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frightened me. see page 19.*

THE
INTERESTING MEMOIRS
AND AMOROUS ADVENTURES
OF
HARRIETTE WILSON,
ONE OF THE MOST
Celebrated Women of the present Day:
INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS
Anecdotes
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS:
HER FIRST INTRODUCTION INTO PUBLIC LIFE
AS THE
KEPT MISTRESS OF LORD CRAVEN;
HER INTRIGUES WITH THE HON. FREDERIC LAMB;
HER LETTERS TO THE KING;
AND HOW SHE BECAME THE
KEPT MISTRESS OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

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INTERESTING MEMOIRS

And Amorous Adventures

OF

HARRIETTE WILSON.



I SHALL not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven. Whether it was love, or the severity of my father, the depravity of my own heart, or the winning arts of the noble lord, which induced me to leave my paternal roof, and place myself under his protection, does not now much signify; or if it does, I am not in the humour to gratify curiosity in this matter. I resided on the Marine Parade, at Brighton, and at fifteen became the mistress of Lord Craven. He was, in fact, a dead bore, and had no peculiar interest for a child like myself, in short I soon found that I had made but a bad speculation, by going from my father to Lord Craven. I was even more afraid of the latter, than I had been of the former. Not that there was any particular harm in the man, beyond his fooleries; but we never suited nor understood each other.

I was not depraved enough to determine, immediately, on a new choice, and yet I often thought about

it. How, indeed, could I do otherwise, when the Honorable Frederick Lamb was my constant visitor, and talked to me of nothing else? However, in justice to myself, I must declare, that the idea of the possibility of deceiving Lord Craven while I was under his roof, never once entered into my head. Frederick was then very handsome, and certainly tried with "all his soul, and with all his strength," to convince me that constancy to Lord Craven, was the greatest nonsense in the world. I firmly believe that Frederick Lamb sincerely loved me, and regretted that he had no fortune to invite me to share with him. Lord Melburn, his father, was a good man, not one of your stiff-faced moralizing fathers, who preach chastity and forbearance to their children. Quite the contrary, he congratulated his son on the lucky circumstances of his friend Craven having such a fine girl. No such thing, answered Frederick Lamb, I am unsuccessful there. Harriette will have nothing at all to do with me. Nonsense! rejoined Melburn, in great surprise, I never heard any thing half so ridiculous. The girl must be mad! I thought so the other day, when I met her galloping about, with her feathers blowing, and her thick dark hair about her ears. I'll speak to Harriette for you, added his lordship, after a long pause, and then continued repeating to himself, in an under tone, not have my son indeed! six feet high! a fine, straight, handsome, noble, young fellow! I wonder what she would have!

In truth I scarcely knew myself; but something I determined on; so miserably tired was I of Craven, and his sailing boats, and his ugly cotton nightcap. Surely, I would say, all men do not wear those shocking cotton nightcaps; else all women's illusions had been destroyed on the first night of their marriage! I wonder, thought I, what sort of a nightcap the Prince of Wales wears? Then I went

on to wonder, whether the Prince of Wales would think me so beautiful, as Frederick Lamb did? Next I reflected that Frederick Lamb was younger than the Prince; but then again, a Prince of Wales! I was undecided: my heart began to soften. I thought of my dear mother, and wished I had never left her. It was too late, however, now. My father would not suffer me to return, and, as to passing my life, or any more of it, with Craven, cotton, night-cap and all, it was as bad as death! Thus musing, I listlessly turned over my writing book, half in the humour to address the Prince of Wales. A sheet of paper covered with Lord Craven's fooleries decided me, and I wrote the following letter.

"I am told that I am very beautiful, so perhaps you would like to see me; and I wish that, since so many are disposed to love me, one—for in the humility of my heart, I should be quite satisfied with one—would be at the pains to make me love him. In the mean time, this is all very dull work, sir, and worse even than being at home with my father: so, if you pity me, and believe you could make me in love with you, write to me, and direct to the post office here. Yours, "HARRIETTE WILSON."

By return of post, I received an answer nearly to this effect: I believe from Colonel Thomas. "Miss Wilson's letter has been received by the noble individual to whom it was addressed. If Miss Wilson will come to town, she may have an interview, by directing her letter as before."

I answered this note directly, addressing my letter to the Prince of Wales.

Sir,—To travel fifty-two mile, this bad weathe, merely to see a man, with only the given number of legs, arms, fingers, &c. would, you must admit be, madness, in a girl like myself, surrounded by humble admirers, who are ever ready to travel any distance for the honor of kissing the tip of her lit le

finger; but if you can prove to me, that you are one bit better than any man, who may be ready to attend my bidding, I'll e'en start for London directly. So if you can do any thing better, in the way of pleasing a lady, than ordinary men, write directly; if not, adieu, Monsieur le Prince. I won't say Yours, by day or night, or any kind of light; because you are too impudent.

“HARRIETTE.”

It was necessary to put this letter into the post office myself, as Lord Craven's black footman would have been somewhat surprised at its address. Crossing the Steyne, I met Lord Melburne, who joined me immediately. Where is Craven? said his lordship, shaking hands with me. Attending to his military duties at Lewes, my lord. And where's my son Fred? asked his lordship. I am not your son's keeper, my lord, said I. No! What the devil can you possibly have to say against my son Fred? Good heavens! my lord, you frighten me! I never recollect to have said a single word against your son; why should I? Why, indeed! said Lord Melburne. And since there is nothing to be said against him, what excuse can you make for using him so ill? I don't understand you, my lord. Why, said Lord Melburne, did you not turn the poor boy out of your house, as soon as it was dark, although Craven was in town, and there was not the shadow of an excuse for such treatment?

