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EMMELINE.

WITH

SOME OTHER PIECES.

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EMMELINE.

WITH

SOME OTHER PIECES.

BY

MARY BRUNTON,

AUTHOR OF SELF-CONTROL, AND DISCIPLINE.

TO

WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF HER LIFE,

INCLUDING SOME EXTRACTS

FROM HER CORRESPONDENCE.

EDINBURGH:

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MEMOIR.

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VALE !

HEU QUANTO MINUS EST

CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI,

QUAM TUI

MEMINISSE !

TO
CAPTAIN WILLIAM BALFOUR,
R. N.

THIS TRIBUTE
TO THE
MEMORY OF HIS SISTER

IS
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

MEMOIR.

IMMEDIATELY after Mrs Brunton's death, various eloquent tributes were paid to her memory in the newspapers of Edinburgh. Her literary friends, however, have expressed a wish, that some more detailed Memoir of her life should be prepared ; exhibiting chiefly the history of her mind, and her habits of composition. With that wish I have willingly complied. It has been for twenty years my happiness to watch the workings of that noble mind—my chief usefulness to aid its progress, however feebly. Nothing is more soothing to me now, than to dwell on the remembrance of her—nothing more dear, than to diffuse the benefit of her example.

I know, that I shall perform the task very inadequately. Were I better qualified than I am for its discharge, the relation which I bore to her makes it needful for me to repress feelings, upon which any other biographer would have dwelt with delight. But if I can make her memory useful to one of her fellow creatures, this is the only consideration which her sainted spirit would prize.

MARY BALFOUR was the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Balfour of Elwick, a cadet of one of the most respectable families in the county of Orkney. Her mother was Frances Ligonier, only daughter of Colonel Ligonier of the 13th Dragoons.

Mary was born in the Island of Burra in Orkney, 1st of November, 1778. Her early education was not conducted on any regular plan. Her father, himself a

man of extraordinary talents and acquirements, had little leisure for superintending it, and was very often necessarily absent from his family. Her mother had early been left an orphan to the care of her uncle, Field-Marshal the Earl of Ligonier; and had been trained rather to the accomplishments which adorn a court, than to those which are useful in domestic life. She was, however, a person of great natural acuteness, and of very lively wit; and her conversation, original though desultory, had no doubt considerable influence in rousing her daughter's mind. She was assiduous, too, in conveying the accomplishments which she herself retained; and Mary became, under her mother's care, a considerable proficient in music, and an excellent French and Italian scholar. From these languages she was much accustomed to translate; and there is no other habit of her early life which tends, in any degree, to account for the great facility and correctness with which her subsequent compositions were written.

When she passed the bounds of mere childhood, the defects, under which her early education must otherwise have laboured, were remedied partly by a short residence at school in Edinburgh, and, still more, by the affectionate care of her father's sisters; of whose kindness she entertained, through life, the most grateful recollection. But as a great part of her training was still left to herself, her love for reading spent itself on poetry and fiction. They helped to people for her that world of her own, which the day-dreams of youth called up in her solitude.

At a very early age, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her; and the details of housekeeping in Orkney are of so exhausting a kind, that, from her sixteenth to her twentieth year, she could have had very little leisure for self-improvement.

About this time, Viscountess Wentworth, (who had formerly been the wife of Mrs Balfour's brother, the second Earl Ligonier,) proposed that Mary, her god-daugh-

ter, should reside with her in London. What influence this alteration might have had on her after life, is left to be matter of conjecture. She preferred the quiet and privacy of a Scotch parsonage. We were married in her twentieth year; and went to reside at Bolton, near Haddington.

Her time was now much more at her own command. Her taste for reading returned in all its strength, and received rather a more methodical direction. Some hours of every forenoon were devoted by her to this employment; and, in the evening, I was in the habit of reading aloud to her, books chiefly of criticism and Belles Lettres. Among other subjects of her attention, the philosophy of the human mind became a favourite study with her, and she read Dr Reid's works with uncommon pleasure. She renewed her acquaintance with our best historians. Her ear was peculiarly gratified with the music of Dr Robertson's style; and she used often to say, that she looked upon his account of the first voyage of Columbus, as the most

attractive and finished narrative which she had ever perused.

She added a little German to her acquisitions in language.

She repeatedly began, but as often relinquished, the study of mathematics. Where the address to the intellect was direct and pure, she was interested and successful. But a single demonstration by means of the *reductio ad absurdum*, or of applying one figure to another in order to show their identity, never failed to estrange her for a long time from the subject.

Her reading was useful to her, rather as strengthening her general habits of attention, than as leading to marked proficiency in any one branch of study. Her memory, not having been systematically cultivated in early life, was less powerful than her other faculties. She retained the substance of what she read, less by remembering the words of the author, than by thinking over the subject for herself, with the aid of the new lights which he had opened to her mind.

I do not know that, during her residence in East Lothian, she wrote anything beyond an ordinary letter. Even her letters at this period were few. Indeed her correspondents were always very limited in number. To letter-writing, as either an employment in itself, or as a recreation, she had an utter dislike.

East Lothian, in general, is not distinguished for landscape beauty. But the situation of the Manse of Bolton is pretty, and there is some fine scenery on the banks of the stream which washes it. These close and wooded banks formed a singular contrast to the bare flats, and the magnificent sea-prospects of Orkney ;—a contrast which deepened the impression of both, and helped to form that habit of observing the varieties and beauties of nature, which afterwards became so marked a feature of her mind. She now taught herself to draw ; sufficiently, at least, to sketch with facility and truth any object or scene which peculiarly pleased her.

Her various employments were never allowed to interfere with each other. An

arrangement of her time was made; to which, as far as is possible for the mistress of a family, she strictly adhered.

