

THE EXPRESS.



A NOVEL.

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THE
EXPRESS.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

FRANCES D'AUBIGNE.

Invidia Sæculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. JUVENAL.

VOL. I.



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ADVERTISEMENT.



THREE years since, at the request of a friend, the author of the following pages undertook to write a tale illustrative of Envy. In a short time it was completed, but had imperceptibly spread into the three volumes which are now respectfully laid before the public, from whom the author hopes for that indulgence, of which she is conscious her first attempt stands so much in need, and which may perhaps encourage her to offer to them something less unworthy of their notice at a future period.

January 1819.

THE EXPRESS.

CHAPTER I.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,

— — — — —

A gracious person—but yet I cannot love him.

SHAKESPEARE.

MY mother resided near the village of —; I had lost my father at that period of my existence when calamities are scarcely understood, little felt, and soon forgotten.

The first recollections which I have, are of being seated on my mother's knee, seeing her weeping incessantly, and

speaking to me frequently of my father. She was very tenderly attached to me, and particularly solicitous that my education should be as carefully attended to as she knew it would, had I not been deprived of my father before its commencement. But while she fondly imagined she was encouraging the growth of emulation, she was sowing the seeds of envy in my infant mind.

She selected an object of superior talent and great excellence, as the person worthy of my imitation; and unfortunately he was in the same rank of life, and about my own age. Whenever my mother reproved me, she said—"Raymond would not have done so;" and whenever she saw any of his writing or drawing, she pointed out to me its superiority over mine.

Raymond's family lived in our neighbourhood. He attached himself to me; and what would have been a source of real delight to me, had my feelings towards
towards

towards him been given another direction, became the most cruel torment. I hated to see him, yet, from the intimacy of our mothers, we were constantly together.

At school we were in the same class ; and I was reckoned, by my schoolmaster and the teachers, the next in abilities to Raymond : but this by no means satisfied me—if I was not the first, I did not care if I were the last.

Raymond was extremely kind to me—constantly watching every opportunity to serve and oblige me ; and this, if possible, increased the illiberal sentiment which had taken possession of my mind—perhaps because it made me still more conscious of my own unworthiness : though I received his favours without feeling the least gratitude, and his caresses without returning the least affection, I acknowledged his worth, and my despicable feelings remained at the bottom of my heart, till time and cir-

circumstances brought them into action. So little indeed were they even suspected, that at school we were called "the friends."

Oh, envy, worst of passions! other violent and evil propensities shew and spend themselves; but envy, while it lies concealed, "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength."

Our schoolmaster came down one day, with a very beautiful edition of Goldsmith's Poems in his hands, and shewing it to his pupils, said it was to be given as a premium, at the ensuing examination, to the best answerer in the Roman history.

I took a great fancy to the book, and felt such an intense desire to excel Raymond, particularly as most of the neighbouring families were to be present, that I determined to exert myself to the utmost. I scarcely allowed myself time for diversion or exercise during the interim; and when Raymond would call
on

on me, to ask me to partake of his amusements, or invite me to join his walks, I attributed his kindness to the same unworthy motives which might have actuated my conduct towards him. I persuaded myself to think he wished to draw me from my studies; I therefore declined every request of the kind which he made.

The night before the examination, my mother said to me, that she feared I had devoted myself too much to my studies. I told her that I should be well repaid for all, if I had the satisfaction of handing the book to her the next day.

“ My dear Henry,” said my mother, “ I am sure you will acquit yourself more than respectably—with credit to yourself and me. But recollect, my dear boy, whom you have to excel, and do not suffer your expectations to be too highly raised. Remember that Raymond possesses not only the most shining abilities, but the most retentive
B 4 memory ;

memory, and that it is possible, nay, perhaps not improbable, that Raymond may obtain the premium. I would have you, therefore, prepare yourself for the disappointment; and rest assured, my love, that whether you gain, or whether you lose it, I shall feel perfectly satisfied; the effort you have made has been honourable to yourself, and most gratifying to me—doubly so, feeling as I do that it has been made to please your mother.”

Stung by a thousand different sensations—shame for my own unworthy feelings—something like a desire to throw myself on the mercy of my mother—to tell her that my motives for exertion were far different from her partial supposition—that they originated in an intense desire to gain what Raymond should lose, and that more for the sake of eclipsing him, than with a desire to shine myself, passed through my mind: however, I stifled the still small voice
of

of conscience, and turned my head aside to conceal the big tears which rolled down my cheeks.

My mother saw my emotion, and tenderly kissing me, said—"My dear child, fatigue and want of your accustomed exercise have brought on this agitation; go to your bed, and compose yourself to sleep; remember you carry with you your mother's heart and blessing."

I obeyed the first part of my mother's direction, and retired to bed; the second was not so easily followed, for it was long ere I could compose myself to rest; but, in justice to myself I must say, that the first tears which I shed on my pillow this night were those of affection and gratitude to that mother who had parted from me with such expressions of tenderness. I could not but think how much I was indebted to that parent who had, for twelve years, de-

voted her time, her talents, and her affections, exclusively to me. However, in recalling all she said, the fatal chord was touched, and every generous feeling subsided. I still wept, indeed, but no longer the sweet tears of grateful affection—the bitter tears of wounded pride and mortified envy scalded my cheeks. Yes, she had herself, in the moments of her tenderness to me, told me how inferior I was to him who had, from the very cradle, stept between me and my peace of mind ; she had told me that all my pains and toil were to no purpose, and that I could not expect to stand in competition with him. I was pained beyond measure, and tossed about for a considerable time, a victim to the most restless and feverish sensations.

In the morning I arose unrefreshed, and suffering all the anxiety of some terrible suspense. My mother accompanied me to school : a number of auditors

ditors were assembled, among whom were sir Stephen Grove, the lord of the manor, and lady Grove.

On entering, my eyes wandered round the room, in search of Raymond. I had not long to look, for he was advancing towards me. I could not help observing, that he looked remarkably well, and that a new dress, which he wore, was exceedingly becoming. I cast my eyes upon my own, and, thanks to my mother, who gave me every gratification and advantage, even beyond what she could well afford, I perceived it was by no means inferior to his.

In a short time the examination commenced, and I was all hurry, agitation, and confusion. The room appeared to me to turn round, and I could not distinguish any person distinctly; however, the examiner, on seeing my evident dismay, gave me time to recollect myself. I at length gained a tolerable degree of composure, and answered

the questions put to me very well : but I was soon distressed to see the general notice which Raymond's good answering and easy manner attracted ; and in my vexation, I was three or four times hurrying on to answer the questions put to him.

I heard several persons remark that my conduct was unfair, and the confusion which I had at first felt returned ; the room appeared to whirl round with twice the velocity it had done before—the persons who surrounded me became more involved in mist than ever—the voices of those who examined, and those who answered, sounded in my ears like an indistinct buzz, and the Roman history became all at once such a strange confused medley in my mind, that I do not think, if my existence had depended on it, I could have replied to three questions in it.

When it again came to my turn to answer, I hesitated, stammered, stuttered—

ed—in short, appeared to be labouring under such dreadful agitation, that several persons asked me if I was ill.

“ My head,” said I, putting my hand up to it, “ is quite giddy.”

“ You had better retire from the examination,” said my schoolmaster.

My mother’s hand was already in mine, and she led me out of the room.

“ My dear Henry,” said she, “ you are quite overcome by anxiety ; do not attempt to answer this time ; perhaps, when the next examination comes round, your spirits may be more equal to it : but, indeed, my child,” added she, kissing me, “ I fear this public exhibition is but little suited to your disposition ; and though it may be weakness, I cannot help loving you the better for it.”

I kissed her hand in silence ; I longed to be alone, that I might give way to my emotion. When I could speak, I begged of my mother to return to the company, and to permit me to walk

walk over the grounds, which I said would do me more good than any thing.

She complied with my request, and I hastened from one walk to another, as swiftly as possible, fearing to meet any one, lest they should discover my feelings. At length I reached the open fields, and ran down a steep; on the bank beneath, I thought I might remain concealed. I threw myself on the grass—bitterly bewailed my hard destiny, as I termed it, in my vexation—wept, and accused Raymond as the author of all my misfortunes. Worn out by my violence, I remained quite stupified for a considerable time.

At length I was roused by hearing my name repeated three or four times. On looking up, I perceived Raymond standing on the hill above me: my first desire was to run away, and avoid him; but that was now impossible, for making but one spring, he was beside me in an instant.

“ Raymond,

“ Raymond, what brings you here?” said I, starting up. “ What do you want? why have you left the company?”

“ I came to seek you,” replied he; “ I was anxious to know how you were.”

“ But the premium,” interrupted I; “ who has got it?”

“ Oh, it is no matter,” returned he; “ whoever has got it would not have been so lucky, had you been able to stand the examination.”

“ But who *has* got it?” said I, impatiently.

“ The next examination,” said Raymond, “ you will be quite well, and then there will be no doubt of your success.”

“ But all this time you won’t tell me who got the premium,” said I; “ and yet you must know how anxious I am to hear.”

I had no doubt on my mind of the premium having been adjudged to Raymond; but if I had, the deep blush which overspread his face, and his downcast eyes,

eyes, would have told me a tale I so little wished to hear.

“ Was it you who got it?” said I; “ I think it rather ill-natured that you should keep me so long in suspense.”

“ Well then,” said Raymond, “ since you wish so much to know, here it is ;” and he drew out the volume of Goldsmith’s Poems from his bosom, where he had concealed it.

“ Boaster !” muttered I.

“ No, no, Henry, not boaster,” returned he ; “ for indeed I would not have told you, if you had not compelled me. I am not ashamed to confess that it is owing to your illness I was so fortunate, for I had fully made up my mind that you would have obtained it ; and I told every body, at the examination, that if you had been able to stay in, I should have had no chance. And, Henry, though the book is so very, very nice, and it would be so pleasant to me to read it over and over again, particularly
if

if it was my own, yet, for all that, I felt as if it would be just as pleasant to see it in your hands, and to see you bring it to your dear mamma; but then, as you have not got it yourself, I thought the next best thing would be for you to see it with me: and yet you seem so very, very sorry—and a little angry too, Henry.”

“Raymond,” said I, “I am sure I am very glad you have the book; and, as you say, the next best thing to having it myself, is to see it with you. But, Raymond, it is no wonder if I should be a little vexed, for I did long very much for that book, and—and—I have lost it!”

“You were not to blame,” returned Raymond; “for I am sure you deserved it more than any one. Well, now, won’t you come in with me?”

“In!” repeated I: “if you had lost the premium, Raymond, would you like to go back into a room full of company?

I don’t

I don't think you would : but I forget you are so much, so very much superior to me, that I suppose you would not care."

" I would go back," said Raymond—
" I would go back to the room, if I knew my mother was quite uneasy about me, and every one in the room anxious to know whether I was better ; as your mother is watching, and every body inquiring for you. Besides, they all know it was you who deserved the premium, for I took care to tell it: when the book was given to me, I said, as loud as possible, that every one in the room might hear me—' I take it, because it is given to me, although I can scarcely think myself entitled to it ; for I know, if illness had not prevented Henry St. Lawrence from answering, he would certainly have got it, he was so very well prepared."

Raymond at length induced me to return, which I did with a tolerably
good

good grace, I believe. Every one seemed kind to me, and crowded about me, to inquire whether I was better. But I felt my heart die within me, when I heard the praises of Raymond sound through the room: they praised him for his talents, for his sweetness of manner, and, above all, for his generosity in declaring that I should have excelled him, had I been able to stand the examination. My mother, I thought, seemed particularly delighted with him.

Lady Grove was much pleased with the school, and, before she took leave of us, expressed a wish that we should practise archery; our schoolmaster instantly said that he would make it a point that we should.

“It is,” said she, “the most graceful exercise in the world. If you will permit us, we will assemble here this day month, and I will present the most expert archer with a prize of a most beautiful

tiful bow and arrow, which was brought by an uncle of mine from India.”

This declaration was received by the whole school with the loudest acclamations; and as lady Grove stepped to her carriage, her praises were heard in every direction, in very audible whispers.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely en-
venoms him that bears it! SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning, as my mother and I were sitting at breakfast, a note and parcel were brought in to me. I felt my colour come and go, as I read the note, which I handed over to my mother, as soon as I had finished it. It was as follows :—

“ MY DEAR HENRY,

“ I know you wished very much for the edition of Goldsmith’s Poems, which I got yesterday at the examination, and which, I am sure, would have been
been

been yours, but for your illness. Now, to gratify me, my mamma was so good as to send to Mr. Reade, the bookseller, for exactly the same edition. The man rode off for it yesterday evening, and is but just returned with it; and now I have the pleasure of sending it to you; and I hope, dear Henry, you will keep it for my sake.

“ My mother allows me to ask you, and the rest of my schoolfellows, to tea to-morrow evening; I hope your mother will let you come, and she will much oblige your affectionate friend,

“ WILLIAM RAYMOND.”

I felt the most extreme repugnance at the idea of accepting the book; but, on saying to my mother that I had best return it, she replied—“ By no means, Henry: the gift, I am sure, must be acceptable to you; first, because it is given to you by your friend; and next, as it
is

is the very book you have been so long wishing for: but, independently of these reasons, it is a most ungracious thing to refuse what is offered in kindness; one would not wish to hurt even a stranger's feelings by doing so—how much less, then, those of a very dear friend!"

"But, mother, don't you think any other present would have been better? Whenever I look at that book, I must think it is not the *very one* I wished for; I must remember it was given as a favour, not received as a right. Oh, mother! if I had got the premium, I would not have sent the *very* book he lost, to remind Raymond of his disgrace: no, I would rather have sent him a Cowper, or a Milton, or something else; and, certainly, not the very day after his disappointment."

"My dear Henry," said my mother, "you will often experience, as you pass through life, that there are but few, but very

very few, who possess your delicacy of feeling. But the present was undoubtedly meant in kindness; it ought therefore to be kindly received."

After tearing several answers, which I had written, and which I thought seemed too cold and constrained, I at length sent the following :—

“ DEAR RAYMOND,

“ I received the book, for which I am very much oblig' d. It is indeed very nice; but *you* must be very, very happy, who have the premium, and can see, whenever you open it, that you got it for your good answering, and that you won it from the whole school. I think that the poems will seem more beautiful to you, than ever they did to any one; but however, you are so much better than I am, that I dare say you will think I like them as well. My mother

ther will allow me to go to you to-morrow evening. Believe me,

“ DEAR RAYMOND,

“ Yours, very truly,

“ HENRY ST. LAWRENCE.

• “ P. S. I suppose lady Grove will give you the prize of the bow and arrow.”

It was my earnest wish to be the favourite of my companions at school ; but though well liked, I could plainly see that they all loved Raymond infinitely better. This was deep affliction to me, and I often found myself beginning, by little indirect ways, to try to undermine his popularity ; but I never did so without feeling the sharpest stings of conscience.

At Raymond's little party, I intimated to more than one of our companions, that he seemed to exult over us all—that he was always cool and collected, because he thought no one could

succeed in any thing but himself. And when it was remarked how good-humoured and good-natured he was, I replied, it was no wonder, for that he got every thing he desired, as he might be sure of gaining whatever he chose at school, for that our schoolmaster always made him appear to the greatest advantage, he was so very partial to him.

I believe I was the only one of the party at lady Grove's who did not enjoy it; and when I returned home, I could not help reproaching myself for the unjust insinuations which I had thrown out, both against Raymond and one of the most impartial men that ever existed.

When the day arrived on which the prize for archery was to be given, I felt very angry with Raymond, because I knew he would obtain it, as he had far excelled us all when we had practised. I determined not to enter into competition with him. I went to my mother,
and

and told her that I had hurt my arm, and that I should much rather not attend the exhibition.

She, little suspecting that I was capable of a falsehood, seemed quite uneasy at the accident she supposed I had met with. I would have given the world to have had courage to have declared the truth to her ; yet I was silent, but the deep blush which dyed my cheeks might have betrayed me, had she observed it.

She took me with her, as she said it would certainly be an amusement to me, though I could only be a spectator. Far, very far was it from affording me any, the smallest gratification.

I saw Raymond's dart pierce the very centre of an ace of diamonds ; three or four boys shouted out with all their might—" Unfair, unfair ! his arrow is the longest !"

A gleam of delight flashed across my mind, and losing all self-command,

I joined my voice to theirs—"Unfair, unfair! his arrow is the longest!"

His arrow was instantly measured with the rest, and found exactly of the same length. My mother looked reproachfully at me, and I felt myself grow red and pale by turns.

Raymond came over to me, and said—"Henry, oblige me by stepping over and measuring my arrow with the rest."

"I have seen it done," said I, "and am convinced."

"Apologize to Raymond," said my mother, "for having raised your voice against him."

I was about to do so, knowing that it was but just; however, he frustrated my intention by saying—"I know Henry is so much of the Roman patriot, that he would accuse even his dearest friend for the good of the community."

He

He was called to receive the prize from Lady Grove, before I could speak, and I thought over his last words again and again, till I persuaded myself there was a double meaning in them; and this dwelt upon my mind for many years.

But were I to record the many circumstances that heightened the envy which I felt, and the many instances in which I indulged it, it would be tedious and superfluous. I will therefore pass over those early years when the passion was in its infancy, and proceed to relate what occurred when it arrived to greater maturity.