At this moment, and before I could recover from my surprise at the tenderness of some parents, Frederick Lamb joined us. Fred, my boy, said Lord Melburne, I'll leave you two together, and I fancy you will find Miss Wilson more reasonable. He touched his hat to me, and laughed loud and heartily, at his father's interference. So did I, the moment he was safely out of sight, and then I told him of my answer to the Prince's letter, at which he

laughed still more. He was charmed with me, for refusing his Royal Highness. Not, said Frederick, that he is not as handsome and graceful a man as any in England; but I hate the weakness of a woman who knows not how to refuse a prince, merely because he is a prince.

Frederick Lamb now began to plead his own cause. I must soon join my regiment in Yorkshire, said he:—he was, at that time, Aid-de-camp to General Mackenzie:—God knows when we may meet again. I am sure you will not long continue with Lord Craven. I foresee what will happen, and yet, when it does, I think I shall go mad. For my part, I felt flattered and obliged by the affection Frederick Lamb evinced toward me; but I was still not in love with him.

At length, the time arrived when poor Frederick Lamb could delay his departure from Brighton no longer. Our parting scene was rather tender; for the last ten days, Lord Craven being absent, we had scarcely been separated an hour during the whole day. I had begun to feel the force of habit, and Frederick Lamb really respected me, for the perseverance with which I had resisted his urgent wishes, when he would have had me deceive Lord Craven. He had ceased to torment me with his wild fits of passion, as had at first frightened me, and, by these means, he had obtained much more of my confidence.

Two days after his departure for Hull, Lord Craven returned to Brighton, where he was immediately informed, by some spiteful enemy of mine, that I had been, during the whole of his absence, openly intriguing with Frederick Lamb. In consequence of this information, one evening, when I expected his return, his servant brought me the following letter, dated Lewes:—

"A friend of mine as informed me of what has been going on at Brighton. This information, added to what I have seen with my own eyes of your intimacy with Frederick Lamb, oblige me to declare that we must separate. Let me add, Harriette, that you might have done any thing with me, with only a little more conduct. As it is, allow me to wish you happy, and further, pray inform me, if in any way, a-la distance, I can promote your welfare.

"CRAVEN."

This letter completed my dislike of Lord Craven: I answered it immediately as follows:—

"My Lord,

"Had I ever wished to deceive you, I have the wit to have done it successfully; but you are old enough to be a better judge of human nature, than to have suspected me of deception. In the plentitude of your condescension, you are pleased to add, that I 'might have done any thing with you, with only a little more conduct,' now I say, and from my heart, the Lord defend me from ever doing any thing with you again!—Adieu.

"HARRIETTE."

My present situation was rather melancholy and embarrassing, and yet I felt my heart the lighter for my lease from him, without its being my own act and deed. It is my fate; thought I, for I never wronged this man.

The next morning, while I was considering what was to become of me, I received a very affectionate letter from Frederick Lamb, dated Hull. He dared not, he said, be selfish enough to ask me to share his poverty, and yet he had a kind of presentiment, that he should not lose me. My case was desperate, for I had taken a vow not to remain another night under Lord Craven's roof. John therefore, the footman was desired to secure me a place in the mail for Hull. We continued there for about three

months, and then came to London. Fred. Lamb's passion increased daily; but I discovered on our arrival in London, that he was a voluptuary, somewhat worldly and selfish. My comforts were not considered. I lived in extreme poverty, while he contrived to enjoy all the luxuries of life; and suffered me to pass my dreary evenings alone, while he frequented balls, masquerades, &c. Secure of my constancy, he was satisfied—I was not. I felt I deserved better from him.

I asked Frederick one day, if the Marquis of Lorne was as handsome as he had been represented to me. The finest fellow on earth, said Frederick Lamb, all the women adore him; and then he went on to relate various anecdotes of his Lordship, which strongly excited my curiosity. Soon after this, he quitted town for a few weeks, and I was left alone in London, without money, or, at any rate, with very little; and Frederick Lamb, who had intruded himself on me at Brighton, and thus been the cause of my separation from Lord Craven, made himself happy, because he believed me faithful, and cared not for my distresses. The idea disgusted me; and, in a fit of anger, I wrote as follows:

“If the Marquis of Lorne will walk up to Duke's Row, Somers-town, he will meet a most lovely girl.”

This was his answer:—“If you are but half as lovely as you think yourself, you must be well worth knowing; but how is that to be done? not in the street; but come to No. 39, Portland-street, and ask for me.”

“LORNE.”

My reply was this:—“No; our first meeting must be on the high road, in order that I may have room to run away, in case I don't like you.”

“HARRIETTE.”

The Marquis rejoined:—“Well then, fair lady, to-morrow, at four, near the turnpike, look for me.”

on horseback, and then, you know, I can gallop away.”

“LORNE.”

We met. The Duke, (he has since succeeded to that title) did not gallop away; and for my part, I had never seen a countenance half so beautifully expressive. I was afraid to look at it, lest a closer examination might destroy all the new and delightful sensations his first glance had inspired in my breast. His manner was most gracefully soft and polished. We walked together for about two hours.

I never saw such a sunny, happy countenance as your's in my whole life, said Argyle to me. Oh, but I am happier than usual, to-day, answered I, very naturally. Before we parted, the duke knew as much of me, and my adventures, as I knew myself. He was very anxious to be allowed to call on me. And how will your particular friend, Frederick Lamb, like that? enquired I. The duke laughed; and said, do me the honor some day, to dine or sup, with me at Argyle House. I shall not be able to run away, if I go there, I answered, laughingly, in allusion to my last note. Shall you want to run away from me? said Argyle; and there was something unusually beautiful and eloquent in his countenance, which brought a deep blush into my cheek. I then assented to meet him the next day,

I returned to my home, in unusual spirits: they were a little damped, however, by the reflection that I had been doing wrong. I cannot, I reasoned with myself, I fear, become what the world calls a steady, prudent, virtuous woman. That time is past, even if I was ever fit for it. Still I must distinguish myself from those, in the like unfortunate situations, by strict probity and love of truth. I will always adhere to good faith, as long as any thing like kindness or honorable principle is shown toward me: and, when I am ill used, I will leave my lover, rather than deceive him. I must tell Frederick to

night, as soon as he arrives from the country, that I have written to, and walked with Lorne. So mused and thus reasoned I, till I was interrupted by Frederick Lamb's loud knock at my door.