Two East Indian wards of mine became inmates of the family while we resided in East Lothian. Her care of them was truly maternal. She took a deep interest especially in their religious education; and, in instilling into them the principles of their belief, she was led very carefully to re-examine her own. For this important work she had greater facilities now, than she had enjoyed at any former period; and she applied herself to it with all her characteristic ardour. Through the grace of God, it gradually led her both to the "knowledge and to the love of the truth as it is in Christ;" to that "anchor of the soul sure and steadfast," on which her hope leaned through life, and was nobly sustained in the near prospect of dissolution. The Shorter Catechism of our Church was the form on which she grounded her instructions to her young pupils; and while, with anxious and successful assiduity, she accommodated its language to their capacity, she never failed to

speak in warm admiration, of the vigour and condensation of thought by which it is very peculiarly distinguished.

Both in her own mind, and in the minds of her pupils, she was anxious to make religion an *active* principle, to carry its influence habitually into life. It mingled now with all her own pursuits. She sought knowledge, not merely for the sake of the pleasure which it bestowed, but from a strong sense of duty. She loved nature, not for its own beauty alone, but for the traces with which it abounds of the wisdom and the love of the Creator. Her religion was not a religion of gloom. It shed brightness and peace around her. It gladdened the heart which it purified and exalted.

After six years, tranquilly and happily spent in East Lothian, she accompanied me to Edinburgh in Autumn 1803. In the earliest letter of hers which has come into my possession, I find her thus regretting her removal. The letter is addressed to her mother.

Oct. 6, 1802.

I heartily regret the loss of my little quiet residence, which many nameless circumstances have endeared to me. But when I think that Mr B., without any object in view, might sink into indolence,—live neglected,—and die forgotten,—I am in part reconciled to a removal, which will make my wants far more numerous, and my income (all things considered) more scanty. And though I shall never cease to regret Bolton,—though I must want many things which I here enjoy;—and, what is worst of all, though I can no longer expect that Mr B. will continue so much to be, as you truly call him, my companion and instructor; I think I could endure any thing rather than see him, to please me, consign himself with regret to solitude and inaction. He is pleased with a change that gives him something to hope for, (which here he never could have had,) and I think I can reconcile myself to any thing that gives him pleasure. * * *

I am engaged just now in reading a very large book, which entertains me more than any thing I ever read before; it is Froissart's Chronicle. The simplicity of the narrative, its minuteness, its dramatic effect if I may use the expression, make it more interesting than most true histories, and more amusing than most works of fiction. It places before one the speakers and the actors,—living men and women;—and their antique costume gives them

an air half-droll, half-pleasing. If the price of the book did not place it beyond the reach of ordinary purses, I should have besought you to buy it.

Hitherto she does not seem to have been at all aware of the strength of her own mind. Our circle of acquaintance was small. She appeared among them scarcely in any other light than as an active and prudent young housewife; who submitted, with the most cheerful good-humour, to the inconveniences of a narrow income; but who contrived, by method and taste, to join comfort with some share of elegance in the whole of her management. Few literary people were within our reach. It was chiefly with me that she talked of what she had read; and, as some of the subjects were new to her, she contracted, far more than enough, the habit of speaking as a pupil.

It was otherwise in Edinburgh. Our circle widened. She mingled more with those whose talents and acquirements she had respected at a distance. She found herself able to take her share in their con-

versation ; and, though nothing could be farther from the tone of her mind than either pedantry or dogmatism, she came by degrees, instead of receiving opinions implicitly, to examine those of others, and to defend her own. There was a freshness and originality in her way of managing these little friendly controversies—a playfulness in her wit—a richness in her illustrations—and an acuteness in her arguments, which made her conversation attractive to the ablest. If they were not convinced by her reasoning, they were gratified by her ingenuity, and by her unpretending openness.

But the circumstance which, more than any other beyond the range of her own domestic intercourse, tended both to develope her intellect, and to establish her character, was an intimacy which she formed, soon after her removal to Edinburgh, with a lady in her immediate neighbourhood. They were indeed so near, that it was easy for them to be much together. They read together—worked together—and talked over, with confidential freedom, their opinions,

from minuter points to the most important of all. In their leading views of human life and human duty, they were fully agreed. But whether they agreed, or whether they differed, they benefited each other essentially—either mutually confirming each other in the truth, or mutually leading each other towards it.

This intercourse continued for about six years, when it was interrupted by Mrs Izett's removal from Edinburgh. But it was not, and could not be suspended altogether; so far as letters could prolong it, it was continued to the last, by the only close and confidential correspondence, beyond the bounds of her own family, in which Mary ever engaged.

In the literary pursuits which they carried on together, there were occasional blanks, caused by the avocations of either. It was chiefly for the employment of accidental intervals of leisure, occasioned by the more numerous engagements of her friend, that Mrs Brunton began the writing of *Self-Control*. At first its author had no design that it should meet the eye

of the public. But as her manuscript swelled, this design, half unconsciously, began to mingle with her labours. Perhaps, too, a circumstance which I remember to have happened about this time, might have had more weight than she was aware of in prompting the attempt. She had often urged me to undertake some literary work; and once she appealed to an intimate friend who was present, whether he would not be my publisher. He consented readily; but added, that he would, at least as willingly, publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something the possibility of which had never occurred to her before; and she asked more than once, whether he was in earnest.

A considerable part of the first volume of *Self-Control* was written before I knew any thing of its existence. When she brought it to me, my pleasure was certainly mingled with surprise. The beauty and correctness of the style—the acuteness of observation—and the loftiness of sentiment—were, each of them in its way, beyond what even I was prepared to ex-

pect from her. Any encouragement which my approbation could give her, (and *she* valued it at far more than it was worth,) she received in the fullest measure.

