor was he yet weary of the charms and accomplishments of Mrs. Ashford.

He entered her lodgings on the day the trial was closed, gave a triumphant huzza, and fervently embraced her ; expressed his happiness at being found, what the jury denominated, guilty ; for, that she was, in consequence, now entirely his own.

She had trampled virtue and duty under foot ; she gaily returned the embrace, drove away the remembrance of her daughter and her past happiness from her mind, and consented to accompany her present *protector*, in guilty triumph, to a famous sea-port town, in a post-

The Reward.

chaise-and-four, with two out-riders, in their full uniform, soldiers belonging to her husband's regiment, and who then happened to be on furlough.

Soon after this, he, for whom she had sacrificed all her happiness, all the unsullied purity of a once spotless character, despised and totally abandoned her, leaving her to suffer, amongst the anguished tortures of her reflecting mind, the dreadful prospect of absolute want.

At this period of her life, had she known all that the writers of these pages are acquainted with, she might have learned most fully to appreciate the value of that generous heart, which she had so lawlessly thrown away. Here, unexampled, unheard of beneficence, from a quarter, of all others, whence she had the least right to expect it, was dealt out to her.

Generous Behaviour of the Colonel.

Though Colonel Ashford was resolved never to see her more, he was determined she should never, on the desertion of her lover, (an event which he knew was sure to follow, from the futility of his unprincipled character,) know a want of the comforts and conveniences of life, and so plunge herself deeper in guilt, or be tempted to commit any act of despair : he, therefore, by means of a faithful and confidential friend, made himself acquainted with all her movements, her wants and embarrassments. When he found her abandoned and forsaken by him in whom she had placed her mistaken confidence, he took care, on finding out her lodgings, to supply her amply with provisions ; with plain, though good and genteel, clothing, a small allowance of pocket-money, and sufficient every quarter to pay her rent and servant.

These donations were left at the door, with the domestic, directed to her, as

She marries again.

Mrs. Ashford ; on the inside of the first parcel of clothes and money she received was written, “ You are to ask no question of the bearer of any parcel, or articles of house-keeping, grocery, &c. which may be, in future, addressed to you, otherwise, they will cease to be sent you, from your unknown, and, to you, ever-invisible friend. ”

We suppose her sincere repentance, and exemplary conduct, during the period that she lived in this manner, ignorant that she was supported by her injured husband, and which was for several years, induced the gentleman, who has lately made her his partner for life, to overlook the past guilty transaction, which we believe to be the only one she ever committed.

She is well capable of adorning the marriage state ; and we hope her present husband will have no cause to repent his

Conclusion.

casting off that prejudice, which found a place against her in almost every bosom: for in her former marriage she was so peculiarly blessed, in the possession of an husband good, almost, beyond example, that though in behalf of feminine weakness we are ever ready and desirous of employing the most liberal candour, yet we know not how to apologize for, or excuse, the faulty step she took, in betraying such worth and generosity; and destroying the happiness of him, who seemed to live only for that of his wife and daughter.

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THE HON. MR. MELVINGTON.

Per Scelera semper Sceleribus certum est iter. SENEC.

LADY Gayfield, who drew the sources of her education from the modern philosophers, and all the higher classes of epicurean disciples of dissipation and pleasure, in France, and embraced all their depraved tenets when they threw off the yoke of morality and their lawful government, was a female who had long attached herself to her kindred soul, Mr. Melvington: in defiance of modesty and decorum, she lived with him some years, and publicly acknowledged him her favoured lover.

She had a beautiful and blooming daughter; lovely in personal, but not likely to have many mental, charms, with the conduct of such a mother before

The Work of Seduction.

her eyes, who continually set her so vile an example.

Lady Monimia Torrington, the daughter of the Countess of Gayfield, had not very long been married to a Mr. Sunderland, who had the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a duel; the result of a jealous quarrel about a cherished favourite.

Mr. Sunderland, to avoid taking his trial for murder, was obliged to play at hide-and-seek for a considerable time, during which Lady Monimia Sunderland resided with her mother; where Mr. Melvinton had frequent opportunities of undermining her inclinations, rendering himself as irresistibly agreeable as possible to her, and succeeded in making some interest in her affections, although she knew he was really in possession of her mother's heart. As to Lady Gayfield, she perceived his attentions, but was no more jealous of her *daughter* than she would

Manners of the French.

have been of any other woman ; the idea conveyed no other horror to her mind than the dread of losing her lover.

We are told that such partnership among the very vitiated females in France is by no means uncommon ; and it is no extraordinary thing, there, to see a mother and daughter at daggers drawn about the same equally favoured gallant ; who, if they happen to be rich and give splendid *fêtes* at the *maison des delices*, are received into numerous parties, though they may be convinced of their guilt : we had hoped such refinement on wickedness could never have obtained a place in this country, where a *sense* of delicacy and honour are yet to be found, even among the most faulty. But such was the conduct of Lady Gayfield, her daughter, and their lover.

The Countess was soon convinced that a criminal correspondence was carrying

A Spy.

on between her daughter and Mr. Melvinton; and she set spies to watch all their steps; desirous to detect and be revenged, if possible, both on her gallant and Lady Monimia.

A confidential footman, seeing Mr. Melvinton and Lady Monimia go out together, watched them; and traced them, till he saw them step into an hackney coach: he followed at a little distance, and then jumped up behind, as if he had been their servant in waiting; taking care to get down, when he found the coach about to make an halt; then narrowly watching it, he saw the guilty pair enter an house, notorious for receiving nocturnal visitors of both sexes; and indeed any illicit lovers at all times in the day.

The man waited at the door till they came out: he then approached the lady, and these words escaped him, from the immediate impulse of his heart; "Oh!

An Appeal to the Law.

Lady Monimia ! I am sorry to see you come out of such an house as this !”

Terror, shame, guilt, all conspired their force to almost annihilate the criminal daughter : she sunk, in a death-like state, into the arms of Mr. Melvington ; who, determining to make sure of his prize, and trust to the chance of his tenderness and attentions to recall her fleeting spirits, hurried her in that state to an hackney coach, and they were heard of no more at their respective homes.

And is there no law against such acts as these ? Cannot it, in such an instance, touch such highly culpable offenders ? If it cannot, their crime is equally flagrant, and must sooner or later meet its retribution.

Savages, in untaught, unsophisticated nature, would blush at the vices that disgrace

Melancholy Reflections.

many of the refined and elegant votaries of fashionable and polished life. Mr. Melvington has not only been culpable in seducing a wife, but he has committed a worse crime, in the double guilt of his connexion with both mother and daughter.

When we turn over the characters we have penned, we are shocked to behold how many of them have been known at Westminster Hall, for violated rites of hospitality, and for breach of the marriage vow: it is not only the old, who cry out on the laxity of morals, in this age, the reflecting youth, also, who has been happily brought up to a love of virtue, and who turns from vice with abhorrence, sees, with deep regret, that she is daily and hourly establishing her throne among us.

Serious and philosophical old gentlemen, who have lived beloved in the bo-

Continued.

soms of their families, without a wish to wander from

“ That dear hut, their home,”

And who reside much in the country, when they do visit town, observe with great satisfaction, in the unsuspecting honesty of their hearts, that our streets are not so much infested with abandoned women as formerly: we wish this were owing to the amendment of morals in our nation: but, alas! we fear it proceeds from a very different cause; and a certain Colonel, who has not long ago published his life and eccentric opinions, facetiously, but very pointedly and justly, says, that the *modest* women have encroached on the privileges of the Cyprian corps.

The cherished, and perhaps, in many degrees, prudent mistress of a valued friend, hitherto living for one alone, and a stranger to depravity; the beauteous

Insulted Wives, and Revenge.

wife of another ; better please the refined sensualist than the unhappy female, betrayed first by man to the continual traffic of her personal charms to secure her from absolute want. He nourishes the criminal passion, takes no pains to check it in its growth, destroys the conjugal tie, and fancies himself, for awhile, free from danger of every kind ; and often free of *expencc*, also, till the heavy damages of thousands ring in his ear.

The fashionable husband, seldom satisfied with one, publicly sports his *chere amie* in a dashing phaeton ; and drives her even under the windows of his wife's dressing-room ; yet one, perhaps, though modest, not possessed of Lucretian virtue, might never have been faithless, but from the insolent neglect of her husband.

The pangs of her bosom, resulting from his contempt of her person, give birth to the idea of vengeance. The

Conclusion.

masked profligate, under the garb of friendship, sees his time, and profits by it: the husband, the first in fault, then finds his *honour* wounded; and he has recourse to the forms of the law, as he finds *them* best calculated for his present purposes; he takes good care to have ample and incontestable proofs of his disgrace, and the damages he gains enable him to support his mistresses in still greater splendour: and when the ill-got price of his own and his wife's public shame is expended on their rapacity and extravagance, he then goes in *his* turn to destroy the peace and harmony of families.

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

“ Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura flagellis;
“ Vivitur hoc pacto.”

PERS.

IT now wanted about a fortnight to the time, when the Duchess of Pyrmont, and her suite, would quit their present abode, and go for a short time to some fashionable watering-place, or repair to London. When one morning, about four o'clock, the family were awakened by a loud ringing at the gate; and the Marquis of Waltham arrived post from his late guilty excursion.

Successful, satiated by six weeks possession only, he had sent the weeping victim of his seductive arts to her parents; promised to procure her a good husband, but laughed at her folly, when she could imagine him to be serious, at his solemnly swearing before the fall of her virtue, he himself would be that husband.

Most foul Deception.

The injured father overtook him on his road home ; and after giving vent to his passionate grief, was obliged to return the dupe of the Marquis's sophistry, who thought himself well off to get rid of the afflicted parent, by giving him a check on his banker for four hundred pounds, as a marriage portion for his deluded daughter.

The noble family did not meet at breakfast : a few hours before dinner the Marquis made his appearance ; and though he had been at great pains to adorn himself, he looked very ill : a kind of guilty triumph, mingled with a considerable portion of shame, sat on his countenance ; and his downcast eye appeared fearful of meeting that of purity in his virtuous sister ; this shewed his mind not totally void of sensibility, and he really did feel something like remorse for the baneful part he had been acting. Lady Charlotte could not help saying she thought he did not

A nice Distinction.

look well: he stammered, attributed it to fatigue, and changed the subject by asking, if they should be alone that evening?

“Entirely so,” said the Duchess; “and I do not know, my dear Philip, what we should have done without you; for Charlotte has read all the sketches you left with her, and which, I assure you, entertained me much.” “Ay,” said the Marquis, “I *would* have the pleasure of reading my dissolute wife to you, myself; I have got it sketched out, and I altered the appellation: I cannot bear profligate, when applied to the ladies!”

“Now is not that rather a fastidious distinction?” said the Duchess. “By no means, my dear Duchess,” replied the Marquis. “A woman may have a dissolute mind, without being devoted to actual vice: her *conduct* even may be dissolute, but not absolutely depraved:

Conclusion.

now profligacy can only be applied to the most abandoned and vicious.”

The Marquis was fond of definitions ; he dwelt, some time, on the different application of the two words ; and it served to banish a few twinges of conscience. In the evening, the trio being met, the Marquis gave the promised character.

MRS. MOISTON ;

OR,

THE DISSOLUTE WIFE.

“ La Louange chatouille et gagne les Esprits :
Les Faveurs d'une Belle en sont souvent le Prix.”

LA FONTAINE.

THE lady who is the subject of the present detail was born in a country-town, of parents whose situation in life was not at the time of her birth either raised above, or sunk below, a sober mediocrity of station.

They had several other children whose persons seemed universally to be cast in an ordinary mould, save that of their eldest daughter, Henrietta, now Mrs. Moiston.

As the father of this lady was a speculating and ambitious man, and desired nothing so much as to see his family raised to dignity and splendour ; and as the mother of Mrs. Moiston was a weak, but aspiring woman, with an uncommon share of ill-regulated affection for her

Too fond a Mother.

children; they saw with mutual pleasure the opening charms of their eldest daughter, and indulged themselves in the fond hope, that by the beauty of her person she would make the fortune of herself and family. Henrietta was, therefore, fostered with a tenderness above what extended to the other children; and her every wish was considered by her fond and mistaken mother as a law.

Henrietta was placed at the first school in the town where her father resided; and was allowed every accomplishment, which might fit her for that exalted station her parents, one day, hoped she would fill: but Henrietta, inheriting from nature a disposition volatile and vain, and a warmth of constitution, unchecked by parental restraint, and unsubdued by religious precepts, evinced, therefore, no proficiency either in her accomplishments or her duties.

Before she was thirteen she left school;

Henrietta in her *teens*.

was capable of uttering a few French phrases, could play a new song throughout because it happened to be fashionable, but scarcely wrote a letter on the most common subject which would not have disgraced a milk-maid.

At fourteen, Henrietta dressed herself with care; she went to church, on Sundays, purely for the *fun* of laughing and giggling with the great boys of the grammar-school, who happened to sit in an opposite pew.

Being well acquainted with the thoughts and wishes of her parents, and from their ridiculous and unguarded praises uttered in her presence, fancying herself a complete beauty, she began to think she ought to have lovers; and before she was fifteen, she set up for a professed coquet. The young men of the town where she resided were not of sufficient consequence to answer the exorbitant expectations of the flippant Henrietta; and the officers

Her romping Feats.

quartered there contented themselves with partaking of her father's good dinners, and condescended to flirt and romp with the *coming* fair one: but the only palpable evidence of their notice that she received was *broken combs, unseemly rents* in her elegant muslin robes, and a peculiar nod, sometimes accompanied with a still more peculiar wink, when they happened to meet her in public.

The only sufferer on these occasions was the mother of Henrietta, to whose office it generally fell to repair these *love-sprung* fractures. Sometimes the folly of an ill-regulated tenderness gave way, in the mother of Henrietta, to that fatigue which her wanton carelessness inflicted on this fond parent; but, on these occasions, the daughter would silence her mild remonstrances with, "Well, never mind, *lovey*, you don't know what the Colonel said to me last night at the play."—"What!" eagerly replied her

The Blindness of a Mother.

mother, "the Honourable Colonel H—, of the Guards?" She repaired the rent in Henrietta's crape frock with a quicker stitch; and the latter ran to her instrument, with a silly suppressed giggle, which meant *more than met the ear* of her delighted mother, and she ran over the notes, accompanied with a most croaking voice—

"His handkerchief scented so sweetly,
His white teeth he shewed so completely,
He managed the matter so neatly,
That, I ne'er can be kissed by a clown."

Henrietta's mother laughed heartily at what she called the sweet good humour of her darling, whose playful fascination she said all the men admired: but, however much the men might have admired the fascinating plausibility of Henrietta, none in the town or country had made a single overture to take her "for better for worse;" and she had yet to learn, that there are few tolerable wo-

A Portrait,

men, but what may be taken, occasionally, on easier terms: these terms would have shocked, even in idea, the father and mother of this young woman; for they would have shrunk, with horror, at the thoughts of their Henrietta being any thing less than a wife.

To speak, however, truly of her person, it was by no means of that superior order, which could completely subdue a man, independant of the aid of other endowments: but, amidst her more ordinary brothers and sisters, she shone a star, of no inconsiderable lustre: placed in contact with a truly beautiful and elegant woman, her charms sunk into vulgar nothingness.

She had irregular features, a dingy complexion, only rendered various by a quantity of *rouge*, which she laid on thick, at fifteen! Her eyes were good for nothing, but to wink, knowingly;

from Nature.

not one spark of intellect ever illumined them : her mouth was the best, and most accommodating, of all her features ; for it was so formed, as to hide a bad set of under teeth, while it displayed, most spaciouſly, an even and white upper row : the constant grin or smirk which ſhe assumed, was palliated, in ſome degree, by the dimples which this habitual practice preſented : her forehead was narrow and mean, and her hair rather of a dusky brown : her figure, as to height, was commanding ; but its proportions were ill regulated : her neck was very ſhort, and her ſhoulders high ; her feet and hands thick and wide.

Her dress was ſhowy, trolloping, and totally devoid of neatneſs and taſte ; yet with all theſe draw-backs, the *tout en-ſemble* of Henrietta was ſuch as would induce any licentious man to make a fool of her.

Love-letters and Balls.

She had attained her seventeenth year, and her father had given many splendid entertainments beyond the power of his finances to support; she had been repeatedly exhibited at the Town, County, and Election Balls; had figured at the Theatre, and paraded in every public walk; but all to no purpose.

Henrietta would shew her female confidants above fifty love-letters from different lads, who, encouraged by her forward manners, had amused themselves at the expence of her character; but she, on whom her parents had built the future aggrandizements of their race, could not boast a single offer of honourable marriage.

Mr. Perkins, the father of Henrietta, had several acquaintances in London, and his daughter had perpetually intreated and teized him to take her to that great

She arrives in London.

city, which promised her the full measure of all that her imagination had painted of pleasure and delight.

Her father had always objected to this trip: to say the truth, his sober connexions there did not care to take the charge of a young creature of so volatile and gay a turn: and, without an invitation, Henrietta could not possibly make such a visit.

A period, however, arrived, which brought the accomplishment of her wishes: an old and respectable widow lady, allied to several families of distinction, and to whom Mr. Perkins had been very serviceable, by way of recompence for his friendly offices, gave an invitation to Henrietta, for the following Spring; and her sanguine parents looked upon this as a sure forerunner of a splendid settlement.

Her Conduct there.

The most rigid economy was now practised by Mrs. Perkins, in order to make a purse for Henrietta, which might enable her to purchase a fashionable wardrobe on her arrival in the gay city; and many a guinea was purloined from the table, and screwed out of what was generally allowed for the other children, to enable Henrietta to shine amidst fashion's votaries.