Perhaps what I have already mentioned may appear frivolous; but it must be recollected, that what appear as trifles when we advance in life, are matters of the most serious importance in the days of our childhood. Also, that from the slightest occurrence, some sentiment may arise which will pervade our whole

existence—some tint may be given, which will shade or colour every succeeding event; and let it be remembered, that though I had yielded myself up to one of the most pernicious and ungenerous of feelings, I was not yet completely destitute of every thing right: among my better sentiments, I may place the warmest affection for my dear mother—an affection almost bordering on devotion; nor did it lose any of its warmth, as childhood passed away. With what delight have I anticipated the day when the vacation of our college arrived, that I might once more be received into those dear arms, which had supported my early days—that I might behold those sweet eyes, that never looked upon me but with mildness and love—and hear that musical voice, which, if possible, still more endeared every expression of tenderness!

Ah! what happiness should I not have tasted, in these moments of meeting,

ing,

ing, had I not suffered, them to be over-
cast by the most painful of feelings !

CHAPTER III.

“ I’ll go, and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o’er my child : if he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his ; I shall not long survive ;
’Twas for his sake that I have suffer’d life.”

RAYMOND’S pre-eminence haunted me wherever I went, whether at school or at college, at home or abroad.

I felt an anxious longing to enter the army, for there I thought I might distinguish myself ; and though Raymond had the same desire, I thought his talents lay in another direction, and that it was perhaps the only situation in life in which we would not clash.

Raymond spoke of his desire to enter

ter the service to his father, who received his proposal most favourably, as he thought the contest in Spain afforded the most splendid opportunity for the display of military talents; but he requested he might wait to finish his academic labours before he made a final decision. As for me, I felt such an ardent longing to join the Spanish patriots, that I proposed it to my mother the very first night of our meeting on my return from college. She heard me in silence; and the next day, when I resumed the subject, she told me she had flattered herself I was not serious—“And can you really, Henry,” continued she, “think of leaving me? Ah! how many years have I devoted to you! I might now perhaps sleep in my peaceful grave, beside the dear remains of that being who was every thing to me, but that for your sake I made an effort to conquer my own feelings, and have often suppressed those sorrows, the in-

dulgence of which would have been a gratification to me: and when I have had you on my knees, and you have looked me in the face, I have thought, 'yes, the day will come, when I shall acknowledge a consolation—when your respect and tenderness will assuage my grief, and you will never, never leave me.' I am left almost alone in this vale of tears; you, Henry, are my only stay, and if you leave me, where shall I seek for comfort? But there is an abode of peace—yes, the silent grave may open to receive me; for I feel, my child, I could not long survive your absence, when aggravated by the consciousness that you were exposed to danger, and the dread that I should hear of your being wounded—that you were dying in a strange land, and that I should be too late to catch those accents in a last farewell, or to receive your parting sigh."

My mother was violently agitated, and every word she spoke pierced me
to

to the heart. I threw myself on her bosom, and exclaimed, while I burst into tears—"My dear, my only parent, forgive me, and I will never, never leave you—forgive me for having caused you such a cruel pang, and for having awakened such heart-rending recollections!"

"Yes, my love," replied she, kissing me tenderly—"yes, I do forgive you for causing me a momentary pain the first time in your life: but ah! for heart-rending recollections, my child, you have not awakened them—they never fade from my mind. When I see you loved, respected—all that my fondest expectations, even in my happiest moments, dared to look for; though I shed tears of gratitude, they are not unmixed with those of regret; for he who watched the blossom with me is incapable of exulting in its perfection. But why do I say so? Perhaps even now he may behold the two objects of his warmest affection with satisfaction—you for hav-

ing fulfilled the early promise which you gave of all that was good and right, and me for having borne up against my own almost overwhelming feelings."

"My own dear, dear mother!" said I, kissing her hand with fervour.

"And will you, my Henry, relinquish your plans?"

"Cheerfully, most cheerfully relinquish whatever could give you a moment's uneasiness," returned I.

"There is, my dear Henry, so much generosity in sacrificing our own inclinations, that it for ever exalts the character; every sacrifice that is made is a true proof of virtue."

After this conversation with my mother, I felt happier than I almost ever remember to have been: I was satisfied with myself, and I found, that in yielding my wishes to my duty, I had found ample compensation for my disappointment. I gave one sigh to the patriots of Spain, and my own half-formed projects
of

of glory and ambition, and endeavoured to divert my thoughts as much as possible from what so long had occupied them.

I went with my mother to her flower-garden, the cultivation of which was her principal amusement. I admired, with her, the beautiful profusion and variety of flowers and shrubs which were now in full bloom, and which her excellent taste had arranged in the happiest manner.

Raymond joined us; and my mind was so occupied by all that had passed between my mother and me, that, for the first time, I believe, in my life, I saw him without any uneasiness. I shewed him several beautiful and rare plants of my mother's cultivation—pointed out to him the sweet view, which was rendered more enchanting by the sunbeams dancing on the lake, while the light breeze passed gently over the trees which surrounded it, and without lessening the tranquillity of the scene, gave it a degree
of

of animation that was quite enchanting. —“ On that beautiful bank,” said I, “ which overlooks the lake, I will, some time or other, build a cottage, in imitation of the one I so much admired at Ludlow Park ; it would be a delightful place for my mother to work, while I read to her.”

Raymond entered very warmly into all my plans of improvement. When he was going to take leave of us, I perceived a slight degree of agitation in his manner, which was fully accounted for when he told my mother that his father expected colonel Sandford and his daughter on a visit in a very few days. Colonel Sandford had been my father’s dearest friend, and he and my mother had never met since his death ; they had corresponded, but not regularly ; I had often witnessed the agitation that his letters occasioned, for they were most affectionate, and never failed to make mention, in the most tender and affect-
ing

ing manner, of his lamented friend; and I believe my mother seldom indulged herself by expressing her love and grief for her husband, but when she wrote to this valued friend. I was not surprised then at Raymond's manner being rather more hurried than usual, for he was acquainted with these circumstances; nor, when I looked at my mother, to see her pale and trembling. However, she soon recovered that self-command which so much distinguished her, and spoke to Raymond of the pleasure she should feel in again meeting a person she so much loved and respected. She retired to her own room, and we did not meet again till dinner. I could plainly see that the time since we had parted in the garden had been passed by her in weeping—I saw it was an effort to her to eat or speak. I pretended not to notice it, as I knew that when the spirits are depressed, nothing so completely oversets them as seeming to observe it, or expressing any
tenderness

tenderness or uneasiness in consequence of it.

Our meal was silent and melancholy; but in the evening I brought down some books, and read to my mother, and had the gratification to find, before we parted, that she was quite composed, if not cheerful.

I went to rest, with a heart more at peace with myself than I usually did, as I had occupied myself so much all day, that my thoughts had not rested on Raymond with that painful constancy which they generally did.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, scenes in strong remembrance set !

Scenes, never, never to return !—

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,

Again I feel, again I burn !

BURNS.

FOR the two next days I could see that my mother was by no means free from agitation. She busied herself as much as possible : she now read a little—then took up her work—put it down to give some domestic directions—then went to the garden—then returned, to say something she had forgotten. I felt that she was afraid to trust herself too much to her own thoughts and recollections.

As we were sitting after breakfast
one

one morning, the servant-maid announced colonel Sandford. In a moment my mother was at the door, and in his arms. Her agitation was so great, that for some time she could not speak; at length she called me over—"This is your favourite Henry, who was but five years old when you left us."

He embraced me, and said—"You do not remember, seventeen years since, when I used to call you my little page, and how you used to busy yourself helping me to dress, and followed me about wherever I went."

"Ah, I remember," said my mother, "and how many happy days we spent in this room—and the morning you left us to prepare for the West-Indies, how sorrowful we all felt! Little did I then think how soon my tears would have another source.—He was sitting just there; he held your hand——"

"I think," said colonel Sandford, "I see every thing passing before me as it did that very day: we were all weeping; even
even

even little Henry hid his face on one of the chairs to conceal his tears: poor Fidele was standing beside me, with his head on my knee, looking me up in the face—‘Sec,’ said his master, ‘poor Fidele is taking leave of you.’”

“And when you had left us,” said my mother, “he went to the window, caressed the dog to hide his emotion, and watched till you were out of sight; and as the last sound of the chaise-wheels died away, he said—‘I fear we shall never see him again—he is going to brave the dangers of an almost fatal climate.’ And, after all——”

“Yes, after all,” interrupted colonel Sandford, “I, who have braved death and danger in a distant land, have returned, after an absence of many years, and he, who was in the bosom of his family at home, and at peace, he is gone before me—But,” added he, after a pause, during which he and my mother wept, “but you have still an inestimable blessing
ing

ing left in your son—that son who was *so tenderly loved by his father.*”

“ Yes,” said she, while her voice was almost stifled by her feelings, “ I may truly say he has been

‘ My life, my joy, my food, my all the world—
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow’s cure !’

I felt myself so much affected, that I left the room; I walked about the shrubbery for more than an hour. When I returned, I found my mother and colonel Sandford still engaged in conversation: they were both evidently deeply affected; I could guess that my father had been the subject of their conversation, as he was of my thoughts, ever since I had left them. I knew it must have been a melancholy gratification, but a gratification it certainly was, to my mother to meet with a person who had known and highly valued the first and dearest object of her affections. Often have I heard her wish that she could see
some

some one who had known him—often *has she spent whole hours talking of him to me*, and felt a gleam of pleasure warm her heart as she has thought some faint recollection of him has arisen in my mind. To Dermot, his servant, who had entered his service before he left Ireland, she dared not trust herself to speak; his expressions of grief were so violent, and his lamentations so overpowering, that she felt herself unequal to listen to them with any degree of composure. Just as I entered the room, I judged colonel Sandford spoke of him, for he said —“ Faithful creature! he was indeed truly attached to his master; I am delighted to find he is still in your service. May I not see him before I go?”

“ He is in the garden,” said my mother, “ which he cultivates for me; if you please, we will go to him.”

We found Dermot busy digging, and singing one of those touching Irish ditties with true Irish feeling. He did not
perceive

perceive us till colonel Sandford said—
“ Dermot, do you know me ? ”

“ Not the face, plase your honour ;
but the voice isn’t strange,” replied he.

“ I am Mr. Sandford.”

“ You are, are you ? Then welcome a
thousand and a thousand times ! but your
face is so burnt up that I didn’t know
you : but anyhow, thank Heavens you’re
come home safe and sound out of them
foreign parts, where, they tell me, there
isn’t one Christian but yourself, thats
left them, but all a set of black-a-moors
and *Philistines*. Lord bless us ! I am
sure I’m glad you had the look to get
safe away from them. Ogh, it’s my
poor dear master would have been proud
to have seen your honour comin home :
but he’s happy ; for if ever there was a
good and ginirous man, he was one—
and the best of masters.”

Here Dermot wept violently, and
began to dig with all his might : in a
minute or two he stopt, and drawing
the

the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, he continued—‘ Ohone! it was a sad and sorry sight to see him lyin; I thought my heart would burst, as they put the clay over him: but he was too good for this world—every one took on after him; not only the Christians but the dumb baste itself, for he was good and tinder to all; and Fidele, the spaniel, that he’d feed out of his own hand, took it so to heart, that he made moan over him like the rest of us—and the poor baste died: I buried him under that ash-tree with my own hands; for he was a lovin animal—and my master would so fondle him.”

My mother wept, and colonel Sandford was greatly moved. Dermot continued waving his hand towards my mother—“ Many and many’s the salt tear that crature has shed. Ogh, it would melt the heart of a stone to see her the day my master wint!—There wasn’t a dry eye—no, not for miles: and why should

should there?" raising his voice, half angrily; "wasn't he a friend to the poor every where? never sayin, like other folks, 'go to your own parish;' and so sign on't, there isn't the likes of him left behind: he was the true Irish gentleman, bred and born—he had no more pride than if he wasn't the head of us all; and if he had the world's wealth, he'd have known how to spind it—ay, to spend every penny of it. He used to say to me of a mornin, when he'd be walkin so mild and so paceable about, 'Dermot——' But the mistis is frettin, so I'll not spake of it now. If ever there was a saint upon earth, she's one of them; and it's myself would go upon my two bare knees from Dublin to Cork, or all round the world, to sarve her or the young master."

My mother moved on; and colonel Sandford bidding Dermot good-mornin, followed.

He

He took his leave with a promise that he would spend the whole of the next day with us; and that he would introduce his daughter to my mother.

CHAPTER V.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next day, true to his appointment, colonel Sandford introduced his daughter to us. She possessed much beauty, and pleasing manners. My mother made her promise that she would often call upon her while she remained at the Raymonds'.

After staying with us for about an hour, she took her leave; but her father remained the day, during which time he and my mother dwelt with fondness over every recollection of my lamented father. They appeared sensibly affected,

ed, yet there seemed to be a pleasure in the indulgence of their melancholy; and I have no doubt that this day passed more to my mother's satisfaction than any she had spent since her irreparable loss.

The next day, and the next, passed much in the same manner; but the fifth day after the Sandfords' arrival, the Raymonds thought they had allowed sufficient time to my mother and her friend to converse in solitude on the subject nearest their hearts: they thought we might now all join the social circle. We accepted of their invitation, and all assembled together at dinner.

I could perceive that colonel Sandford was particularly taken with Raymond; and I felt mortified to the most painful degree.—“Does he then,” said I, internally, “prefer him to the son of his departed friend?”

At that moment he had called Raymond over to occupy a vacant seat be-

side him. I hurried over, evidently piqued; but forcing a smile—"May not your little page sit beside you?" said I.

He held out his hand, and said—"My little page is always most welcome to me."

Raymond went over to my mother, and after conversing with her for some time, passed on to Miss Sandford, who seemed to enter into conversation with him quite *con amore*. I could not help keeping my eyes fixed upon them. I wished to be, next to my mother, every thing in this quarter of the world to colonel Sandford and his daughter—I thought it but just, in regard to the way in which they had considered my father; but here I fancied I saw Raymond supplanting me, and felt both grieved and angry.

Day after day passed on in the same manner—they sometimes with us, and we with them; but still it appeared to me that Raymond was the person of
most

most consequence in our little society; his opinion was always asked—his remarks always quoted—his *bon mots* always laughed at. My discontent increased. It never entered my head that Raymond's principal charm was his open and ingenuous disposition, and his unconstrained manners—all the result of a heart without guile. Perhaps I could have made myself as acceptable, but I was always constrained, for I was ever observing Raymond's conduct, and its effect on others. I was constantly thinking how fortunate in every respect he was when compared with me; and instead of allowing my manners to flow naturally, I was continually making an effort, in the hope of being more agreeable than Raymond.

One day that I called upon the Raymonds, I went into the garden with Miss Sandford: I was extremely anxious to please her—not, charming as she

was, because I was particularly taken by her, but because I wished that Raymond should have the mortification of seeing that I was preferred to him by the woman it was evident he so much admired.

When we had walked on for a short time, she said — “ Mr. St. Lawrence, what a charming family the Raymonds are ! ”

She waited for my reply for a moment ; but not receiving it, she continued — “ They are so good, so pleasing ! ”

She again paused, and I replied — “ Very pleasing indeed. ”

“ You are very intimate with them, ” said she, “ and live so near them — how happy it must make you ! Mrs. Raymond is very engaging, and Mr. Raymond is delightful ; but young Mr. Raymond, I think, is the most charming of the whole family. Really, Mr. St. Lawrence, ” said she, laying her hand
with

with earnestness on my arm, it must be said, and truly said, that you are most fortunate in a friend."

As she finished this sentence, Raymond advanced towards us. I felt great vexation, but thought, that at least his appearance would save me the pain of hearing his praises; but turning to him she said—"Mr. Raymond, you could not guess the subject of our conversation, but I assure you it was a most agreeable one."

"I can have no doubt," replied he, "that any subject that Miss Sandford chooses must be agreeable."

"Oh, flatterer!" said she, laughing: "I will tell you what I was saying—I was complimenting your friend on his very good taste; and yet he looks as if I was charging him with high crimes and misdemeanours. Come, come, plead guilty to my charge of having a most happy judgment; and believe me, no one will dissent from you."

“ My taste—my opinion—my judgment, can be of no consequence to any one : but the day advances,” said I, looking at my watch, “ and I must think of home.”

So saying, I made my bow, and walked on. I heard her say, as I went—
“ He is a strange creature !”

I persuaded myself to think that Raymond joined in this assertion.

The next time I met Raymond, I was reserved and distant. He could not but observe it.—“ It is not to be wondered at,” said I, “ that I should be a little thoughtful : you know it is decided against me, by all, that I am a most strange creature.”

“ Never strange,” said Raymond, “ but when you doubt the affections and the kind intentions of those who best love you.”

“ And who loves me ?” repeated I : “ I am sure I cannot discover. Every body loves *you*, Raymond ; no wonder you should

should never be thoughtful—you, who have always met with such decided partiality, and that everywhere—in company, at home, in college, at school; but as to me, there seems a prejudice against me wherever I am.”

“Who loves you!” repeated Raymond, seeming to dwell so much on this part of what I said that he lost the remainder: “and, Henry, can you really and seriously ask the question? Are you not the darling of your mother?”

“Oh yes, my mother loves me.”

“And how have my father and mother proved that they feel no affection for you?”

“Oh, indeed they have been very kind,” said I.

“And the Sandfords, I am sure, have the warmest regard for you?”

“As to that, Raymond,” said I, “the less that is said the better.”

“I assure you they have,” returned he; “and what have I done, Henry, to

make you suppose I do not love you?— If I had a brother, I do not think he could be dearer to me than you are.”

As he said this, he stretched out his hand to me; and, as I felt its cordial pressure, I said—“ Indeed, Raymond, I do believe you love me.”