He will be in a fine passion, said I to myself, in excessive trepidation; and I was in such a hurry to have it over, that I related all immediately. To my equal joy and astonishment, Frederick Lamb was not angry. From his manner, I could not help guessing that his friend Lorne had often been found a very powerful rival. I could see through the delight he experienced, at the idea of possessing a woman whom, his vanity persuaded him, Argyle would sigh for in vain: and, attacking me on my weak point, he kissed me, and said, I have the most perfect esteem for my dear little wife, whom I can, I know, as safely trust with Argyle, as Craven trusted her with me.

Are you quite sure? asked I, merely to ease my conscience. Were it not wiser to advise me not to walk about with him? No, no; said Frederick Lamb, it is such good fun; bring him up every day to Somer's Town and the Jew's Harp house, there to swallow cider and sentiment. Make him walk up here as many times as you can, dear little Harry, for the honor of your sex, and to punish him for declaring, as he always does, that no woman, who will not love him at once, is worth his pursuit.

You are a neater figure than the Marquis of Lorne, said I to Frederick.

Lorne is growing fat, answered Lamb; but, he is the most active creature possible, and appears lighter than any man of his weight, I ever saw; and then he is, without any exception, the highest bred man in England.

And you desire and permit me to walk about the country with him?—Yes, do trot him often up here. I want to have a laugh against Lorne. And you are

not jealous? Not at all, said Frederick Lamb, for I am secure of your affections. I must not deceive this man, thought I, and the idea began to make me melancholy. My only chance, or rather my only excuse, will be his leaving me without the means of existence. This appeared likely; for I was too shy, and too proud to ask for money; and Frederick Lamb encouraged me in this amiable forbearance.

The next morning, my heart beating unusually high, I attended my appointment with Argyle. I hoped, nay almost expected to find him there before me. I paraded near the turnpike five minutes, then grew angry; in five more I became wretched; in five more, downright indignant; and, in five more, wretched again—and so returned home. This, thought I, shall be a lesson to me hereafter, never to meet a man; it is unnatural; and yet I had felt it perfectly natural to return to the person whose society had made me so happy. No matter, reasoned I, we females must not suffer love or pleasure to glow in our eyes, until we are quite sure of a return. We must be dignified! I now began to consider myself with feelings of the most painful humility. Suddenly I flew to my writing desk; I will soon convince him, thought I, that I am not accustomed to be slighted; and then I wrote to his grace, as follows:

“It was very wrong and very bold of me, to have sought your acquaintance in the way I did, my lord; and I entreat you to forgive and forget my childish folly, as completely as I have forgotten the occasion of it.”

“I have not quite deserved this contempt from you, and, in that consolatory reflection, I take my leave; not in anger my lord, but only with the steady determination, to profit by the humiliating lesson

you have given me, as never to expose myself to the like contempt again.

Your most obedient servant,

HARRIETTE WILSON.

Having put my letter into the post, I passed a restless, night; and the next morning, heard the knock of the two-penny postman, in extreme agitation. He brought me, as I suspected, an answer from Argyle, which is subjoined.

“You are not half vain enough, dear Harriette. You ought to have been quite certain that any man, who had once met you, could fail in a second appointment, but from unavoidable accident—and, if you were only half as pleased with Thursday morning, as I was, you will meet me to-morrow, in the same place at four, Pray, pray, come.”

LORNE.”

I kissed the letter, and put it into my bosom, grateful for the weight it had taken off my heart. Not that I was so far gone in love, as my readers may imagine; but I had suffered severely from wounded pride. The sensations which Argyle had inspired me with, were the warmest, I had ever experienced. Nevertheless, I could not forgive him quite so easily as this, either. I recollected what Frederick Lamb had said about his vanity. No doubt, thought I, he thinks it was nothing, to have paraded me up and down that open turnpike road, in the vain hope of seeing him. It shall now be his turn: and I gloried in the idea of revenge.

The hour of Argyle's appointment drew nigh, arrived, and passed away, without my leaving my house. To Frederick Lamb I related every thing, presented him with Argyle's letter, and acquainted him with my determination not to meet his grace. “How good!” said Frederick Lamb, quite delighted. “We dine together, to-day, at lady Holland's, and I mean to ask him, before every body at table, what

he thinks of the air about the turnpike in Somer's-town."

The next day I was surprised by a letter, not, as I anticipated, from Argyle, but from the late Tom Sheridan, only son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. I had, by mere accident, become acquainted with that very interesting young man, when quite a child, from the circumstance of his having paid great attention to one of my elder sisters. He requested me to allow him to speak a few words to me, whenever I pleased. Frederick Lamb having gone to Brocket Hall, in Hertfordshire, I desired him to call on me. "I am come from my friend, Lorne," said Tom Sheridan. "I would not have intruded on you; but he has commissioned me to acquaint you with the accident, which obliged him to break his appointment; because I can best vouch for the truth of it, having, upon my honor, heard the Prince of Wales invite Lord Lorne to Carleton house, with my own ears, at the very moment he was about to meet you in Somer's Town. Lorne," continued Tom Sheridan, "desires me to say, that he is not coxcomb enough to imagine you cared for him; but he wants to stand exactly where he did, in your opinion, before he broke the appointment: I would write to her, said he, but that, in all probability, my letters would be shown to Frederick Lamb, and be laughed at by them both. I would call on her in spite of the devil; but that I know not where she lives."