She arrived, by the mail-coach, at the house of her father's friend, in Brunswick-square, in the early part of April: she stopped that same morning, and went to the theatre that same evening. At the house of the lady with whom she was a guest, much and varied company resorted; and amidst the number were several sober, as well as irregular, young men.

In London, novelty is every thing; for

She catches a Lover.

though a man sees, every day, as he walks along the streets, the most beautiful and elegant women, his eye becomes so familiar to these views, that he is not unfrequently captivated with inferiority, so as it carries but the stamp of something new : besides the appearance is exceedingly *refreshing* in a country-girl of eighteen.

“ What could she know of vice ? She is all artless simplicity,” said the old, worn-out sensualist ; (and he patted her full bosom with indecorous freedom.) “ These are the women for me !” But Henrietta would soon convince these decrepid lovers, that they were not exactly the *men* for *her* !

She had been near a month at the house of her father’s friend ; and dressed, and tittered, romped, and flirted, with every man that fell in her way ; but when she reposed on her pillow, a pang of surprise and vexa-

It is not all fair that glads the Sight.

tion shot across her mind, that, in all the gay things which had been said to her, not one word had been uttered, which even her vanity could construe into a serious declaration. At length, the son of Sir Willoughby Moiston, mistaking the playful coquetry and studied simplicity of Henrietta for native artlessness of character, really made an honourable proposal; and Henrietta, delighted, wrote by the next post the glad tidings to her mother.

Mrs. Perkins was elated beyond measure; she instantly remitted her daughter twenty guineas of her provident savings; with hope of *nailing* the son of Sir Willoughby Moiston!

It is not all fair that glads the sight; Sir Willoughby was a capital porter brewer, and a Knight of *Margaret Nicholson's order*: the greatest calamity that could have visited him was this his title! From that period, his credit, as a

She exhibits her Lover in the Country.

porter merchant, began to decline. Sir Willoughby gave parliamentary dinners, and his wife and daughter went to court : the natural consequence was, that what he gained in the *flesh*, he lost in the *spirit* ; and the flatness and degeneracy of his porter was a subject of universal complaint.

As Mr. Perkins was reputed a *warm man*, a phrase very well understood on the city side of Temple Bar, Sir Willoughby did not make the objection that was expected to a match, which, according to appearances, was certainly unequal.

Mr. Moiston accompanied Henrietta, in triumph, to the house of her father and mother ; and she exultingly exhibited her husband elect in the face of her old school-mates and *ci-devant* lovers.

Mr. Moiston was rather of the idle

The Lover described.

order of young men; and though bred and born in the city, he had all the dashing propensities which distinguish the youths of fashion at the west end of the town, without their pretensions: but Henrietta did not like him the worse for that; she doated on every thing that was fashionable, and would rather commit an enormity than not follow the mode: besides, young Moiston was really handsome, and possessed some taste; nor did he want for a fair portion of good sense, on many occasions: but let us not be too minute.

During the sojourn of Mr. Moiston at the residence of Henrietta's parents, the two fathers were negotiating, by letter, the preliminaries of the marriage; but some obstacles arose, respecting Henrietta's portion, which retarded their settling the business.

Henrietta said, one morning, to her

A Scheme proposed.

lover, " Lord, dear Moiston, do not let us wait any longer ! *My* father's as tiresome as *your's* ; and if we wait, till they are agreed, we shall never be married ! Besides, continued she, giggling, and looking rather too particularly in the face, while she hung on the arm of her lover, " it would be such *fun*, and surprise them all so, if we were to marry without their knowing it ! "

Mr. Moiston's understanding forsook him, at this moment ; he was a young man of strong passions ; and the laughing eye, and dimpled cheek, added to the youthful caresses with which she concluded her *delicate* proposal, made him fancy his Henrietta the most unaffected child of nature, and himself the most beloved of men ! Oh ! dear vanity, how could we support ourselves without thy aid ?

Young Moiston procured a licence (secretly) that very evening ; and on the

Clandestine Marriage.

following morning they were united in the holy bands of wedlock. The consequence of this premature and rash step was, that Sir Willoughby, incensed, would do nothing for his son; and in six months from the period of their wedding, the father of Henrietta was obliged to call together his creditors, and Mr. Moiston received not one shilling of his wife's promised portion.

We cannot here pass over the young man's conduct on this occasion, without bestowing that just portion of praise which is due to his generosity: he did not, as many husbands would, reflect on his wife, or behave to her with diminished kindness: on the contrary, he not only soothed her, with the utmost tenderness, and the most gentle persuasions, but offered the most kind and friendly consolations to her afflicted mother, whose pride and feeling had received so violent a shock.

The Father's Anger relents.

This injustice of Mr. Perkins to his family was long resented by Sir Willoughby Moiston; whose own finances being at a low ebb, had built much on the advantage of this match for his son. For a long-time, he would neither see nor assist the new-married pair: but a family coming on, awakened his naturally hard feelings: he relented,—a few months gave brighter prospects to the young couple, and brought the completion of Henrietta's fondly cherished wishes—that of becoming a resident in London!

Through the assistance of his reconciled father, Mr. Moiston supported his family in genteel mediocrity; and if Henrietta had not found herself capable of experiencing the pure and chaste delights of individual love, it is no wonder that gratitude found no place in her heart. In her external expressions, however, there was no appearance of a deficiency: never was there a being, who, with all the affec-

Hunting Lovers from the Window.

tation of artlessness, possessed such an hypocritical cunning: she delighted in the dear mystery of intrigue, and her silly vanity made her the dupe of every sensualist and the sport of every boasting knave.

Like Mrs. Villeneuf, mentioned in the first volume of these characters, she would often caress her husband with all apparent fondness, and, in half an hour afterwards walk out to meet, *by appointment*, a man of whom she knew *nothing*, but that he had frequently passed by her window; where, like the aforesaid Mrs. Villeneuf, between whom and Henrietta there is a wonderful similarity (though they are distinct individuals) she would sit, at eleven in the morning, with her arms, bosom, and shoulders, exposed; and might have shocked, or, perhaps, *captivated*, a stoic or a sage.

It was sufficient for a man to pass her

The Huntress caught in her own Toils.

windows twice or thrice, to sigh, to look *miserable*, to exhibit a bit of paper in the shape of a *billet-doux*, when the kind heart of Henrietta expanded in his favour : she ran down herself to the door, and received with her own *fair hand* the assurance that her charms had, like a flash of lightning, blighted all his happiness, withered all hopes, but such as centered in her. In short, if she did not grant him an interview, he should *certainly die!*

Henrietta thought it the height of cruelty to let a man *die*, when it was in her power to *restore* him : she had the greatest dread of the Serpentine River, and thought the famed Lucretia the most ridiculous, absurd, and wicked of women.

She delivered her answer to the dismal effusion of her incognito lover with her own hand ; regardless of the eyes of her

A Rendezvous.

opposite neighbours, or of the kitchen windows, where her servants sat eye-witnesses of their mistress's folly. She met her lover; told him she was a *married woman*, which only served to increase his passion, as obstacles are said to inflame love: at length, he recollected himself; and the happy expression of "How can I help that? the more my misfortune!" came opportunely to his aid: to be sure the phrase was rather hacknied: but Henrietta believed it an original effusion.

To calm his distracted feelings, she, therefore, promised to meet him, next morning, in *a certain square*.

But the most extraordinary and most abominable impolicy of Henrietta's conduct was, that she would rather, at any time, sacrifice her honour and her delicacy, than have it supposed that she was without lovers: and her greatest tri-

Reflections.

umph was to gain, though from a mere gross and temporary inclination, the lover or husband of her friends and acquaintance.

Poor, silly, and degraded Henrietta ! Had she but known, that the man who listened to her favourable whispers in the evening retailed them to the mistress of his affections, the next morning, with an expression of abhorrence, and a tender injunction that she would not visit *such a woman!* Had she known that the protecting husband, and worthy man, though sometimes led by that latitude which custom gives to his sex in meeting the advances of a forward woman, would not subject his wife or daughter to associate with her ; what would her vanity have suffered ! Where, alas ! was that pride which, when virtue is no more, will sometimes lead a woman to respect herself ! Where was the WOMAN, when she disgracefully allowed the lovers and

Reflections continued.

husbands of others to visit her, when alone ; to snatch from her mere instinctive embraces, which the hired wanton could as well bestow ! By such a conduct she rendered herself notorious, and a subject of licentious pursuit to men of many nations : for Henrietta knew nothing of those swains, who sighed and threw up their eyes at her window : and a Spaniard, an Irishman, a Jew, or a Gentile, had the same chance of gazing on her self-supposed charms. What motive enjoined secrecy in these men ? They had nothing to fear from laws, which they, in a few months, would be out of the reach of ? Besides, men as well as women, and, in these cases, frequently more so, have their confidants ; and over a convivial glass, the pure wife, the spotless virgin, and retiring widow, are sometimes sacrificed, from a base spirit of boasting vanity : what then has that degraded woman to expect who invites disgrace ? She has to look for-

Conclusion.

ward to what Henrietta has already met with, *in part*; the contempt, if not abandonment, of her husband; the loss of her respectable friends; and if not speedily reformed, she will, it is to be feared, add another to the list of those wives, whose exploits have swelled the columns of a newspaper.

May this *lenient* portrait meet the eyes and claim the attention of those females who are not yet *old* in error; and may the rugged lines, distinguishable in the picture, be speedily effaced, and their place supplied by those respectable acquirements, those feminine virtues, which become the wife and the mother: for she who is supported by her husband, “who eats of his bread, drinks of his cup, and reposes on his bosom,” can never be excused an act of dishonour.

THE
MARQUIS OF DERRINGBRIGHT,
AND
HIS TERMAGANT MISTRESS.

“Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.” MARTIAL.

THIS nobleman, who verges towards the latter part of the autumnal season of life, lately made a considerable figure in the crim. con. calendar; and was compelled to pay very large damages for undermining the peace of a reverend and dignified divine, by seducing the affections of his wife, which she had bestowed on her lawful partner, as was fondly imagined, in unceasing and unsullied acts of tenderness, till the introduction of the Marquis of Derringbright into the family, which he occasionally visited; and at one time took up a long abode at the clergy-

Ungratefulness,

man's country-house, under pretence of a slight indisposition.

He repaid the kind and friendly attentions of his hospitable host, by inflicting an irreparable wound in his anguished bosom, and destroying his domestic happiness, for ever.

It is a true and just remark, that the cruel man is generally a coward; the sequel of this delineation of character will shew, that the Marquis of Derringbright verifies the remark.

When he was fully detected in this adulterous correspondence, he blessed his stars, that the profession and always peaceable character of the injured man prevented the dreadful chance of sword or pistol from being resorted to as modes of vengeance. He hugged himself in the promised enjoyment of life, and resolved to be more cautious in future, how

Delineation, and Dead-colouring.

he attempted the too easily-yielding chastity of the frail Matrons of this present age.

He, therefore, attached himself to a lady of high celebrity in the corps of dashing Cyprians; and she became, soon after the tragical death of her former *protector*, the acknowledged mistress of the Marquis of Derringbright.

This lady was beautiful in her person, but in temper a perfect copy of the renowned Xantippe;* she was the daughter of a reputable tradesman, a sadler, in Barbadoes, but was dignified by those who envied her her *three* carriages, and splendid establishment, by the title of daughter to a *penny barber*! Her brother

* The wife of Socrates, who gave him an opportunity to acquire the reputation of a most patient, as well as a wise, man.

She causes a fatal Duel.

is certainly an hair-dresser ; and has a large and beautiful family. We should not be so prolix in detailing the connexions of a woman of this description, did the recital not lead to that expression, which once escaped the Marquis, that marked so strongly his *poltronerie*, and shews how much the lady has him under her dominion.

The termagant disposition she possesses was once the cause of a most melancholy event ; but in that case, it is well known, she was only guilty of impetuous inadvertency ; and could she have foreseen the consequences, would have endured any insult sooner than have precipitated her liberal *protector* into so direful a calamity.

— But it proves the violence and haste of her temper, when she said to Mr. Egbert, at the time he entered her box at the Opera, and did not behave to her in

Artifices of Coquetry.

a manner she thought sufficiently respectful, " I will set Lord Riverston upon you ! " The dreadful result is too well known, when it came to the hot-headed and impetuous Lord Riverston's knowledge: he met his adversary; they fought, and Lord Riverston was mortally wounded.

For "*one little month*" she secluded herself, in all the pomp of mourning, and pageantry of woe; she then accepted of the proposals of the Marquis of Derringbright; who, though he could keep her only *one* carriage, instead of *three*, was yet a Marquis of fashion and fortune, and maintained her munificently.

As she was peculiarly attached to the elegancies of the toilette, she kept constantly in her house a fancy-dress-maker, who received the rudiments of her art under the most fashionable of that class, in town: and her sole employment in the establishment of Mrs. Olderston, her

Borrowed Children.

present mistress, is to change, almost daily, the form and fashion of her dresses, and for which she receives a very handsome salary.

The numerous artifices of coquetry adopted by females of Mrs. Olderston's class are unexampled: her brother's children were beauteous as little cherubs; it was the pride of Mrs. Olderston to have one or other of these children, by turns, dressed at her expence, with extravagant profusion, and seated between her and her dear Marquis in his phaeton.

She accustomed the child to call them father and mother, to which the Marquis durst not give a negative voice; but consented to be called papa by the hair-dresser's children.

The eyes of gentlemen, who were strangers to her, were rivetted on the lovely mother and her beautiful infant. "What

Some Excuses for her Conduct.

a divine creature!" they would exclaim, "and what an angelic child!" Those who had only a slight knowledge of her person, and situation in life, did not fail to compare her to the goddess of the loves and smiles, with her infant son. Thus was she gratified in the kindness she shewed to her brother's children, by the interest she excited: while the poor little creatures, elevated above their proper sphere, witnessed nothing but scenes of voluptuousness, criminal ease, and affluence, and returned to their humble home disgusted at it, and dispirited to reflect on what they had left behind: while all their learning consisted in being able to repeat anecdotes of fashionable licentiousness, duels, crim. con. details, and all the *et cætera* of depraved notoriety.

But what can a poor man, with a large family, do in these times of expence? Nothing but his business to support him and them; obliged to toil, in his unhealthy

Another Duel.

occupation, to gain a scanty livelihood; while, for only the *loan* of his children, his sister gives them costly presents, and many of the comforts of life to him and his industrious wife, which he, in his situation, could never be able to procure.

The protection Mrs. Olderston afforded these children, one after the other, brings us to that instance of her furious temper, her power over the Marquis of Derringbright, who never dared to contradict her, to his imbecility, and his want of courage and proper spirit.

Before the death of Lord Riverston, a quarrel took place between two gentlemen; one a Colonel Newington, the other an officer of rank in the Navy. Trifling as was the subject of the quarrel, it was attended with very serious consequences: the punctilio of false honour must be observed; and let the quarrel be only about a monkey, a cat, or a dog, MAN, the

Its fatal Consequence.

divine image of his Maker, is to sacrifice himself, or his friend, by fashionable murder, on the altar of uncurbed passion and folly.

The meeting between these two gentlemen was fatal: Colonel Newington, a fine young man in the very prime of life, fell by the hand of his antagonist.

The pistols with which the fatal deed was committed were peculiarly excellent, and never known to fail in their aim, particularly in the hand of a good marksman.

Lord Riverston was always of a turbulent temper, prided himself on being an excellent shot, and never missing his mark; he could not rest till he got these pistols into his possession; and at length, after much persuasion and intreaty on his part, purchased them of the Navy Officer, who had killed Colonel Newington.

A spoiled Child.

After the death of Lord Riverston, they became the property of Mrs. Olderston.

One day the Marquis of Derringbright was seated in the dressing-room of the above lady, and a little boy, one of her brother's children, while the lovers were conversing and entertaining each other, Mrs. Olderston in high good humour; the child, who was always improperly indulged, as well as capriciously and carelessly corrected, was routing over some drawers which stood in the apartment; pulling the various articles they contained about, littering the room with them, and throwing them again in heaps into the drawers, while the easy and careless dame sat laughing at him. Presently he came to the fatal pistols.

A proficient in all the *slang* he was accustomed to hear, he took them up, and said, "Ha! Ha! my clever boys!" Mrs. Olderston did not at first heed him;

Impetuosity and Injustice.

till he carried them up to her. - Mamma, I say, these are the *things* that did for Newington ! I think they did more than *wing* him."

All the smiles which had lately played on the face of Mrs. Olderston now fled ; she became transformed into a fury : she started from her seat, and seizing hold of the poor child's ears, "Villain," said she, "I'll *wing* you !" She then tore his ears in so unmerciful and shocking a manner, that it was really thought, for some time, the boy would lose them, as a mortification was likely to ensue. While the Marquis sat by, a witness of the outrageous effects of her passion and cruelty to the harmless child, and never said one word to pacify her, or persuade her to quit the object of her vengeance.

Exhausted by the fatigue of the punishment she had inflicted, and the violence of her passion, she retired to her cham-

Pity.

ber, while her innocent and agonized little victim went to his friend, the dress-maker ; who, shocked at the state she saw him in, applied every remedy she could think of to assuage the pain, and stop the bleeding: she could gain nothing from him, how he came in that condition ; so incoherent were his words, from sobs, and so bitter his lamentations ; the trembling Marquis followed him into the dress-maker's room. " Good God ! my Lord Marquis," said the young woman, " how came the ears of this poor child in such a dreadful state." He then told her who had made them so, and the cause.

" And could you sit by, my Lord Marquis, and suffer a poor, little, helpless creature to be treated in so barbarous a manner ? Oh fie."

" Indeed, indeed," replied the Marquis, with the utmost trepidation of voice and manner, " I durst not say a word ;

Cowardness.

if I had, she would have served *me* just the same; I assure you she would."