“ Do not only believe it, Henry, but be certain of it; and remember,” said he, smiling, “ if you ever doubt it again, I shall be very, very angry.”

Certainly, when I said colonel Sandford had no regard for me, I did him great injustice. He took every opportunity of evincing the most lively interest in all that concerned me. We had many and long conversations on what was to be my future destination. I told him my wishes were all in favour of a military life; how I thought, and how I dreamt of Spain.

“ Yes,” said he, “ I am sure you would distinguish yourself in the army; and that not merely from the enthusiasm of
your

your feelings towards the Spanish nation, for that is natural—it is natural to your time of life, and it is natural to that glorious cause for which a band of heroes are struggling—the cause of freedom, opposed to injustice and devastation: but, as I said, it is not merely from the sentiments thus excited that I infer you would be a gallant soldier, but from some observations you made the other evening, while we were tracing the operations of the army on the map of Spain.”

As I listened to colonel Sandford, I felt my spirit kindle. The most brilliant visions presented themselves to my imagination, when the colonel interrupted my cogitations by asking me—“What would you think of entering into the service, and getting out to Spain? It is probable I may have a command there in a very short time; but if any thing should happen to pre-

vent it, I know I should at least be able to further your interest."

"Oh, this is what I ardently wished for," said I.

"Very well," returned he, "we will begin to put every thing in order for carrying it into execution as speedily as possible."

"It is," said I, "what I have anxiously longed for."

I just then recollected all that had passed between my mother and me, and sighing deeply over the hopes colonel Sandford had raised, I added—"But I forget—there is one obstacle, one insurmountable obstacle, and a military life is the very life that I must give up all idea of for ever."

"What obstacle can there be?" said colonel Sandford; "no reasonable one, I am sure. Let us see if it cannot be done away."

"Alas!" returned I, "my mother has represented

represented to me how forlorn her situation would be, were I to leave her, and what misery and terror she would be in during my absence. In short, she spoke to me in such a manner, that it would be impossible for me to leave her."

"Women are naturally born to fear," repeated colonel Sandford. "Yes, just so prayed, entreated, and wept *my* mother, when I was about to enter the army, and yet she lived to rejoice that her son was a soldier."

"But my mother," said I, "is so peculiarly circumstanced."

"Yes, certainly," rejoined he, "she is; and her terrors and tenderness are the result equally of her situation and the relation in which she stands to you: but then again, your own situation demands that the bent of your genius should be followed, and it would be highly desirable that you should exert yourself in some way or other, both for your
mother's

mother's sake and your own; and what way could be so fit as that which inclination and talent point out? Besides, I know your father would have approved of it, as I often heard him say you should have your own free choice of a profession, and I have also heard him speak highly in favour of a military life."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, in rapture.

"Yes, often," replied colonel Sandford; "and the reasons which he gave were good: he thought it imparted to youth that regularity and punctuality so essential in our intercourse with the world—so desirable in all domestic arrangements; that it taught independence and activity, and fixed habits of self-denial which might be useful for a whole life."

"But my mother," said I, "will never consent to it; nor indeed could I again speak to her on the subject. I have almost promised to give it up for ever."

"But

“ But then if I should speak to her, and bring her round ?” said colonel Sandford.

“ Oh, if you could ! but that is impossible,” returned I.

“ Perhaps not. Don't think me very selfish for wishing you to go into the army, though, I confess, it would be no small gratification to me to advance you in life ; but I know, also, you would be forwarded by your own abilities, and,” shaking me heartily by the hand, “ that I should present the service with as clever and spirited a young fellow as ever drew a sword.”

“ But if you should have the kindness to speak to my mother on the subject,” said I, “ do not urge her.”

“ No, no,” returned he ; “ but I will use arguments which I think will have great weight.”

CHAPTER VI.



Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next day colonel Sandford took an opportunity of speaking to my mother; and, after a conversation of about three hours' length, succeeded in gaining her consent to what I so much wished. I received the intelligence from colonel Sandford in a transport of delight, but I soon awakened to the sorrowful consciousness of the painful effort which it must have cost my mother to yield to my inclinations. I became sad and thoughtful, and would probably have remained

remained for a long time in a deep reverie, but that some one shook me warmly by the hand. On looking up, I saw Raymond, who congratulated me most heartily on my prospects. I sighed deeply, and said—"Raymond, when you enter the army, it will be with the concurrence of your parents; but as for me, I scarcely know whether I ought to take advantage of a consent which must have been yielded with such a pang."

"Dear Henry," said Raymond, "how virtuous is that love and tender consideration for your mother, which ever marks your conduct! If you should go abroad, you may rely upon our care and attention to your mother."

"Yes," said I, "it will be a very great comfort to me to think so," I continued, quite absorbed in thought.

The whole of this day my mother declined going out: we were alone; she was as thoughtful as I, and both, I am sure, equally longed to have the first
mention

mention of the subject over which engrossed all our thoughts.

In the evening, my mother broke the painful silence. She told me, she had fully made up her mind to subdue her own selfish feelings, and to reward me for the sacrifice which I would have made to her of my inclinations. While she spoke, she leant her head upon my shoulder, and wept. I too wept, and as I kissed away her tears, said every thing which I thought calculated to comfort her—talked of the time when I should return to her dear arms, perhaps distinguished and respected. She listened to me; but her tears flowed faster than ever.—“Dear mother,” said I, forcing a smile, “will you not feel a little pride in your son, when he lays all his laurels at your feet?” Her only answer was a kiss.

The remainder of the evening was sad. I think I never looked upon my mother with fonder affection: it seemed that

that as our separation became more probable, all the ties of gratitude and love gained strength. Ah! it is only when we lose, or are about to lose, the object of our tenderest regard, that we know how inexpressibly dear that object is. So I felt with regard to this valued parent; every word she uttered became sacred in my estimation, and was treasured in my heart during a painful absence.

My mother was more composed the next day; and if she did not succeed in conquering her feelings, she at least concealed them from common observation—but not from me, for I could see that she was sorrowful. She exerted herself to speak to me of my plans; and in a long conversation with colonel Sandford, arranged every thing that was best to be done.

Colonel Sandford wrote to London, recommending me very strongly for a commission; and in about a week he received

ceived an answer, enclosing a Gazette, in which my name was inserted.

My mother turned extremely pale when colonel Sandford put the paper into her hands ; but she kissed me, and wished me joy. Colonel Sandford read the letter, in which it was mentioned that the regiment to which I was appointed was at present at Lisbon ; the remaining part, that it would, in all probability, soon advance into Spain, he kept for my own private information.

“ Thank Heaven it is not in Spain !” said my mother.

“ It is fortunate, my dear friend,” said colonel Sandford, taking my mother by the hand, “ that Henry is so much a better soldier than you are. But cheer up ! for, believe me, this same boy,” laying his hand upon my shoulder, “ will, some day or other, come back a general to you.”

I cannot describe my feelings ; they were so mixed, that I scarcely understood them

them myself: delighted I certainly was, at the idea of shewing my sympathy for a nation struggling for her rights and for her freedom, by some more substantial proof than mere words, yet grieved at the idea of parting from a being, who was so inexpressibly dear to me.

I felt a satisfaction in the prospect, that at a distance, and occupied by different pursuits, I should perhaps have the power of conquering my painful and unjust sentiments towards Raymond, for such I knew they were, and certainly did not yet add the guilt of trying to deceive myself with regard to their nature, to that of harbouring such baseness in my mind.

My mother busied herself preparing whatever she thought was necessary for my equipment.

Colonel Sandford talked to me so much of Spain, that I wished myself already there. The high sense of honour of the Spaniards, their lofty spirit, and their

their love of truth, made me long to devote myself to their service. Notwithstanding my hurry, I gave an hour each day to the study of the Spanish grammar, and determined to use all my endeavours to acquire the language as speedily as possible.

A few evenings after every thing had been fixed, as my mother and I were sitting together, the door opened, and—“It’s only Dermot, with a few double stocks to the mistis,” was followed by the appearance of that faithful creature, with his hands full of stock gillyflowers.—“I know you were always partial to them,” said he, laying them on the table.

“Thank you, Dermot,” said my mother; “these are uncommonly fine, and so sweet——”

“Troth, I wish they were all made of diamonds for your sake, and they wouldn’t be one bit too good for you—no, nor half good enough. But there’s no good in spakin, for you’ll never get your dasart
in

in this world; but," continued he, looking up, "there's a better, and there's a story gone before you."

We now thought Dermot was going to leave the room; but when he got to the door, he stopt, and began to fiddle with the lock.

"Dermot," said my mother, "is there any thing more you wish to say?"

"There is more, and a great dale more too," answered he, "but I'm afeard to make bould to say it."

"Never fear, Dermot," said my mother; "tell me what it is."

"Why, my lady," replied he, "I have been turnin and twistin it in my mind, ever since I heard master Hinry was for goin—anyhow I know you'll be very lonely, and my heart misgives me to lave you; but troth I'd be loth the young master should be behoulden to any on to do many a little turn for him, that his own poor Dearmot used to do." After a moment's

moment's pause, and a look of deep thought, he added—"And I consate my mistis wouldn't be frettin so much if she'd but think some on was in them foreign parts to mind him, that remembered him a small thing upon the knee, and that would be tinder of him if he was sick, and would watch by him if he was wounded, and that would sarve him night and day—ay, and spill the last drop of his blood for him."

"Surely Dermot," said I, "you do not really wish to go abroad with me?"

"Don't I?" said he: "troth it's I that would go all over the world with your father's son, and proud I'd be to go with him: if I, that hiven't kin nor kind, but what's all dead and gone many's the long day ago, if I warn't to have a feelin for yees, I'd have no nature in me. Sure I'd put my two hands under your feet if it would do ye any good, let alone just to cross the says; and though I never
was

was much after sodgerin, I'd go forneant the whole Frinch army to save a hair of your head."

"Dermot," said I, "I feel most grateful to you."

"Grateful to me! grateful to poor Dearmot, that your father, my master, took when I was but a little gassoon, friendless and fatherless—clothed me, and fed me, and cherished me as if I was one of his own!—grateful to me!—O-hone! if I could lay down my life to save you, wouldn't I be too happy?"

"Dermot," said my mother, "if it were possible for you to go over with Mr. Henry, it would indeed be a great comfort to me."

"Never be unasy about my gettin over," said Dermot, who thought my mother alluded to the expence—"never be unasy about my gettin over, for I can work out my passage, I'll engage, and then I won't be after taking a pinny from you, for Heaven knows you want it all,

THE EXPRESS.

and too little it is for you—bare and low you lave yourself, that you may help others.”

“ Well, Dermot,” said my mother, “ we’ll see to-morrow what can be done. I’ll speak to colonel Sandford.”

“ Blessings on you!” said he, going; but turning back, added—“if it’s a thing that I go abroad with master Hinry, Wilson will be able to look after the garden; he knows where all the bulbous roots are, and he’s a clane, sinsible lad, and one that won’t impose.”

My mother was greatly affected by Dermot’s faithfulness and affection, and determined, if possible, to settle that he should go out with me as my servant. She told me it would be a great comfort to her. I agreed to it, not only on her account, but also from the very great regard which I felt for the attached creature himself.

The next day, my mother asked colonel Sandford what would be the best way

way of arranging for Dermot to accompany me to Lisbon? He said the only plan which he could devise would be for him to volunteer into the same regiment with me, and that I could get leave to retain him as my servant. When Dermot was told this, he was in a transport of delight, protesting he'd volunteer with me "to the end of the world and beyant it," if I'd take him with me.

It was necessary to prepare with expedition to join my regiment; and the day on which I was to set out was already fixed.

Colonel Sandford informed me that general V——, and some officers belonging to my regiment, were to proceed immediately to Lisbon: he gave me a letter to general V——, and another to major Macleod, to deliver on my arrival in London, as it would be pleasant for me to get acquainted with them before we commenced our voyage.

I could not but feel the deepest re-

gret at leaving my mother, for the first time that the length of my absence was indefinite. My mother endeavoured to appear as composed as possible, and indeed succeeded surprisingly ; and I assumed a cheerfulness which was foreign to my heart. We knew all that was passing in each other's mind, but we dared not speak of it, lest it should completely upset all our schemes of philosophy.

CHAPTER VII.

Farewell, sweet scenes! Pensive once more I turn,
Those pointed hills and wood-fringed lakes to view
With fond regret; while in this last adieu,
A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn,
For ever past. MRS. TIGHE.

JUST as the sun was setting, the evening before my departure, I stole an hour from my mother, to visit that garden and those grounds to which I felt such a strong local attachment. The weather was beautiful, and the splendid radiance of the setting sun added richness to the beauty of the scene. Every thing looked cheerful; the birds were pouring forth their gayest strains to the departing day.

No one who has not been sad, while surrounded by nature in her happiest mood, can have any idea of its effect upon the sorrowful heart ; but those who have tasted of the cup of affliction can well understand my feelings : they know how mournfully those sounds which pleased before—the lowing of the cattle, the singing of the birds, the trickling of the rivulet, strike the ear ; how all that pleased the sight—the verdant fields, the luxuriant hues, the blooming flowers, lit up with more than common brightness, meet the eyes, when the heart is cheerless and sad.

I felt the contrast—I stopped every moment, as it were, to take leave of some well-known tree or shrub, which time had rendered dear, and associations valuable. Some had been planted by my father, others reared and watched by my mother, and some I myself had cultivated.

I turned my eyes from the trees
and

and flowers to the fields spreading before me, and could not help weeping, as if I was taking leave of them for ever. —“ And perhaps,” thought I, “ I may never see you more! Another summer will revive all the bloom and all the beauty which now meet my eyes—and that summer may shine upon my grave in a distant country, far from all that I love !”

As I turned up a walk in the flower-garden, I saw Dermot, and the labourer who assisted him, on before me. Dermot's gestures were violent, and his voice loud.—“ Now mind me, Wilson,” said he, “ if you offer for to go to touch that tuft of *shamrogues*, it will not be plasin to me, for that's the only thing in the varsal world that I have out of poor ould Ireland : and indeed, Wilson—it isn't that I main to disparage your country, for it's a mighty good place, and the people all civil and dacent ; but Ireland ! I believe there isn't the likes

of it under the wide canopy of heaven! Why, the highest hill in this whole country round about, is no more to compare to the very laste of our mountains—no more to compare than this grain of dust to all the prospect round about!—You see them carnations: you must be very particular about them, for the mistis is very partial to them—and mind to slip them in the saison: and don't forget the rose layers; and that lavender hedge there—take good care, and keep it trimmed and nate, for it was master Hinry put it down with his own hands. Oh the poor mistis! it's she that 'ill cry many a salt tear over it, when we are many and many a mile away beyant the says! she'll be proud to see whatever he used to look at, let alone what he put down his own scelf, with his own hand—she'll think more of it nor if it was all made of gold and diamonds. But maybe we'll have the look to come home again safe and sound,
and

and find every thing in its own place. But if we are to go, it's no matter whether we are there or here; and, at any rate, I'll die in pace, if I sarve my young master to the last.—Wilson, mind don't disturb the clay about this ash tree, for there's one under it that his betters need not be ashamed to take after, for he was true and lovin to the last; and there's many that has Christian burial that don't desarve it better—no, nor half so well, though he was but a poor dumb baste.”

I listened with a degree of interest to all that Dermot said. After shewing more of the plants to Wilson, he continued—“ But what's the use of frettin? no use at all at all, but to make bad worse. But, Wilson, I know you'll trate her with every rispict, for you'll never meet the likes of her, for she's as mild as the lamb, and good and considerate to every one that sarves her; and though she takes such thought for every body, it's

she that has had the weary time of it. Sure no one ever thought she'd hould up her head after the master wint. My heart has often ached for her, to see her goin about liker a dead corpse nor a livin crature. I knew he wouldn't do from the first, whin I'd hear the big watchdog howlin under the windows, and the death-watch so loud every night at my bed's head. I knew the art of man wouldn't save him ; and whin we were sittin sad and sorrowful in the kitchen, the night before he was taken, whin Mary said—' What sound was that, Dermot ?' and seemed frightened like, though I said nothing, I knew well enough it was the Benschce ; and when I looked out of the window, I saw something white, and very tall, and I was just going to drop off, but Mary threw some water in my face ; and he was taken the next day, sure enough."

I returned to the house, feeling very melancholy ; my mother seemed afraid

to

to trust herself to speak of my departure next morning, but when she kissed me, and bade me good-night, I could see the tears trickling down her cheeks.

The Raymonds, and colonel Sandford and his daughter, had taken leave of me that day. The Raymonds promised to watch over, and pay my mother every attention in their power, and Miss Sandford said she would probably see me at Lisbon, as it was colonel Sandford's intention to bring his whole family there, if he went.

From the meeting with colonel Sandford I promised myself much pleasure; but not so did I feel with regard to his daughter. I never liked her much after our first introduction: the first day I saw her, I thought her manners and appearance very attractive; but soon her evident preference of Raymond made me see her in a very different light, and I thought that, to say the best of her

sentiments towards me, she did not like me. Whenever we happened to be together, she always chose Raymond as the subject of her conversation, and I conceived that she took a malicious pleasure in reading on my countenance the mortification his praises occasioned.

I shall not attempt to describe my parting with my mother—she could no longer restrain her feelings. I was glad that she gave way to them, as I feared that the efforts which she made would prove injurious to her. I hurried from her embraces as quickly as possible, promising to comply with her often-urged entreaty to take care of myself, and jumped into the chaise.