From this time forward she tasked herself to write a certain quantity every day. The rule, of course, was often broken; but habit had taught her that a rule was useful. Every evening she read to me what had been written in the course of the day; and when larger portions were completed, she brought the manuscript to me for more accurate examination. I then made, in writing, such remarks as occurred to me; and left it to herself to decide upon them. Any little alteration on what had been recently written she was always willing to receive, if she thought it an improvement. But some changes which were suggested to her upon the earlier parts of the story, she declined adopting. She had what appeared to me an undue apprehension of the trouble which it might have cost her to assimilate the alterations to the remainder of the narrative. But she had little hope, from the first, of the *story* being very happily

combined; and she was only the more unwilling to aggravate, by any sudden changes, the harshness of its construction. To its moral usefulness she uniformly paid much more regard than to its literary character.

In the autumn of 1809 the state of her health made it desirable that we should visit Harrogate. Her letters to her relations in Orkney give a lively picture of this little tour.

TO HER MOTHER.

Nov. 21, 1809.

From Carlisle we took a different route to the Lakes from that by which I formerly went with you. We drove, through a country as flat as the floor, to a little village called Wigton; and from thence to Keswick by a tremendous road; but leading at last through the vale of Bassenthwaite, one of the sweetest of all *prairies riantes*.

The day which we spent at Keswick was the finest possible—not a breath of wind, and scarcely a cloud on the sky. We sailed and wandered about till it was quite dark. Great was my desire to take up our rest there for a fortnight; for in “the

Grange," the sweet little hamlet at the mouth of Borodale, there were a parlour and bed-chamber to be let furnished !—Dread Lowdore is the most *picturesque* waterfall I ever saw ; but no more to be compared with Moness in magnificence, than a little coquette, tricked out in gauze and gunflowers, with the simple majesty of Milton's Eve.

We went, as formerly, by Ambleside to Kendal. The Lakes are truly lovely, though not quite so unparalleled as when last I saw them ; for I have since seen Loch Lomond ; nor do I think they can once be compared in sublimity with the approach to Loch Katrine.

Did you ever see Kirkby Lonsdale ? It is the most rural, pretty, interesting place imaginable. It is a true English village—English in its neatness—English in the handsomeness of its houses, (Scotch handsome houses are seldom built in villages)—and English, above all, in its church-yard—smooth as velvet—green as emeralds—clean, even to the exclusion of a fallen leaf from one of the tall trees that surround it ! From this church-yard, situate on a high bank overhanging the river Loen, you command a fine view of Lonsdale, rising here and there into gentle swells—gay with woods and villas. The river is not very English ; for it is a rapid, lively, transparent stream—not creeping sluggishly through rich meadows, but dancing gaily to

the sun, or dashing against tiny rocks into Lilliputian waves. * * *

Nous voilà at Harrogate; and I believe there is no place in Britain to which you would not sooner accompany us. One hundred and forty people dine with us daily—all dressed as fine as Punch's wife in the puppet-show. Do but imagine the noise of so many tongues—the bouncing, banging, and driving of eighty waiting-men—the smell of meat sufficient, and more than sufficient, for a hundred and forty cormorants—and all this in the dog days!!!
* * *

Harrogate itself is a straggling village, built on an ugly sandy common, surrounded with stunted black Scotch firs—the only thing in shape of tree or shrub that never can be an ornament to any possible place. From a hill above Harrogate, there is a view of prodigious extent, over the richest and largest plain which I have ever seen.—York, which is 22 miles distant, seems nearer than the middle of the landscape. Mrs L., who is an Englishwoman, was in extacies. For my part, I must confess, that I think a little rising ground, or even a mountain, no bad feature in a landscape. A scene without a hill seems to me to be about as interesting as a face without a nose!

TO MRS CRAIGIE.

1810.

Studley Royal is truly a noble place. Besides a park of 1100 acres, adorned with timber of unequalled magnificence, there are 300 acres of pleasure ground, kept with a neatness of which I had no previous idea. The lawns are as smooth, and as equal in colour and texture, as green velvet; and though they, as well as the gravel-walks, are shaded by lofty trees, and embellished with an endless variety of flowering shrubs, not a fallen leaf—not a twig is suffered to derange their neatness.

The place is laid out in the old-fashioned style, with circular pieces of water, statues, temples, cascades flowing over flights of steps, and banks made by rule and plummet. Nevertheless, the place is not only beautiful, but magnificent; the ground is naturally swelling and varied; the artificial river is so large, that you forget it is the work of man: the temples, though a little out of place, are still beautiful; and the smooth shaven lawns show to great advantage the dark majesty of the woods, that tower over them sometimes to the height of 120 feet.

But, above all, Studley contains one charm which, so far as I know, is altogether matchless—the ruins

of Fountain's Abbey. This noble pile—but how can I describe it to you? No words that I can use will give any idea of its beauty, or of the effect which it had upon me! Sometimes the very recollection of it fills my eyes with tears. I may convey to you some notion of the magnitude of the building, by telling you that it still covers two acres of ground, and that it once extended over ten; but to describe the effect of the whole is out of my power. Imagine the huge folding-doors thrown open, to usher you into a cathedral of prodigious extent. The roof is gone. The noble pillars, of more than Corinthian lightness, which once supported it, still spread here and there into broken arches, twisted with ivy; which clothes, but does not conceal their forms. Large trees, rising from the dismantled court, mingle their giant arms with the towers. The windows—but why should I attempt an impossibility? I protest I will never again try to give an idea of Fountain's Abbey! To crown all, I had scarcely heard the place mentioned, and had never read any account of it; so that it burst upon me at once in all its glory.