"I asked Argyle," Tom Sheridan proceeded, "how he had addressed his last letters to you? To the post-office in Somer's Town, was his answer, and thence they were forwarded to Harriette. He had tried to bribe the old woman there, to obtain my address, but she abused him, and turned him out of her shop. It is very hard, continued Tom, repeating the words of his noble friend, to lose the good will of

one of the nicest, cleverest girls, I ever met with in my life, who was, I am certain, civilly, if not kindly disposed. Therefore," continued Tom Sheridan, smiling, "you'll make it up with Lorne, won't you?" There is nothing to forgive, said I, if no slight was meant. In short, you are making too much of me, and spoiling me by all this explanation; for, indeed I had at first been less indignant, but that I fancied his grace neglected me because—— and I hesitated, while I could feel myself blush deeply. "Because?" what asked Tom Sheridan. Nothing; I replied, looking at my shoes. What a pretty girl you are, observed Sheridan, particularly when you blush. Fiddlestick! said I, laughing, you know you always preferred my sister, Fanny. Well, replied Tom, there I plead guilty. Fanny is the sweetest girl on earth; but you are all a race of finished coquettes, who delight in making fools of people. Now can any thing come up to your vanity in writing to Lorne, that you are the most beautiful creature on earth. Never mind, said I, you set all that to rights, I never was vain in your society, in my life. I would give the world for a kiss at this moment, said Tom; because you look so humble, and so amiable; but—recollecting himself, this is not exactly the embassy I came upon. Have you a mind to give Lorne an agreeable surprise? I don't know. Upon my honor I believe he is downright in love with you. Well, then, come into a hackney-coach with me, and we will drive down to the Tennis Court, in the Haymarket, rejoined Sheridan. Is the duke there? Yes. But, at all events, I will not trust myself in a hackney-coach with you. There was a time, said poor Tom Sheridan, with much drollery of expression, when the very motion of a carriage would—— but now! you may drive with me from here to

perfect safety. I will tell you a secret, aeded he, and he fixed his fine dark eyes on my face as he spoke, in a tone, half merry, half desponding, I am *dying*; but nobody knows it yet.

Have I not just given you a specimen, in the shape of a handsome quotation? My good little girl, it is in the blood, and I can't help it; and if I could it is too late now. I'm dying, I tell you. I know not if my poor father's physician was as eloquent as you are; but he did his best to turn him from drinking. Among other things he declared to him one day, that the brandy, Arquebusade, and Eau de Cologne, he swallowed, would burn off the coat of his stomach. Then, said my father, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat; for I cannot help it. Indeed, I am very sorry for you, I replied; and I hope he believed me, for he pressed my hand hastily, and I think I saw a tear glisten in his bright, dark eye.

Nothing more?—enquired Tom. Nothing, I replied, for his lordship. And what for me? said Tom. You!—what do you want? A kiss! he said. Not I, indeed. Be it so then; and yet, you and I may never meet again on this earth, and just now I thought you felt some interest about me; and he was going away. So I do, dear Sheridan; said I, detaining him, for I saw death had fixed his stamp on poor Sheridan's handsome face. You know I have a warm and feeling heart, and taste enough to admire and like you; but, who is this to be our last meeting? I must go to the Mediterranean; poor Sheridan continued, putting his hand to his chest, and coughing. To die; thought I as I looked on his sunk, but still very expressive, dark eyes.

Shall I tell Lorne, said poor Tom, with an effort to recover his usual gaiety, that you will write to him, or will you come to the Tennis-court? Nei-

ther, answered I, but you may tell his lordship, that, of course; I am not angry, since I am led to believe he had no intention to humble, nor make a fool of me.

Nothing more?—enquired Tom.

Yes, God bless you! said I, first kissing his hand, and then, though somewhat timidly leaning my face toward him, He parted my hair, and kissed my forehead, my eyes, and my lips. He then kissed his hand gracefully, and was out of sight in an instant. I never saw him a again.

The next morning, my maid brought me a little note from Argyle, to say that he had been waiting about my door, an hour, having learned my address from poor Sheridan, and that seeing the servant in the street, he could not help making an attempt to induce me to go out and walk with him. I looked out of the window, saw Argyle, ran for my hat and cloak and joinee him in on instant. Am I forgiven? said Argyle, with gentle eagerness. Oh, yes, returned I, long ago; but that will do you no good, for I really am treating Frederick Lamb very ill, and, therefore must not walk with you again. Why not? Argyle enquired. Apropos, he added, you told Frederick that I walked about the turnpike looking for you, and that, no doubt, to make him laugh at me. If added Argyle, it were possible you did love me, Frederick Lamb would be forgotten; but, though you do not love me, you must promise to try and do so. You don't know how much I have fixed my heart on you.

These sentimental walks continued more than a month. One evening we walked rather later than usual. It grew dark. In a moment of ungovernable passion, Argyle's ardor frightened me. Not that I was insensible to it: so much the contrary, that I felt certain another meeting must decide my fate. Still

I was offended at what I conceived showed such a want of respect. The duke became humble. There is a charm in the humility of a lover who has offended. The charm is so great that we like to prolong it. In spite of all he could say, I left him in anger. The next morning I received the following note:—
 “If you see me waiting about your door to-morrow morning, do not fancy I am looking for you—but, for your pretty housemaid.”

I did see him from a sly corner of the window; but I resisted all my desires, and remained concealed. I dare not see him again, thought I, for I cannot be so profligate, feeling, as I do, how impossible it will be to refuse him anything, if we meet again. I cannot be afraid to tell him of it:—he would, perhaps, kill me. But then, poor, dear Lorne; to return his kisses, as I did last night, and afterward to be so very severe on him, for a passion which, it seemed, was out of his power to controul. Nevertheless we must part now, or never; so I'll write and take my leave of him kindly. This was my letter:—

“At the first, I was afraid I should love you, and, but for Fred. Lamb having requested me to get you up to Somer's Town, after I had declined meeting you, I had been happy; now the idea makes me miserable. Still it must be so. I am naturally affectionate. Habit attaches me to Fred Lamb. I cannot deceive him, or acquaint him with what will cause him to cut me, in anger, and for ever. We may not then meet again, Lorne, as hitherto: for now we could not be merely friends; lovers we must be, hereafter, or nothing. I have never loved any man in my life before, and yet, dear Lorne, you see we must part. I venture to send you the inclosed thick lock of my hair; because you have been good enough to admire it. I do not care how I have disfigured my head, since you are not to see it again.