I watched from the window till a turn in the road shut out my beloved home from my sight. I threw myself back in the carriage, to indulge my tears, as I hoped, in silence; but this Dermot, whom I had taken into the chaise, on
account

account of a violent fall of rain, would not permit, for his grief was ever sure to vent itself in vehement soliloquies.

“ Troth it’s no wonder, master Hinry, you should take on, for I believe there isn’t such a mother in the wide world! Heaven help your poor heart, for I believe you’re breakin it! but there’s no use in frettin, for I’ll be bound we’ll come home grand and great, not as we’re goin; you’ll be a great ginerall, or colonel, and I’ll be your man. So, master Hinry, do take heart. My blessings upon her, night and day, but it’s she that’s the good sowl and the elegant lady! I’ll miss her mornin and ev’nin out of that garden that she took such pride out of; and indeed, troth I’ll feel myself lonely like after the garden itself, for it was my business and my sport, I may say: but anyhow, Wilson’s a very good hand at the flowers. Maybe we’ll be home ourselves before it’s time for the next crops to go down; and I wish it
it

it with all my heart, and with all my sowl, that all the battles and all the campaignin was over, and that we had our faces forneant home, instead of turnin our backs to it; for such a home, I suppose, we'll never meet, till we come back again—no, not if we were to be sodgerin all round the wide world for twinty long years.”

I suffered Dermot to continue his incoherent soliloquy; he now pitied his mistress—then bewailed the garden—then praised my mother—then regretted her—then pitied himself and me—then bid me not fret—and concluded by looking forward with the most sanguine hope to our success abroad. It is quite impossible to give any idea of the wildness of his manner, and the astonishing rapidity with which his thoughts *flew* from one subject to another.

The third evening after we left home we reached London. Dermot's astonishment at every thing he saw was expressed

ed

ed in the most frantic manner; and his extraordinary gestures and strange tones attracted universal observation, and excited a general laugh.

CHAPTER VIII.

————— I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning, having written to tell my mother of my safe arrival, and having equipped myself for visiting, I went to deliver the letters which colonel Sandford had given to me.

I found

I found general V—— at home : his manners were extremely polished, and he received me with so much politeness, that it would have been impossible for me not to have felt prepossessed in his favour.

I left him to make up my acquaintance with major Macleod. He was a complete Scotchman in appearance and manner ; he was very stiff in his person, and very matter-of-fact in his conversation ; his countenance expressed sense and integrity, but did not bear the least trace of vivacity. He welcomed me with a broad Scotch accent, and pressed me so warmly to stay dinner, to meet some officers of the regiment, that I accepted of his invitation.

At dinner I was placed between a Miss Danby and captain Oakley. I soon entered into conversation with the latter, who had so much the appearance of good-temper and good-nature, that I
instantly

instantly gave him credit for these qualities.

“ Mr. St. Lawrence,” said he, in the course of conversation, “ I trust you will like your regiment very much: we have a very agreeable society among ourselves, as you will find when you get to Lisbon; and I’m sure we shall all rejoice in the acquisition we shall make in your company. We have our fair ladies, and our social evenings, just as here in England, I assure you.”

“ Oh,” said Miss Danby, “ now you have mentioned our fair ladies, you should describe them to our new friend.”

“ You know the powers of description belong so peculiarly to you,” said captain Oakley, “ that I certainly shall not attempt to invade your province.”

“ Well,” said Miss Danby, “ have you a mind to hear of the guards and double guards (to speak like a soldier), that you will find it absolutely necessary to have

on

on your heart? do you wish to hear of the dangers you have to encounter from sparkling eyes and rosy lips—dangers more formidable, perhaps, than any in the field?”

“By all means,” replied I; “you know, fore-warned fore-armed.”

“Well,” said she, in an under voice, “I must begin with colonel Osborne’s lady, as she, you know, is the person of most consequence in the regiment, for, between ourselves, she commands the commander. She has beauty without attraction—smiles without meaning—and talk without conversation; so much for her: but by all means admire her beauty—smile to her smiles—and listen, if you can, to her talk; for, if you a’n’t a favourite with her, you may depend upon being always put on the hardest duty in the regiment.”

“I am glad,” said I, laughing, “that you have given me a hint in time.”

“Next come lieutenant-colonel Cecil’s

THE EXPRESS.

cill's wife and daughter. And now take care of your heart: Miss Cecill is ycleped a beauty, and if form and face divine really constitute beauty, she is worthy of the title: but, poor girl, she has been very unfortunate; she was just on the point of marriage with major L——, whose name appeared in the last list of the killed; of her, then, I shall not speak—but Mrs. Cecill, her mother, is most remarkable for the fashion of her clothes, and the set of her diamonds, of which she has a profusion, and from which she derives no inconsiderable consequence in her own eyes, and in the eyes of the whole regiment. Then Mrs. Castles, whose husband is captain of the grenadiers, has mock garnets, and mock pearls, and mock diamonds, and mock modesty, and sometimes mock majesty; in short, hers is a complete system of mockery—her very gowns and bonnets are the severest burlesques upon the elegant costume of Mrs. Cecill.”

“ I must

“ I must take care,” said I, “ for from your description Mrs. Castles must be a very dangerous person.”

“ Mrs. Fillagree, whose husband is first lieutenant in the light-company, and her three daughters, look up to Mrs. Cecill as the leader of the fashions, and converse with Mrs. Castles on the respective merits of silk, satin, gauze, and tiffany. They never read, except the magazine with the last fashions. They make all their own clothes, which has made dress not only their chief amusement, but their only business, and the one grand object to which all their thoughts are directed. Some one asked Miss Fillagree, whether she and her mother and sisters were not very miserable when her father was ordered out so suddenly, on a very dangerous expedition ? — ‘ Oh yes, we were,’ answered she ; ‘ and we all shut ourselves up in mamma’s room till papa came back to us. He was away but four days—and only think,
we

we made our pink satin frocks, and altered our blue crape robes; and mamma made her dove-coloured sarcenet gown. I'm sure, if we had sat in the drawing-room, and seen company, we'd never have got them done so fast. Mamma says we shall always make our gowns when papa's ordered out to meet the enemy at any distance, for we can stay in her room all day, and nobody asks to see us, because they know we're fretting about papa."

"Will Miss Danby give no quarter?" said captain Oakley.

"I have done," replied she, "for I need not describe the remainder of our ladies, for they, like the rest, are fond of dress, and flirting, and new faces."

I could not help thinking that scandal made an addition to their other propensities. Miss Danby amused, but did not please me: there appeared something ungenerous to me in her betraying all the little follies of those with whom

whom she had been on an intimate footing to a total stranger.

I was next to her the whole evening. Her brother, who was a lieutenant in the regiment, came over and entered into conversation. He was like his sister; and I could soon perceive that they had given themselves such a habit of ridiculing, that almost every thing struck them in a ludicrous point of view.

It was impossible to avoid smiling at their remarks on the company who dropt in; but I was fully aware that it was but a minor kind of wit which made me smile, if indeed that deserves the name of wit which is obliged to depend on the follies and defects of others, instead of its own resources.

“Whom have we got here?” said Miss Danby, as the door opened, and a tall large man entered the room. “Oh, horrible! it is captain Bluster!” said she to her brother; and then turning to me—“That is Mr. Biggs, a brother-officer of yours; we

we call him captain Bluster, for we have nicknames for all our officers. Our surgeon is Little Tattle, tale-bearer to the whole regiment, and mischief-maker to the colonel. I am afraid Bluster is coming to us: pray, now, observe how like a storm he is; he seems to overwhelm every thing within his reach, and comes rattling and blustering about one so, that I am really afraid of being blown out of the world, if I escape being crushed to atoms. Oh, Alick, do, for Heaven's sake, try to prevent his coming over to Lisbon with us, for I really apprehend he will sink the vessel."

Several officers entered the room, and I should have supposed them almost too insignificant for observation, but that I saw they each afforded Miss Danby and her brother the highest entertainment.

"Call, or beckon little Delany over here to me," said she.

"I do not know him," replied I.

"There he is," returned she, "leaning
back

back in a most becoming attitude ; he thinks himself very handsome, and wonderfully clever ; but, unfortunately, it happens that he is neither one or the other ; but, for all that, he is my delight.—he has the most happy capabilities for being quizzed. Nothing that I say is too preposterous for him to swallow.”

Just then she caught his eye, and beckoning him over, had him beside her in a moment. She introduced him to me, and then, in a whisper which was meant entirely for him, asked me whether I did not think him uncommonly handsome ?

She then began paying him most extravagant compliments, which he seemed to take in very good part ; but whenever he made *an attempt to be clever*, she exposed his folly and his ignorance so much, that she succeeded in subduing him completely.

When I was returning home, I could not help thinking, that perhaps I was

now the object of their mirth, and feeling sorry at the idea of their accompanying me to Lisbon.

CHAPTER IX.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother
bound my head!

You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where
you were bred.

I'm sure such words do not become a man of your
cloth;

I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth!

SWIFT.

THE day arrived on which we were to
sail, and I found general V——, major
Macleod, and a number of officers, on
board. Captain Oakley, and Mr. and
Miss Danby, were also there. When
Miss Danby saw me, she smiled and
nodded; and when I went to speak to
F 2 her,

her, said—"I'm delighted to see you, for really there isn't a creature here fit to be spoken to but yourself; as to the general, and major Macleod, who is a varagude mon," imitating his accent, "they will be so busy settling the affairs of the nation, that there will be no such thing as extracting a word from either of them.—Then the two women over there—do you know who they are?" Having answered her in the negative, she continued—"Oh, then I may abuse them as much as I please. Probably they are stupid; but at any rate I don't like them. Women, you know, that one don't particularly care for, or that one is not very intimate with, are quite insufferable; as to having any sort or kind of intercourse with them, it's quite out of the question. Then Oakley is far too goodnatured for me; and those boys are only fit to laugh at. But I forget to wish you joy."

"Of what?" inquired I.

"Oh,

“ Oh, of Bluster’s illness,” continued she. “ He got a damp bed at Richmond the other night, in consequence of which he is laid up—they say it is something of a pleurisy; but he has been obliged to renew his leave of absence. This, let me tell you, is no trifling piece of good fortune for us, for we should all have been condemned to dumbness during our voyage, had he come with us; for he never permits any one to speak but himself, and his eternal clack and tremendous voice would have deafened us all completely, before we were half way to Lisbon.”

Notwithstanding Miss Danby’s declaration that she would have no kind of intercourse with the two ladies, I could perceive that she very soon made up to them, and entered into conversation. Their husbands were officers, and they were going to join them at Lisbon. The elder lady was a pleasing sensible woman, but very reserved; the younger

was extremely prepossessing in appearance and manner, and excited general interest by the anxiety which she evinced to reach her husband, who was in a fever. It appeared afterwards, that she had been prevented from accompanying him by the expectation of her confinement, which took place two months after his departure. In the course of conversation, I mentioned colonel Sandford; she told me she was acquainted with him, and asked me if I had heard that his eldest daughter, Dora, was going to be married to a young gentleman, with whose family she was on a visit? I felt myself colour, for I was provoked and vexed at receiving this intelligence from a total stranger.—“What want of confidence!” thought I: “and is Raymond’s friendship worth a moment’s consideration, when he could allow me to take leave of him without giving me the only proof of regard in his power—a ready and entire confidence?”

We

We were so much like one large family, that in a few days, the passengers became quite intimate. Many of the officers, who had at first seemed silly and unpolished, improved on a nearer acquaintance, and I found them (with very few exceptions) obliging and good-natured. Indeed, on a voyage it is particularly necessary that every one should bring the best stock of good-humour and spirits they can muster, for they are totally dependent on each other, and escape is impossible.

One day, just as dinner was over, I was surprised to hear violent bursts of laughter from the opposite side of the table, as Dermot answered a question which I asked him; (he always insisted on taking his place behind my chair while I dined, not only at the inns on our road to London, but even since we had been on shipboard). I was so used to his manner of speaking, that it never occurred to me that it could occasion

such mirth. Mr. Delany, one of the officers, roared out—"Hark'ee, my friend, have you ever been to Ireland?"

"To be sure I was, avourneen," replied Dermot, apparently pleased at the mention of his country.

"I never should have guessed it," said the young man, chuckling at his own supposed cleverness—"I never should have guessed it; you have got none of the brogue sure. Come back, my honest fellow," continued he, on seeing Dermot move towards the door, "I wish to have a little quiet, rational conversation with you. Now, in the first place, tell me is it possible you are an Irishman?"

"Indeed and I am, sure enough," returned Dermot, who evidently now perceived that the young man wished to make him appear ridiculous—"indeed and I am; and I'm not a bit ashamed of it, but proud and happy at it."

"And tell me," said Delany, "what
in

in the name of fortune is bringing you over to Spain?"

"The master to be sure," returned Dermot.

"Well, now tell me," said Delany, "if you should be ordered out, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" repeated Dermot; "why, to be sure I'd do whatever my master or the gineral," bowing to general V——, "would be plased to bid me."

"Now tell me candidly," said Delany, "did you ever fire a shot in your life?"

"Many and many a one I did, troth," answered Dermot, "and many a crow I knocked down when they'd be med-dlin, or making too free with the pays; and if you go to the mistis's garden, you'll see them hangin up for their impidence. Wilson could shew them to you, as I'm left it."

“ Who the mischief is the mistis ?” said Delany, “ and who the devil is Wilson ? But come, tell me now, have not some of the people in your country wings ?”

“ Ogh,” replied Dermot, “ it’s no such thing ; but what makes people think it is, because no boys make so much haste to go to sarve a friend or bate an inimy.”

“ Well, good friend, I think you have got nothing but potatoes and bogs in Ireland ?”

“ We have got plinty and thousands of every thing good and nice,” rejoined Dermot ; “ and we have the shillela, and them that knows how to handle it properly ; and we have raial gintlemin, that would scorn to humbug any one who was not their aigual.”

“ Humbug !” repeated Delany, winking at those who were near him ; “ be so good as to tell me the meaning of humbugging ?”

“ I’m

“ I’m sure and sartin,” answered Dermot, “ nobody knows better nor yourself.”

“ But I wish particularly that you should tell me,” said Delany; “ and I am sure it would be a satisfactory thing to every one here to know your explanation of it.”

“ Well, though I never was a good warrant to make my mainin very plain,” said he, “ for I never got much book larnin, I’ll do my *endeavour*. Well now, supposin the Frinch have got a proper baitin; my master and I go home, and there’ll be great rejoicin to see him safe agin, to be sure; and my own sort will be askin me all I scen, and I’ll be tellin all we wint through; and they’ll say—‘ Dermot, were you disheartened on the says?’ To be sure I’ll say no, for I don’t know what it is to be afeard of man or baste.—‘ And who wint in the ship with you?’ and I’ll mintion the qua-

lity to be sure that came over with us; and I'll say—'we had one captain Delany, a mighty goodnatured, clever, sensible gintleman.' Now that's what I main by humbuggin."

The laugh was now completely turned against Delany, who, though he tried to join in it, looked most excessively foolish. I should certainly have endeavoured to put a stop to his unmeaning and unfeeling attack, but that I was convinced Dermot himself would put the coxcomb out of countenance in some unexpected manner.

The general turned to Dermot, and said—"Now that Mr. Delany has had a little *quiet* and *rational* conversation with you, and that you have explained the meaning of 'humbugging' so much to all our satisfaction, you may go and get your dinner."

Miss Danby and her brother were quite convulsed with laughter; nor could they

they

they perfectly regain their composure the whole evening, for it was overset every time they looked near Delany.

“That Dermot of yours is an absolute treasure,” cried Miss Danby, turning to me; “and I beg, whenever you part with him, you will let me know, that I may take him, for the express purpose of keeping Chatter-box in order. I think, indeed, he will be useful to the whole regiment, and teach the juvenile creatures a little manners.—Come here, Delany,” continued she, beckoning him over. He pretended neither to hear or see her. “Mrs. Hatfield, do tell Mr. Delany I want him to lend me his arm in a walk on deck.”

Delany, glad to escape after his defeat, seized the opportunity of retreating. Major Macleod took my arm, and several walking-parties were formed on deck. As we happened to be just before Miss Danby, I heard her say—“Now tell me, Delany, what in the name of wonder
could

could make you suppose you had cleverness enough to put an Irishman out of countenance? Never attempt it again, my good friend. I should have been heartily sorry if he had not made you blush before you ended. Now, what possible use is there in throwing out insinuations against a brave and gallant nation, from which some of the brightest stars in your own very profession have arisen? Every one knows there are bogs and potatoes in Ireland, and that it is very fortunate for the people that there are, as the one happens to supply them with excellent fuel, and the other with wholesome food. Believe me, Delany, it is no proof of your courage to attack a whole nation, nor of the goodness of your heart to try to wound the feelings of an inferior."

"I'd ventur to lay a thoosan poune," said major Macleod, "that Miss Dawnby is gi'eing the youngster a gude lectur; there's nane can gainsay it, for he did
maist

maist positevily deserve a leetle hale-some correction; and I do na ken ane that can gi'e it better nor hersel. She is vera severe, but vera juste; and I neyer heard her say ony thing to hurt the feelings of a distressed or an inferior person."

"In this instance," said I, "her reproof is indeed merited, and I hope may be useful."

"Nae reproof could have been mair to the purpose than that the chiel gi'ed him himsel; and let me tell you, there is nae punishment sae juste as that the fault brings on—nae reproof sae cutting as that conveyed in a reply to the offence. The Irish, too, are a gallant people; besides, their antequety is vera great. They are descended frae the Scots, whose manners and customs you will find to this vera day in the northern part of the nation."