My companion, who is an Englishwoman, maintained a long dispute with me on the comparative merits of Studley and Dunkeld; she, of course, preferring the beauties of her own country, and I, as in duty bound, upholding the honour of mine. The woods of Dunkeld are almost equal in magni-

ficence. The river is superior ; as all the works of its mighty Maker are to those of man. The mountains of Dunkeld are incomparable ; but I confess that Scotland has no Fountain's Abbey.

TO THE SAME.

According to the different styles which prevailed at the different times when York Minster was rearing, it exhibits every variety of Gothic architecture. The whole, notwithstanding its sublime extent, has an air of astonishing lightness and grace.

* *

I could not help smiling at the insignificance to which the human form was reduced, as it stood compared with the gigantic features of this building. Stone saints, as large as Mr B., furnished Lilliputian ornaments for some of the screens.

We were so fortunate as to be there at the hour of evening prayer, and heard the evening-service chaunted. If I might with reverence say, that any earthly worship was suitable to its object, I should say, that the service at York was not unworthy of Him, in so far as man could make it so, except in one point. In this vast temple, echoing to music which might well be called heavenly, none but hire-

lings came to worship ; excepting the paid singers, there were not six persons present. To this structure belong priests of all ranks—clerks, singing-men and singing boys. A superb establishment is kept up. Nothing is wanting to the service, except what the Lord of Hosts prefers to every temple—humble and devout hearts.

I staid there nearly two hours, and came away long before I was satisfied with gazing. As for poor Mr B., he is gone York-Minster-mad.

The next day's journey lay through a pretty smiling country ; with much more appearance, and much less reality of richness than East Lothian. This apparent richness is caused by the innumerable hedge-rows. I verily think there is not a field of twenty acres in the whole " North Riding." I saw hundreds of the size of your garden, inclosed with double hedges. These are a great ornament to the country. Indeed, it is so flat, that it would be quite ugly without them. But the ground cannot be very productive, where the owners waste so much of it on fences. In the richest part of East Lothian, not a hedge is to be seen.

There is not much corn in this part of Yorkshire, and still less sown grass. It is a grazing country ; meadow-grass seems the chief object of the farmer. By the bye, its verdure is infinitely finer than that of sown grass, and this is another cause of the smiling air of the fields.

On entering Durham every thing changes. The country becomes bare and hilly—a doleful strife between English dullness and Scotch sterility!—Every coal country that ever I saw is dreary; as if it were intended that comfort should be cheap within doors, where there is nothing to invite one abroad.

As you approach the Border, the Scotch farming begins to prevail. Large fields of turnip and clover—few hedges—trees only planted in clumps, where little else will grow. The country on the English side is far from being pretty. Indeed, by whatever road you enter Scotland, it gains by comparison for the first stage. We crossed the Tweed by a beautiful bridge at Coldstream; and, to confess the truth, my heart leapt lightly as I drew in the breath of my native land. We Scotch folks shook hands very heartily, and declared that we had seen no such river in England; nor any vale like that in which its waters were glancing bright “to the sun.” —— turned a mournful eye towards her own country; but at Kelso, where first we alighted, even she confessed that no English town could boast a finer situation. It stands at the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot. Both are fine streams, and flow here through a lovely country, rising into sunny slopes, or shelving into woody dells, or sinking into rich meadows. The Eildon hills tower at a distance, and are highly ornamental to every scene of which they form a feature. * *

The road to Edinburgh lies through the Lammermuir range of hills. For miles, little but heath meets your eye. At last, without any warning, on reaching the ridge of Soutra, all the rich Lothians burst on your sight, spread like a map at your feet! Edinburgh towers with its rocks in the middle, and the majestic Forth widens slowly into a sea. I have often gazed on this prospect, yet still it strikes me as the most magnificent which I have seen. It is unrivalled in extent, richness, and variety; and though I think closer scenes are more interesting, this, I am persuaded, no one can look on without pleasure.

But no pleasure, which mere beauty can give, ever equalled that which I felt at this first distant glimpse of my home—my home, to which, wherever I travel, I always return as to the arms of a friend! Have we not reason to bless the goodness which has so ordained that many a home, possessing no other charm, yet charms us, because it *is* our home. But mine has many, many comforts. If I could share them with you, and two or three other persons dear to me, it would want none to make it complete to me. This cannot be! But I trust we shall meet in a home, which will, indeed, be complete to us all; and who knows whether our propensity to love the place with which we are familiar, may not be one means of endearing to us that better home throughout eternal ages.

In September 1810, it became necessary that *Self-Control* should go to press, if it was to appear during the favourable part of the next season. A very considerable part of it at that time remained to be written; the imperfect idea which she had formed to herself of its construction made it doubtful how much. But she expressed no hesitation in allowing the printing to begin. The necessity of finishing her work within a certain time, served rather to animate than alarm her; and, whatever may be thought of the probability or of the skilfulness of the concluding part of the narrative, there can be no doubt of its eloquence. Indeed, throughout the whole, whatever was written most rapidly, was the best written. It was only when she was dissatisfied with what she was doing, or when she was uncertain of what was to follow, that she wrote with difficulty. It is only in such passages that there is interlineation or blotting in the

manuscript.—The work was printed from the first copy.

Some striking indications of the state of her mind during its composition may be gathered from the following letters to Mrs Izett.

APRIL 10, 1810.

It is even so! You are sixty miles distant from Edinburgh, and I have lost what probably no time will restore to me; that “medicine of life,” which it is promised that they shall find who have received a title to yet higher rewards. Since you left me I have a hundred times determined to write. I need not assure you that forgetfulness has had no share in my silence. Levity itself would not forget a friend (if levity could have a friend,) in one month—“one little month!” I am reminded of you by all my business and all my pleasures; for—which of my pleasures did not you heighten—and in what branch of duty did not you stimulate me? But all that is over! and I can only repent that I did not better use what might have been so eminently useful.