It is, indeed, confidently reported, that Mrs. Olderston has more than once made the Marquis feel the weight of her delicate hand, and the sharpness of her *well*, but not *too closely*, cut nails.

Now, amongst the few who are acquainted with this authentic anecdote, there have been various opinions. Whether the sight of the fatal weapons of death reminded her of the *ad libitum* purse which she enjoyed under the patronage of her late noble *protector*, and her three elegant carriages now reduced to one, the Marquis of Derringbright, from the late heavy damages he had paid, not being able to lavish so much on her unbounded extravagance, without sometimes a little tender expostulation; or whether she dreaded a kind of suspicious mistrust in his temper, generally inseparable from

Reflections.

meanness of spirit, yet remains to be cleared up : it has been said, that the Naval Officer, to whom the pistols once belonged, had been spoken of in very high terms, by Mrs. Olderston, one evening, and that the Marquis left her in dudgeon, without assigning, and perhaps, indeed, himself scarcely knowing, the cause of his ill humour : but the lady's penetration was like her temper, quick and acute : she took care to mention the gentleman no more.

When the child took the pistols from the drawer, she thought the Marquis might take it in his head that the officer had left the pistols there, when paying her a visit of gallantry : he never knew how they came in her possession, or indeed that Lord Riverston had purchased them.

She knew, if he thought his jealousy well founded of a brave and handsome

Continued.

man, adieu to all her brilliant comforts, her still elegant and plentiful establishment: she must be bumble and submissive before *him*, perhaps, who might be her next friend, no longer might she dare to beat, scratch, or pinch. Ignorant men are generally obstinate, and hard to be convinced, when once they have formed an opinion; all these, or the other reflections, rushed through her bosom, with the rapidity of lightning, and she wreaked her rage and fury on her unfortunate nephew.

The Marquis, who fortunately had no other idea than that they had belonged to the late Lord Riverston, was impatient to sooth her, and bring her back, if possible, to the sweet temper of mind she had been in, before this unfortunate observation of her "*little darling*," her "*sweet blossom in the bud*," as she used to call him before accidental visitors, who were not fully acquainted with her

Conclusion.

relationship to him, or her particular character : but the submissive and fearful Marquis *durst not* address one word of comfort to the poor guiltless offender, nor express even a wish to see his aunt reconciled to him. However, he succeeded in the end of bringing Mrs. Olderston to better temper, and he continues to pass the most of his leisure hours in her *bewitched* society.

LORD AND LADY PENWORTHY;

OR,

THE VICTIMS OF JEALOUSY.

“ I durst to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake ; if you think other,
Remove your thoughts, it doth abuse your bosom.”

OTHELLO.

No—not for worlds would I ever again be the cause of your sighs and tears, my beloved Georgina—forgive a moment of error ; forgive a heart that can never be guilty but of an excess of love towards you.” Such were the words the young Earl of Penworthy addressed to the disconsolate daughter of Lord Ranners. She was at her piano-forte, solacing by the soothing modes of harmony a mind distracted by a treatment she had lately experienced from her lover. Her elder sister was standing by, turning over the pages of the music-book, when Lord Penworthy

Esteem and Regard, solid Basis of Love.

entered the parlour abruptly, and snatch-Georgina's left hand, bathed it in a deluge of tears.

This nobleman had completed his twenty-second year, and left the university about six months, before he fell desperately in love with the beautiful and accomplished Georgina. His passion was pure and sincere, but of an impetuosity which the least obstacle could turn into madness, and of a susceptibility the slightest suspicion would kindle into jealousy. A whole year had revolved since he had determined to unite his destiny to her's, and the ready consent of their friends had made him expect to lead her to the hymeneal altar within a few days; their attachment was mutual, and grounded upon the solid basis of esteem and regard. They were envied by every one their respective happiness; when a circumstance, we are going to relate, blew a cloud of discontent over the serenity of their days.

The Argyle-Rooms.

A new *burletta* had been announced at that elegant place of resort, the Argyle-rooms, and Georgina, dressed in the most tasty and splendid manner, was to be there with her aunt, the Duchess of Beauvarlet, and her three dashing daughters. There she expected to meet the noble Lord, the avowed object of her tenderest thoughts; and she was not disappointed. He knew, or, however, persuaded himself, that he might see her, also, out-shining the brightest constellations of that evening; and, indeed, his pride was highly gratified by the sense admiration she excited in the heart and mind of all the individuals of the assembly; but this mutual and secret enjoyment was not of long duration. A naval officer, a most bewitching *cavalier*, a man long known for his love of intrigue and *fracas*, contrived to take his seat by Lady Georgina's, and busied himself, during the first part of the evening's entertainment, with asking questions and giving answers to the

He is wounded.

Duchess, and the four dove-like demi-goddesses she had brought under her protecting wings.

The earl did not relish the familiarity the captain assumed in conversing with the ladies; but when he took Georgina's ivory, circular fan, and, placing it as a screen against the eyes of his neighbours, whispered away to her supposed enchanted ear, the dart of jealousy, the keenest of her poisoned arrows, flew and entered his heart, and nothing, but the decorum he owed to the place, to the assembly, to himself, could prevent his making a sudden *eclat*.

All the tortures of martyrdom, the rack, the burning grate, the melted lead dropping in the palpitating veins of the victims, all the refinery of human fury on those whom tolerance ever intended to distress, are nothing in comparison to what the fiery mind, the Volcanic

Paroxysm of Jealousy.

heart of the Earl felt for two hours ; he bit his lips, and stamped on the floor ; went out, and the air abroad, instead of cooling the dreadful conflagration of his viscera, fanned the kindled flame that devoured his whole frame : he came in again ; the displeasing sight worked again, and with increased rage, on his irritated nerves. What have they done in his absence ? Why, fool ! Why should you leave them to themselves ? See, see ! she listens—she looks pleased : is not his hand touching her's ? Does not his knee press the soft and simple fold of her robe ? and his feet—” in this intolerable paroxysm of folly, of madness, he rushed out of the place, and alone, whipt cruelly away by the unrelenting thong of the furies, he repaired to his house. There, still urged on by the green-eyed monster, he snatched his pen, and his fevered hand burning through the lines, he wrote to Lady Georgina the most distressing, the

She is consigned to her Bed.

most annihilating note she could ever expect from any one in the whole world.

In vain her kind sister Lady Augusta, whose embellishments of mind and kindness of heart were more than a full compensation for the plainness of her face, and the shortness of her stature ; in vain did she endeavour to quell the boisterous storm raised on a sudden in Georgina's passions ; swoons, faintings, and a high fever, consigned her to her bed for three weeks, in a most critical, most dangerous situation.

We shall not detain our reader with the minute detail of what passed during that space of time : he guesses already that a thousand excusatory billets, and notes, and letters, and palinodical flights of verses, travelled every day from the hand of Lord Penworthy to the eyes of the distressed Georgina. But his unexpected

Three whole Years of Happiness.

appearance, as mentioned before, brought a speedy reconciliation; and soon after, the bans having been published, they were married at St. James's church, and hence posted off to a charming villa, belonging to the Earl, in the maritime part of Hampshire.

What a delightful repose for the biographer, when through storms and contradictions, difficulties and struggles, he has brought his heroes to a spot where they can enjoy something like peace, quiet, and happiness! Three years passed over the united couple, and hardly a slight cloud dared to obscure their comfortable mansion. Two boys were their delight, and the Countess was pregnant when the Treaty of Amiens was signed. Soon after her confinement Lord Penworthy proposed to fulfil his long disappointed desire of seeing France, and chiefly Paris, where several of his friends had preceded

He sets off for Paris.

him, in the hope, often expressed in their letters, of welcoming him there soon.

Lord Penworthy set off for Dover with a worthy clergyman, an intimate friend of his; and, his being in company with a man for whom the Countess entertained the utmost and best-deserved esteem, the separation was not so distressing as might have been expected in any other case. The gay life of Parisian company, the opera, the balls, and entertainments of all sorts, were unable to banish the beautiful and ever-beloved image of Georgina from the Earl's mind. He loved her absent, and loved her alone; because she was always present to his intellect in the most diverting situations he ever found himself in. She was happy, and daily her happiness increased by the fond hope of receiving soon her amiable husband, the tender father of her children, in her chaste embraces. The day of his arrival drew

A Disappointment.

near—but, for what cause she could not guess, his letters were less enraptured; there was even a perceivable kind of something like coldness pervading the last she had received, and her heart began to fail within her. To suspect *him* of perfidy would have been a crime; to suppose *herself* suspected of being criminal would have been a want of confidence and folly. She waited with patience, but not without an increase of anxiety, for the moment he was to be restored to her arms.

Souls of fire, hearts ready to melt at long-expected moments of meeting, what would you have felt, had you witnessed the cold, embarrassed appearance of the Earl, the first time he saw his lady and children—these he took up in his arms, and kissed a thousand times before he looked at the distressed Georgina.—“Dear, my Lord, well! have done with the brats,” said she, in a faltering voice, “you will leave no kisses for me, if you bestow all

Her Happiness is flown.

upon them ; come, my love, come to the arms of your beloved Georgina !” and throwing her beautiful arms round his half-reluctant neck, she drew him on the sofa, and nearly lost her senses between an exstasy of love and a secret foreboding of dread. Penworthy disengaged himself from her embraces, with these distracting words : “ Come, my dear, you are foolish.”

The keenest blast that blows on the Glaciers of Switzerland, or on the top of Snowdon, do not congeal the blood of the imprudent traveller half so soon as these few words did the purple stream in the heart of the Countess. She fell back senseless, and the servants, rung to her assistance, attributed her situation to an overcoming of pleasure and delight at her meeting with her long-wished-for husband. They were deceived in their mind, but their kind cares had their effect ; she recovered, and came down to dinner with the ap-

Her Misery is confirmed.

pearance of cheerfulness and content. Woman can dissemble grief, but the fiend preys on her very heart, and makes it burst at once whenever she overpowers its strength.

A few friends had been invited, and their conviviality brought a moment of something like happiness to the unfortunate pair. Lady Penworthy retired to her room, but what was her astonishment, when opening a paper that lay on her dressing table, she found it to be an anonymous letter addressed from Cork to her husband at Paris; in which her reputation, her chastity, before marriage and since she was a wife, were attacked with the most glaring impudence? All this she read with a smile of disdain playing around her unsullied lips; but when she came to these words, in the very handwriting of her suspecting Lord, "Clear yourself, if you can, of these accusations;" the horror of having her inno-

The Book of Happiness is shut.

cence doubted did overcome her reason. Her knees shook against each other, she took hold of the next seat at hand, and fell speechless in it.

From the hand of the Angel, whose agreeable office in heaven was to record the days, the hours, the short moments of Georgina's happiness, from his trembling hand, the immortal pen dropt at once, never to be resumed again. The fatal book was shut for ever to entries of terrestrial enjoyments, and woe to him who bid it to close!

We ought to consider, that we shall have not only to answer, at the bar of the divine tribunal, how we made use of the few happy minutes of comfortable life allowed to our share, but also, and after the most impartial scrutiny, whether we have delayed, prevented, or impaired the comforts of others.

All is gone for ever.

The distracted mind of Lady Penworthy had sunk into despair; a dreadful fever, with despotic sway, had seized on her brains, and the assistance of the cleverest men of the faculty was not able, for a whole fortnight, to force the raging distemper to give any sort of respite to the innocent sufferer. However, their combined efforts saved her life; but, alas! they could not call back to her intellects that regularity of perceptions, that nicety of judgment, that never-failing memory, she was so much admired for. All was gone for ever! a continual delirium oscillated in her mind, and marked with childishness and stupidity all her discourses and actions: a few lucid moments were of no other use but to present at once, in the most disgusting colours to the frightened eye of her disordered fancy, the whole of her wretched situation; and, as soon as she had poured a torrent of tears, she relapsed into her deplorable insensibility.

Bad reasoning.

Meanwhile the Earl, instead of accusing himself as the cause of his Lady's distressing and hopeless situation, found his suspicions increasing apace, and consolidating themselves into certainty. "Had she been innocent, and conscious of rectitude, she would not have been so positively, so powerfully, struck with the suspicion of guilt! She would have answered me by writing, however, if she did not condescend to enter into any painful and personal discussion on the subject: and who was hurt by the knowledge of her ill conduct, but me, and myself alone? Suppose the whole to have been a most gross falsehood; suppose the names mentioned in the letter to have been forged, invented;—the facility of clearing herself must have induced her, forced her to an explanation, to a ready and easy disculpation; besides, how easily consoled of, how soon reconciled with, my absence! Oh! had her guiltless heart burnt with the immaculate and pure love

Her untimely Death.

that animated mine, she, in her letters, would have complained of delay, of indifference, of forgetfulness: but no, she sat down content, when all the diversions of my journey could not, for a single minute, banish or withhold her, then, beloved image from my tortured mind. Besides, is not the miserable state of her mind, her very insanity, a judgment of ever-impartial Providence on the criminal. . . . ?”

Such were the unjust and wicked constructions this unfortunate slave of ungrounded jealousy was continually putting on a case, where all the blame, all the criminality, awaited him. Two years elapsed, and the most attentive cares of a famous physician could not recall her to sense, to comfort; and at last, sinking gradually, by a slow decline, into the grave, she left a world where she had been so unwarrantedly ill-used.

However, it was not before she begged,

Conclusion.

as a justice due to her memory, that this humane doctor, who attended her, would promise to enquire, after her death, into the abominable conspiracy against her peace of mind, and to endeavour to find out the vile authors of so abominable a transaction. The physician was indefatigable in his researches, and his exertions were crowned with success: for, two months after the funeral of the much-deplored Countess, he placed in the hands of Lord Penworthy such proofs of his wife's innocence, and of the whole machination, that the name of the author of the anonymous letter was soon ascertained.

Lord Penworthy, inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Georgina, dragged in retirement the remnant of a life that had become burthensome to him; and just twelve months after the death of his Lady a fit of appoplexy, as he was riding in Hyde-park, threw him off his horse, and put an end to his misery.

THE CI-DEVANT

LADY ELVIRA TEMPLEDON.

—
“Io te chiamo, in te spero, e in quell' altezza
Puoi tu sol pormi, ondè sospinta fui.”

TASSO. Gierusal. Del.

—
“I COULD kneel down, and kiss the ground she last trod upon, live upon her celestial smiles, and banquet on the contemplation of her exquisite form!” was the passionate exclamation of a fashionable youth, as he sat on a sofa, in the Opera tea-room, and gave the rhapsodical answer to a young man, just arrived from the university of Oxford, and who had asked him, who that lovely woman was, who had just taken a glass of *orgeat* from an elegant looking nobleman, with a star and red ribbon. However, the question being repeated, he soon replied, that she was the then celebrated beauty of fashion, Lady Elvira Templedon.

Hymen's Scepter is made of Gold.

We suppose no lady ever combined before so much sweetness of countenance, with so perfect a model of a beautiful face: nor was her form inferior; grace accompanied all her movements; she was a fine height, and perfect in shape and symmetry.

Should we believe that an Earl's daughter, so gifted, had yet attained her twenty-sixth year without an offer of marriage? Beauty, title, education, and mental endowments, all are too trifling in this century, if money is not thrown into the scale along with them, to make it go down; and Lady Elvira Templeton was without that great requisite for a fashionable marriage—fortune.

A valiant son of Neptune had long admired her, but he knew it would not be in his power to leave her sufficient, during his frequent absences, to support her. If she had but a little of her own, he should not care, he said; he would leave her *that*

The Sting of Calumny.

to support herself with ! God knows, he never shewed himself very munificent in his allowances to her on those departures, which his country and sovereign required of him.

The fairest fruit is always liable, as has been justly remarked, to be attacked by the snail, the wasp, and other destructive creatures ; and there are a class of low men, who pretend to think, if a woman is fair she *must* be frail.

An infamous work was published, which, as it peculiarly libelled one who was allowed to be the most lovely as she was the most unfortunate of her sex, so it cruelly, and without provocation, or the smallest cause, slandered the beautiful Lady Elvira, in terms too gross and vulgar to be repeated ; and which caused the calumniated lady, for some time, to be called by a very ludicrous nickname. Conscious, however, how groundless

She marries.

were this scribbler's accusations, and persuaded by all her noble friends to bring him to punishment, she commenced an action against him; in which he was pronounced guilty of a scandalous and infamous libel against Lady Elvira, and condemned to pay her two thousand pounds.

Captain Greathead, having an eye to a little money, as well as for her ladyship, now made his proposals in due form; Lady Elvira had no objection to his person, thought him a worthy man, and soon gave him indisputable and legal right to the possession of her charming person.

For some little time, the honey-moon not being long over, they were the happiest wedded pair: but Greathead must to "sea again." Much of her two thousand pounds was expended; and it is said, that he informed her, his voyage would

She becomes poor.

be but short, and left her no more than what remained of *that*.

But she knew how to economise; she managed her pecuniary and domestic establishment well; and fondly and anxiously expected the arrival of her husband from his voyage.

He returned, delighted, charmed with her society; made a short expensive stay, and left her very poor.

Still she did not repine; she still loved her husband; she had as yet no idea of being faithless, the thought would have filled her mind with horror. But the Greatheads are not destined to be happy in their wives; the change of affectionate conduct begins with themselves; and inconstancy and ill-treatment are too apt to cause a retaliation.

Captain Greathead returned again; he

Gratitude easily kindles into Love.

found his beautiful wife in embarrassed circumstances, absolutely distressed for money; and we are told, though we do not assert it, as a fact, that he, not only treated her unfeelingly, but left her poorer than before. He, however, promised at parting, remittances which, we believe, were never sent.