"Get away from me, you incorrigible creature!" cried Miss Danby to Delany;

"I see

“ I see I can never make any thing of you. Oh, major, and Mr. St. Lawrence, let me walk with you, for I am tired to death trying to reform that silly child. How soon, major, do you think we shall get to Lisbon? for I am most heartily tired of being on shipboard.”

“ I hope in a vera few days the voyage may be completed: indeed it is a sad thing for a bonnie lassie like Miss Dawnby to be cooped up sae lang.”

“ Oh, it's not the being cooped up I care about,” said she, “ but it's the being condemned to see the same faces every day, and to listen to the same nothings repeated over and over by people who have scarcely half an idea. Why now, seriously, you two are the only persons that one can converse with.”

“ Well,” said I, “ when we get to Lisbon, I hope you will be made ample amends for the dulness and sameness of which you complain, but from which
your

your conversation and spirits have saved the rest of the passengers.”

“Lisbon! I hate it!” said she; “and if it was not for the hope that there may be some new regiments there, with some officers belonging to them who can answer when they are spoken to, I think I should have been tempted to disappoint Alick, and let him go without me.”

“That would have been vera cruel,” said major Macleod.

“I know it would,” replied she, “for Alick has a good deal of soul, and a fine imagination, and I am sure, if they were obliged to lie dormant (which would surely be the case if he had no companion but those creatures, who do nothing more than vegetate), he would fall into a melancholy.”

“It is very kind of you to overcome your repugnance to return to Portugal on his account,” said I.

“Certainly,” returned she; “but we do
expect

expect to make a little amusement for ourselves; for though we shall have very, very few to talk *to* or laugh *with*, yet we shall have a sufficient number to talk *of* and to laugh *at*."

"There are na twa in the regiment," said major Macleod, "who laugh sae much as you and your brother the lieutenant; I am fu' sure you mack mickle sport to yoursels, wi' aw your jeers and remarks on ither folk."

"Well," said she, "for all that, Mr. St. Lawrence, I'm quite wretched at the idea of being condemned to be on any kind of terms with a set of troublesome, stupid women. I wish I could hit upon some way of breaking with them all."

"That would be too severe a punishment, even for stupidity and tiresomeness," said I.

"Not at all," interrupted she, "for they all hate both my brother and me."

"The celebrated Dr. Doddridge had a child," said I, "who was a universal favourite

favourite with all who frequented her father's house. Some one asked her, how it happened that every body loved her? to which she made the sweet reply—
“That she supposed it was because she loved every body.”

“I may apply that,” said she. “Well, I do plead guilty to feeling for them all a degree of contempt and dislike proportioned to each of their talents for calling forth such sentiments.”

“Miss Dawnby has gote a nickname for amaist the hale of the regiment,” said the major.

“You cannot accuse me of having given you one at least,” said she.

“For which I mack you my vera best boo,” returned he, as he left us to join the general, who was now upon deck.

Miss Danby burst into a loud laugh—
“Go, go, my good *humdrum major*,” said she, “for that is his name; for you must know we reckon him a deadly bore. My brother says he always puts him in mind
of

of something carved in wood, and hung together in a very awkward manner; and that if you just pulled out the pegs, which are placed so clumsily at the joints, his legs and arms, of which he seems to have twice as many as his share, would all drop about him, while he would look on with an unmoved countenance."

"I never should have supposed," said I, "that you laughed so at the poor major."

"I assure you," said she, "I have the highest respect for him; he is a worthy creature, and though excessively ridiculous, not a bit more so than every one you see. What I like in him is, that he is always in his place—never above or below his situation, let it be what it may; and to this, I am sure, is chiefly owing his good fortune in having been raised from the ranks; his conduct was such as to give offence to no one, and his duty was always done so as to please every body."

I expressed

I expressed my surprise at hearing that he had risen from the ranks.

“ This is what makes me lean lighter on him than on the rest,” said she; “ and I really do feel respect for him, as I know very well that it could have been nothing in the world but his own merit which brought him forward, when so many get on because they have cunning, or interest, or money, or impudence. I am sure you have liberality enough to like him just as well, if not better, than you did before you knew this circumstance.”

“ I agree perfectly with you,” said I, “ that it is very much to his credit. I should never have guessed, from his style of conversation, that he had been in an inferior rank of life. I have heard him speak, even on literary subjects, and (independently of his accent and pronunciation) always with propriety.”

“ The Scotch are a rational people,” said she, “ and never speak without understanding

derstanding what they say ; they do not talk at random, you know, the way other people do, expecting that some meaning may be affixed to their words, which would be impossible, were even all the philosophers and annotators from the earliest period to put their heads together for the purpose. You know the ridiculous way in which Delany sometimes romances ; but if a Scotchman had but six ideas in the world, he would know how to arrange them."

I told her that I knew very few Scotch people, but that from what I had seen of major Macleod, I wished much to have an opportunity of increasing my acquaintance with people of so much sense and integrity.

" I believe major Macleod will never marry," said Miss Danby. " There was a deadset at him when first he joined the regiment, about two years since. Mrs. Fillagree intended him for one of her three daughters, and they sat up all night

night making plaid spencers, that they might make a deep impression the first day they were to meet him; but it would not do, and the ladies were all so much mortified, that they declared he was a vulgar low creature, and not fit company. Miss Godfrey, who has been on a visit with her aunt Cecill for the last three years, in the vain speculation that some one of the officers would be caught by her sentiment, her poetry, her *interesting* die-away manners—Alick pretended to be desperately in love with her, and she was more sentimental than ever; but at last he grew so completely tired of being obliged to listen to all the nonsense which she wrote, that he let her perceive him laughing at her. She has been very cool to me ever since, and she don't speak to Alick."

"But," inquired I, "was she unable to make any impression on the major?"

"Quite," returned she, "though she did every thing she could devise. She gave

gave him a copy of some elegiac verses on the unfortunate termination of an earwig's life—it was boiled to death in an artichoke; but he never gave her the satisfaction of saying that he liked it. She then read to him her sonnet on the thistle: though it was his national plant, it had as little effect upon him as the earwig. She then wrote a most elaborate address to Scotland, with a compliment to him at the conclusion; and when he withstood this, she gave up the scheme, and declared that the Scotch were a coarse unfeeling people, and (with the exception of a few of their poets) without a particle of taste. The major is too wise, I assure you, to be fooled into marriage with any of them."

I was not much surprised to find that Miss Danby was bringing over presents to most of the ladies for whom she professed such dislike. I could easily see that she was illnatured more from habit than disposition, and that though she
sometimes

pleasure we felt at again standing on *terra firma*.

Miss Danby had her brother to take care of her ; and just as I had offered my services to the other ladies, their friends came to meet them. I heard them give Mrs. Fairfield the delightful information that her husband, though still confined to his room, was quite out of danger, and anxiously watching for her arrival. I saw her lovely face lighted up with an expression of thankfulness and delight. How different from the sad and pensive cast which it wore during our voyage ! She bade me adieu, and pressed me to go to see her with more warmth than I had ever seen her shew ; and in my own mind I made her ample amends for having joined Miss Danby, in declaring her cold and dead. The clouds of anxiety and sorrow had dispersed, and the sunshine of delight had diffused itself so enchantingly over her
voice

voice and manner, that she seemed to speak to every one with interest, and to take leave of every one with tenderness.

CHAPTER X.

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
 What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

— — — — —

I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, more commendable.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next day I waited on Miss Danby, who told me, the moment she saw me, that she had just given directions to her servant to admit nobody but me.

I thanked her for the exception she had made in my favour.

“It would be quite intolerable,” said she, “to have the women crowding about
 me

me before the fatigue of the voyage is worn off—teazing one with their eternal clack, and that for no earthly purpose but to pick up the fresh importation of scandal, and to investigate the newest fashions in my gowns and bonnets. I have bidden Mary unpack my things, and perhaps to-morrow I may let them in, and throw my whole wardrobe among them, and let them scramble for it themselves, for I cannot undergo the torture of an examination as to long and short sleeves, collars and backs, and a very long *etcetera*.”

While I was sitting with her, her servant came in, and said Mrs. and Miss Fillagree were at the door, and that they begged she would let them in, as they had something particular to mention.

“Insufferable persecution!” exclaimed she: “well, tell them to come up, or they will distract me with absurd messages.”

Mrs. Fillagree and her daughter came in. They declared they were rejoiced to see Miss Danby.—“ My dear,” said Mrs. Fillagree, “ we came on purpose to entreat you would come to us this evening—we are just to have our own ladies and gentlemen with us, and I was delighted to hear you were so exactly in time; and pray tell your brother we’ll expect him; and Mr. St. Lawrence,” (for Miss Danby had introduced me) “ I hope, won’t refuse to come to me, as he will see almost all our officers and their families?”

After making a few excuses, Mrs. Fillagree was so obstinate in her entreaties, and so ingenious in detecting the fallacy of Miss Danby’s apologies, that she was at length obliged to submit to the invitation, of which I also accepted.

“ What kind of a voyage had you?” inquired Miss Fillagree.

“ Dull enough,” replied she; “ if it had not been for Mr. St. Lawrence, and
a most

a most clever Irish servant of his, and Alick and myself, I verily believe every soul on board would have slept till roused by the cry of land : but tell me, what news in the regiment ?”

“ How pretty your morning dress is !” said Mrs. Fillagree : “ is that the way they wear the sleeves ? it’s very becoming.”

I could not help smiling, as I met a side glance from Miss Danby, who replied to their questions—“ But tell me something of the regimental politics : how is poor Miss Cecill ?”

“ Very poorly, I am sure, for she is gone into deep mourning,” said Mrs. Fillagree : “ but it is very becoming—she has got some very sweet jet ornaments.”

“ She is greatly to be pitied,” said Miss Fillagree ; “ the wedding-day was fixed, and all the clothes were made up. Poor soul ! she was to have been married in white satin : it is a thousand

pities! and a most beautiful white satin hat and feathers! I am afraid she will never recover it. Such a long white lace veil! and he was a most amiable young man.”

“ They were engaged for upwards of a year,” said Mrs. Fillagree.

“ Poor girl!” said Miss Danby.

“ Miss Godfrey was to have been bridesmaid, and had made up a very elegant white sarcenet,” said Miss Fillagree; “ but she don’t care a pin about dress, so that don’t fret her; but I believe she is very sorry on her cousin’s account, and she liked the poor young man very much.”

“ Think how mortifying to the poor girl,” said Mrs. Fillagree, “ to see all the things she got made up!—and if she ever should marry, she could not think of white satin, and the hat and feathers—it would remind her of the poor major! besides, every body knew that was to have been her dress. If it was in
summer,

summer, I dare say she would think of white crape.”

I could scarcely forbear laughing; and after they were gone, Miss Danby said —“ Well, you will give me credit for not exaggerating in my description of them?”

After I left Miss Danby, I went to look at some of the principal buildings in the city, and in my way home, I called on Mrs. Fairfield. She came down to me from her husband's room, and told me that he was much better than she could have expected.—“ You cannot wonder, Mr. St. Lawrence,” added she, “ that I should have felt the most alarming apprehensions on his account, for several of his family have been carried off by consumption. I always dread, lest any illness that he has should bring on that most fatal disease.”

“ This fine air,” replied I, “ is very favourable for any person whose constitution has such a tendency; and I trust

Mr. Fairfield will lay in such a stock of health while he remains here, as will enable him to defy any climate."

"I look on our being here," returned she, "as a very fortunate circumstance; and I have such faith in the efficacy of the air, that I have prevailed on Mr. Fairfield's sister to take the first opportunity of coming over."

I inquired whether she was in bad health?

"She is very delicate," said she: "she suffers much from a cough, and pain in her side. She would have accompanied me here, but that she waited for the wedding of her cousin, which has by this time taken place; but I trust she will not long have to wait for an opportunity."

When I rose to take leave of Mrs. Fairfield, she requested, from herself and her husband, that I would often call upon them, adding, that they both felt grateful to me for my attention to her
during

during her voyage.—“ If you will come to us of an evening,” said she, “ when Mr. Fairfield is sufficiently recovered to leave his room, which I trust will be in less than a week, it would make us happy: we go out very little, and devote our evenings almost entirely to reading and music, of which Mr. Fairfield is passionately fond.”

I thanked her for her kind invitation, of which I assured her I would, with the greatest delight, avail myself.

In the evening I accompanied Miss Danby to Mrs. Fillagree’s. On our entrance, and my name being announced, I perceived every one taking a survey of me, and the ladies whispering.

“ Now,” said Miss Danby, “ they are tearing you to pieces, or determining which of them you shall marry.”

Mrs. Fillagree and her daughters received me very politely. I was greatly struck by the beauty of a young lady who was seated at the upper end of the

room, and talking with great animation to an officer beside her.

“ Who is that beautiful lively-looking girl at the other end of the room ? ” inquired I of Miss Danby.

“ That is Miss Cecil,” replied she ; “ did you not perceive that she is in mourning ? ”

“ Scarcely,” returned I ; “ there is so much vivacity in the expression of her countenance.”

“ It is exactly as I might have expected,” returned Miss Danby ; “ it was necessary to mourn in some way, so she thought it would be saving herself all trouble, to let it be in her clothes.”

“ Heavens ! ” returned I, “ was it not a long engagement, and strong attachment ? ”

“ The engagement,” said she, “ was of more than a year’s standing, but of a strong attachment Miss Cecill is incapable. She *likes* flirting, and she likes dancing ; but she *loves* nothing but admiration

miration and herself. I always knew that she was unfeeling, but this is, I confess, beyond what I could have conceived—I, who have seen all her smiles, and kindness, and tenderness, to major L——; but he has had a fortunate escape—he deserved a better fate than to take a petrification to his heart. Oh, Mr. St. Lawrence, how sorry I am I did not know sooner how she bore his loss!”

“Why?” inquired I.

“Because I passed over her defects, whereas, had I known this, I could have amused myself all this time in talking of her, and laughing at her, as much as I liked and she deserved. But come over, and judge for yourself.”

When we went over to her, she rose to speak to Miss Danby. I could not help observing her studied and ornamented dress, and the gay bouquet, which was indeed perfectly suited to her appearance, but which would have formed

so great a contrast to a real mourning habit.

“ I am delighted you are come back,” said she to Miss Danby, “ for we have been very dull without you ; but I hope we’ll begin to have a little more amusement, and be more together than we have been.”

“ There is nothing I dislike more than these set-out evenings,” replied Miss Danby, “ where there is no such thing as rational conversation, but where every one is talking or thinking about some nonsense. I prefer my fireside, with two or three persons capable of talking to and understanding me. There are times when I think company excessively irksome.”

“ There are times,” said Miss Cecill, casting her fine eyes on an Indian fan which she held in her hand, and trying to look melancholy—“ there certainly are times——”

She

She in a few moments requested, in a low voice, that Miss Danby would introduce me to her, which, as soon as she had complied with, she said—"Let us go to the other side of the room—it is *too cold* here."

"I was just saying it was insufferably hot," said Miss Cecill.

"Come over, till I introduce you to the colonel's lady. See Little Tattle, as usual, at her elbow. He pays her the most devoted attention, for he knows it will all turn to his own advantage. He buys bargains for her—wheels her children in their little carriage—talks to her parrot—feeds her lapdog, and runs of all her messages."

"He is very useful to her," said I.

"Of more use than the whole regiment," said she; "he goes through as much fatigue, little as he is, as would kill the whole grenadier company."

Mrs. Osborne was very pretty, and though she did not appear very wise, seemed

seemed by no means so silly as Miss Danby had represented her.

“ Didn’t you say you wanted to speak to Miss Godfrey?” said Mr. Wilkes (or, as Miss Danby called him, surgeon *Tattle*); “ shall I run and tell her so?”

“ Do,” said she; “ and make haste back, for I want you.”

He returned in a few moments—Miss Godfrey with him. There was a studied neglect, and palpable aim at *the interesting* about her, which was irresistibly ludicrous. She asked Mrs. Osborne, half simpering, and half languishing, what she wanted of her?

“ Why didn’t you answer my note this morning?”

“ Your note?—really, I got so absorbed in the delightful Camoens, (the poet of this country, you know),” turning to me, “ that for my life I could not think of any thing else; but you may depend on an answer to-morrow.”

“ It should be a copy of verses,” said
Miss

Miss Danby, "to make up for the delay."

"I can call for it in my way to parade to-morrow morning," said Wilkes, "and leave it for you."

"Do," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do you ever read Camoens?" said Miss Godfrey—"Strangford's Camoens, I mean, for I have the misfortune of not being able to read him, as yet, in his own language? Is it not a charming thing? How enchanting is—'Just like Love is yonder Rose.'"

She now looked more languishing than ever.

"Reach her a chair," whispered Miss Danby, "or she'll certainly faint."

Wilkes, who, I soon perceived, founded his literary opinions on the judgment of others, particularly that of Miss Godfrey, whose talents and acquirements Mrs. Osborne rated very highly, though she did confess she was a little affected,
said—

said—" I always liked it the best of all his poems."

" How I love poetry !" said she, seeming not to hear Wilkes.

" So do I too," said he.

Miss Danby was scarcely able to command her countenance. She whispered to me — " Do see how Tattle vexes her ; for she has just sense enough to be convinced that he is a fool, and to think his concurrence and approbation would rather serve as a blot to her literary fame."

" Without the divine interference of the sacred nine," said Miss Godfrey, with a smile, " life would be an insipid draught ; but they sweeten it."

" Have you written many epigrams, and elegies, and epitaphs, since I saw you?" asked Miss Danby.

" A few, a very few—just to amuse myself," said she.