I thank you heartily for your account of your rambles at Kinnaird—would that I were the companion of them! In return, you shall learn my me-

thodical routine. I write part of every forenoon, and walk for an hour or two before dinner. I lounge over the fire with a book, or I sew and chat, all the evening.

Your friend Laura proceeds with a slow but regular pace; a short step every day—no more! She has advanced sixty paces, alias pages, since you left her. She is at present very comfortably situate, if the foolish thing had the sense to think so; she is on a visit to Norwood, where she is to remain for a few days; and a very snug old-fashioned place it is! Though it should never be laid open to the public at large, you shall see the interior of it one day or other.

Last Thursday I paid a visit to a very different habitation—our chateau at St Leonards; though nothing has as yet the least tinge of green, it did not look very ill. It is as gay as ten thousand purple crocusses, and twice as many yellow ones can make it. I shall soon grow impatient to take possession, and, if we can manage it, I believe we shall revert to our old plan of going there early; if not, I must just console myself with my friend Laura in Edinburgh. I wish I saw the end of her; but “wilds immeasurably spread seem lengthening as I go.”

If ever I undertake another lady, I will manage her in a very different manner. Laura is so decently kerchiefed, like our grandmothers, that to

dress her is a work of time and pains. Her younger sister, if she ever have one, shall wear loose, floating, easy robes, that will slip on in a minute. * *

As for ——'s new production, I believe I never shall have any personal acquaintance with it. It is an "Historical Romance"—a sort of composition to which I have a strong dislike. Fiction disguises the simplicity, and destroys the usefulness of the true history; and the recollection of the true history deprives me of all interest in the fiction. Besides, the foundation of ——'s tale is a history as well known as that of the deluge; and she professes to adhere closely to truth, only dramatizing a little. Now, this "dramatizing" is an undertaking too arduous for mortals. Shakespeare himself has, in some degree, failed in it; his historical plays are, indeed, the most *amusing* of histories; perhaps, as far as mere character is concerned, the most *faithful*. But he is sadly encumbered with the facts; and no part whatever of the interest of these plays arises from the plot; so, at least, it appears to me. Now —— and all other Misses, must pardon me, if I think that ladies are more likely to make their works interesting by well imagined incident, than by masterly delineation of character. Ladies have, indeed, succeeded in delineating real life; a very few of them have done so; but it has been rather in pictures of manners than of character. But —— has slender materials for a picture of manners; and let your theory

of female genius forgive me for doubting her power of giving interest to a story, the catastrophe of which is not to be forgotten. * * *

We *old* folks make friends slowly—so slowly, that I believe life will be too short to furnish me with another such as you; therefore I value you accordingly. I hope we shall be near neighbours in another world; or, that if your place be, as it well may, a higher one than mine, you will not be forbidden to visit the meaner mansions of our Father's house. * *

I am going to visit the woman that is come to No. 6. I believe I shall hate her; yet they say she is a pleasant person enough. If she sits in the same place where you used to work, I think I shall beat her. They say narrow-minded people always hate their successors; I must be the most illiberal of all creatures, for I hate the successors of my friends. * * You see my paper is done—so, of course, is my letter.

TO THE SAME.

ST LEONARDS, AUG. 30, 1810.

If I have not answered your two letters, blame not me, who had all the will in the world to do so.

nor Mr B., who has teased me every day to write to you. Blame your dear friend and favourite, Montague de Courcy of Norwood, Esq., for he has been wholly and solely in fault. He has been making love so energetically, that I had not the heart to leave him in the middle of his flames ; more especially, as he has been interrupted by a score of troublesome visitors breaking in upon his privacy. To say the truth, I have been far more compassionate towards him than she who ought to have been the most deeply interested. She has not only given him his congé, but has barbarously left him, in a cold October evening, standing under a tree in his own avenue. There he has stood since last night ; there he must stand all to-day, for to-day I write to you ; all to-morrow, for to-morrow I go to town ; and all Thursday, for I do not return till then. The thirtieth chapter is closed, and I mean that six more should bring all things to their proper issue. If I write *every* day, and *all* day, that may be done in fifty days. But I find that in one way and another, half my time is abstracted from my business, as I now begin to consider this affair, at first begun for pastime ! Besides, I must take more exercise, if I would not be sick ; and must sew more, if I would not be ragged.

I admit not an iota of what you are so polite to Mr M., as to call his *reasoning* ; I must be allowed to call it *sophistry*, since it was at best only a just

conclusion upon wrong premises. Selfish we should indeed be, if we rejoiced in the prosperity of our friends merely because it promotes our own happiness. But the question remains, "Why does it promote our happiness, while we expect from it no personal advantage?" Why, but because we are not selfish? Why, but because an unvitiated mind has a faculty for enjoying pleasure, which acts antecedently to any interested consideration? This faculty you have, I believe, in full perfection; give it free exercise. It is the noblest of your faculties; that which assimilates you the most to Him, who, without needing any creature, being all-sufficient for his own blessedness, yet willeth the happiness of every thing that lives. They who ascribe all kindly feelings to selfishness, would blot out the last faint trace of the image in which man was made—would destroy the last wreck of the crown which has fallen from our head.

But as for the subject which led you to metaphysics, I believe it will be for your advantage to make it an exception from your general habits of sympathy; since I believe it is likely to lead you into more of pain than of pleasure. The "love," the "admiration," the "esteem," which you anticipate for your friend, she will never obtain unless in your imagination. My hopes of popular favour are low—very low indeed. Of a work like mine, the wise and the good will not be at the trouble to judge.