"God bless you, Lorne. Do not quite forget last night, directly, and believe, as in truth, I am,

"Most devotedly yours,

"HARRIETTE."

This was his answer, written, I suppose in some pique.

"True you have given me many sweet kisses, and a lock of your beautiful hair. All this does not convince me you are one bit in love with me. I am the last man on earth, to desire you to do violence to your feelings, by leaving a man, as dear to you as Frederick Lamb is; so farewell, Harriette. I shall not intrude to offend you again.

"LORNE."

I am afraid my conscience has been a very easy one; but, certainly, I have followed its dictates. There was a want of heart and delicacy, I always thought, in leaving any man, without full, and very sufficient reasons for it. At the same time, my dear mother's marriage had proved to me, so forcibly, the miseries of two people of contrary opinions and character, torturing each other, to the end of their natural lives, that, before I was ten years old, I decided, in my own mind, to live, free as air, from any restraint but that of my conscience.

Frederick Lamb's love was now increasing, as all men's do, from gratified vanity. He sometimes passed an hour in reading to me. Till then, I had no idea of the gratification to be derived from books. In my convent in France, I had read only sacred dramas; but now, I was absolutely charmed with Shakspeare. Music, I always had a natural talent for. I played on the piano-forte; that is, with taste and execution; though almost without study.

Now I was lodging with a comical old widow, who had formerly been my sister Fanny's nurse, when she was quite a child. This good lady, I

believe, really did like me, and had already given me all the credit, for board and lodging, she could possibly afford. She now entered my room, and acquainted me, that she actually had not another shilling either to provide my dinner or her own. Necessity hath no law, thought I, my eyes brightening, and my determination being fixed in an instant. In ten minutes more, the following letter was in post-office, directed to the Marquis of Lorne.

“If you still desire my society, I will sup with you to-morrow evening, in your own house.

“Your’s ever affectionately,

“HARRIETTE.”

I knew perfectly well that, on the evening I mentioned to his grace, Fred. Lamb would be at his father’s country-house, Brockett Hall. The duke’s answer was brought to me by his groom, as soon as he had received my letter; it run thus:

“Are you really serious? I dare not believe it. Say by my servant, that you will see me at the turnpike directly, for five minutes, only put me out of suspense. I will not believe any thing you write on this subject. I want to look at your eyes while I hear you say yes,

“Your’s most devotedly and impatiently,

“LORNE.”

I went to our old place of rendezvous, to meet the duke. How different, and how much more amiable was his reception to that of Fred. Lamb’s in Hull. The latter, all wild passion; the former, gentle, voluptuous, fearful of shocking or offending me, or frightening away my growing passion. In short, while the duke’s manner was almost as timid as my own, the expression of his eyes and the very soft tone of his voice, troubled my imagination, and made me fancy something of bliss beyond the reality.

We agreed that he should bring a carriage to the old turnpike, and thence conduct me to his house. If you should change your mind! said the duke

returning a few steps after we had taken leave:—
*mais tu viendras, mon ange! Tu ne sera pas si
 cruelle!** Argyle is the best Frenchman I have
 met with in England, and poor Tom Sheridan was
 the second best.

And you, said I to Argyle, suppose you were to
 break your appointment to night? Would you
 regret it? Argyle replied, I he continued. Tell
 me, dear Harriette, should you be sorry?

Yes, said I, softly, and our eyes met only for an
 instant. Lorne's gratitude was expressed merely
 by pressing my hand. Then mounting his horse,
 and waving his hand to me, he was soon out of sight.

I will not say in what particular year of his life,
 the Duke of Argyle succeeded with me. Ladies
 scold dates! Dates make ladies nervous. Be it
 only known then, that it was just at the end of his
 Lorne shifts, and his lawn shirts. It was just at that
 critical period of his life, when his whole and sole
 possessions appeared to consist in three dozen of
 ragged lawn shirts, with embroidered collars, well
 fringed in his service; a thread-bare suit of snuff
 colour, a little old hat, with very little binding left,
 an old horse, and an old groom, an old carriage, and
 an old chateau. It was to console himself for all
 this antiquity, I suppose, that he fixed upon so very
 young a mistress as myself. Thus, after having
 gone through all the routine of sighs, vows, and
 rural walks, he at last, saw me blooming and safe in
 his beautiful chateau, in Argyle-street.

Joy produced a palpitation which had, well nigh,
 been fatal to * * * * * No matter, to
 be brief * * * * *

A late hour in the morning blushed to find us in
 the arms of each other, but the morning was pale
 when compared to the red on my cheek—aye ladies,

* *But you will not come, my Angel! You will not be so
 cruel.*

pure red, when I, the very next day, acquainted Fred. Lamb with my pretty, innocent, volatile adventure.

Fred. was absolutely dumb, from astonishment, and half choked with rage and pride. I would not plead my poverty; for I conceived that common sense and common humanity ought to have made this a subject of attention and enquiry to him. You told me he was irresistible, said I.

Yes, yes, yes, muttered Fred. Lamb, between his closed teeth; but a woman who loves a man, is blind to the perfections of every other. No matter, no matter, I am glad it has happened, I wish you joy. I---

Did I ever tell you I was in love with you? said I, interrupting him. Indeed, it was your vanity deceived you, not I. You caused me to lose Lord Craven's protection, and, therefore, loving no man at the time, having never loved any, to you I went. I should have felt the affection of a sister for you, but that you made no sacrifices, no single attempt to contribute to my happiness. I will be the mere instrument of pleasure to no man. He must make a friend and companion of me, or he will lose me.

Fred. Lamb left me in madness and fury; but I knew him selfish, and that he could dine on every imagined luxury, and drink his champaigne, without a thought or care whether I had bread and cheese to satisfy hunger. Then who, with love, first love, beating in their hearts, could think of Frederick Lamb?

I immediately changed my lodging for a furnished house, at the west end of the town, better calculated to receive my new lover, whose passion knew no bounds. He often told me how much more beautiful I was than he ever expected to find me.