From such usage a woman naturally turns with contempt and disgust. To kindness, to persuasive tenderness, to friendly assistance, (unheedful of the specious, selfish interest, which actuates the donor,) she inclines, with increasing confidence, gratitude, and esteem; the contempt and disgust, by a repetition of ill-treatment, she receives on one side, soon grows into confirmed hatred; the assailant increases his kindness and attentions; under the mask of disinterested friendship he becomes more insinuating; and gratitude and esteem for him easily kindle into love: he perceives it; pursues his

A faithless Husband makes a faithless Wife.

advantage; and thus a neglected and ill-treated wife is often made guilty of a breach of her marriage-vows, first cancelled by an ungrateful husband, who is in fact the primary cause of her infidelity.

Lady Elvira was one of these unhappy victims. On her subsequent chaste conduct, on her fall, on the behaviour of her faithless and inconsiderate husband, we leave the reader to make what comments and reflections he pleases, we still adopt, repeat, and maintain that idea, that “it is too often the faithless husband that makes the faithless wife.”

A worthy pillar of the church was not, however, afraid to take her as his lawful helpmate. “Shorn hast thou been,” thought he, “and to the quick.” He saw the naturally virtuous bent of her mind, and that affection and tenderness shewn towards her would ever keep

She marries again, and is happy.

it in its pristine rectitude. She received his proffered hand with gratitude, reverence, and esteem; he treats her with unremitting kindness, and they have now been some years patterns of domestic happiness, without a wish for the noisy and tumultuous pleasures of fashion and dissipation. Lady Elvira, the once celebrated Lady Elvira Templeton, whose presence was an ornament to the ball-room, the Gala, and the Opera-house, where she shone the "fairest of the fair," now confines herself to her own conjugal and maternal circle, where she reigns, in sweetness and simplicity, in the hearts of her admiring family: she is now blest in an husband who knows how to appreciate her merit; who possesses a mind above all narrow prejudices; knows how to estimate that virtue, which combining circumstances only caused to slumber for a moment; and who can, with that true charity which ever ought to accompany his high calling, pardon invec-

Conclusion.

luntary error, while his honest indignation despises the rigid, pharasaical hypocrite, that affects to shudder at the name of vice, and even indiscretion, because never assailed or exposed to temptation.

CURSORY REMARKS.

“ Nam Romæ quis non ?—Ah, si fas dicere ! Sed fas.”

PERS. Sat.

I.

“ Now, I hope, ladies,” said the Marquis of Waltham, addressing his mother and sister, “ you will give me credit for not only detailing the character of the dissolute wife, but also throwing voluntarily into the evening’s entertainment the characters which followed.”—“ Yes,” replied the Duchess, laughing, “ we are bound to thank you ; but I cannot forbear smiling at the curious way you mingle and contrast your characters.”

“ My dear Duchess,” said Lady Charlotte, “ I hope you will pardon me for differing from you, but that is what I so much admire. I like the character of a truly virtuous mind sometimes to follow

Observations.

that of a vicious one: it reconciles us to the world, and encourages us to hope, that there are almost an equal portion of good as well as bad in it." It is certainly a just remark," said the Duchess, "and so you shall both go on as you please with the entertainment you truly afford me." "Oh! for my part, I have done," said Lady Charlotte. "I think, for the short time we are to stay here, it is you, now, my dear brother, who must furnish us both with character and anecdote."

"*A propos,*" said the Duchess, "you have been in town, Philip; you can tell us, perhaps, some little anecdote or other!"

The Marquis changed countenance; his unfortunate mother could not perceive his embarrassment, and thought he was only silent from trying to recollect something. But, like a true libertine, he

Fashionable Deception.

felt, after a few moments compunction, more ashamed of the temporary remorse than of the cause which gave birth to it. What a fool, thought he, am I! How many men of fashion are there, who have seduced twenty foolish girls, while it only adds to their celebrity; but I see my mother is growing moral; the time was I could have ventured to tell her where I had been, I must now have recourse to falsehood.

“Why to tell you the truth,” said he, “I did not go on to London with Peronville: I met with an old fellow Etonian, and we took an excursion up the country quite another way. It was Sir Richard Tomlinson, who was such a stickler for the rights of the *soi-disant* Duke of Fairborough.”

This, and what he was going to relate, was in some part true; as he did meet the above-mentioned Baronet in one of

A dark Business comfortably settled.

his rambles, and he conversed with the Marquis on his favourite theme.

Pray," said the Duchess, "how is that affair likely to terminate? It always, I must say, appeared to me rather a dark business."

"So I think the result proves," said the Marquis, "the poor fellow did not want the title, he only wanted the portion of lands and their demesnes, which his name and family give him the right to: but distressed with the heavy pressure of law expences, he has accepted of an handsome allowance from the Duke, to withdraw his claims and hold his tongue!"

"Well, my dear Philip," remarked the Duchess, "it gives me great satisfaction to think, that no one will ever have it in their power to dispute your claims to the riches and honours of your ancestors: employ them well, and adorn them,

Conversation.

my good fellow; and do not think this advice proceeds, only, from your mother being in a great degree shut out from the *pleasures of the world*. The perfect conviction which is come home to my mind of their futility, and the close proximity of many of them to vice, alone dictate what I say to you. I should be sorry to see you resemble the Duke of Fairborough."

"Oh! he never was a lady's man, that's certain," said the Marquis: "but speaking of claims, what will not power do? Now, what do you think of the claims of our wild Irish friend? The ward of Sir John Aylesbury, brother to the Duchess of Storbridge."

"You mean that good-natured young man, Sir George Berlin," said Lady Charlotte, "I never heard the particulars of his story."

Allusions.

“It is but short,” replied the Marquis: “his genealogy and descent is as clear as the day; but yet that does not give him his lawful inheritance.”

“I think, Philip,” said the Duchess, “you are wrong in calling it *lawful*; I believe a grant was given in some reign, which makes it no longer his, and for which what he will receive, when he comes of age, is one portion of that wealth he will be then put in possession of.”

“Very possible, said the Marquis, “they all dwindled in circumstances from the first favoured ancestor, till the fortune, by economy, *increase* of rents, or *decrease* of progeny, accumulated as it was devolving down to the present owner, who, good-natured generous soul, can be put off by a story of *grants* or any thing. At present he is such a young Irish lad, such a dear nonentity of good-nature and

A nice Point discussed.

simplicity, that, so little have I to say of him, he will not fill a page; but, of course, Charlotte, you know, that one of our mighty monarchs, who was rather weak-minded, and not over-strong in the upper story, though he wished to be thought a prodigy of learning, was most violently attached to Sir George Berlin's great, great, great, I don't know how many *greats*, grandfathers; from whom Sir George is descended in a direct line. Now I should imagine he was heir to his ancestors' houses, as well as their fortunes; and that, if such was the case, he might, as it was a part of inheritance, inhabit even "*The Temple of the Gods*," if it was his birth-right! But the Duchess knows best."

"Oh!" said the Duchess, "I do not exactly assert what I told you, but I think I have heard something of the kind; ask your father, when you see him; he knows more of those matters than I do."

Conclusion.

The superb and elegant time piece-over the sideboard now gave the silver sound of three ; the Marquis as he put his hand on the silken *cordon*, to ring for his valet's attendance, said, " Now, at our next reading I will really give you the sketch of a *profligate* wife (for she is more than *disso-lute*) in the character of Lady Eagleton." " Oh ! she is a sad woman !" said Lady Charlotte. " I have seen her amiable daughter, Clarissa, very often at the Dowager Lady Burbright's ; I should like to hear something of Lady Eagleton's particular character ; for frequently I have seen Miss Clarissa Eagleton enter the Dowager's hospitable mansion, as if dressed in haste, and with the recent traces of tears on her interesting countenance."

THE
DOWAGER LADY EAGLETON.

“ O ! curvæ in terras Animæ !”

PERS.

THIS Lady had the honour of being united in marriage to one of those brave naval heroes, who do credit to their country, and the cause they pledge their persons and valour to support. He had every claim to her affection, by the graceful manliness of his person, by unremitting kindness to her, which she ill-deserved; and, one should imagine, that the envied glory of calling so renowned an officer her lord and husband, would have made her pride herself in the consciousness of being the faithful and beloved wife of such a man.

But where is proper pride and innate dignity fled, when woman steps wantonly

Insulted Wives, and Revenge.

out of the path of honour, and, pleased with exploring that of vice, rushes on still further into its labyrinths, till she suffers her mind to be totally depraved? Her heart is soon the abode of deceit, her countenance unblushing, and a stranger to shame.

Lady Eagleton was a faithless abandoned wife; and, after the death of her gallant husband, she rioted in licentious depravity, too gross, too sensual, to occupy much place in these volumes

Her present favourite she has lived with many years; a needy and dastardly character, who calls himself an officer of rank in the British army. This man is actually supported at her ladyship's expence, to the great detriment of her children, and she herself is yet young enough to have more; which spurious brood must consequently add to her expences, and contribute to the bereaving her le-

 Unworthy Husband.

gitimate offspring of their just inheritance.

“Bad the *crow*, bad the *egg* ;”

Is often proved to be the too true proverb of an ancient Greek philosopher. With the exception of the present Lord Eagleton, and his virtuous and suffering sister, Clarissa, it is but too much verified in Lady Eagleton’s children.

Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Rochford, is, to be sure, in many respects, a woman “more sinned against than sinning :” her husband was cruel to her, brutal, and iniquitous, in a shameful degree.

Her mother had, by her own example, taught her to hold the marriage-vows in but very little reverence. She, therefore, easily broke through them : and, detesting her abominable husband, she sought consolation in the arms of a Captain

A generous Behaviour.

Dormer; who, though he had prevailed on her to falsify the promise she had made at the altar, was yet in character, and in all the amiable virtues of the heart, the very contrast of the wicked Mrs. Rochford.

A divorce was the consequence of Mrs. Rochford's imprudence, and high damages were adjudged to the Captain; who, poor fellow, too indigent in circumstances to pay them, has ever been obliged to conceal himself to avoid imprisonment, and lives now in the most retired seclusion with Mrs. Rochford; and, with a nobleness of mind worthy a better cause, declares no power on earth shall make him forsake her! while the scanty income of the proscribed wife supports them both.

The other married daughter, Mrs. Ireton, bids fair to equal, if not to ex-

Shameful Connexion.

ceed, her abandoned mother in licentiousness; indeed, she has already exceeded her in infamy of conduct, for we have never yet heard that Lady Eagleton had any *incestuous* connexion!

We cannot help commiserating, and, indeed, in some respects, we could almost find an excuse for the behaviour of Mrs. Rochford; when it is certain, that her infamous husband, and as equally infamous sister, were actually guilty of a criminal correspondence under the same roof with the injured wife!

The horror this excites in a mind possessed in the least degree of delicacy, forbids us to expatiate largely on so dreadful a connexion. Their letters, their guilty intercourse, the remarks she made to her depraved lover of her sister's jealousy, were all detailed some time ago in a popular periodical work: she affects, in her letters, to be actuated by an almost

A Portrait.

idolatrous love for Mr. Rochford; but nobody believes it.

The amiable Clarissa is greatly to be pitied; sorry we are to be compelled to place her among such a set of worthless beings; though making a part of her own family and alliances: and she, to whom she is to look up for example, instruction, and every good qualification, that should guide her conduct in the future course of her life, is, from her time of life, from the situation she holds of a mother, and that of a woman of rank, the most blameworthy of the abandoned party.

But, unswayed by ill example, vice has given that seasonable impression to the young and naturally virtuous mind of Clarissa, as only to make her detest it: all the noblest part of her father's spirit animates her bosom. She turns, disgusted, from the sight of her mother's depravity; and is often obliged, from the shameful

Conclusion.

conduct she witnesses, to quit the society of this her only surviving parent, and sit for whole days immured in her apartment, to avoid the company of rakes of fashion, and their mistresses, with whom Lady Eagleton makes no scruple of associating.

The consequent scenes such company as their's, who have cast off every sense of outward shame, must afford to a young lady, whose mind is possessed of virtue and delicacy, are disgusting in the highest degree: Miss Clarissa Eagleton is an ever-welcome guest amongst the virtuous nobility; who know her sad and pitiable situation; and they are fully capable of estimating her true worth, at the same time that they hold in just detestation the character of her licentious mother.

THE DUKE OF STOWBRIGHT.

—
“Concordia Discors.”
—

THIS nobleman might truly be said to stand unrivalled in the list of titled *amateurs* in music; and, indeed, it was ever the ruling passion of his breast. His first wife, from whom he had been many years divorced, was fair as the *Houris* of Mahomet's paradise; and was one among the most celebrated beauties of her day: but, no doubt, she felt the pride of that beauty often offended by the preference given to a new piece of music; or, perhaps, a new *fiddlestick* has even taken up more of his *lordship's* attention (for he was then only Marquis of Rushton,) than her ladyship's superior charms.

She found them far higher estimated

Divorce and Marriage.—*An Aria.*

by an handsome young officer; who became so fervently attached to the Marchioness of Rushton, that he could not suffer himself, even for one day, to be out of her company. A mutual attachment took place; and her husband soon obtained a legal separation, with liberty to both parties to marry again.

The officer, though by no means, then, a man of fortune, instantly wedded the object to whom he was so sincerely attached; and they passed their days in retirement; her ladyship soon making her second husband an happy father; an honour to which the Duke of Stowbright never attained.

An interregnum took place between the first and second marriage of his Grace; during which time, (thinking a lady a requisite appendage to a man of fashion, and, since the loss of his late better half, making a *brittle* resolution of never mar-

The Melomania-Morbus, *con Amore.*

rying again) it is reported, that he attached himself to a female who was living separate from her husband: this was the celebrated Lady Penwell, a wit and an authoress; but her increasing *en-bon-point*, and the vulgarity of her manners, very soon, we are told, put a period to this amorous establishment; and, it is also said, that the lady hailed the joyful tidings of the connexion being dissolved, as his Grace was by no means the kind of man adapted to her taste.

The Duke of Stowbright now led the chaste life of a bachelor; and gave himself up, with more enthusiasm than ever, to his favourite science: his house was crowded with musicians, "from morn till night," and scarcely could any one move with safety, so numerous and various were the different instruments of harmony which filled up almost every apartment of both the town and country residence of his Grace, and made them ap-

A Research for Harmony in the Arms of Hymen.

pear like two grand repositories for the sale of musical instruments, or a Neapolitan *conservatorio*.

The Duke being engaged one evening in the country, at a private music party, he was so charmed by the scientific skill of a young lady, who made one of the company, and who obligingly took her part as a performer, that he could not cease to think of the fair object all the whole night and succeeding day, who had so completely ravished his ears: as this organ is allowed to be one of the shortest passages that lead to the *heart*, no wonder, if his musical grace felt his certainly touched. “She is in respectable, genteel life,” thought he. “She is the daughter of a gentleman; she possesses such charming musical powers, that I think I should be supremely happy to pass my days with her! What a fund of rapturous entertainment will she ever have in store for that harmonic predilec-

A Solo.—Sudden and unexpected Vision.

tion I possess! I will wait on her father; I will hope to obtain the charming girl's consent, and domestic happiness may yet be mine.

It was not long before his Grace put in execution the resolution he had formed. Miss Paynton had, as yet, experienced no tender attachment, and she was not careless of improving the impression she perceived she had made on the Duke of Stowbright: and yet, her good sense often told her that, ungifted as she was by fortune or title, he could hardly think of making her his Duchess: but then his discourse to her was of such an honourable kind, how could she doubt it? Her doubt, however, soon subsided, by his making proposals of marriage to her father in due form: still she could not help being surprised at it; she had no fortune at all! and the highest structure of aërial castles, which could enter into the prolific imagination of a young

A grand and everlasting Concert.—*Tutti.*

female mind, never presented to her the prospect of sharing a ducal coronet !

They were soon married ; and the Duke's second wedding was as magnificent, and the presents of his bride as costly, as if she had bestowed the high rank upon him, instead of his elevating her to his.

The musical entertainments were now without end : in the Duke's mansion nothing was heard but a continual concert, from morning to night : the Duke's bass-viol, the Duchess's *piano-forte*, her harp, her voice, for in all she excelled, made his Grace fancy himself already transported above the spheres :—What wedded *harmony* !

About two years after their marriage, they happened to be at a fashionable watering-place, where a ball was given one evening, at which were present all

Conjugal Meeting.—*An Andante.*

the nobility assembled there; and, indeed, every one, as is customary in those places, who had any pretensions to rank in the circles of fashion. Amongst the rest was Lady Penwell; and Sir Andrew Penwell, her husband, whom that lady had not met for several years, was standing close to the Duke and Duchess of Stowbright during one of those pauses which generally take place between every second dance.

Lady Penwell, who had long laid aside every exterior of decorum, walked up, with her usual matchless effrontery, to her *ci-devant* husband, and said, loud enough to be heard by every by-stander, "Sir Andrew, you are grown very thin! I am told you have a fine young lady; but you do not look so well as when you were in my keeping!" She then, with her arms stuck on her more than plump sides, gave a very knowing, significant look at the Duke of Stowbright: he

The Meeting not relished.—*A Fugue.*

trembled, he felt assured that his turn would come next; but she contented herself with viewing his long neck, with stretching up her own fat throat, and smoothing it up and down with her hand, she caused a general smile amongst those who saw the *manœuvre*; while she, with affected *naïveté*, said, “What is the CROCHET, NOW?”

The Duchess, disgusted at her coarseness, which she felt half inclined to think really proceeded from inebriety, took the arm of the Duke, and motioned for his departure to the other end of the room: but his Grace knew Lady Penwell too well to think she would let him escape, by changing his place; a close pursuit would have been then her highest gratification.