Its faults are not such as will recommend it to the vulgar. It *may* become popular, for that is a mere lottery. If it do, be assured, my dear friend, its faults, of which it has many, will draw down the censure of those who are, or who think themselves entitled to decide for their neighbours. Now, will not one bitter sarcasm on it, much more on its author, give you more real vexation than the praise of nine-tenths of novel readers will give you pleasure? I judge by myself, for, while I have little pleasure in praise, I am on many subjects keenly alive to censure. Many a person less generally vain than I, has felt all the touchy vanity of authorship.

But I am positive that no part—no, not the smallest part—of my happiness can ever arise from the popularity of my book, further than as I think it may be useful. I would rather, as you well know, glide through the world unknown, than have (I will not call it *enjoy*) fame, however brilliant. To be pointed at—to be noticed and commented upon—to be suspected of literary airs—to be shunned, as literary women are, by the more unpretending of my own sex; and abhorred, as literary women are, by the more pretending of the other!—My dear, I would sooner exhibit as a rope-dancer—I would a great deal rather take up my abode by that lone loch on the hill, to which Mr I. carried my husband on the day when the mosquitoes were so victorious against him.

All these things considered, pray transfer your sympathy to some other circumstance of my lot. Rejoice with me that I have the finest pease and cauliflower in Scotland; and, moreover, the most beautiful apple tree that can be seen. * * *

You say you expect that I should tell you your faults. With all my heart! I will tell you two in a breath. In the first place, you are far too sanguine in expecting strange good fortune to befall your friends. You not only look for roses in the wilderness, but roses without thorns. Take my word for it, you may have, if you chuse, the thorns without the roses; but the converse will never do. The next fault—and a sad one it is—is, that you constantly refer to my letters, as if I should remember what I write. Now, I protest that I retain no more recollection of any letter I have written you since you went to Kinmaird, than I do of the ceremonies of my baptism. So, if you think it necessary to answer categorically, you must tell me my observation as well as your reply. * *

This letter-writing is but a poor affair after all. It carries on just such a conversation as we should do, if you were not to answer me till I had forgotten what I had said; turning your back to me too all the while you were speaking. A *triste* enough *confab.* you will allow! * * *

TO THE SAME.

OCT. 4, 1810.

I write to-day, not because I am in your debt, for you know you owe me a letter as long as yourself; but purely to tell you that you must not expect to hear from me for three months to come! Ay! stare if you please—but do not presume to challenge mine award—for, know, that I am one of the republic of letters. People are always great upon new dignities; and truly mine are new enough. This is the first day of them; this day the first page of fair print was presented to my eyes, and they are to be feasted with four sheets a-week, for three or four months to come. * *

You know, my dear friend, what is alone necessary to make the feeblest undertakings prosper. Join with me, in begging for all my undertakings that blessing, which in itself is the only true riches, and which bringeth no sorrow with it. If “two of us shall agree touching any thing which we shall ask,” we have a promise that it shall be granted. Ask with me that our Master may make this little work of mine the mean instrument of His glory, by promoting virtue, if it be but in one heart. Ask for

me, too, that the sins attending its execution may be pardoned ; and that I may neither be elated by its success, nor fretted by its failure !

Its failure ! the very thought makes my flesh creep ! I cannot express to you what a fellow feeling I have now with the poor wretches, whose works fall dead from the press. Well—well—by the end of February, or beginning of March, my rank in the scale of literary being, will be determined by a sentence from which there is no appeal. A hundred things may happen ere then, which will make that sentence of as small avail to me, as the forms of the clouds that pass over me. * *

Acknowledge this as a *full-grown* letter ; and excuse the blank, for the sake of the new and disastrous situation of your very affectionate,

M. B.

The book was dedicated to Miss Joanna Baillie ; who acknowledged the anonymous compliment by a letter to the publishers. Mrs Brunton replied in her own name ; and her answer to Miss Baillie's letter in return, contains a very open-hearted statement of her motives for engaging

in the work, and of the manner in which it was written.

TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

MARCH, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

No circumstance connected with the publication of *Self-Control*, has given me half so much pleasure as your very obliging letter—so kind—so natural—so different from some of the pompous strictures, and bombastical praises which have been volunteered on the same occasion ! I thank you most heartily and sincerely.

I should have done so much sooner, but that I wished to tell you how far I found it possible to make *immediate* use of your criticisms. The benefit which I may derive from them in another work, is an after consideration. At present, I am endeavouring to apply them to the second edition of *Self-Control*, which goes to press next week.

I am sorry and half-ashamed, however, to tell you, that, though my judgment acquiesces in most of your objections, I have found it impracticable to remove them. The faulty passages are so connect-

ed, either in truth or in my fancy, with the texture of my story, that I am, or, at least, sincerely think myself unable to alter them. Laura, I fear, must continue obstinate; or what would become of the second volume? Pray suffer me to defend another important hinge of my very ill jointed machine—our Scotch proficiency in painting. The Fourth Edinburgh Exhibition will open in a few days, for the conviction of all sceptics.

You have made your very censures flattering to me; for I cannot help being pleased when my judgment happens to accord with yours, even though it be somewhat against my book. I have always *felt* that Lady Pelham was a little tedious; I am not at all surprised that you feel it too. Many will feel it who would not have had the candour to express their sentiments to me; and few, indeed, would have given that opinion in terms so gentle—allow me to say, so friendly as your's. I have endeavoured to curtail her ladyship's chidings a little; and would have gone much further upon your suggestion, if I could have found any more passages that could be disjoined. I wish most sincerely it had been in my power to make every correction you suggest.