THE END.







HARIETTE WILSON.

PART II.

The next morning I received another visit from Mrs. Porter, who informed me that she had just had an interview with my new lover, and reported to him all I had desired her to say. Since you object to meet a stranger, continued Mrs. Porter, his grace desires me to say, he hopes you can keep a secret, and to inform you, that it is the Duke of Wellington, who so anxiously desires to make your acquaintance. I have heard of his grace often, said I, in a tone of deep disappointment: for I had been indulging a kind of hope about the stranger, with the Newfoundland dog, with whose appearance I had been so unusually struck, as to have sought for him every day, and I thought of him every hour.

His grace, Mrs. Porter proceeded, only entreats to be allowed to make your acquaintance. His situation, you know, prevents the possibility of his getting regularly introduced to you. It will never do, said I, shaking my head. Be assured, said Mrs. Porter, he is a remarkably fine-looking man, and if you are afraid of my house, promise to receive him, in your own, at any hour, when he may be certain to find you alone. Well, thought I, with a sigh, I suppose he must come. I do not understand economy, and am frightened to death at debts. Argyle is going to Scotland; and I shall want a steady sort of friend of some kind, in case a baliffe should get hold of me. What shall I say to his grace? Mrs. Porter enquired, growing impatient. Well, then, said I, since it must be so, tell his grace, that I will receive him to-morrow at three; but mind, only as common acquaintance!

Away winged Wellington's Mercury, as an old woman wings it at sixty, and most punctual to my

appointment, at three, on the following day, Wellington made his appearance. He bowed first, then said:—How do you do? then thanked me for having given him permission to call on me; and then wanted to take hold of my hand. Really said I, withdrawing my hand, for such a renown-hero, you have a very little to say for yourself. Beautiful creature! uttered Wellington, where is Lorne? Good gracious, said I, out of all patience at his stupidity,—what come you here for duke? Beautiful eye, yours! reiterated Wellington. Aye, man! they are greater conquerors than ever Wellington shall be; but to be serious, I understood you came here to try to make yourself agreeable? What child! do you think that I have nothing better to do, than to make speeches to please ladies? said Wellington. *Après avoir dépeuplé la terre vous devez faire tout pour la repeupler*, I replied. You should see where I shine. Wellington observed, laughing. Where's that in God's name? In a field of Battle, answered the hero. But love scenes, or even love quarrels, seldom tend to amuse the reader, so to be brief, what was a mere man, even thought it were the handsome Duke of Argyle, to a Wellington. Argyle grew jealous of Wellington's frequent visits, and, hiding himself in his native woods, wrote me the following very pathetic letter. "I am not quite sure whether I do or do not love you—I am afraid I did too much; but, as long as you find pleasure in the society of another, and a hero too, I am well contented to be a mere common mortal, a monkey, or what you will. I too have my heroines waiting for me, in all the woods about here. Here is the wood-cutter's daughter, and the gardener's maid, always waiting for my gracious presence, and, to which of them I shall throw the handkerchief I know not. How then can I remain constant to your inconstant charms? I could

have been a little romantic about you, it is true; but I always take people as I find them, et j'ai ici beau jeu. Adieu.

“I am very fond of you still, for all this.”

“ARGYLE.”

This was my answer. “Indeed you are as yet, the only man who has ever had the least influence over me, therefore, I do intreat you, do not forget me! I wish I were the wood cutter’s daughter, awaiting your gracious presence, in the woods for days! weeks! months! so that, at last, you would reward me with the benevolent smile of peace and forgiveness, or that illumined, beautiful expression of more ardent feeling, such as I have often inspired, and shall remember for ever, come what may; and whether your fancy changes, or mine. You say you take people, as you find them; therefore you must, and you shall love me still, with all my imperfections on my foolish head, and that, dearly.

“Harriette.”

Wellington was now my constant visitor:—a most unentertaining one, Heaven knows! and, in the evenings, when he wore his broad red ribbon, he looked very like a rat-catcher. Do you know, said I to him one day, do you know the world talk about hanging you? Eh? said Wellington. They say you will be hanged, in spite of all your brother Wellesley can say in your defence. Ha! said Wellington, very seriously, what paper do you read? It is the common talk of the day, said I. They must not work me in such another campaign, Wellington said, smiling, or my weight will never hang me. Why you look a little like the apothecary in Romeo, already, I said.

In my walks Brummel often joined me, and I now walked oftener than usual—indeed, whenever I could make any body walk with me, because I wanted to meet the man with his New-

foundland dog—who was not the sort of man, either, that generally strikes the fancy of a very young female, for he was neither young, nor at all gaily drest. No doubt he was very handsome, but it was that pale expressive beauty, which oftener steals upon us by degrees, after having become acquainted, than strikes at first sight. I had, of late, frequently met him, and he always turned his head back after he had passed me; but whether he admired, or had, indeed, observed me, or whether he only looked back after his large dog, was what puzzled and tormented me. Better to have been observed by that fine noble-looking being, than adored by all the men on earth besides, thought I, being now at the very tip-top of my heroics.

Dean Swift mentions having seen, in the grand academy of Lagado, an ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; and which he justified by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider. The operation of my love then was after the model of this architect. The airy foundation on which I built my castles, caused them ever to descend. Once in my life, when I raised my air-built fabric unusually high, it fell with such a dead weight on my heart, that the very vital spark of existence was nearly destroyed. Now, however, I look on my past, bitter suffering, caused by this same love, which many treat as a play-thing, and a child, but which I believe to be one of the most arbitrary, ungovernable passions in nature, as a wild dream, remembered by me, merely as I recollect three days of delirium by which I was afflicted, after the scarlet fever, with the idea of rats and mice running over my head, and which thus kept me in a phrenzy, from the mere working of a disordered brain.