He affected a slight indisposition; Lady Penwell was not without good-nature, she turned from him, and renewed her

An Adagio, too much of a good Thing.

attacks upon her husband ; and the Duke and Duchess soon left the entertainment.

The Duke of Stowbright, we believe, always continued to be well satisfied with his second visit to the altar of Hymen : and, indeed, he had every reason ; for his present Duchess is possessed of a grateful heart, true unblemished virtue, a cultivated mind, and rarely accomplished ; though her face is not strictly handsome, it is pleasing, yet a dejectedness, for a few years' back appeared to overcast her once lively countenance : her height and form would ever be elegant, but she had then lost every proximity to *en-bon-point*, and was extremely thin.

Though we do not say it applies to her grace, yet how often do we see the maxim of the immortal Greek bard verified, that,

“ The best of gifts beyond their measure cloy.”

Finale,


An husband must be more than a king of crotchets and quavers to render a wife happy: no gift is more desirable than that of an harmonious voice ; but to be obliged to exert it, at all times, and on every occasion, to please or accompany the enthusiastic, renders it painful in the possession.

No one accomplishment seems more heaven-descended than that of Music ; but when it is tortured to every, the most minute, precision of science, it then becomes earthly, and only like a species of ingenious mechanism.

When a man unites to the crabbedness of disposition often attendant on old age, the character of an enraged musician, who is in mortal agonies at the accidental striking of a false note, or the snapping of a fiddle-string ; music, then, is no longer the dulcet, harmonious, the Orphean art, which soothes and subsides the angry passions as they are rising,

con Gusto.

but becomes only a source of disquietude; and much as these professed *amateurs* aim at true harmony, the divine art in them, and too often in their families, produces nothing but discord.



SIR JOHN AND LADY SOMER- VILLE.

—
“Oui, sans être vilain on peut être éconôme.” MOLIÈRE.

—
THIS worthy knight is a country gentleman of large fortune; who, though several years ago, from his frequent residence in the metropolis, from his large fortune, his respectable family, and the elegance of his manners, he might have ranked among the fashionables of London; yet has, now, long since quitted the capital, and devotes himself to the quiet pleasures and comforts of a country life.

Social and generous, his house is never the mansion of seclusion; it experiences a perpetual crowd of visitors, both in the summer and winter seasons: in the former may be found at his superb dwelling, many, very many, of the fashion-

His old Age.

able loungers of the day, in search of novelty ; and in the latter season, attracted by the sports of the field, and his *exquisite* October, all the keen lovers of hunting and shooting are seen in abundance.

Sir John Somerville verges on eighty years of age : his lady, a very amiable but truly eccentric character, is two or three years older ; they are the most cheerful, merry, old couple, that can possibly be conceived ; owing, perhaps, to that constancy and affection they have ever entertained for each other from their youth, till the present hour. Both being of a very spare habit of body, their true age is become perceptible in them ; and, though some years ago they appeared much younger than they were, they now shew every symptom of that great age to which they have attained : indeed, the constitution of Sir John has always been rather delicate ; but though all natural warmth seem to have departed from

Their Protégée, the Dwarf.

their bodies, their hearts glow with all the fervour of benevolence and charity.

They never had any children; and though the affectionate mind of Lady Somerville finds ample satisfaction in assisting the poor around her, and in imparting many little elegancies and comforts to those among her numerous relatives, who are not so blest, as she is, by fortune's favours, yet an heart, like hers, wants something, some dear domestic favourite, that she can love at all times: she has accordingly, in concurrence with her husband, (who is equally pleased as herself with her *protégée*,) adopted a beautiful little female dwarf; who has all the wit we generally find amongst those species of nature's freaks. In fact, it may be said, that it is Miss Burton, the above little lady, who reigns over and governs the house of Sir John Somerville as much as she does over the affections of her kind and venerable protectors.

Indulged Kittens.

Next to this favourite is a set of petted kittens; who are so fat and pampered, that they discover all the inherent tiger in their nature, and growl at strangers, with a degree of ferociousness, like angry dogs. With these sleek and beautiful favourites, adorned with pink ribbons or silver chains about their necks, according to their colour, Lady Somerville is seen reclining of a morning on a sumptuous bed, covered with linen of the finest texture and colour, and of the softest down, looking a fine remnant of what she has been. On one side of her lies a magnificently bound manual of devotions, and in equally expensive, but more light and tasteful, coverings, are the Spectator, Pope, Johnson, and other authors of celebrity; for she has, for some years, taken her breakfast in bed about ten, and then reads till twelve: then she rises, and attends to her domestic and housewifely concerns, with a bustle, activity, and care,

Petits Soupers en Famille.

as if, instead of possessing many thousands, she was not worth a groat.

Amongst those who give themselves up to a country-life, it is seldom customary to dine very late; Sir John Somerville, and his family-party, which are scarce ever known to sit down, in their own family trio of the knight, his lady, and the favourite dwarf, dine rather early, because supper is their favourite meal: their table is then spread with a profusion of dainties, foreign wines of various sorts, liquor and ale in abundance, and cheerful and correct mirth, is the order of the evening. Lady Somerville, who has not allowed herself scarce a quarter of an hour to dress for dinner, now seems like an happy and overjoyed housewife, whose work is done for the day, and is as jocund and lively as any of the gay and often numerous party: and here, the little *piquant* dwarf diverts her benefactors, and all the company, by

An innocent Shunamite.

her sallies of wit and gaiety, and the harmonious warblings of a voice almost seraphic ; the good pair delight in their adopted child : she is so little in her white frock, so infantine with her naturally waving hair, and with her diminutive fairy hands and feet she may commit even a thousand little faults, though she is nineteen years old, that would not be excusable in a well grown girl of only thirteen.

She has been habituated to call Sir John and his lady, father and mother, from the time she first became an inmate of their house ; Sir John, towards a chill winter's evening, sometimes complains of the cold ; “ Dear father,” she says, with the most artless and bewitching *naïveté*, “ let me endeavour to warm you.” And she jumps on his knee, and nestles her truly beautiful face in his bosom. The determined *quizzers* will, sometimes, laugh ; but the principles and

She makes a proper Use of her Influence.

ideas of Sir John Somerville are pure as the whole tenor of his conduct to his little darling.

Nothing can more evince the real goodness of Sir John and his lady than their adoption of this, otherwise, unfortunate little creature; as she is not possessed of fortune, she would have been, without their friendly assistance, cut off from genteel society, and in a manner proscribed much other intercourse, and have been a burthen to her parents.

That Miss Burton wants not art and discernment is certain; and she perceives that she has unbounded influence over her benefactors; but we believe she never makes use of it to prejudice them against another, but endeavours rather to conciliate their friendship for those she may think in want of it.

Economy to a Degree.

So strange and eccentric is Lady Somerville, that she will sometimes carefully pick up every bit of chip she finds about the grounds, and order it to be carried to the wood-house ; nay, sometimes she will carry it there herself. She will carefully unpick an old bell-hoop, make it into dusters, and express as much joy as if she had found a treasure. This saving scheme, or any other, is sure to be instantly followed by some kind present to a relative of small fortune: at other times she will take a fit of carefully locking up, herself, what she would have set by for supper, instead of leaving it to the housekeeper ; a choice pigeon-pie, or some rich preserves ; and for this, Miss Burton will take care, by some legerdemain tricks, to make her suffer for it ; either by punishing the wine, or throwing the key of the gate out of the window, when all the family are gone to bed, that Lady Somerville's waiting-maid, and the other upper servants,

Girlish Tricks.

may go to a neighbouring ball, which it had, perhaps, neither been convenient or proper for them to attend.

But the most ludicrous scene is Sir John Somerville's household on a Sunday winter's evening. The Knight himself is a most excellent man, but a little tainted with deistical principles, which often give pain to the real and unaffected piety of Lady Somerville.

However, he knows that it is his duty, as a master of a family, to set a good example : and he always attends divine service at the parish church, and makes his servants attend, in their turns, when the weather will permit : and he really, from his heart, respects each established religion of all the civilized nations.

When the severe snows and bad weather will not allow of his family all go-

Evening Prayers.

ing to church, he reads prayers to them, on a Sunday evening, and a short sermon.

It would require the pencil of a Bunbury to do justice to the groupe. It has been a very cold day, and the generous and good-natured Sir John has ordered the men-servants a double portion of the best and strongest home-brewed ale; therefore, with what they purloined themselves into the bargain, they enter the great parlour well impregnated with malt and hops, and literally *top-heavy*. The female servants, they get weary long before the sermon begins; and then the picture of the sleeping congregation is displayed; the volatile Miss Burton, obliged, *malgré elle*, to sit still, yields to the power of Morpheus; and as her legs do not reach half-way from the chair to the ground, she often disgraces herself by falling plump on the floor.



The Sleepy Congregation.

1870

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...

A sleeping Congregation.

The coachman and head-gardener, who have both lived with their master forty years, nod, in opposite directions; the pretty waiting-maid of Lady Somerville makes most graceful bows to her master, with her eyes sealed up in sleep; and the subaltern servants, in the back-ground, are sometimes heard to snore, in deep tones, aloud.

But it has happened, too, that when Sir John has dismissed them with his blessing, that a second draught of ale, between the coachman and gardener, destroy that peace which the master's religious *precepts* have been endeavouring to inculcate; and these two old servants go on, fighting, as far as the parlour-doors, till the good Sir John is obliged to use his efforts to quell the tumult; while each declares, respectively, he will not live any longer in his place, unless his comrade is discharged.

“ My dear, says Sir John to his Lady,

A Duet between Sir John and my Lady.

“this is shocking! this is dreadful! what are we to do? I cannot part with Thomas, my gardener! No one understands my hot-houses, nor my late and early peaches, in which I take so much pride, and which are allowed to be so superior to any in the country, as he does. The coachman must go!”—“My dear,” replies Lady Somerville, “if John goes, I will never enter the chariot again; no one shall drive me but John: so do as you please.”

Very soon an arrangement takes place between the good Knight and his Lady, which is, that, as they are such old and good servants, they must keep them both: and John and Thomas, presuming on their long services, and different useful powers, still continue to do pretty much as they please; while little Miss Burton, all life and activity, can back the most spirited hunter in the stables, makes herself useful in the family; increases in

The last Stroke to the Portrait.

fascination, and is idolized by the truly worthy Sir John Somerville and his Lady.

To sum up the character of Sir John and his Lady: the settled character of the gentleman seems inherent in Sir John's composition; it was stamped on all his lineaments from his birth; age and infirmities have it not in their power to do it away from his every movement; and the accomplishments of his mind and heart shew him incapable of ever committing one single action to militate against that elegant character; whilst, in two words, my Lady has found the rare secret of making economy prodigal, and prodigality useful.

MRS. WAKEFIELD.

“Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.” TER.

THIS lady, an only child, had the misfortune of losing her mother very early ; and was plagued with one of those penurious fathers, who, abounding in riches, are yet so terrified with the dread of absolutely dying for want, that avarice increases in them with every succeeding day ; and their miserable propensities become proverbial.

Miss Dawson, now Mrs. Wakefield, was possessed of great good-nature, with no idea of saving ; on the contrary, it rather created in her a kind of disgust, when she witnessed the anxious care of her father in amassing money.

She panted after public diversions ; but

Cheap Entertainments.

the utmost she ever enjoyed was when Mr. Dawson, taken with a fit of parental fondness, would permit her to behold her Sovereign, as he stepped into his carriage from a crowded levee ; or she might take a peep at his beautiful cream-coloured Hanoverian stud, as they entered the royal stables. These temporary gratifications were but very imperfectly seen ; but then they *cost nothing*, though they would be sure to be followed by many reflective remarks, of, how detrimental the gravel of the Park was to shoe-leather.

Miss Dawson would often drop a tear, in secret, when she read a newspaper of three days old, lent from a neighbouring public house, whose keeper, in consideration of Mr. Dawson's taking half-a-pint of porter every evening, and his recommending those people to the house who were foolish enough to spend their money in drink, allowed Mr. Dawson to peruse it for *half an hour*. Poor Miss Daw-

No Pleasures allowed but empty Visions.

son would there read accounts of masked balls, plays, summer amusements, departures from, and arrivals to, different watering places, and all the routine of fashionable elegance, with an heart full of wishes, and a bosom panting with the most ambitious desires, to make one in "the gay throng." Alas! Vauxhall, both the Theatres, the *Sans-Souci*, the *Sans-Pareil*, the Panoramas, and Cosmorama, even Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, were shut out from her, as well as a three-penny puppet-show.

She read of the most extravagant dresses, trimmed with lace, velvet, gold, and silver, and even pearls: she saw herself the luxurious display of fashion, in in all the milliners' and dress-makers' shops, as she walked out; all *her* finery consisted in a dark stuff gown, to save washing; for on no account was she allowed to attire herself in white, or wear any cap; but she was permitted unlimit-

Her Dress.

ed indulgence in curling and disposing her long and dark hair to the best advantage, because that *cost nothing*.

Mr. Dawson, however, did not allow his daughter to walk out quite so often as he used to do, because it wore out her shoes ; she, therefore, from taking little exercise, grew very fat and uninteresting for so young a person.

The close manner in which this old gentleman and his daughter lived made many begin to suspect that he really was as poor as he seemed to be ; and not being any way tempted, by the *beauty* of the young lady, the fortune-hunters kept off, afraid of being *bit* themselves ; while the rich and dashing bucks of fashion never thought about her.

From a regular series of temperance, and being possessed of a flinty constitu-

Why should you wear a Wig?

tution, spite of the continual agitations of her mind, Miss Dawson had attained her forty-sixth year, before the old gentleman, her father, made his exit from this transitory globe. The snows of age had, some years before, (from increased confinement) fallen on her uncovered head: in vain she besought her inexorable parent to permit her to wear a cap, if only a black one: no, he liked her hair better. "And why, Peggy," said he, "should you wish to appear younger than you are? Comb your grey locks straight over your temples, and you will look venerable, and create respect." But Miss Dawson did not yet wish to look *venerable*; and she continued to twist and twist again the *petits anneaux d'argent*, (the little silvery curls) over her yet *comely* cheeks.

She one day, by a bold *manœuvre*, tried to obtain his consent to her wearing a *wig*! alleging, that she had the rheuma-

Her Father's Death.

tism so bad in her head, that she must otherwise send for a doctor. On this, her enraged parent swore, that if either a *wig* or a *doctor* came into his house, he would throw them both into the fire, and herself after 'em! "No, no, Peggy," he added, "if you have the rheumatism so bad in your *upper chamber*, why, I will lend you one of my warm, woollen, red night-caps to comfort you; which will look just as well on your head as the fine crimson velvet caps worn by our extravagant dames of fashion: wear that in the day, my old girl, and steam your head over some hot water, at night, before the kitchen fire is put out, and your complaint will soon wheel off.

Miss Dawson, perceiving that she gained nothing, soon was cured; and, in a few months, the old gentleman, having purchased the whole, the very whole, of a lottery ticket, in the ardent hopes of accumulation, but which came up a

What a Change!

blank, soon fretted himself into his grave!

Miss Dawson now found herself in possession of a most immense and almost incalculable fortune; she resolved, then, to make herself amends for the life of penance she had so long endured: she first buried her father, with cost and expence, but no more magnificence than accorded with his situation in life, that of a wealthy citizen.

She set up a most elegant carriage, her liveries were rich, and herself the pattern of expensive and mourning fashion.

During the early period of her sables, she visited Brighton, Margate, and the Isle of Wight; her riches made her society hailed with condescending affability, and her fashionable acquaintance began to be extensive. Early in the ensuing winter she went to Bath, and entered

She passes the Winter in London.

into every expence in that region of extravagance: but she had a few grains of her father's prudence in her composition, and she took care to give the adventurers, with which that place abounds, no chance towards the possession of her person and fortune. She felt herself so truly happy, why, thought she, should she change her situation? She was flattered, feasted, caressed, and even courted; she should certainly, at her age, lose the latter gratification, if she became a wife.

She concluded the winter in London; was either at one or other of the theatres every evening, or the Opera, attending the routs of her new acquaintance, or giving her own brilliant parties.

In the spring she threw off the "outward garb of woe," and, dressed in all the elegant *costume* of the newest fashions, she repaired to pay a visit to a married lady, in the full prime of her life, and

She retires to a Friend in the Country.

who had been an occasional visitor at her father's: as she was a very lovely and amiable woman, Miss Dawson entertained a sincere regard for her.

Nothing could be more calculated to inspire certain tender ideas than the charming situation of this friend's house: the hanging groves, inhabited by pairing turtles, the sloping lawn, and shady, mysterious summer-house, all imparted a kind of luxurious, though innocent, thrill to a warm imagination.

Miss Dawson might, if we may be allowed to use the expression, be styled *young of her age*; and from the auxiliaries of dress, a beautiful *chevelure* made to copy nature most closely, and being naturally not of a bad complexion, she did not look an undesirable woman,

Amongst the visitors who frequented this hospitable mansion, was a young

The cold Addresses of a reverend Gentleman.

clergyman; who, hearing of Miss Dawson's splendid fortune, having no particular attachment, and very little money, he resolved to pay his court to the wealthy virgin.

The Reverend Mr. Morgan is, certainly, a very good, sensible, little man; and does honour to his profession, by the accomplishments of his mind and the purity of his morals: if he has a fault, it is that of being rather too fond of taking care of the "main chance:" but when a man is a younger brother in a large family, brought up with strict economy to know the true value of money, there is much to be pleaded in his excuse.

Young Morgan became unremitting in his attentions to Miss Dawson; and she was much struck with the young divine.