I have no intention of excusing the faults of my book to you, but, if you can have patience with so much egotism, I can account for them naturally enough. Till I began *Self-Control*, I had never in

my life written any thing but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years ; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to shew the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command ; and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. For the rest, I was guided by the fancy of the hour, “ *Me laissant aller doucement, selon la bonne loi naturelle.*” The incidents were inserted as they happened to occur to my mind, and were joined in the best way I could to those that went before and after.

The thing was not meant at first to see the light ; nor would it ever have done so, if I had not thought the time it came to cost me too much to be spent in mere unprofitable amusement. I cannot help laughing, when I recollect the glowing face and oppressed breathing with which I read the first chapters to my husband ; making, in order to please him, a strong effort against my reluctance to the task. Indeed, the book was far advanced before even he saw it. Now, I can hear it censured by many with very little emotion, and praised by others with far less. Any thing like approbation from you has elevated me to a convenient height above common praise or censure.

Mr B. is delighted that you approve of the story of poor Jessie Wilson, which has always been his favourite part of the book ; and I am no less gratified that you praise the American expedition, which is in equal favour with me. Both incidents have shared the fate of the book itself ; being reprobated by some, and applauded by others of the literary authorities here. Upon the whole, however, my success has very far exceeded what I ventured to expect. Edinburgh is ready for the second edition long ago ; but I have not heard whether we are equally fortunate in London. L. and R. are too busy to recollect a concern which is not quite so important to them as to me.

There is no exaggeration in the statement which this letter gives of her feelings after the book was actually published. The secret for a little time was well kept ; and she had frequent opportunities of hearing her work commented upon. Censure seldom discomposed her ; but she was sometimes apt to lose patience when indiscriminate praise was given.

It had not been published above a month when a second edition was called for. Many alterations were suggested to her by those to whom her connection with the book was acknowledged. She felt herself at liberty to avail herself of few of these. Her reasons were, partly apprehension of the trouble which the admission of any one change might have caused her in adapting to it other parts of the narrative; but, still more, some peculiar notions concerning the responsibility of an author; which she stated in the preface to the second edition, and which, though rather sneered at in one of the journals in which her work was reviewed, were very honestly her sentiments.

A curious and interesting exhibition of her own feelings in regard to the success of the book, and of her own opinion in regard to its defects, is made in the following letters to Mrs Izett.

FEB. 20, 1811.

It has come out, the evil spirit knows how, that I am the author of *Self-Control*. The report meets us at every turn; and is now so strong, that our only way is to turn it off, without either confessing or denying. Of course, all the excellencies of the book are attributed to Mr B., while I am left to answer for all its defects. The report has gathered strength from the imprudent zeal of M. S.; who, exasperated by hearing her own sex deprived of any little credit it might have done them, averred, in the heat of her indignation, that “to her *certain knowledge* Mr B. had never written a line of it.” The inference was clear—she knew who had. Thus, her authority is added to a report, which, I say again, arose the evil spirit knows how; for I warrant he is at the bottom of any thing so tormenting.

This is my bad news; and bad enough, though not quite so bad in reality, as it was in anticipation. Perhaps it may die away again. If not, there is no help. I must only creep a little closer into my shell; and shrink, if possible, a little more from the public eye.

Now for my good news. And, first, for the best, my highly respected, excellent friend, W——, the

willing, industrious, and successful disciple of the Master, whose unprofitable servant I am,—gives the book his unqualified approbation ; and, what I value a thousand times more than all the flattering things which have been said, or can be said, of its style and imagery, he says it will be useful.

Next, Mr Miller states the sale to be unexampled here. In five days 240 went out of the hands of the publishers. The remainder of the edition are sent to London. How it may do there remains to be seen. Here, it is very much indebted for its success to the attention and friendship of the publishers. * *

Let me hear from you according to my last injunctions. Be *very* minute, if you wish to be useful to me. I am sure I need say no more. If I could acquit you of partiality, I might find a pleasure of the same sort in your approbation as in W.'s. But he knew nothing of the author.

I have heard a great many fine speeches about the book ; but truly my memory is rather short on that subject. *Per contra*—“ The first sentence of the dedication is nonsensical and affected.” Nonsense it may be ; but I stoutly deny the affectation. Moreover, “ the author must be Scotch, for there are two Scotticisms in the book.” It has a great many other faults ; but I forget them now. * *

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 19, 1811.

I ought to have thanked you an age ago (speaking with feminine hyperbole) for your very kind, very satisfactory letter. Vague praise or censure, even from you, would have brought me neither pleasure nor profit ; but, when you descend to particulars, you are useful ; and in general agreeable to me.

You would be astonished, if you saw how composedly your *thin-skinned* friend now hears both praise and censure. I protest I am often astonished at it myself. It is quite unaccountable from any part of the constitution of my own mind, with which I am acquainted. If I could believe myself to be so conceited, I might call it a saucy feeling of superiority to the generality of my critics ; but it would not be pleasant to think myself so destitute of decent humility.

Now that you have told me what you think defective in Self-Control, I shall, without reservation, acquaint you with all the faults (so far as I recollect them) with which it has been charged by others ; and shall even candidly confess those which strike

myself. To begin with the latter, which, of course, appear to me to have most foundation ; I think the story of Self-Control is defective—it is disjointed—it wants unity. The incidents, particularly in the second volume,* have little mutual connection. This appears to me the capital defect of the book. It is patch-work—the shreds are pretty, and sometimes rich ; but the joining is clumsily visible. You, who know how the thing was put together, will easily account for this blemish ; but I doubt neither you nor I can now excuse or mend it. The American expedition, too,—though, in the author's opinion, the best written part of the book,—is more conspicuously a *patch*, than any thing else which it contains. Though I do not see the outrageous improbability with which it has been charged, I confess that it does not harmonize with the sober colouring of the rest. We have all heard of a “ peacock with a fiery tail ;” but my American jaunt is this same monstrous appendage tacked to a poor little grey linnet.