But to proceed—if, in my frequent walks about Sloane-street and Hyde Park, I failed to meet the stranger, whose noble appearance had so affected my imagination, I was sure to see George Brummell, whose foolish professions of love I could not repeat, for I scarcely heard them. One day, just as I was going to sit down to dinner, with Fanny, and Amy, who was passing the evening with her, I felt a kind of presentiment come over me, that, if I went into Hyde Park at that moment, I should meet this stranger. It was past six o'clock. They both declared that I was mad, and Lord Alvanly calling on Fanny at that moment, they retailed my folly to his lordship, I dare say he is some dog-fancier, or whipper-in, or something of the sort, said Alvanly. God bless my soul! I thought you had more sense. What does Argyle say to all this? Lord Lowther now entered the room. How very rude you all are, said Fanny. I have you told frequently that this is my dinner hour, and you never attend to it. I is those d—m—d grocers, the Mitchells, said Alvanly, who have taught you to dine at these hours; who the devil dines at six? why I am only just out of bed!

Lord Lowther made many civil apologies. He wanted to have the pleasure of engaging us three to dine with him on the following day, to meet the Marquis of Hertford, then Lord Yarmouth; a Mr. Graham, the son of Sir James Graham, Bart.; Street, the editor of the Courier newspaper; and J. W. Croker, M. P. of the Admiralty. We accepted the invitation, and Lord Lowther, after begging us not to be later than half-past seven, took his leave. Alvanly accompanied me as far as Hyde Park, laughing at me, and my man and his dog, all the way. The park was now entirely empty—nothing like a hero, nor even a dog to be seen. I must now wish you a good morning,

said Alvanly. I am not going to be groom, he added in my ear. I shook hands with him, without at all understanding what he meant, and walked down towards that side of the river, where I had once or twice seen the stranger coaxing his dog to swim, by throwing stones into the water.

I came immediately in close contact with the stranger, whose person had been concealed by two large elms, and who might have been observing me for some time. I scarcely dared encourage the flattering idea. It made me wild; and yet, why should such a noble, fashionable-looking man have pulled up his horse, between two trees, where there was nothing else to be seen? After all, I was only encouraging the most absurd vanity, contrary to common sense. Might he not be watching his dog?—Did he ever look at me?—I know not. After passing days and days in looking for him, his sudden appearance caused such a tremulousness to come over me, that I wanted courage, once, to raise my eyes, to his face; so that I rather felt, than knew I was near him, whom now I passed as quickly as my extreme agitation would permit. I now ventured to turn my head back, believing myself at a safe distance from the stranger. He had quitted his hiding-place and was slowly walking his very fine horse towards me. There, he is, thought I. No one is near us, and yet, in another minute or two, he will have passed me, and be, perhaps, lost to me for ever. I began to muster all the energies of my character, generally fertile in resources, to consider of a remedy for this coming evil. If any man could be bribed to follow him slyly! thought I, hastily looking about me. The stranger drew nearer. Alas! he will have passed me for ever, perhaps, in another instant. Surely I might have said with King Richard,

“ A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!” since, without one, who could follow the stranger? I heard the sound of his horse’s feet close behind me. I will fix my eyes upon his face, this time, to ascertain if he looks at me, said I to myself with a sudden effort of desperate resolution; which I put in practice the next moment. I thought our eyes met, and that the stranger blushed; but his were so immediately withdrawn from my face, that I went home, still in doubt whether he had, or had not, taken sufficient notice of me, even to know me again by sight.

I related this adventure to Fanny, on my return. She gave me some dinner, and advised me, with friendly seriousness, not to make such a fool of myself, about a man I had never spoken to, and who, after all, might turn out to be vulgar, or ill-mannered, or of bad character. True, answered I, and I shall be glad to learn that this man is either of those, for vulgarity will make me heart-whole again in an instant. In short, at any rate, I look for my cure in a future knowledge of this man’s character. Nothing is perfect under the sun; and rank, talents, wit, beauty, character, manners, all must combine, in that human being who shall ever make me die of a broken heart. Therefore I am safe. I had not an idea that you were such a simpleton, or half so sentimental, retorted Fanny. I wonder if I should admire the man. We will try and meet him together, I replied; but enough of a subject, which begins to make me melancholy---as though he were my fate! How many fine, elegant-looking young men have I not met about the streets, and at the opera, without their making the slightest impression on me. And what do I know of this man, beyond mere beauty of countenance! yet, I think, if I could but touch with my hand, the horse he rode, or the dog he seems so fond

of. I should be half wild with joy. What incredible nonsense, my dear Harriette, said Fanny. But true, upon my word, I replied, and I cannot help myself. Fanny shook her head at me, and I left her, to dream of the stranger.

By a little before eight on the following evening, the party, I have before mentioned, all sat down to dinner, at Lord Lowther's in Pall Mall. Lord Yarmouth was at the bottom of the table, opposite to Lord Lowther; Amy, on Lowther's righthand, Fanny at his left; Street, the editor, was her neighbour; and I sate next to Croker. Poor Julia had not been invited. Lord Hertford, who, at his own table, is always particularly entertaining, was a little out of sorts here, which generally happened to him when he dined with Lowther, who gave a very bad dinner. Lord Hertford very candidly owns that he dislikes a bad dinner; and I had heard him own it so often to Lord Lowther, that I was surprised his Lordship invited him at all, unless he had thought proper to have provided a good one. The claret, Lowther said, he wanted Lord Hertford's opinion about, having just provided himself with a large quantity of it, in consequence of its quality having been strongly recommended to him.

Our first glass had scarcely gone round, when Lord Hertford, said, in his usual loud, odd voice, addressing Lowther, you asked me for my opinion; and I will give it you; your claret is not worth a d--n. Poor Lowther looked a little annoyed. Croker fought on his side. I must differ in opinion with you, Lord Hertford, said he, in his starched pragmatistical manner: I think the claret excellent. With all my heart, said Hertford, in a tone and manner of the most perfect indifference.