A company of players arrived in the

Want of Courage.

town; the master of the house loved his friend over a bottle, and rural sports, much better than those the theatre afforded. The Reverend David Morgan was, therefore, appointed to escort the ladies. The mistress of the house had so severe an head-ach, that she excused herself from going, and Miss Dawson was to be attended, alone, by her insensible *inamorato*: he really, then, intended to make his addresses in form; but found his heart misgive him every time the secret was mounting to his lips; and, for that evening, it there expired!

Miss Dawson ventured to take him, tenderly, by the hand, as he walked with her up the avenue which led to her friend's house. Oh! frigid, cold-hearted swain! he let fall his unmeaning hand into her's like a piece of inanimate wood, and quickly drew it away! The lady felt her pride much hurt. Poor Morgan was an honest, warm-tempered Cambrian, yet

The Advice of a Friend.

could not melt at the advances of gray-headed virginity.

She would not sit down with him to supper; she affected indisposition, and retired to her chamber: before she tried to compose herself to sleep, she confessed her slighted love to her friend.

This lady wished them both well; she thought Morgan too young for Miss Dawson, but she knew he was a worthy man, and that he would always behave to her with that attention as is due to a gentlewoman; and also, that the lady could do more for him in one hour than all the rich patrons of the Church would do for years. She, therefore, told Miss Dawson, that she was sure if her friend Morgan had been cool and distant, it was from a sense of his own inferiority in point of fortune; and that if he had evinced any raptures, she must have thought them artificial, or only origin-

The Doctor's Destiny is not to have her.

ating in the idea of his being put in possession of her riches : “ and,” added she, “ I dare say, he thinks that the virtuous inclination you feel for him is truly Platonic !”

But Miss Dawson was not so very *platon*ic in her ideas ; and though peace was restored, and matters seemed fast drawing to the important crisis of matrimony, Miss Dawson complained to her friend, that Morgan was really the coldest of lovers ; for, in all their frequent walks and *tête-à-tête*, he had never once offered *to salute her ! !*

However, poor Morgan's destiny was soon sealed ; he one night, by the help of a few glasses extraordinary of Madeira, confessed his, can we call it, passion, in form, and seemed impatient for his fair one to name the happy day : but all this was not accompanied by *one gentle embrace*, or even one tender pressure

A new Suitor.

of her vestal hand. Silly man ! had he appeared more warm in his love for her person, she might have been in an yielding moment of affectionate tenderness induced to make him the master of her store of wealth ; but he shewed *that* to be so much his object, that, when they began to speak of settlements, he very impolitically refused to settle any part of it on his dear Margaret ; who instantly broke off the connection, and repaired to London.

Here she saw a very elegant young man, belonging to the Law, of the name of Wakefield ; whose scanty purse could by no means keep pace with his fashionable ideas. He soon found out her failing, and profited by it ; but how has he profited ? he has shewn himself a truly generous and grateful man.

In his days of courtship nothing could exceed the ardour or the warmth of his caresses, his wishing, sighs, or persuasive

Real good Policy.

looks : the lady with a coquettish giggle, said one day to him, " Come, come, I know it is only my fortune that you want." " No, madam," replied he, I trust to your generosity to support me, as the gentleman who has the honour of being your husband ; if you grant me the felicity of calling your person mine, in a legal way, your large fortune shall be entirely settled upon yourself.

The lady would not be outdone in liberality ; she divided her fortune in two unequal parts, settling the largest portion on her young husband ; who, with true nobleness of spirit, the day after their marriage, settled it again on herself, that he might never be tempted in any future moment of distaste to treat her with neglect.

Mrs. Wakefield has lately made her will, appointing him her sole heir ; but

Homespun Happiness.

no adoring husband can be more attentive, nor more diligently assiduous to preserve her inconstant health and cheerfulness; she is one of the happiest of married women, and her grateful husband and herself have but one purse in common between them.

Such is naturally the result of an union with a man whose heart and mind are intrinsically good, and governed by the principles of rectitude, feeling, and liberality. Mr. Wakefield reflects with pity on the bloom of his wife's early years, and the summer season of her life, wasted under the severe control of an avaricious parent. He finds her invariably pleased and good-humoured. She makes his home comfortable; and he enjoys through her bounty all the elegancies of fashion, and the luxuries of polished life. Though the smiles of youth no longer embellish Mrs. Wakefield's countenance, yet she

Conclusion.

ever welcomes him with a smile ; and as she increases in years, she disgusts not by assuming a girlish fondness, but shews herself on all occasions to be his kind, generous, and steady friend.

MR. BORRAGE.

THIS gentleman was the son of a farmer, near Taunton ; and having lost his father and mother when he was hardly ten years of age, received his education from his grandmother, who took a particular care to infuse in him, what she called the essence of virtue—Economy. Not poor, yet niggardly parsimonious, she found in her pupil a mind naturally apt to imbibe her principles. She sent him to school at Wellington, where he learned, with amazing quickness, the elements of writing, and the multiplication-table. At fifteen he was articled to an attorney at Bridgewater, where the genial turn of his mind apprehended, with uncommon facility, all the tricks and mysteries of chicanery. His master, who had been for

Industry and Economy the Parents of Wealth.

many years the land-steward of a dozen of country squires in the neighbourhood, finding in young Borrage a fit person to succeed him in a business so profitable, and from which he intended soon to retire, promised him, as a reward for his assiduity to the desk, and his ability at reckoning and swelling accounts, and at last gave him, his daughter in marriage.

Industry and economy are always sure to produce riches; and, possessing these two qualities in an eminent degree, Mr. Borrage soon perceived that the precious stream of Pactolus had taken its course through his enlarged premises. But the country was not a stage sufficiently extensive to display his talents; he sold his concern to advantage, and, speculating still farther on the means of increasing his fortune, repaired to the metropolis, where his daily and most important correspondence had made him already well known as a most intelligent Attorney.

A Change in his Character.

A Latin poet, well known for the sagacity and justness of his observations, has said, that those who travel may change place, but do not change their temper*; however, this cannot be applied to Mr. Borrage, for as soon as he had made his establishment in one of the first squares of the west end of the town, and opened an office in one of the inns, all his bent for economy and industry was biassed by the many temptations daily offered to him. He grew proud, and launched, blindfolded, in all sorts of extravagancies. Leaving to his clerks the burthen of business, he would never condescend to take any trouble about his clients, except when they were of the first rate, and nothing short of a coronet could obtain a personal consultation from him.

His wife rushed, on her side, into all

*Cœlum non animum mutant qui transmare currunt:

HORAT.

Effects of plebeian Pride.

the follies and expences of fashion and high life, and, too much addicted to gambling speculations, and revelling parties, worked herself soon to a state of stupidity, which nothing could palliate abroad or remedy at home. They had no children living. She separated from her husband, who treated her with sovereign contempt, and retired to Berkshire, her native county, where she ended in a slow decline a life which had become both indifferent to herself and burthensome to her friends.

In a plebeian mind pride is an exotic, heterogeneous plant; it generally destroys the ground it has fermented upon, or soon dies away and leaves nothing behind but foolish insignificancy; like the Jamaica raven, who, when he courts the hens of the farmer's yard, produces an offspring whose birth causes the death of the mother fowl, its effects are monstrous, and the stifling of all good qualities there im-

Want of Manners.

planted before is an unavoidable result of its workings. Mr. Borrage was a striking instance of it. He soon forgot his origin, and, courted by flatterers, was swoln with the most insufferable vanity. He saw company, and gave dinners; but seldom would deign to address his guests, who would have starved at table, if, through a noble spite against their uncouth, uncivilized host, they had not, with a rudeness which could not be authorised or equalled but by his own uncivil conduct, helped themselves freely of what they had at hand on the inhospitable board.

They used to keep him in countenance till he had drank himself to sleep; and when his servant had carried him to bed, they enjoyed themselves and quaffed his wine with a vengeance.


Mr. Borrage led this kind of life for

A Funeral Oration.

several years, treating men whom he despised because they praised his wine, and who despised him because he did not praise them. His illnaturedness grew apace: a single servant, an old man, who, by the hope of seeing his name at full-length in the will of his master, could patiently smile when he was foaming with rage, that man had been for many years the only person who could live at his house. However, his obsequiousness was not rewarded as he expected; for, at his death, a day of jubilation for his heirs at law, no will of any kind was produced or found—it is supposed that the friend in whose hands he had deposited it, had, by some accident, destroyed it, and that those, who had signed it as witnesses, were dead. Five poor families in some parishes of Somersetshire divided his fortune, and used to say, when speaking of him, “Cousin Joe was just like that there pig—good for nothing ’till he was dead.

An Epitaph.

Though expressed in the rude words of those peasants, this funeral oration has a poignant meaning, and we should recommend it as a proper epitaph for all proud, upstart *parvenus*, who, blinded by affluence and riches, despise both the rules of society and the ties of nature, and live entirely for themselves.





THE LAST

EVENING AT LAUREL VILLA.

“ — — Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex — — ”

HORAT.

ALL the elegant card-boxes, tric-trac, and chess tables, were packed up, and the noble trio had the barouche ordered at ten the next morning, to convey them part of their journey to town, as they intended to pay several visits in their way to some friends and distant relatives.

In the barouche were to travel the Duchess, her son, and daughter; while her head waiting-woman, whose attendance, since her blindness, she continually wanted, was to ride on the box with the coachman: two new carriages covered with matting, one belonging to the Marquis

A Plan for other Lectures.

of Waltham were to bring up the rear, and contain the rest of the female servants.

They were sitting, taking their wine and autumnal fruit, which the hot-house still afforded them in perfection, after a late dinner, when the Duchess broke silence by saying, "Charlotte has not kept her word; the first time I ever knew the dear, precise, conscientious creature, falsify a promise."

Lady Charlotte laughed, and said, "Now, my dear Duchess, why will you call me precise? But what can you mean by your accusation?"

"I thought," replied her Grace, "that you promised us a very fine sentimental history of true existing characters, in the shape and style of a novel!"

"I plead guilty," said Lady Charlotte.

A polite Excuse.

“ In the first place, I found the story, to do it justice, would take up such considerable length, that your Grace, who does not like any thing which borders on the romantic, would be quite weary ; and I must have depicted in it the characters of two unnatural brothers, who, though they deserve to be exposed, stand so high in the great world, in rank and eminence, that I thought my pen should not flow with that gall, which it must unavoidably have done in describing their characters ; and, if my papers by any unforeseen accident should be lost, it might be attended with very unpleasant consequences to me. And now, my dear brother, continued she, addressing the Marquis, “ Where is your wanton widow so long promised ? ”

“ Why I will tell you, ladies,” said the Marquis ; “ my wanton widow is so *very* wanton, that I must either suppress the chief and most entertaining part of her

Ruins and Vestiges of departed Beauty.

life, or else offend you by the recital of her forward follies : but will you permit me to give you a sketch of the beautiful Miss Doncaster ?”

“ Beautiful, indeed,” said the Duchess “ to a miracle of youthful appearance ; I saw her the beginning of last winter amongst girls of eighteen and twenty at the Hanover-square concerts, and she really looked the youngest of them all.”

“ Your Grace and the honourable Amelia Doncaster used to be spoken of as rival beauties,” said the Marquis.

“ Possibly,” said the Duchess, “ but our attractions were quite of a different nature ; Miss Doncaster was always very lovely, but she never had any thing dignified about her person.”

This the unfortunate Duchess uttered with her usual tone of *hauteur* ; while

Continued.

her open forehead, her handsome Roman nose, and well-formed mouth, shewed how majestic had been that beauty she once possessed, and of which she had yet such fine remains. Her blindness had nothing in it repellant; for her eyes were closed; and the black velvet bandage she generally wore over them imparted softness to her countenance, and created the liveliest feelings of pity and interest in the bosoms of those who beheld her.

“ We shall not sit up late to night, Philip,” said the Duchess, addressing her son; “ so give us, now, your promised little sketch of the Hebe-like Miss Doncaster.”

THE HON. AMELIA DONCASTER.

— Tardè, quæ credita lædunt,
Credimus —”

OVID.

THIS lady is the possessor of a most immense fortune, and an uncommon share of beauty, but with an adequate portion of pride to be thrown into the scale with the other two great endowments.

Her youthful loveliness is greatly heightened by an unchanged profusion of beautiful auburn tresses; and it may truly be said, that, in outward appearance, she is a model of perfection; for in the uncommon care which is taken of her health, and the varied decorations of her person, she seems to laugh at the power of time or decay. Miss Doncaster has long, very long, glittered a star in the hemisphere of fashion; and though the old and middle-aged *beaux* have

A Star in the Firmament of Fashion.

quitted her in despair, who had an eye to her large fortune, as well as her fine person, yet the young and gay, who have no conception of her age, (it seldom being the theme of polite conversation), are greatly captivated by the beauty of her countenance and the brilliancy of her wit: for though she is of a very turbulent temper, she can make herself, in company, truly agreeable.

As she has servants and dependants to wreak her passion on, she never lets it prey on her own mind to disturb that sweet serenity of physiognomy for which she is so remarkable.

To see her reposing on her pillow in the morning, in a gentle and tranquil slumber, she might serve as a model to a Titian for one of his *sleeping beauties*; her fair and smooth forehead, shaded by the fine lace of her night-cap, her cheek glowing with the purest and brightest

A Sketch from Titian.

tints of roseate nature, while her love-breathing lips, of a deeper vermilion dye, look, as our divine poet says,

“ Like two red roses on a stalk,
“ That in their Summer beauty kiss'd each
other.”

One evening last winter she went to a masquerade attired as a Virgin of the Sun. An elegant Inca kept her in view; he followed her from room to room; was enchanted with her wit, the peculiar grace of her movements, and the loveliness of her figure. She was no less charmed with the Inca, and almost wished her *own* vows of celibacy could be as easily broken as those she had adopted for that night only.

The masquerade was not a public one; it was select, and composed of the first nobility. The Inca was impatient for the hour of supper; and, seated amongst

A Masquerade.

a titled and highly respectable party, he beheld the priestess of his god.

What a blaze of beauty met his eye ! the young man was like one intoxicated ; he thought he had never before seen so complete a representation of the goddess of youth ; he was astonished at the brilliancy and profundity of her intellectual endowments, in a person of such a girlish countenance, apparently in the first bloom of youth,

He took off his gilded vizor. A fine, manly, brown-complexioned face, with a pair of large sparkling black eyes, full of intelligence and sweetness, rivetted her attention ; they were, in themselves, eloquence.

He recognised many friends in her party, and the Inca and the Virgin separated no more for that evening.

The Inca unmasked.

The vows of love, constancy, and marriage, were whispered in her listening ear: though she did not absolutely cause him to despair, she gave him very little reason to hope.

He was a younger son of a noble and wealthy house just arrived from abroad: his rank in life was exalted, and an alliance with his family was looked up to by every parent with desire and ambition.

She arrived home in the morning about four, went to bed, and slept well till one o'clock the next afternoon.

The intoxicating, fleeting, pleasure of the evening was past! the sobriety of cool reflection came with the morning.

My pride, thought she, even in the softest bloom of my early life, has ever kept me from giving myself a fashionable tyrant to dispute my will, and perhaps,

An Advice from the Pillow.

in a few years, to despise my person! What, then, will it be now? This day is my birth-day! this day I am fifty years old! Shall I marry a man of whom I might have been the mother? Shall I see these beauties, he so much extolled, neglected for the vulgar attractions of some low-born country girl, because she may chance to be possessed of youthful charms! No; Amelia Doncaster, never shall any mortal creature be a master over you! I will no longer deceive the world in respect of my age: my blooming appearance I cannot disguise; it is nature, pure, as when she first formed me. I recollect the bewitching Inca last night treated me as if I was a girl much younger than himself: he shall be undeceived; my Cousin Lydia is a great chatter-box; I need only tell her my true age, and, buzz, it flies through all the different routs before to-morrow morning. I shall still be admired for the exquisite taste and fancy of my dress;

A tremendous Resolution.

and for being wonderful for my youthful appearance: while the fortune-hunters well know, that if my pride, when a girl, prevented me from marrying, it will certainly keep me now from yielding up my person, my fortune, and uncontrolled power, to an arbitrary husband. I have seen too much amongst my married friends to envy their lot in any one instance whatever.

As soon as she had completed her toilette, the wished-for young lady, her cousin, Lady Lydia Doncaster, made her appearance. "How lovely you look this morning, my sweet cousin," said she; "and how charmingly Newton, (meaning her woman) has pinned on that laccurban of your's over your fair forehead: if you looked as charming last night, no wonder you made such havock in the heart of the Honourable General Cuthbert."

A Lady telling her Age! Shocking.

“My Dear Lydia,” replied the smiling Miss Doncaster, “this is my birthday.” “Well,” said Lady Lydia, “I never knew you own to a birth-day before.”

“Yes,” said Miss Doncaster, “I am this day, sweet *fif*—— (and making a long pause, she concluded it with) *teen*.”

“Indeed!” replied Lady Lydia, “you really astonish me; *badinage apart*, I thought you were only sweet *four*——*teen*.”

“*Fif*——*teen*, I assure you,” replied Miss Doncaster; “and I will not offend the chaste and bright luminary, of which I was last night the priestess, even to avail myself of the permission that is given us to marry an Inca.”

The lively cousins soon parted; and

The Secret imparted to the 'Tabbies.

it was not long before Miss Doncaster's real age was soon exactly known in every fashionable circle in London; and those venerable tabbies, who could no longer themselves appear young, readily affirmed the truth of what they were well acquainted with.

Miss Doncaster still continues the most extravagant and fashionable modes of dress; an artful waiting-maid makes her place a sinecure; she has but to say, that such a gown sits ill to her shape, that the train is awkward; or to find some such fault; Miss Doncaster throws away the gown, however costly, saying, "Take it away; take it out of my sight; keep it yourself, and never let me see it again."