" Pray do now repeat your sonnet to
the

the earwig for Mr. St. Lawrence—he is a great admirer of poetry, and has much taste.”

“ Do not bring me into a scrape,” whispered I; “ for I am sure I shall disgrace myself by laughing.”

“ It is not worth hearing,” said Miss Godfrey; “ I do not know even whether I remember it.”

“ Oh, I am sure you do; do try.”

“ Well, Mr. St. Lawrence, remember it was written *extempore*—and I’ll try to recollect it.”

Then, with a most laughable degree of feeling, she repeated the following:—

SONNET TO AN EARWIG.

“ Ah, hapless Earwig! how I mourn thy fate!
How many tears I shed upon my plate!
To ’scape the loud and desolating storm,
An artichoke conceal’d thy tender form.
From parent stem that artichoke was ta’en,
And thou, poor insect! died a death of pain!

Thy

Thy prospects, and thy future plans were spoil'd,
When in a pot of water thou wert boil'd.
Perhaps in some tall fair cauliflower,
Thy luckless bride looks from her rural bower,
In hopes to see thee to her arms return ;
But she may go and languish o'er thy urn.
Ah, hapless Earwig ! how I mourn thy fate !
How many tears I shed upon my plate !”

“ Bravo !” exclaimed Miss Danby.

“ If it would not be too great a liberty,” said Wilkes, “ I would beg a copy of it.”

“ It may,” said Miss Godfrey, not answering him, “ it may seem strange to some—to those whose feelings are not strung with the delicate chords which vibrate to every pang of every thing endowed with a particle of feeling—to them it may seem strange—nay, foolish perhaps, in me, to be so awake, not only to the sufferings of the whole human race, but to that of every creeping thing.”

Miss Danby turned aside, under pretence of taking a glass of lemonade which
a servant

a servant was handing, but, in reality, to indulge a laugh.

“ It is very fortunate for those,” continued Miss Godfrey, “ whose nerves are stronger, or rather, whose feelings are blunter; they are spared many a sad sigh—they are spared many a tributary tear. I sometimes wish that I had been cast in a rougher mould, for it would have spared me much mental anguish.”

“ But,” cried Miss Danby, “ consider what a loss it would have been to society, to have been unadorned by that pensive sensibility which sheds its soft influence round all within its reach.”

“ Perhaps so,” said Miss Godfrey; “ and though my heart is sooner struck by sorrow, yet I do believe I have a quicker perception of the sublime and beautiful, and a greater capability of enjoyment.”

“ This is a pretty modest opinion of herself,” whispered Miss Danby to me.

Mrs. Castles came over at that moment,

ment, simpering and dimpling, to say that she had just prevailed on "those sweet obliging girls, the Miss Fillagrees, to sing something new."

"Do, for Heaven's sake, ma'am!" said Miss Danby, turning to Mrs. Osborne; "interfere to prevent this public calamity: you know you, as being head of the regiment, may fairly interfere. Mr. Wilkes can run and stop them."

"Shall I run and say that you have got a headache?" said Wilkes.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Osborne, "we must submit to it with as good a grace as we can."

"Oh, Mr. St. Lawrence," said Miss Danby, "you will now hear what is called singing in our regiment, but would be called screeching anywhere else. Such impertinence, for people to pretend to amuse a whole company, and to force them to listen to songs that appear to have neither words nor air, and voices that have neither melody or expression!

Let

Let me see, it's Miss Fillagree that's going to accompany them. She always gives me the idea that she mistakes the pianoforte for the great drum, and her own arms for the drumsticks. Miss Maria merely tickles the keys of the instrument, and Miss Julia says she don't play—she only squalls."

Miss Godfrey was called on to sing, after the Miss Fillagrees had gone through several glees, with very little more skill than Miss Danby had led me to expect.

"Miss Godfrey," said she, "has not a bad voice, and has some expression; but she tries to counteract the effect of both as much as possible by the most ridiculous affectation. Come over to the pianoforte; she is going to sing some very pathetic lack-a-daisical ditty, and half the fun will be to see the languishments of her head and eyes."

Miss Godfrey's singing would have been pleasing, had she not tried to
make

make it irresistible; but there was so much grimace and affectation, that the effect of an excellent voice and a good deal of execution was almost totally lost.

I was rather amused by all I had seen this evening, and much so by the observations of Miss Danby, though I felt by no means inclined to retract the opinion which I formed of her at the commencement of our acquaintance. I saw that almost every thing which did not appear a subject of ridicule became tiresome to her, and that she seldom or ever allowed herself to discover the good qualities of those with whom she conversed: indeed, she seemed to value every one according to the scope which they allowed for her satire; and those whose society she most enjoyed were those whose folly and affectation would have naturally placed them far beneath her notice.

When I expressed surprise at the evident

dent satisfaction she manifested in the society of those for whom she professed neither regard or respect, she answered me, that she liked their company, because she could take lessons, and get them all exactly. She was indeed an accomplished mimic; and there was not one (for I cannot think I was excepted) that she could not personate with an exactitude that was surprising.

CHAPTER XI.

And I am all forgotten.

SHAKESPEARE.

AT length I was gratified by receiving a letter from my mother. When it was put into my hand, and when I traced her writing on the superscription, I felt my heart bound with rapture. I found that distance and absence only served, if possible, to render still dearer every thing relating to that dear parent.

I flew to my bedchamber, and locking the door, that I might be free from interruption, I tore open the seal of my letter, and read as follows:—

“ MY EVER DEAR HENRY,

“ Your first anxiety will, I know, be for the health of your mother, you will therefore feel gratified to hear that I am well ; but to describe to you, my dear and only child, how I miss you, is impossible. I miss you every moment of every day—I see your vacant place at my solitary meals—your room deserted ! I take my walks alone—I read my books to myself—I listen for your steps on the stairs, but it is in vain—I listen for your voice at my door, but all is silent ; yet I must learn to bear your absence. My home has, if possible, become dearer to me since our separation ; every spot about it is sacred to me, from the recollection of those dear objects of my affection, who once rendered it so cheerful ; nor would I leave it, simple and limited as it is, for the most magnificent demesne England boasts.

“ The Sandfords are gone. I am much mistaken if Dora has not left her heart

behind : if her regard is returned, she is indeed a most fortunate young woman, for I believe she could never have made a better choice. I often rejoice in the idea of his being your chosen friend, particularly since you have left me, as his affectionate and feeling heart has become still better known to me since I have been deprived of my dear Henry's society. I cannot tell you what pains he takes to alleviate any uneasiness of mind he thinks I am suffering—what watchfulness to discover my wishes, and what delicacy and tenderness in the execution of them ; but if I dwelt on his kindness to me, it would fill a volume. I sometimes call him my second son, and tell him how pleased you will be, on your return, to see all that he has done to lighten the time of your absence. His father and mother are most unremitting in their attention to me, and in the kind wishes and affection which they express for you.

“ The

“ The letter which I inclose is from Mrs. Raymond ; she begs you will deliver it to Mrs. Villiers, widow of Mr. Villiers, a merchant. Mr. D’Erinsay can give you her direction ; it is somewhere in the vicinity of Lisbon. Mrs. Raymond knew her father very intimately ; she says, if you do get acquainted with her, you will find her very agreeable, though she has retired almost entirely from the world.

“ Let me hear from you very soon, and be most particular in your account of every thing which concerns you, especially as to your health, and the society you have met with.

“ Take care of yourself, my beloved son, for the sake of

“ Your affectionate mother, ’

“ E. ST. LAWRENCE.

“ How does poor faithful Dermot get on ?”

I kissed the letter when I read it ; but on reperusing it, I felt a disagreeable sensation, and remained with it still open in my hand, in deep thought. At length starting up, I hastily folded it, and putting it into my pocket, repeated to myself—" So he now holds my place!—he is the second son—the favourite son! Ah! he takes advantage of my absence, to supplant me in the affections of the person dearest to me on earth! What! could he not be satisfied with being the first in every circle where we met, but he must invade my home, and artfully insinuate himself into my place in my mother's heart, during my absence! Now indeed is the readiness with which he entered into all my plans, and the pleasure that he felt when they were arranged, fully accounted for. Oh, Raymond! Raymond! what a curse has your overweening vanity proved to me!"

I could not recover myself for the rest of the day, and when I joined Miss Dan-
by

by in a walk, she rallied me so on my abstraction and sadness, saying that I was practising to hold communion sweet with Miss Godfrey, that I took the first opportunity of leaving her, and shut myself up for the remainder of the day.

I read and reread my mother's letter, till Raymond's conduct appeared to me a crime of the highest magnitude. I felt hurt with my mother too; I thought it was unkind of her to speak so much of him, when she might have employed her pen in accounts of herself and her own occupations, and in minute inquiries about me.

In the first effervescence of my vexation, I wrote her a very long letter, filled with lamentations and reproaches, which I determined to send the next day.

The next morning, before I was up, Dermot entered my room, saying—"So now such a place I never seen! Why, as I went through the streets, I found a cluster

ter of gassoons at every hand's turn ; and they all standin about an ould woman, that was dalin out somethin that I thought was potaties. So I asked one of them what they were buyin ; and he didn't answer me. ' Well then,' thinks I, ' though he mayn't be up to English, I'll try him at the Irish.' With that they all set up such a hullabulloo, that sorrow word could poor Dearnot hear, they bothered me so, all spakin together ! Howsomdever, I took out some halfpence, and made my way up to the ould one ; and what was it but chistnuts, and not potaties, that she had after all ! I couldn't help thinkin in to myself, what a bother there was with their little ovens, up and down the streets, and only just to be burnin nuts, to be sarvin the childer."

He went over to the window, and seein my mother's letter lyin on the table, he exclaimed—" Cuishola-machree ! is that letter from herself?"

" It

“ It is, Dermot,” replied I.

“ My blessings on her !” said he. “ And how does she get her health, since we’re left her ? And I hope she’s not breakin her heart frettin ? And is Wilson dressin the garden to her likin ? And does she say e’er a word at all at all about poor Dearnot ?”

“ She is quite well, Dermot,” answered I.

“ Thanks be to Him !” said Dermot, raising his eyes, “ thanks be to Him who takes care of his own !”

“ She does not mention Wilson,” said I, “ but she inquires very particularly for you, Dermot.”

“ I humbly thank her,” returned he. “ I hope she isn’t very low ?”

“ No indeed, Dermot,” replied I, “ she writes in most excellent spirits.”

“ Ah ! it was she, sure enough, that was always the good warrant to keep her suffrens to herself. She’d never damp one, or dishearten one, if she could

help it: but she'll have a blessin for it all!"

"I have written to her," said I.

"May I make bould," interrupted Dermot, "just to hope that you mentioned to her how well and how comfortable we are? for I know how the creature would take it to heart, if she thought your little finger did but ache: niver, niver in my born days did I see the likes of her!"

When I was left alone, I could not help pondering over Dermot's words, that she'd take it to heart if she thought my finger did but ache. I read over my letter, and tore it into a thousand pieces. —"No," thought I, "I will bear it in silence! I will not cause my mother a moment's uneasiness! And, Raymond, though I cannot easily forgive your treachery, I will not upbraid you."

Such was my determination; and as I locked up the letter which had occasioned such tormenting sensations, I resolved

solved to try to banish the recollection of them, by busying and amusing myself for the remainder of the day.

The first person I sought was Mr. D'Erinsay, from whom I got the direction to Mrs. Villiers's villa; as I found the distance did not exceed three miles, I determined to deliver Mrs. Raymond's letter this day.

CHAPTER XII.

—————This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow. SHAKESPEARE.

THE villa was very sweetly situated, and when I was shewn into the house, I found it was fitted up in a style of elegance that exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever seen. Whatever was most calculated for convenience or ornament, seemed placed here by the hand of taste : fine paintings, by the best masters, adorned the walls, and the air was perfumed by a profusion of the most fragrant and most beautiful flowers and
flowering

flowering shrubs, disposed to the greatest advantage, on stands, in the rooms through which I passed.

The room into which I was shewn had evidently been recently occupied. Some music lay open on a desk, beside a harp, and some work was lying on a little work-table made of carved ivory. On a drawing-table at the opposite end of the room were some landscapes, executed in a very superior style. Several books were lying open on stands and tables through the room. On looking at them, I found they consisted chiefly of romances and poetry.

I had time to admire every thing in this abode of the muses and graces, before the servant returned to let me know that Mrs. Villiers, who was speaking to some person on business, would attend me in a few moments.

I wondered whether her appearance and manners would accord with all I
saw ;

saw ; but I was not allowed long to conjecture, for she very soon appeared before me.

The brilliancy of her beauty dazzled, and the fascination of her manners charmed me. She invited me to sit beside her on a sofa, while she perused the letter which I had put into her hands.

When she had read it, she turned to me, with a winning smile, and said—
“ Mrs. Raymond adds to the obligations which I already owe her, by introducing to my solitary abode one so capable of enlivening it.”

I thanked her, and spoke of my gratitude to Mrs. Raymond on the same account.

“ If you had been in Lisbon three or four years since,” said she, “ I could have made it agreeable to you ; but for nearly three years I have lived in retirement, a life more suited to my own taste than calculated to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance.”

acquaintance. Some friends I have—very dear friends; some of them established in England, and some recently gone to reside there, wishing to remove as far as possible from the seat of war.”

“ All who have the honour of enjoying your society must rejoice that you did not follow their example.”

“ Yes,” said she, “ the interest, the powerful interest, which some call enthusiasm, which I feel for the cause of the Spaniards, binds me to a country where all that concerns them is so speedily learned. I have some friends in the Spanish army; for their lives, for their properties, for their honour, for their liberty, I feel the most anxious solicitude.”

“ I hope very shortly,” said I, “ I may be so fortunate as to join them.”

“ It is a step worthy of a youthful and an ardent spirit,” returned she; “ and I trust the laurels which you reap may
be

be as unfading as your fancy ever pictured !”

I inquired whether she performed on the harp ?

“ A little,” she replied. “ It is a sweet instrument,” said she, drawing it to her : “ would you like to hear a Spanish air ?”

“ Of all things !” returned I.

She played and sung very sweetly : her voice was not strong, but she had so much expression, that her singing pleased me more almost than any I had ever heard.

Two hours passed rapidly away ; and when I pulled out my watch to see the hour, I really felt ashamed of having trespassed so long on the time of a total stranger.

She smiled as I apologized, and said that it would give her infinite pleasure if I would defer my return to Lisbon till the evening, and that her carriage should convey me.

This, however, on account of military
duty,

duty, I declined; but did not leave her till I accepted of her invitation for the next day.

As I pursued my way, I caught myself several times saying—"She is indeed very beautiful, she is indeed very graceful, she is indeed very accomplished—she is certainly most engaging!"

The next day I went in spirits to fulfil my engagement. I found Mrs. Villiers busy at some drawings, which she shwed me, and which were very exquisitely finished.

After some conversation, she begged I would read to her, while she completed the shading of some flowers, which she was painting for screens.

"Read me Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, said she; "it lies open on the table; it is a particular favourite of mine."

I read it for her: when I had finished it, I perceived she had her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Excuse me," said she, "it always affects

fects me; and, indeed, who could be unmoved at the ardent expressions of feelings which belong to the most sublime as well as the best of human passions? Your reading, Mr. St. Lawrence," said she, "gives it particular force—your voice is so uncommonly clear, your tones so varied, and your manner so inartificial; it is indeed a treat I seldom meet, to hear such good reading."

I felt flattered by her compliment. She left the room to dress for dinner.—I took up the poem, and read some passages in it.—"It is certainly very beautiful," thought I; "but I suppose it was a particular favourite with Mr. Villiers, and this accounts for her having been so much affected."

In a quarter of an hour she made her appearance, with a companion, a young lady, who did not appear to be more than seventeen or eighteen: though she was not handsome, she had a very sensible countenance, and a look of great penetration.

penetration. She spoke very little, but left almost the whole of the conversation to Mrs. Villiers and me—and indeed we were all-sufficient to it ourselves.

Mrs. Villiers had so much vivacity and feeling, and entered with such enthusiasm upon every subject, that she was as little tired of speaking as I was of listening; and when I found that it was time to depart, I really felt quite sorry.

But she begged I would be with her to breakfast the next morning, as she wished to know my opinion of her garden, which was laid out according to her own taste.

If I had not thought and dreamt of her all night, the time would have appeared insufferably tedious, till I was seated by her the next morning at her breakfast-table.

The same young lady, Miss D'Erinsay, who had been with her the preceding day, was with her again this morning.

ing. She brought me to her garden, which was what might have been expected, as having been formed under her direction.

While I was looking at some very rare plants which she had pointed out to me, I began to smell the blossoms of one particularly brilliant and fragrant which attracted me.

“It is *sweet*,” said Miss D’Erinsay; “but beware! for poison is concealed amidst all its beauty and all its sweetness—but I suppose you can take care of yourself.”

I thought there was another meaning couched under her words; but when I was going, by some question, to try to elucidate it, she turned from me, and was out of sight in a moment.

I could not help thinking she alluded to Mrs. Villiers in the words which she had spoken; but when that lovely creature joined me, and began to converse with such sweetness and unreserve, I
could

could not for a moment suppose she meant to insinuate any thing against her.—“ And if she did,” I mentally ejaculated, “ it was false and deceitful.”

“ Here is my little bower,” said she, “ where I often read.”

“ If it is not an enchanted bower,” said I, “ it certainly is an enchanting one.”