Mr. Graham sat on my left hand, and was as attentive to me as possible. Graham was a beau-

ty; a very Apollo in form, with handsome features, particularly his teeth and eyes; sensible too, and well educated. I brought you two together, because I knew you would fall in love with each other, said Lowther. How impossible, thought I, as the stranger in Hyde Park, as I last saw him, or fancied I saw him blush, crossed my mind. I was not disposed to admire any thing else, indeed; but I rather think Graham was pedantic. He spoke to me a good deal of Fred. Lamb, with whom he had been travelling on the Continent. Fred. Lamb has often been jealous of me, said Graham; but he would be jealous of any man; yet I have always liked Fred. much better than ever he liked me. His passion for women is so very violent, I observed, that somehow or other it disgusted me. All ladies are not so refined, replied Graham, laughing. Perhaps not, replied I; perhaps I may not be so refined when I like my man better.

Street was all this time making hard love to Fanny. Poor Street, though a very pleasant man, is, as he knows, a very ugly one. Fanny's extreme good nature was always a refuge for the destitute. If ever there was a lame, a deaf, a blind, or an ugly man in our society, Fanny invariably made up to that man immediately, to put him in countenance. Nay, she would I believe have made up to the Duke of Devonshire, blind, deaf, absent and all, had he fallen in her way.

At this moment, my ear caught the word cruel, as applied to Fanny by Street. Quite the reverse, Fanny is all goodness, I exclaimed. Yes, rejoined Street, as far as word go. It is you Mr. Street, who cruelly neglected me, on the contrary, said Fanny, laughing, Never! answered Street, laying his hand on his heart. Then why did you not call at the oilshop? Fanny asked; alluding to the place where she had formerly

been lodging for a short time, in Park Street, and to which she had invited Street. Wounded pride! observed Street. She would have poured oil into your wounds, said Lord Hertford. I'll thank you to pass me another bottle of bad claret, squeaked out Croker; for I must be candid enough to say that I like it much. I won't abuse it again, Lord Hertford observed, for fear you should get drunk.

I now grew tired of waiting for Amy to make a first move, and began to think she was ill disposed, in the humility of her heart, to take upon her the privilege of eldest sister: so I made it for her, and we retired to Lowther's drawing-room, from which we took a peep into his dressing-room, where we found a set of vile, dirty combs, brushes, towels, and dressing gowns. Lowther, who always has a pain in his liver, and knows not how to take kindly to his bottle, entered his apartment, just as we were loudest in our exclamations of horror and dismay, as these said dirty objects offered themselves to our view.

For heaven's sake, said Amy, with whom Lowther was certainly in love, do turn away your valet, and burn these nasty, dirty brushes and things. It will be no use I believe, replied Lowther; for every valet will copy his master. What! then, exclaimed Amy, you admit the master is dirty? Lowther feared he must plead guilty. I am very glad I ran away from you, retorted Amy, who had gone with him into the country and afterwards cut him, because he did not ask for a separate dressing room at the inns on the road.

The other gentlemen soon joined us in the drawing-room, drank their coffee, and then we were all off to the Opera. I had the honor of taking Mr. Graham there in my carriage, with Fanny. Amy went with Lord Lowther. We

found Julia in our box, alone, and half asleep, dressed very elegantly; and, in my opinion, looking very interesting and well. What, alone? said I. Why do not you make the men more civil? and I introduced her to that most fresh and juicy-looking large beauty, young Graham. Julia had lately got nearly to the bottom of her heroics with Cotton. She was ashamed to admit the idea, even to herself; she never would own it to me, but the fact was, she was tired of Cotton, and crying, and sighing for something new. Young and beautiful, her passions, like those of a man, were violent and changeable; in addition to which, she had lately suffered every possible indignity and inconvenience which debts and duns could inflict; besides, Fanny and I, who knew that Mr. Cotton had a wife and large family at home, had laboured with all our hearts to disgust Julia with Cotton, believing that it would be for the good of both that they separated for ever. Cotton had not a shilling to spare for the support of Julia's children: and Julia's accouchements took place regularly once in eleven months. She had often vainly applied to her parents, as well as to her uncle, Lord Carysfort, who only wrote to load her with reproaches.

As soon as Graham had left us, Julia expressed her admiration of him in very warm terms. He has no money, said Fanny, besides, I can see that he is making up to Harriette. Do, my dear Julia, consider all your beautiful children; and you can leave Cotton to his poor wife, and must form another connexion let it be with some one who can contribute to the support of your young family. Julia assured us she was at that moment actually in expectation of being arrested; and she entreated that Fanny or I would make an application to some of her noble relations, which she promised to do. This point being decided

she again talked of Graham's beauty, wondered where he was, and anxiously enquired whether I was sure he had taken a fancy to me? Not a bit sure, I replied. I know nothing at all of the matter, neither do I care. Fanny then related all about my last meeting with the stranger and his dog, to Julia, who seemed to understand my sensations much better than Fanny did.

You did not love Lord Ponsonby, retorted I. True, said Julia: badinage apart, Ponsonby is as I have always been told, very near perfection. But what chance can you have? He is married to the loveliest creature on earth--the youngest daughter of Lord Jersey. I knew very well, sighed I, despondingly, before I heard of his marriage, that I should never be any thing to him. I will tell you where he lives, said Julia. It is in Curzon Street, May Fair. Well, then, thought I, at least when he passes me, I shall not as yesterday, fancy I am looking at him for the last time. I resolved, now, to make no kind of advances to become acquainted with Lord Ponsonby; but, on the very next evening, I indulged myself in passing his house at least fifty times. I saw, and examined the countenances of his footmen, and the colour of his window curtains: even the knocker of his door escaped not my veneration, since Lord Ponsonby has touched it so often. My very nature seemed now to have undergone a change. I began to dislike society, and considered the unfortunate situation I had fallen into with horror, because I fancied Lord Ponsonby would despise me. I often reflected whether there might yet be some mighty virtue in my power, some sacrifice of self, some exertion of energy, by which I might one day deserve to be respected or to have my memory respected by Lord Ponsonby, after I was dead.

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