An artful girl knows, that when her mistress is possessed of refined and acute sense, like Miss Doncaster, she must not repeat these *manœuvres* too often; but the waiting-maid of this expensive lady,

The General's Retreat.

by playing her cards well, makes near three hundred a-year by the spoils of her mistress's wardrobe.

The temper of Miss Doncaster has been observed lately to increase in asperity: we rather think, in her total rejection of General Cuthbert, she felt very severe pangs of self-denial: he easily gave up the pursuit, when he learned, with astonishment, the age of his beautiful virgin of the sun! not being a man willing or desirous of uniting himself to a woman so many years older than himself, for the sake of her wealth or present personal endowments, which he, as well as many others, seems willing to think chiefly owing to art: but in this opinion Miss Doncaster is highly wronged.

Yet General Cuthbert is still single; and Miss Doncaster, on that occasion, is not without a sweet emotion of pleasurable vanity, when she reflects that, perhaps, it may be on her account.

Public Opinion.

But she is mistaken; General Cutlbert is perfectly cured, not only by a knowledge of her age, but by that of her violent and imperious temper. She is indebted to nothing but all-bountiful nature for the transcendent and uncommon charms of her person; but as no one will believe it, and as no one dares accuse her, she has the reputation of being entirely *made up*: it is in vain her real friends and intimates, who are accustomed to penetrate into her chamber and dressing-room, affirm the contrary; envy and malice make them shut their ears against their veracity, and Miss Doncaster lives the victim of the most unmerited suspicion.

The care she takes of her health, lest the freezing northern wind should blow on her beautiful lips, and profanely chap the carmine softness they yet retain; lest the ardent summer sun should ever scorch her alabaster forehead, or speckle the white-

Preserving Health and Beauty.

ness of her beautiful arms and hands; her life of ease and affluence, her table spread with all the delicacies of every season; the pure and undiluted foreign wines she drinks; all these luxuries enjoyed and taken with moderation and temperance, unite their assistance to the charming health already enjoyed by Miss Doncaster, and bids fair to preserve her long in her primeval beauty.

In the summer she generally visits round the coast: her riches, the elegant appearance she makes, the charms of her person and conversation, generally render her every where a welcome guest. Her pride and uncontrollable temper are her only faults; the first makes her arrogant and haughty to all whom she looks down upon as her inferiors; and her servants often feel the dreadful effects of her violent passions; yet, after she has vented them on those who dare not return the

Conclusion.

injury, she will enter a fashionable party, with her face dressed in smiles, and placidity seated on her brow.

She charms every one by her wit and vivacity; and we will venture to say, that, while Miss Doncaster lives, she will never be without admirers.

THE STATE OF THE
DUKE OF PYRMONT'S FAMILY,
AFTER THEIR RETURN TO TOWN.

“— Natura beatis,
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.”

CLAUDIAN.

WE have beheld in the once admired, the once haughty and dissipated, Duchess of Pyrmont a striking and awful example of unbounded vanity: but we have beheld, also, her gradual reformation; and that the unexpected calamity which she brought on herself, though dreadful, was to her an healing chastisement to ameliorate her mind.

Her sole earthly amusement was her music: a recreation nearly approaching to heavenly enjoyment; and her mind was lifted up by it to pant after celestial happiness. The world had vanished

Kindness of her Daughter.

from her sight, its pleasures receded daily from her senses; and she requested her Charlotte to be the inspectress of her outward attire, and to let it be such only as became her age.

This lovely young woman, free from fastidious prudery, utterly devoid of all puritanical contracted ideas, loved yet to see her mother look beautiful; and amongst the crowds that frequented their residence in town, to which they were now returned, she could not endure to see the shrugs of coxcomical insolence, when the *quizzing* glass was directed towards the faded form of her once lovely parent. She, therefore, still tinged her pallid cheek with the roseate bloom, and attended with scrupulous exactitude to the adorning of her Grace's person; which as she took care her decorations should be elegant, but no longer youthful, the Duchess of Pyrmont, as she declined towards the conclusive stage of her exist-

The Duchess's en-bon-point.

ence, appeared more interesting, and spoke more to the feeling heart, than she had ever yet done in all the possession of blooming youth and splendid maturity: for, at those periods of her life, her's was the proud beauty of a Roxana, or a Cleopatra, towering over her inferiors, and exacting homage from all: as her charms were of that kind which time is not capable ever of wholly subduing, but by death, placidity, content, and resignation, now embellished the beautiful ruin: and appeared to render her outward attractions of a new and more pleasing kind.

From keeping regular and early hours, from taking rather less exercise than formerly, she had grown plump; and her wrinkles were far less perceptible than at the time she aspired, by girlish nudity and the display of a withered throat, to counteract the influence of the leveller, Time.

Imprudence of the Duke.

Flattery again assailed the wealthy, the magnificent Duchess; again, she sometimes could scarce help slightly lending a willing ear to the music of praise.

But a misfortune which overtook her husband, now helped to finish the great work which her own blindness had began. Amongst the many vices of fashion to which the Duke was addicted was an incorrigible love for gaming.

From the profusion of wealth he enjoyed, he scarce knew the extent of the immense sums he had lost; for though so fond of play, fortune had by no means a mutual affection for him, for he was generally a loser.

He left all his affairs to his steward; fortunately, a man of integrity; but a man of integrity cannot render money an ever flowing spring for a careless extravagant nobleman.

- Gambling, and its dreadful Effects.

One evening, at a noted gaming-house in St. James's-street, his grace lost an enormous sum: he played for his revenge; played till six the next morning, doubled his ventures each time, and as the last desperate effort staked the reversion of the Pyrmont estates against twenty-thousand pounds.

The chance of the dice was in favour of his adversary! he *generously* told the Duke, who had already lost upwards of sixty-thousand pounds, that he might make it up an hundred, and he would give up every claim to the reversion of all the rents of the ducal estate. The wary Lord had calculated the Duke's losings from time to time; he knew the estate must be encumbered.

Stung with pride, though accepting the offer, promising to send a draft in the morning; maddened with his ill success, the Duke repaired home: vain were all

A Consultation with a trusty Steward

the luxuries of his stately bed-chamber, vain the soft bed of down, on which he threw himself, to afford him one moment's comfort or repose! and before nine, he was with his steward, who declared to his grace, that he had not ten thousand pounds in the world! that he must recollect the heavy mortgages already on the Pymont estates, and that his artful adversary, at play, had only made his proposal from affected generosity; but in fact, to rid himself of the reversion, with such troublesome appendages.

“I was to send him a draft or cash, this morning, to the *tune* of forty thousand pounds! he has already won sixty of me, I think I might be allowed, if we cannot raise the money, to stick to my first proposal, and let him have the reversion,” said the Duke.

“My Lord Duke,” said the Steward, “I do not think it justice to your son to

Continuation.

give up the revenues of the Pyrmont estate in that manner."

"True, and Philip is not extravagant;" replied the Duke: "he may be able, in a few years' time, after my death, to buy off the mortgages; I will write a draft on my banker for the forty thousand pounds, and you shall take the cash to that gambler, Lord Henry; for, would you believe it, he actually made an objection to taking my draft.

"My Lord Duke, these gentlemen, who live almost, (and I am sorry to say so of any nobleman,) by the ill luck of others at the gaming table, generally take care to inform themselves of the depth of their opponent's credit at their various bankers: and I am sorry to inform your grace, that it is of no use my presenting the draft for any thing like that sum at your banker's; he refused to honour the draft I took for you after you went out yesterday

Unexpected Generosity.

morning, and which was only for nine thousand pounds; he said, he had already given you sixty thousand, forty of which was in advance! I assure you, my Lord Duke, your pecuniary affairs are in a desperate condition, from your continual ill luck at play; and though I have so repeatedly requested your grace to look into them, you have kept putting me off, from day to day, and from year to year.

It is a remark which is founded on the strictest veracity, that, when the sight is gone, the hearing is of all other senses the most fine and acute: a kind and beneficent Providence has so ordered it, to make the privation of that gratifying sense, the visual faculty, less severe.

The Duchess had just quitted the steward's room; how different had been the motives of her visit! She had just taken from him two thousand pounds,

Impatience and Curiosity.

to be employed in charitable uses: she heard, as she passed out of the door of the apartment, her husband enter. The sound of embarrassment and distress dwelt on his address to his steward; she stopped, she heard all—she felt the arm of Lady Charlotte tremble as she hung on it.

“We have lived,” said the Duchess, “long together as strangers: but he is my husband, he is the father of my children!” and, pressing her Charlotte with affection to her heart, she retired to her apartment.

She sent for the Duke to come to her; he answered her by a polite apology, that, not being very well, it was then impossible. By a second message, she told him, it was of the utmost importance to them both that he came to her immediately.

With slow and unwilling footsteps,

A most admirable Behaviour.

a contemptuous lip, and frowning brow, he entered, exclaiming, “Madam, I sent you word it was not convenient for me to attend you. And what can possibly be your reason? Why such earnestness in desiring an interview with me? I believe your father took care to put it out of my power to make you any way dependant on me; and as you do not play very high, I should imagine your almost princely revenue sufficient for your pecuniary concerns.”

“My Lord,” said the Duchess, with unassumed patience and mildness, “pardon me; it is a favour of a pecuniary nature that I have to ask of you, which made me so anxious to speak with you.” Finding him about, with impetuous surprise, to interrupt,—the exclamation of “Good Heavens! Madam,” having escaped him, she said, with quickness, “my Lord, you were always a *polite*

Retrospect.

man; suffer me to speak, and when I have done, testify surprise, or what you please.

“ Half of the large fortune bestowed upon me when I married you, you were generously pleased to settle entirely upon myself, giving up every future claim to it: this I now wish to bestow upon your Grace: I know you are in want of it. I only desire to retain the estate of Laurel Villa, and which, you know, I am not allowed to part with: and why, when I have diamonds amounting in value to more than one hundred thousand pounds, why should your Grace know what it is to be in want of forty? What is the lustre of the finest jewels now to me? Age and vanity have closed my eyes against their brilliancy; therefore, for this last offered gift, you will be under no obligations to me.

My fortune, which I shall instantly

Retrospect.

give orders to be paid into your hands, and resigning myself all future claim to it, will more than buy off the mortgages on the Pymont estate; and I beg leave to reside entirely in my now beloved retirement of Laurel Villa: and, oh! my Lord, suffer me, ere we part, to warn you against the inordinate and fatal love of play which now possesses you.”

Thus did this generous woman give up her highest acquisitions of fortune, to save the honour and retrieve the circumstances of a man she had never loved; from whom she had experienced no one attention, which might draw the affections of her heart towards him; what she had styled generosity was an act of ostentation only, to make him thought much of in the eyes of the Duke of Benningesen; the half of his daughter's large fortune, when added to the Pymont revenues, and by making over the other half to her, the allowance he made her

Gratitude and Sincerity.

for her *menus plaisirs*, was the less liberal.

She received from him, after the very first fortnight of their union, nothing but a series of infidelities and open dislike down to the present time.

The Duke now looked on his wife with amazement ! Gratitude, that divine principle, animated his bosom : “ Noble Elmira ! ” said he, “ Oh ! that I had sooner known how to appreciate thy worth ! ” And he clasped her to his breast with an ardour he had never felt for her in her more youthful days.

“ I deserve not your praises, my Lord,” said she ; “ I have been long worthless : the affection of a wife, the duties of a mother, have been unknown to, as unpractised by, me : had one of us been better, it might have rendered both so.

The Duke's Moderation.

And now, my Lord, I intreat you, instantly, to release yourself from obligation to the gambling Fenroy: I shall send for my lawyer to see the deeds executed.

Though the Duke did not take his wife's diamonds, which she did not strenuously urge, as she meant them for a present to her daughter; yet he was too much embarrassed not to thankfully accept the donation of her fortune, which she so peremptorily offered: at this we cannot much wonder; he had no romantic generosity, accompanied with self-denial, in his composition; his affairs had become desperate, and he knew, also, that the Duchess, when she had once determined on any thing, was not easily diverted from her purpose.

It was certain, that this his last loss deeply penetrated his mind; for though

Lady Charlotte is married.

he played with avidity, and sometimes high, he played with caution, and took care it should not be for more than he could afford to lose.

Though late, he imbibed a sincere regard for his wife: he even paid her a long visit, for the first time in his life, at Laurel Villa, the ensuing spring; went but very seldom to *Cousin Tom's*, and had no regular expensive *chere amie*.

Lady Charlotte married a worthy nobleman of high rank and splendid fortune; who is pleased that she should divide her time with her mother, either at Laurel Villa, or, during the winter, by her Grace's becoming an inmate of his Lordship's different mansions at Bath and London.

The Marquis of Waltham has yet shewn no signs of reformation, either

The Marquis does not improve.

actual or in prospect: his mornings are passed in Bond-street, fashionable exhibitions, and driving a newly-constructed carriage of his own invention, to shew the eccentricity of his taste, as it is something between an hearse and a jaunting car. He devotes a few minutes of his evenings to the theatre; sometimes lounges away an hour at the Opera; takes often an expensive supper at *Cousin Tom's*, and concludes, before he reaches home, with a peep at the *Finish!!!*

Alas! such useless beings as the Marquis of Waltham, a perverter of his own fine talents and understanding, are most of the youths of the present day; but there are still some good, some highly exalted, worthies in existence; however depraved the manners of the age, they stand unshaken: to such we have endeavoured to pay a just tribute of praise; and the pleasure we felt in delineating

Conclusion.

the heavenly, though rare, features of
Virtue, makes full amends for the painful
task we had to perform in lashing severely
the votaries of Vice,

CHAPTER I

The first part of the history of the United States is the history of the colonies. The colonies were first settled by Englishmen in 1607. They were at first dependent on England, but they gradually became more independent. In 1776 they declared their independence from England.

The second part of the history of the United States is the history of the war of 1812. This war was fought between the United States and Great Britain. It was a result of the British blockade of the American coast and the American desire to acquire Canada. The war ended in 1815 with the Treaty of Ghent.

The third part of the history of the United States is the history of the Civil War. This war was fought between the Union and the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. It was a result of the issue of slavery. The Union won the war, and slavery was abolished. The fourth part of the history of the United States is the history of the Reconstruction period. This period was from 1865 to 1877. It was a time when the South was being rebuilt and the rights of African Americans were being restored.

THE
T R I A L
OF
FATIMA CLARKIS.

A FRAGMENT
OF
AN ORIENTAL TALE,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF
SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL.

Translated from the ORIGINAL, when at SMYRNA,
and accommodated to the present Times, by him-
self, a few Days before his Death.

THE

REVISED

AND

ENLARGED

EDITION

OF

THE

CONSTITUTION

AND

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVISION



1. The *Aja*. 2. *Fatima* pinning up a new list. 3. *Tailoriska*.

4. *Captⁿ Saubonasso*. 5. *Cupid the Arbitrator of promotions*.

THE
TRIAL
OF
FATIMA CLARKIS,
&c.

— “Notumque furens quid fœmina possit.” VIRG.

“Hell has no Fury like a Woman scorn'd.”

“It is written on the sacred leaves of the *Koran*, chap. vii. v. 10. that a certain description of ladies* shall not be admit-

* Indeed, the Turkish commentators, who are not much to be commended for their politeness towards the ladies, are of opinion, that the whole of the fair sex is included in this tremendous anathema; some even, much more to be admired for the length of their whiskers, than their good sense, will have, in spite of all, that women, though mistresses of our hearts, have no souls of their own.

The Complaint of the Favourite.

ted to the glories and everlasting enjoyments of the Prophet's Paradise, after their rising from the chamber of darkness; but that they will only be allowed, occasionally, to peep through the golden railing of the garden of *Delices*, and pine inwardly at the sight of ecstasies they never can be permitted to share with the faithful and their blooming Houris. If it be so, and who dares doubt it?—hard is the fate of poor innocent *Tailoriska* that young Circassian, who, an inmate in the Harem of the AGA *, witnessed all, or at least many, of the pleasures enjoyed there, and, as she declares, had not the slightest participation in them. Neither in this, or in the other life, will she find reality *tangible*, and her miserable doom is to run after shadows, as the boys do in the plains of *Sephar* after gaudy butterflies.

* The Commander in Chief in the Turkish Empire.

Her Reflexions.

In vain the Merchant, the Dragoman, the decrepid Dervises, the sensualist, the compassionate, have untied the knotty strings of their reluctant purses to fill up a subscription in her favour; her fame is flown for ever. Every one speaks of *Tayloriska*; the eunuchs gnash their gingerbread teeth at the foolish girl, and even the mutes busy their crooked fingers to talk of her. A pretty tutoress, indeed, for our young slaves of the Harem! Why, surely, she was not, could not be, ignorant that her bewitching friend and relation, the smiling dame *Fatima Clarkis*, the mingrelian widow, was deceiving the too careless, too confident AGA, and undermining, by her guilty tricks, and pecuniary speculations, the honour of that once much-beloved Commander-in-Chief of the invincible forces of the Sublime Porte! and she had also the impudence of deposing against poor Me, who, the Prophet knows,

 Conclusion of her Soliloquy.

am as guiltless as the very ass * who carried him through the spheres. Alla! Alla! what will be the end of us now?"

Such were the melancholy reflexions, the ejaculations, the complaint of the FAVOURITE *Katon Kaja* †, as she was leaving the magnificent hall where the Divan had sat for several succeeding nights in impartial judgment upon the General of all the armies of the *Silver Crescent* ‡.

* *Al Borak*, the famous animal said to have carried Mahomet in his aërial journey; an intimate friend of, and near relation to, the Pegasus of Ovid, the Hippogriff of Ariosto, and the Aliboron of Voltaire.

† *A Katon Kaja* is a sort of Matron, or Duenna, to whose care the young females of the Seraglio are intrusted: they participate in all the gossips, whispering trade, and intrigues of the place.