“ Perhaps it may be enchanted,” replied she, smiling: “ how do you know but that it is guarded by ‘ word and by spell ?’ ”

“ In one thing it resembles enchanted ground,” cried I; “ all who enter must find an equal difficulty in leaving it, but from different causes—one from force, and the other from inclination.”

“ I will send in for my work and books, and while I employ myself, you can read aloud to me, for I hope you will not refuse to stay with me till evening ?”

I declined her invitation, on the plea
of

of a prior one to major Macleod. I thought I perceived a look of disappointment cross her countenance, which not a little flattered my vanity.

“ You will not refuse to read to me for an hour or two?” said she.

I assured her I should read for her with great pleasure. She handed me a volume of German plays. I began with *The Robbers*, by Schiller; and when I had read through about half of it, I laid it down.

“ How elevated! how noble!” exclaimed she: “ but you smile—tell me why?”

“ Well then, because I was just going to say—how false! how pernicious!”

“ Is it possible,” said she, “ that you could read so much, and not acknowledge how infinitely sublime it is? The only objection which I could ever find to the German drama is, that it makes all other reading appear dull and uninteresting.”

“ Do

“ Do you not think there is a good deal of dangerous sophistry contained in it?” said I.

“ No,” said she; “ but there is true elevation of soul.”

“ To me it appears,” returned I, “ that the German dramas are addressed to the *passions*, and not to the *feelings*; that therefore it is owing to that, their wild extravagance and unbounded violence have been tolerated.”

“ Ah!” said she, “ I fear, my new friend, you have not had firmness enough to keep your mind free from that prejudice which has so unjustly gained ground against the German dramatic authors.”

“ They often remind me,” said I, “ of Locke’s definition of madness—arguing right from wrong principles.”

“ Give me the book,” cried she, half angrily.

“ Will you not permit me to finish the play to you?”

“ No,”

“ No,” said she ; “ I confess I should not feel the least satisfaction in hearing it with a person who could not enter into *its* spirit and *my* feelings. But we are not dependent on the German for entertainment : here is a very sweet thing ; it is a translation of Tibullus, very well done ; you will oblige me by letting me hear you read some of it.”

When I rose to leave her, I found had outstaid major Macleod’s time on dining by almost an hour.

“ I am glad,” said she, “ that we lost ourselves so much in poetry, as it will be the means of detaining you till evening, though I am only *half obliged* to you for your company ; to-morrow I must be entirely so, for you must come to me with a good grace.”

Miss D’Erinsay expressed surprise at Mrs. Villiers being so much later than usual.

I thought Mrs. Villiers blushed. She said—“ You know how poetry makes
me

me forget every thing ; if Mr. St. Lawrence had not ceased reading, I should never have come in."

" I do not doubt it," said Miss D'Erinsay.

Mrs. Villiers blushed again ; and all the way home I thought of that blush.

CHAPTER XIII.



Ab, siren Pleasure! when thy flattering strains
Lured me to seek thee through thy flowery plains—
Taught from thy sparkling cup full joys to sip,
And suck sweet poison from thy velvet lip—
Didst thou in opiate charms my virtue steep?
Was reason silent, and did conscience sleep?
How could I else enjoy thy faithless dreams,
And fancy daylight in thy meteor gleams?

MRS. TIGHI.

I FELT the greatest desire to know what kind of a man Mr. Villiers had been, but I did not know who could inform me. Day after day I spent with Mrs. Villiers, sometimes hurrying to her the moment any military duty I had was over;

over ; at other times getting myself excused, that I might enjoy her society.

I was disappointed that those active military operations, for which I had so much longed, had not commenced. The ardour which I had so strongly felt for the Spanish cause began a little to abate, and I was in that listless state, when I became acquainted with Mrs. Villiers, that I was glad to find some occupation for my mind. Her beauty and singular attractions fully, indeed, engrossed my thoughts, and in great measure reconciled me to the inactive life which I was leading.

My fancy was caught, partly through the medium of my vanity, for she distinguished me so much by her smiles and manners, that it could not escape my observation. But my affections were not yet won, though I mistook my own gratified vanity for one of the most disinterested passions the human heart is capable of feeling.

I answered my mother's letter. I thanked Mrs. Raymond for her kindness in having introduced me to the most beautiful and the most agreeable woman in Lisbon. Of Raymond I spoke little, for I could not write his name without feeling the most uneasy and tormenting sensations.

“Come,” said Mrs. Villiers, holding out her hand, as I one morning entered her room, “come, I will read a little for you: here are some very sweet Italian stanzas:—

‘Amiam, O bella Iola!
Amiam; che'l tempo vola,
Veloce più che dardo,
Che giugne il lieve pardo.

‘Non è; non è immortale;
Ma fior caduco e frale;
Quel fior di giovinezza,
La vostra alta bellezza.

‘Qual la sera nell'acque
Il gran pianeta giacque;

Tale, O più vago ancora
Risorge coll' Aurora.

‘ D'ombrosa e verde foglia
La selva il verno spoglia
E la stagion novella
Gliela rende più bella.

‘ Dell' età nostra il verde
Mai più non si rinverde
La morte a nostra luce
Tenebre eteme adduco.

‘ E là giù nell' inferno ;
In oblio sempiterno ;
In sempiterno orrore ;
Non si parla d'amore.

‘ Ah dunque mentre lice ;
Mentre non si disdice ;
Mentre ch'ella é verrosa,
Cogliam d'amor la rosa.

• Della canuta schiera,
Agli amanti severa,
Sprezzin vani romori
Nostri amorosi cori.

‘ Amiam, O bella Iola !
 Amiam; che'l tempo vola,
 Veloce più che dardo,
 Che giugne il lieve pardo.”

When she had read the stanzas, she asked me how I liked them ?

I told her I did not understand Italian.

“ Why then did you not stop me when I began ?”

“ Because,” returned I, “ it gratified me to hear the sound of your voice.”

“ Well then, for your patience, I will endeavour to translate it for you.”

She looked over it for a few moments, and said—“ I fear I can do it no manner of justice ; but you will excuse its not being better done, when you recollect that it is an extempore translation :—

“ Fair Iola ! oh, let us love !
 For time as swift, as fleet will move,
 As ever sped the fatal dart,
 To overtake the flying hart !
 In love then let us spend our hours—
 Oh, let us love, while life is ours !

“ Thy

“ Thy charms must, ah ! too sure decay,
Thy youth, my sweet, must pass away ;
It is a frail and fleeting flow’r,
Must bend to time’s relentless pow’r !

“ At eve we see the sun’s bright beams
Reflected sink on lucent streams ;
But brighter rays again display
When heav’n awakes the world to day.

“ Trees lose their verdure, woods their shade,
Leaves at the breath of winter fade ;
But winter soon is felt no more,
And light and heat their bloom restore.

“ But, ah ! there is no future spring
Our youth again, my love, to bring ;
And once when death has closed the sight,
He veils it in eternal night !

“ Ah ! then we reach the dismal tomb,
Scene of oblivion dark, and gloom—
Abode whence horrors never fly,
And there of love—nor word nor sigh !

“ Ah ! therefore hasten, whilst we may—
While nought forbids, no more delay ;

Oh, whilst you still have charms to move,
Oh, let us cull the rose of love !

“ And those we meet, in life grown old,
Whose fires have fled, whose hearts are cold,
Our love will try with frowns to chill,
But we will love the better still !

“ Fair Lola ! oh, let us love !
For time as swift, as fleet will move,
As ever sped the fatal dart,
To overtake the flying hart !
In love then let us spend our hours—
Oh, let us love, while life is ours !”

“ That is quite Italian,” said I ; “ so very much in favour of love.”

“ The Italians have souls,” said she, “ or rather, they are capable of loving—a rare accomplishment this, let me tell you,” added she, smiling.

“ Do you really think so ?” said I.

“ Certainly,” returned she ; “ though I *know* I am capable of feeling the passion of love, yet I never have—at least I think—I believe——”

She

She stammered and blushed deeply—
I also felt my colour increase.

“ Is it possible ? ” exclaimed I ; “ I thought——”

“ Yes,” said she, “ I know what you would say—you thought I had been married.”

I was silent, and she continued—“ I will just acquaint you with some of the particulars of my life, to account to you in some measure for my being the strange romantic creature which I sometimes fear you think me. At the age of sixteen I was taken from school, to be united to Mr. Villiers, who was double my age. I knew him very little, but had often heard my father say he was a most excellent *young* man, and that he had very good expectations.

“ Though my father and I differed widely in our ideas of the word young, I supposed he had reasons for being convinced of the remainder of what he said, and I was so much in the habit of yield-

ing to his wishes, that it never occurred to me to oppose them on this occasion. Besides, I had very vague notions of the affections which should precede, or the duties which should follow so sacred a union ; I therefore gave my hand, with very little hesitation, to an almost total stranger.

“ Though I soon felt for Mr. Villiers a high respect and esteem, that union of souls, and that interchange of intelligence, which I have since learned to consider so essential to happiness, was never tasted by either of us ; nor indeed do I believe it was in my husband’s nature to enjoy that inestimable blessing ; he was kind, but he was not tender—he was good-natured, but he was not feeling. He lived in the house next to my father-in-law : he and his daughters were kind to me, and saw me some part of every day ; but it never seemed to occur to them that I might sometimes wish to partake of the amusements which
made

made their days and evenings pass so cheerfully on, or that it might be desirable to a very young creature to ornament her person, as they did theirs.

“ The narrowness of Mr. Villiers’s circumstances prevented his indulging me in pleasures, which, as I greatly over-rated, I often deeply lamented. I never saw my sisters-in-law preparing for a party, with the spirits which belong to the ardent pursuit of amusement, without heaving a sigh because I was condemned to pass my time in solitude, for Mr. Villiers passed all his mornings, and often most part of his evenings, in a counting-house.

“ I was much left to myself, and at that period imbibed the strong passion for poetry which has continued ever since. I devoted the whole of my evenings, and whatever part of my mornings I could spare from practising myself in the accomplishments which had been

taught me at school, to the reading of poetry and romances.

“ At the end of two years, my husband was invited to Lisbon, to enter into partnership with an uncle of his, who was making a rapid fortune.

“ Soon after our arrival, his uncle died of a fever, leaving all his realized property and mercantile concerns to Mr. Villiers. Now was all that my heart had so long panted for within my grasp. Placed at the head of a noble fortune, I was determined to enjoy it: all that would have appeared worthless to me, had I not been deprived of them at a time when I set a false value on them, now became my most important concern. Dress and dissipation were the chief occupations of my existence; I was admired by my acquaintance, and liked by my friends; my company was everywhere considered as an acquisition, and so eager did I become in the pursuit of
pleasure,

pleasure, that I could not bear to pass a single evening without a crowd. My husband seemed satisfied, because he saw I was delighted; and his prodigality furnished me with as great a profusion of jewels and trinkets, as I had ever, in my most extravagant humour, wished for.

“ At length the gay flutter of my spirits began to subside a little—the first gloss of novelty to wear away; the compliments to which I had at first listened with the most lively emotion, from frequent repetition became insipid and tiresome. My mind was endowed with capabilities for enjoyments much higher than any I supposed in existence; and, often wearied by what I had expected and intended should have been pleasure, I have shut myself up in my room, with some favourite author, to whom I had frequently devoted some of those evenings, which I now began to recollect as the most delightful of my life. But here I was never suffered long to remain, for I

was

was interrupted either to receive some visitor I did not care to see, or to try on some dress I did not care to wear. One day, while I was thus employed, my maid entered the room, and after several apologies for taking the liberty of speaking, asked me if I did not think her master looked very ill, for that all the servants had remarked, that within a few days his appearance was greatly changed. I had not noticed it, yet I felt frightened, and ran into the counting-house, where I found Mr. Villiers busy writing.—‘Mr. Villiers,’ exclaimed I, on seeing him look flushed and ill, ‘you are not well, and have concealed it.’

He answered me, that he was only a little fatigued by having attended more closely than usual to business for the last month.

‘And why,’ cried I, ‘have you done so?’

‘You know,’ said he, taking my hand, ‘that I wish to supply all your wants, and with your very large circle of intimates,

intimates, they are many ; and I am anxious not to encroach upon what is in bank, therefore more exertion becomes necessary.'

“ I felt extremely shocked that my thoughtless extravagance should have made him risk his health, and that I should have been so occupied by my engagements and pursuits as not to have perceived the alteration in his looks. I entreated he would allow me to send for some medical person. He laughed at me, and said, that if a physician were to be sent for to every man of business who got a headache, the faculty would have more to do than they could possibly manage. He bid me go and dress for my party, and that I might rest assured that he would be quite well by the time I returned. I did dress, for the last party I shall probably ever be at. I went—I felt sad, I could not tell why. I determined that henceforth I would go out but four evenings in the week, but could
not

not bring myself to commence by remaining at home this evening; however, I meant to make some amends by returning home as soon as possible, but, from want of resolution, yielded to my hostess's entreaty of staying a little longer and a little longer, till at last it came to four o'clock.

“When I had opened the door of my bedchamber, I could hear Mr. Villiers breathe as if he was suffering acutely. I went to his bedside. I saw he was asleep; his face was flushed, and there was such an expression of uneasiness in his countenance, that I knew he must be in violent pain. I took his hand; it was burning. I resolved to sit by him till he should awaken. He often started from his sleep, and uttered incoherent words; then appeared to sink into a state of stupor. At about seven o'clock he raised his heavy eyelids; his eyes were inflamed, and he fixed them on me without seeming to know me. I felt horror-struck,

struck, and instantly sent for a physician, who, on seeing Mr. Villiers, declared he was dangerously ill, labouring under an inflammation of the brain. We still hoped that bleeding him might be of service; however, it proved of no avail, for it gave but temporary relief, and the inflammation proceeded more rapidly than ever.

“ I felt grieved to the heart, and as I passed a large mirror, I could not help starting to see myself adorned with the most costly ornaments and gayest colours. What a contrast to the chamber of death !

“ Three days deprived me of a husband that I esteemed and respected. I wept over his tomb, as I should have done had he been my parent; but not with that enthusiastic agony which only belongs to the passion of love, and which I had read of, as described in romances. I blamed myself for not having been more devoted to him since our residence
in

in Lisbon, and in the bitterness of my heart laid his death to my own charge. I determined to leave the gay world, never to return to it, and retired here to the studies which had first engaged my youthful fancy.

“When the first moments of regret had passed away, I began to look more reasonably on my conduct. I saw it in a very different light from that in which it had at first struck me. A very young creature, placed in the midst of temptations, which she had always been taught to look on as innocent—every encouragement to lead her on—even the sanction of a husband, who she *knew* was much older, and who she *believed* was much wiser than herself—a stranger to that powerful sentiment, which would have been all-sufficient for her mind and heart, and which would have occupied every thought and every moment, and would have left her no time for the world, no inclination for its follies. Thoughts such

such as these at length reconciled me to myself; and I trust Mr. St. Lawrence will not condemn me altogether—not even when he hears me strangely misrepresented in society.”

As she uttered these last words, she smiled sweetly and tenderly on me, and placed her hand in mine.

“Impossible!” said I, pressing the hand which I held—“impossible that I could ever condemn you for an instant.”

We both remained silent for some time. At length I took my leave, but not before I had promised to see her to-morrow, or next day at farthest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Trust not the treasure of those smiling looks
Until ye have their guileful trains well tride,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their bates do hide.

SPENSER.

I FOUND when I reached home that Miss Danby had sent several messages to say she wanted to speak to me on very particular business; I therefore made no delay to wait on her.

When she saw me, she exclaimed—
“Where in the name of wonder have you hid yourself all this time? If it wasn't by the merest accident, I believe we should never see you. Take care, my
good

good friend, that you are not taken as a deserter."

I told her I had been a good deal out of town.

"I know it," said she—"with Mrs. Villiers; and now listen to me with patience, as I am going to speak to you in sober earnest. In the first instance, it has been remarked in the regiment that you are grown rather negligent of your duty: that is a stain you should be particularly anxious not to allow to rest upon your name."

I assured her that I agreed most perfectly with her.

"And who," said she, "is this Mrs. Villiers, that you are dancing attendance on from morning till night?"

"A very charming woman," returned I, "widow of——"

"I know," answered she, "of Mr. Villiers, an English merchant, who died about three years since—a wicked woman, who broke her poor husband's heart
by

by leading a life of the most boundless inconsiderate dissipation."

"Of which, I am sure," said I, "she has repented enough to make her greatest enemies lean lightly on her."

"No, no—she has not repented," resumed Miss Danby. "Placed at the head of a princely fortune, what good upon earth does she do but buy fantastical toys and absurd romances, with which she fills her nonsensical head."

"You are rather severe, Miss Danby. Her reading, though certainly of rather a light nature——"

"Oh," interrupted Miss Danby, "she is all sail and no ballast; and though I think her understanding but shallow, I assure you her artifice is very complete, and her designs very deep."

"Surely," said I, "you cannot know her?"

"I have seen her once or twice, but I know those who know her well."

"But

“ But it is rather hard to judge at secondhand,” said I.

“ She is always desperately in love,” returned Miss Danby ; “ she actually almost succeeded in making two or three Spanish officers marry her.”

I now recollected her having told me, she had some very dear friends in the Spanish service. However, I considered all Miss Danby said as unfounded report, or palpable prejudice.—“ If she wished to change her situation, why should she live from choice in such retirement?” asked I.

“ The arrow,” replied she, “ is always surest aimed in the shade: believe me that a thousand of her blandishments, which tell so well when practised quietly in the country, would lose their effect if played off in society. I advise you to beware, for she has designs upon your heart and upon your hand.”