‡ Some very deep commentators are of opinion, that the *silver crescent* means that kind of ornament which is worn by those who are unfaithful to their wives, as

Rétrospect.

The *Katon Kaja* had been acquainted with all the spurious broods Fatima had hatched under the wings of the short-sighted AGA, but blind to her own connivance, she excused herself most kindly upon her being a dependant, menial servant, a kind of being who, in the Turkish as any other empire, think themselves without sins, and talk boldly of propriety, preciseness, and virtue, because they are merely, and to all purposes, the obedient and humble servants of a sinner.

Immaums and veteran officers among the Jannissaries, in *new boots* and clean slippers, had bought up the *Kaja's* interest, to obtain admission to the red morocco pocket-book of Fatima, the mother of preferments; but the Sun of her brightest days was immersed in the clouds of disappointment for ever, and through the

the *crescent of gold* is worn by those whose wives are unfaithful to them.—OVID. Met.

A Change of Fortune.

streets of Constantinople, the *Katon* met, or thought that she met, nothing else but funerals, bastinadoes, empalements, and gibbets. Her mind was distracted, her dreams frightful, and after a sleepless and distressing night, she rose at the hoarse noise of the Minarets, and hastened to her late mistress.

She did not find her as before, on an Egyptian sofa, pressing with her lily-white hand the gilt head of the Sphynx of Canopus, or playing, at the thousand lights of a Chinese candelabre, on the viol or dulcimer. *Fatima Clarkis* was alone, and a small lamp bestowed a bluish glare on a white sheet of papyrus she was staining with the memoirs of her life, for she had engaged to sell them to the *ci-devant* Bashaw of *Philippopolis* in the lesser Asia.

“ Well, favourite, what news do you bring ?” said she to the *Katon*, as soon as she entered the room. “ None, ma’am,

 Second Retrospect.

but that your name, your pretty friend *Tailoriska's*, and mine are warbled all over the town and country by public singers; and that those who seemed to favour your disclosures call you now a *common prostitute*."*—“By Mahomet!” exclaimed the enraged *Clarkis* “and is this what I have to expect for my reward? Oh! sweet Revenge, how bitter are the dregs of thy cup!”

Tailoriska was really, as most of the beauties of the Harem, a daughter of CHANCE;† and indeed, when interrogated before the high tribunal of the Divan, by the venerable and learned members who composed the court, she hesitated, and nearly refused telling the truth of her origin and profession: however, it was pretty well ascertained that she had wandered from

See “The News”, Sunday, March 26.

† The supply of young women brought every year to repair the losses of the Harems are girls found by chance, or daughters of Christians or Jews, stolen from their paternal abodes.

Third Retrospect.

place to place, with a small innocent convey of young christian females, whom she pretended to instruct in the path of virtue, and the detestation of adultery and other prevailing vices, whilst she was an inmate in the house of wantonness and foul deceit.

Not so with FATIMA; her real origin was known. From childhood she attracted the attention, listened to the sighs, and received the vows of a thousand adventurers, money-lenders, and Jews, in the dark and dirty lanes of *Galata*. She had married, indeed, a young Greek, who acquainted with all the *free-masons* and enthusiasts of the town, soon separated from his volatile and loosened rib, and declined into the numerous class of *incogs*, who ramble about tombs, and church-yards, dwelling among the dead, because the living are not, or have ceased to be, congenial to their whims.

The vile creeping thing that is hatched

Extravagant Pride.

in obscurity, and crawls upon the dung-hill, may one day astonish our admiring eye, by the elegance of its form, and the variegated down of its butterfly-wings. Had Fatima, the giddy Fatima, made use, in a lower sphere, of those talents she received from bountiful Nature, she would have shone the morning star of her sex and condition in life; but no! she aspired like a foolish moth to a greater lustre, to a transcendant brightness, and burnt herself at the very flame, which covetousness and pride made her imprudently seek for.

Not content with the high and most respectable acquaintance of the Emperor of Morocco, through the kindness of his ambassador, nothing short of ruling over the first military man in the Ottoman Empire could satisfy her vanity. She saw the AGA, and he was caught in the snares of her witticism and beauty. He surrounded her with all those comforts and even superfluities which woman wants when

She rules in the Harem.

she sacrifices at the expensive altar of lust, fashion, and folly; and his generosity towards her, if not unexampled, could not be easily surpassed.

Fatima was the best loved, the most adored, lady of the *AGA's* private Harem; the handkerchief, the wished-for token of predilection and partiality, was always, at her beck, ready to fly to her lap. She ruled there without control; Mutes and loquacious *Kājas*, Eunuchs, and new imported slaves, all were subservient to her wishes, and the *AGA* himself was an yielding dependent upon her nods, her looks, or the waving of her alabaster hand. But the fresh roses of Bagdad, and the blue cyclamen of Tadmor, have their time; they are blown by the morning breeze into elegance and gaudiness; at noon they begin to wither away; and the evening star weeps over their departed loveliness. *Fatima* had lost the *AGA's* love, favours, and good will; she had been dismissed from the abodes of

She swears to be revenged.

happiness, and her days were clouded with anxiety and self-created sorrow.

In the most horrid paroxysm of rage, blasting, in the storm of her passions, her past conduct with the AGA, and swearing by the tremendous name of the demon of everlasting revenge, she raised an hurricane against the deceived Commander of the faithful Army; and, although she was then drinking the pernicious liquor forbidden by the Prophet, in public *Kans* and *Caravan-serays* with an adventurer from ERIN, she found ears listening to her tale, and disclosed the whole of her secrets with the AGA.

The court before which she impeached her lover was deep in the knowledge of the human heart, as well as in the works of nature. They knew that if the mortal juice of hemlock can poison the wisest of all men*, it may also melt a

* *Socrates*, well known to the Arabs, so long and so deeply learned in Greek.

She is much indulged.

dangerous wen on the neck of a fool. Although her character was most exceptionable, they listened kindly to her depositions, suffered with longanimity her preposterous flights of witticism, her indecencies rebuffs, and, even following the polite manners of European Courts, allowed a woman to sit down in their presence. Such was their unbiassed, unprejudiced desire to reach the hand of truth!

In vain a SANDONASSO, a Captain in the Greek garrison of the island of Lesbos, and other friends of the AGA, mistook their aim, and foiled themselves with their own hands: in vain the honest meaning and patriotic zeal of the accusers of the Commander-in-Chief supported *Fatima* and *Tailoriska*'s evidence to *touch* the substance of real crimination; in vain she was listened to, when retailing her frolicks with the AGA, representing herself as pinning up, at the cur-

The Aga not found guilty

tains of her criminal bed, the list of her favourites to be presented to her paramour in that moment when nothing is to be refused ; and hailed the God of love* as dispensator of Ecclesiastical and Military favours ; the AGA was not found guilty of connivance ; and the disappointed Fatima Clarkis retired convicted of prostitution and adultery, of corrupt practices and secret peculation, of ungrateful animosity and fruitless revenge.

Abandoned by those ephemeral insects who love to bask in the sunshine of prosperity, FATIMA had now no other visitors but the ruined school-mistress and the *Favourite*, and she was conversing with them on the unexpected turn the whole affair had taken, when, by order

* See the Plate.

Explanation of the Frontispiece.

of the *Cadi* of the district, she was called out of her temporary lodgings to attend her own trial, which was to take place at the house of a respectable friend of the Sultana, properly empowered to pass a sentence of equity upon her, the *Katonkaja*, and the daughter of *Chance*.

BONOUIA, the Sultana's representative, was seated at the farthest end of a magnificent-hall, hung around with crimson velvet, on which the clever hands of her daughters and friends had embroidered, in silver and gold, the principal anecdotes of Fatima's life—and most pointedly the particulars of her acquaintance with the **AGA**. She reclined on a beautiful sofa studded with silver crescent, on an azure ground of damask manufactory, and held in her hand the golden scepter of impartial enquiry: at her right were placed, on purple cushions, the principal ladies of several private Harems, and at her left, on a superb couch of white taf-

Speech of the President.

fetas, twelve learned women were impannelled to the sacred number of the heavens the prophet had travelled through, in his journey to the celestial throne.

At the bar, three small *tabourets* were assigned to Fatima, Tailoriska, and the Favourite. Many Turkish fashionable females were standing unveiled in the court, and after the cry of "Prayers," according to custom, the presiding BONOUIA spoke to the following purpose :

"Authorized by the custom of the land and the wisest of the Mahommedan laws, we call you, *Fatima Clarkis*, before our tribunal to answer accusations which may be brought up against you. Formerly, in the higher court of the Divan, you appeared in the favourable light of a witness, and seemed to be nothing more than the innocent medium through which the investigators of truth expected to arrive

The Speech continued.

at the wished-for consolation of separating innocence from guilt; here, you are endited, and at the bar, not an enraged and spiteful accuser, but an humble accused. There, you relied on the forbearance and politeness of a sex whose pride is to be the defence and protection of our own; there you indulged, with impunity, your natural bent for quibbling and quizzing, and your impudence was overlooked or forgiven because you were a woman; here you will have justice also, but no difference of sex, no punctilio, no made-up decorum shall allow you indulgences you have no right to expect;

“ MAHOMET forbid, however, that we should deal with you with unbecoming rudeness or unmerited severity. Your soul stands naked before us, exposed to our sight on all sides, like the marble-obelisk of *Ali* in the palace of the Emperors, and the angel of veracity holds

The Accusation.

up the book of past events to the eyes of the prophet, in order to ascertain the merit of your depositions.— You may sit down.”

Having previously prostrated herself three times on the costly carpet at the feet of *Bonouja*, and paid, on the right and left, her humble obeisance to the female counsellors, and the jury-ladies, Fatima retired back, and accordingly sat herself down.

Tailoriska, her eyes modestly fixed on the ground, stood behind her, and the *Favourite*, with a vacant look, remained at a greater distance.

Terceva, the learned and eloquent daughter of the opulent *Pacha* of *Aleppo*, rose with all the elegance and comeliness of youth, accompanied by the serious and imposing countenance of an accuser; she said:

The Accusation continued.

“ The blast of your revenge has reached the palm-tree of *Idumea* ; and the pride of *Lebanon* was shaken by your spiteful efforts.

“ You spoke ; justice held up her immortal sword, and the staff of power dropt *spontaneously* from the hand of the AGA.

“ You have been the occasion of a great example given to the world ; namely, that with the Divan there is no prejudicate distinction of persons ; no sheltering the criminal under the canopy of royalty or in the strong coffers of wealth ; and that the lowest of the low has as great a right to the benefit of the law, as the son of the venerable MURTI and the AGA himself.

“ But we are not satisfied upon the motives which prompted you to disclose the whole of your adulterous life, not only with the commander of the faithful, but

Continued.

also with many others, who fell in the snares you had laid for them. Your own life is a string of immoralities, and the several links that compose the shameful chain were tempered in the hissing waters of impertinence. Your trip at a delightful place in the environs of the Metropolis, and your feats in the silver waves, are now known to every one. You had deposited the veil of decency on the shore, and the pliancy of your beautiful limbs, in the folding chrysalis of the ocean, became an object of admiration to the impure spectators of your more impure conduct. Your fast-succeeding lovers placed you on a level with our most determined polygamic Bashaws; and your male Seraglio was the whole world. You wantoned in your lust, and the folly of men bolstered up your emptiness. Natural talents were prostituted to the basest purposes; and the perfidious rose of your lips contained more poison than the narcotic flower of *Hyoscyamus*.

 The Camphor-bag of Mrs. Lee.

“ It was not expected that the AGA should be exempt from the influence of the soft and tender passion of love. The impartial *Schamuel ZYTHO*, that eloquent and enlightened member of the Divan, although a destroyer of vice and corruption, allowed the AGA some excuses for his folly, which he publicly confessed and execrated ; but you, Fatima, you had none.

“ Had the flattering *EBLIS**, with the wings of love, incessantly fluttered before your enchanted eyes, and whispered in your listening ears tales of prostitution and lust ; were then all the stores of *camphor* in the new and old Bazar† of *Stamboul* so entirely exhausted, that you could not procure a small *bagful* of it to cool the volcanic rage of your passion ? Western ladies, we are told, know better, and, by

* The name used by the Mahometans for the Devil.

† Bazar, market-place and warehouse.

The Motion.

that means, they master themselves, in order to become more powerful mistresses of others.

“ I shall not tire the patience of the court by entering more at large in the field of your multifarious guilt : but *Isouf Sardonasso* and *Achmet Claverini* have been justly chastised for their prevarications ; and, as the High Court has disdained to punish you, we, for the example of posterity and the edification of the faithful, propose a salutary expiation for your past offences. Therefore I move, “ that *Fatima Clarkis* be sent to some place of retirement, to pass the rest of her days in useful occupations and the reading of the Koran.”

Salamina, supported the motion with great warmth ; she represented the Aga as a feeble-minded man, who had not philosophy enough to resist the intoxica-

Cross-examination.

ting seduction of such a woman as Fatima. "You drank" said she "the poison of your present misery in chrystal cups, more costly than gold; and the retinue of the Sultan himself shrunk diminished before the splendour and magnitude of your establishment."

Sulpha interrogated her, and said, "Did it never strike you, in the vortex of your pleasures, that you were digging an abyss of shame and repentance under the unwary feet of your lover?"

Fatima. It was not my business to foretell events, and I never met sorrow half-way.

Salamina. Did you not know that you were infringing the sacred authority of the chief of our religion, the infallible Mufti, when you contrived to promote

Cross-examination.

an jmaum * and a dervise to the reading of our principal Mosque ?

Fatima. But this was done without any particular wish of depriving any body of his privileges ; and, indeed, the preferments and places in the Mosques are not always disposed of in favour of men more worthy than the Iman I proposed.

A general cry of, “ chair ! chair ! ” was heard from all parts of the hall—the President held up her fan, and directed *Fatima* to retire. After a few observations from several ladies at the right-side of the venerable *Bonouja*, she was called in, and having bowed as usual, she resumed placidly her situation on the tabouret.

* Immaun, immaum, or iman, a priest who performs duties in the Mosques.

Animadversions.

Belita begged leave to ask *Fatima*, her motives for publishing "The Memoirs of her own Life." She urged the impropriety, the indelicacy, the danger of such a step, "that enough already was known of her giddy and voluptuary life, and that she could not reveal any interesting anecdotes of her scandalous conduct without offending the eyes and the ears of the most accommodating readers: that disclosures of flagitious scenes acted within the mysterious curtains of adultery and prostitution, cannot be edifying to the public at large, and that her unveiling the truth might injure the peace of mind of many decoyed victims of her irresistible fascinations: that no decent person will open the impure roll of her criminal extravagancies, and that the *Ambassador of Morocco* himself would be displeased at seeing his yellow-slippered master traduced to public ridicule: that the late *Bashaw of Philippopolis*, was himself so much

Continued.

ashamed of publishing any thing relating to Fatima, that he declined having his name publickly coupled with her's, and left to a celebrated *Amanuensis* * the care of making the copies, and selling them to the world."

Several other ladies from the purple cushions, spoke to the same purpose, and silence being obtained by the President extending her golden sceptre towards the assembly, *Romilia*, the niece of one of the most profound professors of civil law, at Smyrna, rose in defence of the accused. All that can be said in favour of a giddy female, who, intoxicated with the idea of being the *darling* and *dearest dear* of the third great personage in the whole empire, forgets herself and every thing else, was eloquently urged upon

* It has been rumoured since, that through motives similar to those alleged above, the whole of the copies had been bought up by parties concerned.

Verdict.

the minds and hearts of the judicious ladies who composed the court ; all that deep learning, accompanied with the consciousness of doing what is right, could impart, was impressively displayed by the celebrated counsellor ; but in vain.

The jury retired to the chamber of Decision, where unshaken Impartiality resides, and ere the *Esma**, which the President and the rest of the company recited during the while, was ended, they re-appeared, and the eldest of them, in a clear and firm tone of voice, her hands elevated and clasped over her half-veiled forehead, returned a Verdict of,

GUILTY!

Then *Bonouja* rose, and with due solemnity pronounced the sentence of the Law : —

* A prayer common to all the Mahometans, and recited in occasions of great danger.

Sentence.

“ You, *Fatima Clarkis*, you shall be conveyed beyond the Sea of Marmora to the Island of *Naxos**, there to be immured in a Greek Nunnery, where no friars, no dervises, will be allowed to pour on your pallid lips the balm of comfort, and there to remain till perfect repentance has finished the work of your entire reformation. The daughter of Chance, *Tailoriska*, leaving behind the purses presented her by the votaries of compassion, shall follow you in your retirement; and the *Favourite* shall accompany you both. The camel, in the sands of Barca, shares the scanty water of the brook with his driver; but does not refuse to follow his weary steps through the burning desert; partakers of your good fortune, they shall bear a portion in your punishment !”

* An Island of the *Archipelago*, where *Ariadne*, whom *Theseus* had abandoned, was consoled by the *God of the Grapes*.

Conclusion.

She said; *Fatima* bowed, and the Court broke up.

The *Bostangis*, and a *posse* of Janizaries, were in waiting at the gates of the Hall, to put the sentence in immediate execution, when a Personage on horseback, followed by a magnificent retinue, stopped them unexpectedly. Who could it be, but his excellency the *Ambassador of Morocco*, who, through the powerful influence of his imperial master, had obtained a pardon for the convicts? Accordingly, *Fatima* was permitted to retire to a small *casino* in the suburbs of Constantinople; the forgetful *Tailoriska* obtained leave to enjoy the purses subscribed for her by the compassionate; and the *Favourite*, like the transient surge of the Bosphorus, after a noisy, but short-lived appearance, returned to the obscure level of her original insignificancy.

THE END.

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