“ Why,” answered I, “ she could, if she chose it, win men of the highest consequence

consequence in this country. I have neither rank nor fortune enough to induce her to lay schemes——”

“ Rank,” interrupted Miss Danby, “ she cares not for; and as to fortune, she has as much as she desires; but she likes you, and is determined to catch you.”

“ And if she did catch me ?” inquired I.

“ You would be very miserable,” answered Miss Danby, “ for she would grow tired of you in a week, hate you in a month, and break your heart in half a year. Her temper is violent.”

“ She is all sweetness,” said I, “ and is quite open and unreserved in her manners.”

“ She has reached the very summit of art,” returned Miss Danby, “ which is to appear artless.”

“ But what proof can you give me of all this ?”

“ I have it from those who are intimate

mate with her, and wish to pay her every attention on her husband's account."

"May they not judge unfairly?" said I.

"Judge for yourself," returned she. "All I beg of you is, to have your senses properly about you, and not to be hurried into an action of which you may repent all your life."

I felt a little sad after this conversation, for I remembered many trifling circumstances which gave a colour to what Miss Danby had said. I recollected several instances in which she had seemed to court some declaration from me—how often she had introduced the subject of love, and how the reading she always selected when we were together was of an amatory description. I endeavoured to dispel these recollections; but it was not so easily done. I felt much dispirited, and a degree of constraint the next time I went to see Mrs. Villiers, that I had never before experienced in her

society. When I entered her room, I found her drawing.

“ See,” said she, “ I have just finished a little drawing for you ;” and she handed it over to me.

The design was a Cupid stealing over to a tree, with his hand extended to catch a bird, that seemed just going to fly. Under the design was written—“ *Now or never.*”

I felt confused when I looked at it, but much more so when I perceived the most evident confusion in her looks. She soon recovered herself, and said she supposed I would spend the day with her, as it would really be a charity, for that she and Miss D’Erinsay, though good friends, were the worst company possible. I made some excuse to shew the necessity of my return to town immediately. Whether she read in my eyes that the excuse was fabricated, or whether she merely felt regret at the idea of my leaving her, I cannot say, but most certainly

certainly an expression of the greatest mortification rested for a moment on her countenance. She entreated me so warmly and so perseveringly to remain with her, that I at length consented to postpone all other engagements till the next morning.

The day was uncommonly warm, and she proposed that we should retire to the bower in the evening, it would be so much fresher and cooler than the house. Before I set out, she said, in an under voice, as if fearing Miss D'Erinsay should hear her—"Take care of my little drawing, and let it be a lesson to you to lose no time in securing the object of your pursuit, be it what it may."

When I left her, I felt extremely uneasy, for this day had by no means served to do away the unfavourable suspicions which Miss Danby had awakened. I thought that the hint conveyed in the drawing was such as would never have occurred to a mind of the least delicacy; it shocked and disappointed me.

When I had proceeded about half a mile from the house, I missed my pocket-book, which contained some papers and several letters. I recollected that I had taken it from my pocket in the bower to shew a watchpaper that I put in it, which my mother had cut for me, to Mrs. Villiers. As there was a letter in it which I wished to dispatch to my mother the next day, I determined to return for it.

The evening was closing in as I reached the garden. Before I got to the bower, I heard Mrs. Villiers's voice, not quite so soft as it usually was, and Miss D'Erinsay answering her in an expostulating manner, as if defending herself.

"I am convinced, Miss D'Erinsay," said she, "that you did say something of me to him; I perceived his constrained and altered manner. You know I love him, and wish to ensure his good opinion, and is it the part of a friend to try to prejudice him against me?"

Miss D'Erinsay assured her she had not.

I was

I was now really at a loss to know what to do ; I was ashamed to enter the bower during this conversation, and waited in the hope of its changing to some other subject before I should appear before her. I felt my confusion increase when she continued—" I am sure you told him of my having liked don Rodrigo."

" I assure you sacredly I never did," replied Miss D'Erinsay.

" Well then, you hinted to him my liking for some other person," exclaimed she vehemently ; " if you had not, I know he would have brought matters to a conclusion to-day. It was you, I know, who prevented don Rodrigo from following the bent of his inclinations, and declaring for me a passion, which I know he felt."

" Indeed it was not," said Miss D'Erinsay.

" Well, I do not regret him, nor any one else, for I have hitherto mistaken

the nature of my feelings. I never truly loved till now—St. Lawrence is the only person who has really made any impression on my heart. I think he loves me; and if no concealed enemy, no false friend, tries to poison his mind against me, we shall yet be happy. I well know his opinion of me: he has no doubt confided in his mother.”

“Do not persist in determining to open that letter,” said Miss D’Erinsay; “you will certainly regret it if you do.”

“I know you would not betray me to him. I must know his opinion of me; the temptation is too strong to be withstood.”

I now rushed forward, impelled by indignation, and stood in an instant before Mrs. Villiers, but not time enough to prevent the opening of my letter, and too suddenly to admit of concealment. She arose, and with great confusion articulated, though scarcely able to do so—
“Ah! Mr. St. Lawrence!”

“I re-

“ I returned for this letter to my mother,” said I, taking up the open letter, which lay upon the table.

Mrs. Villiers sunk upon the chair, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to the most violent expressions of grief; but they were lost upon me, for whom they were intended. I hastily left her, filled with disgust and indignation.

When I arrived at home, I shut myself up in my apartment, and breathed a fervent thanksgiving at my escape. I certainly had admired her, for she was beautiful and engaging; but I had not loved her, for she was devoid of those principles which ensure esteem, and those qualities which secure affection. She had powerful passions, but little tenderness—a strong imagination, but little common sense.

At six o'clock the next morning I received the following letter:—

“ I have never closed my eyes all night; I am miserable. I fear the transaction of yesterday evening has given you an unfavourable opinion of me; Heaven knows how dear it costs me to think so: but when I see you, I hope to account for all, and that you will at least pity me. Come to me as speedily as you can, and let all that has passed be buried in oblivion.

“ CLARA V——.”

I instantly snatched up a pen, and wrote the following answer:—

“ I am grieved that any thing should have occurred to make Mrs. Villiers miserable, but convinced that my presence could not banish from her mind the remembrance of a transaction for which she must blame herself—a transaction which, I confess, I was little prepared

pared for, but which shall never be repeated by me—not even to the dearest friend I have upon earth, I remain Mrs.

Villiers's very humble servant,

“H. S——.”

CHAPTER XV.



Her brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not her jest as flippan't with the wise.
She spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like doomsday, all the faults of all mankind. YOUNG.

HAVING dispatched my answer to Mrs. Villiers, I went out to try whether the air of the morning would not be useful to a very violent headache, which the shock of the preceding evening, and a sleepless night, had brought on.

I was soon joined by Wilkes, who, on seeing me at a little distance, ran over to me, with all the cordiality of a very intimate friend.

“I’m really delighted to see you,” said he;

he; "I have been searching for you these two days."

"Had you any thing of consequence to say to me?" inquired I.

"Why, indeed, I had a request to make of you," continued he, "and I'll tell you what it is. I am told you are very intimate with Mrs. Villiers, and I hear she has some very fine paintings, and that she plays and sings, and that she has a very choice collection of plants; and now I want to go with you the next time you visit her—you can introduce me, you know:"

I felt myself blush at the abrupt mention of a person who had caused me such pain; but, recovering myself, I assured him neither the length or intimacy of my acquaintance with her warranted my introducing any one.

"Ah, that's a great pity," said he; "for I'm sure I could get her some slips of plants that Mrs. Osborne brought

from England. Maybe, if you were just to mention the plants, and say I was a particular friend——”

I assured him it was impossible.

“What shall I do for a nosegay for Miss Cecill? She wants one to wear to-morrow evening at Mrs. Castles’s. I promised positively to procure a beautiful one for her, depending entirely on getting it from Mrs. Villiers, for I don’t know any one else who has flowers.”

“It is a pity you made the promise,” said I.

“It was very unlucky,” said he, attributing his own faults to chance, as many people do. “But if you can’t manage to bring me yourself, maybe you’d ask her for some flowers?”

I told him I should not leave Lisbon for some days.

Again repeating that he was very unlucky, he ran off to tease some one else that he spied at a distance. When I was

at

at breakfast, however, he again made his appearance before me. He had taken evident pains with his dress.

“ Well,” said he, “ I have made myself quite smart. I’m come to you for a note to Mrs. Villiers for the flowers. I won’t be long going there, for I have borrowed one of the colonel’s horses, and I can bring them pinned up in paper, you know.”

I told him I would not on any account write to Mrs. Villiers.

After various entreaties that I would give him a message to the gardener, or a line to one of the servants, he left me, declaring he did not know what he should do, for he could not disappoint Miss Cecill, after having promised so positively that she should have the nose-gay. He seemed to think me very unfeeling for not extricating him from such a distressing dilemma, and assisting him on so important an occasion.

I felt

I felt myself extremely dispirited the whole of this day. I determined that all intercourse with Mrs. Villiers should end at once. I devoted great part of the morning to calling on the different persons with whom I had formed an acquaintance, and that I had so much neglected since my introduction to Mrs. Villiers. My peace was soon made, however, and I was completely restored to the favour of the regiment.

When I had retired for the night, I found a note on my table. I guessed it came from Mrs. Villiers. On opening it, I found the writing was almost illegible, from violent agitation. At length I traced the following words :—

“ And you have refused to come to me! Cruel, cruel friend! you will not allow me an opportunity of vindicating myself! If you again resist my offer

offer of an explanation, all I can say is, that it will cost you a bitter pang.

“ C. V——.”

I at first intended to leave this note unanswered, but, on reflection, thought it would be wrong to make no reply. I therefore wrote a few lines, to say that the transaction required no explanation; that my seeing her on the subject would only cause her unnecessary embarrassment, and that it was wisest for us both to endeavour to forget what was past, by not addressing each other again on the subject.

“ You are a good child,” said Miss Danby, on meeting me at Mrs. Castles’s party the evening after, “ for coming among us. I have been really miserably off for a beau since your desertion. I tried the colonel one evening, but he was so dreadfully dozy, that it gave me the idea of a person walking in his sleep.

So

So then I had recourse to the major, as I meant to take every one according to their rank, but he is so provokingly matter-of-fact, that he could not take one of my jokes, and so perseveringly serious, that he would not join one of my laughs. The others were not worth wasting my time on, and Alick I could not have, as he is now pretending to be in love with Miss Maria Fillagree."

"Pretending to be in love! and do you think this quite fair?" asked I.

"Oh, perfectly," replied she; "for I assure you Miss Maria will never break her heart, unless she can't find trimming to match her gown, or feathers to suit her hat. Look at poor Mrs. Castles: she looks as if she had the affairs of the whole nation on her hands; and how she torments every body, trying to make them comfortable! She has made poor Mrs. Osborne, who is the most indolent woman in Portugal, change her seat four times—perceiving now that she is too
warm—

warm—then that she is too near the door—then that she is too near the window—then that she would be more comfortable on the sofa. Poor Mrs. Osborne must certainly keep her bed tomorrow, after this severe marching and countermarching. Unfortunate Miss Fillagree has been trying to stand ever since she came in, to shew her person, which she *thinks* is elegant, and a very nice jacket, which she *knows* is fashionable; but Mrs. Castles prevents her carrying her intentions into effect, by following her with a chair every time she rises.”

“ Mrs. Castles is on severe duty, by your account,” said I.

“ If it was not for her little orderly, who follows her with chairs, and cups, and snuffers, and every thing she can possibly want, I am convinced she’d die in presence of us all.”

“ Who is her orderly?” asked I.

“ Little Tattle, to be sure. Wherever

ever he is, don't he follow the mistress of the house like her shadow? He is Mrs. Osborne's *ridicule*, for he always carries her fan and her handkerchief, and her otto of roses."

"He appears always anxious to oblige," said I.

"I should be tempted to box him, if he was to persecute me," returned Miss Danby, "as I have seen him persecute some women. Heavens! Mrs. Castles has made Miss Godfrey stand up to dance a Spanish bolero, of which she knows as much as my little pug-dog."

Miss Godfrey stood up to dance. I should certainly have felt no inclination to laugh, for my spirits were much more depressed than they usually were, but for Miss Danby's observations.

"How she swims about!" said she: "how very diverting the languishments of her head and eyes are! Do pray now go, and prevent her falling, or rather sinking on the floor. Poor creature! she
mistakes

mistakes that sprawling about for grace, and that hideous grimace for beauty. It is decidedly the best thing I have seen for a length of time."

"It is indeed," said Wilkes, who just caught Miss Danby's words as he advanced; "it is a very graceful dance, and Miss Godfrey dances so well." Then, perceiving me—"Oh sure! I contrived to get the flowers after all for Miss Cecil; but I had to walk four miles for them, just before dinner. I luckily heard there was a very fine garden about two miles from town, and fortunately the lady to whom it belongs is dangerously ill, and so a thought struck me, I'd go and ask how she did. So I went, and when the servant brought me word she was better, I asked leave to go to the garden, and I searched about for the gardener, and talked to him about the flowers, and every thing in the garden, and about his mistress; and he did not know but that I was a
friend

friend of the family, and so I got the nosegay. It is now in Miss Cecill's bosom—you see it's a very nice one; but I'm so tired, I'm scarcely able to stir." Of this, however, there was no appearance, for Mrs. Castles crossing the room with a music-book in her hand, he bounded over to her.

"That woman," said Miss Danby, "is determined to plague our lives out by her violent exertions to entertain her company. No doubt she is now going to get the Miss Fillagrees to deafen us with their discordant screams. She is really very severe on us to-night. I wish supper was ready."

"I suppose it soon will," said I, looking at my watch.

"Poor woman! how much she suffers! I assure you it must be more fatiguing than mounting guard for a fortnight without intermission: the supper may fairly be called the crisis of her fever; she will bring on a violent hoarse-
ness

ness by bawling to the servants—pains in her poor arms by trying to help fifty people at once, and she will so groan over her fowls, and sigh over her jellies, that it will really afflict you. 'There is Billingsford just come into the room.'

"It is rather late for him to make his first appearance," said I.

"He makes it a principle to be late—he imagines it is fashionable; and he makes himself as uncomfortable as possible, that he may pass for a man of *ton*. I pity the creature, for he hasn't got a morsel of dinner these some years worth eating, for he never goes where he is asked till he thinks dinner is almost over; and though he has been waited for a considerable time, the cloth is just going to be removed as he enters, and every thing is as cold as ice."

"What can induce him to be so silly?" inquired I.

"He is fashionable, and a genius," returned she; "he is by way of being wonderfully

wonderfully genteel, and prodigiously clever: but it is easily accounted for; his family are vulgar and ignorant, and they have so exaggerated the merits of his person, which is certainly rather gentlemanly, and the slight smattering of learning which somehow or other he has picked up, that he now looks on himself as a prodigy, and supposes that we inferior creatures are to behold him with astonishment and admiration."

"I think," said I, "I have heard he was an author?"

"He can certainly," continued she, "hold a pen, and make strokes with it; but, for any thing more he can do with it, he might just as well throw it away."

"Have you ever read any of his writings?" asked I.

"I have tried," said she, "but could never get far into them. He always takes the illiberal side too, which makes me dislike him more. But he has none of that ready benevolence which is the
peculiar

peculiar charm of youth. He had the barbarity, for I must call it so, to write a pamphlet in favour of keeping the Spaniards in a state nearly approaching to nudity (I think he insinuated, by indirect terms, that they would act as scarecrows), when the clothing of the Spanish army was taken into consideration—a measure which not only common humanity would have dictated, had it been practicable, but that sound policy would have approved.”

I asked her in what view she conceived it would be good policy.

She said—“ Because a uniform would give them the idea that they were soldiers, whereas, while they continue to fight in their own rags, they consider themselves merely as peasants, and therefore do not attach the same blame and discredit to cowardice and desertion, which, if they thought their profession decidedly arms, they would do.”

I agreed perfectly with her in this.

“ I know

“I know too,” said she, “you love the patriots, and would wish that every thing should be done for them that could lighten their personal cares, and direct their attention more to public benefit than individual want.—But I must do him credit in some respects, for I think he deserves it. He supports his family entirely by his exertions. He has uncommon industry, and often sits up half the night, preparing his nonsense for the press, that, with the profits which arise to him, he may administer to their necessities what he virtuously withholds from his own pleasures.”

“It is strange,” said I, “that a person so liberal to his own family should have such prejudices.”

“Not strange at all,” returned she; “for there is nothing so natural or so common in the world as an inconsistent human being; and if we all examine our own hearts with sincerity, we will acknowledge it.”

I tacitly

I tacitly agreed with her, for, at that instant, I thought of Raymond, and felt conscious how much pain that excellence in him caused me, which in another would have filled me with pleasure and admiration.

“ Besides,” continued Miss Danby, “ he had a strange example in his own father, of a man who formed the wildest schemes and idlest speculations, for the improvement of the human race, and at an early age, Billingsford became so disgusted by the absurdities which his father advanced, that he did all in his power to refute his arguments; having the most talent of the two, he felt his own superiority, and believed, because he detected the fallacy of his father’s arguments, he established the truth of all his own.”

“ What a pity,” said I, “ that his mind should have got such a bias, for certainly what you have told me obliges me to respect him.”

On my way home, I could not help thinking that Miss Danby herself was a strong instance of the inconsistency of human creatures; for she had, I was well convinced, perceived my depression of spirits; and though she certainly guessed the cause, she had the delicacy, though a professed *quizzer*, to withstand what would have been the highest amusement to her, the rallying me, and abusing Mrs. Villiers.

END OF VOL. I.

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