In the middle of the second volume the story lags. An author of more experience would have brought out the characters without such an awful pause in incident. An author of more invention would have contrived incidents to serve that very purpose, as

* The first edition was in *two* large volumes.

well as to fill up agreeably the necessary time between the close of the first love, and the triumph of the second.

I confess to you, that these are the only great faults in *Self-Control* to which my conscience pleads guilty ; but they are far from being the only ones of which I am accused.

One, I am sure, will astonish you, as, I am sure, it did me. It is alleged, that no virtuous woman could continue to love a man who makes such a débüt as Hargrave. All I say is, that I wish all the affections of virtuous persons were so *very* obedient to reason. As to the faults found with the incidents, they are at least four times as numerous as the incidents themselves. “ Hargrave bursts upon you too abruptly.” “ Laura should have been more confidential to Mrs Douglas.” “ Her proficiency in painting is improbable.” “ The curriec-*adventure* is trivial.” “ There is too much of Lady Pelham.” “ The second volume is dull.” “ Laura should, at all events, have found means to get rid of Hargrave.” “ De Courcy’s long unsuccessful passion degrades him into a tame despicable being.” “ The arrest is clumsy, improbable, and tedious.” “ Jessie Wilson is coarse and indelicate.” Above all, “ The American story is tasteless, extravagant, and altogether flat, stale, and unprofitable.”

Nevertheless, the book is both read and bought. In spite of all these faults, and a hundred more,

(many of them contradictory), there is not a copy to be had either in Edinburgh or in London.

I finished the corrections for the second edition last night—and now, what shall I do next? You know I have no great enjoyment in idleness.

Meanwhile, the hurrying of that vile book into the world has put all my necessary and appropriate employments far behind. I have letters to write—books to read—presses to put in order—wine to bottle—gowns to make—and all manner of household linen and wearing apparel to mend. To-day I have eleven people to dine with me, for which important event I must go and prepare. So it is lucky that my paper is full.

She had at all times great pleasure in travelling; and after her book had been prepared for the second and third editions, we visited England in 1812.

This was her first visit to London; and it was very interesting to trace the impression made upon her mind by that world of wonders.

The pleasure which she anticipated in

the journey, she thus states in a letter to her sister-in-law.

TO MRS BALFOUR.

MARCH 21, 1812.

The beginning of this month was delightful, and the hedges were just going to burst into leaf; when, behold, this week we have snow a foot thick, and to-day it is again falling without intermission, accompanied by a tremendous gale. It is well for those, who, like you and me, have comfortable homes, and affectionate inmates of them. Let it snow on now, and so perhaps we may escape it in April, when it would spoil all the fruit crops at St Leonards, and kill all the lambs in Elgar Holm. I hope, too, that it may serve instead of the May fogs, which would dimly eclipse my views in travelling to London.

You would smile if you knew how much I am bent on this journey, and, perhaps, with some latent self-complacency, you would say, "Well, well, I would not give the sight of little Thomas fondling his sister for all the sights in London." But con-

sider, my dear, that I have no Maries nor Thomases. When I leave home, I carry all that makes the *soul* of home with me ; I leave nothing behind but walls and furniture ; and when I return, I bring back materials for enlivening my fire-side.

To tell the truth, I believe nobody was ever better formed for enjoying life than I, saving and excepting in the construction of an abominable stomach ; for I delight in travelling, yet can be happy at home. I enjoy company, yet prefer retirement. I can look with rapture on the glorious features of nature—the dark lake—the rugged mountain—the roaring cataract—yet can gaze with no small pleasure on the contents of a haberdasher's window.

* *

May God grant that, as long as I have friends, I may have a heart to love them ; that I may never be loose from the sacred charities of kindred, nor stand alone in a world peopled with my brethren. I trust I shall always love you all, and I hope I shall always have a little corner in all your hearts. I particularize “ you,” lest you should fancy that “ all” meant all my brethren of mankind. Now, I should wish to love them all, to be sure ; but truly, I have no great hopes. Yet I think I would willingly serve any one, provided I were allowed to tell him plainly and roundly that I thought him a rogue or a fool, if that happened to be my opinion for the time.

Some extracts from her Journal of this tour, and of a subsequent one in 1815, will be found in the following volume.

These extracts in themselves will not, I hope, be found to be devoid of interest. But the principal purpose for which they are introduced, is to illustrate the general habits of the writer's mind. They exhibit, I think, not only a discriminating love of landscape scenery, but an intelligent observation of the works of art; a patient investigation of subjects which might not have been supposed very likely to attract her; and a facility of expressing, in brief and perspicuous language, the new ideas which she had acquired.

The Journal was written in the most hurried and desultory manner, often noted down in the parlour of an inn at night after a fatiguing journey. It was written merely for the purpose of reviving her own recollections. For this was one great source of her pleasure in travelling; the occupa-

tion not only engrossed and delighted her while it lasted, but she had equal satisfaction in looking back upon it, and in talking over with those to whom she could communicate her feelings freely, the new impressions which she had received, and the new lights which had reached her.

During her residence in London she was seized with an aguish ailment, which, as she herself states in the *Journal*, most essentially diminished her pleasure for the time; and which, by subsequent attacks, injured materially both her health and her spirits.

On her return to Edinburgh, she began again to think of literary employment. It was some time before she could fix on a subject. Various themes either presented themselves to her own mind, or were suggested to her notice, without meeting her full approbation; till it occurred to me that it might be interesting to continue the plan which her former novel had begun; and to shew the means through which, when Self-Control has been neglected, the mind must be trained by suffering ere it

can hope for usefulness or for true enjoyment.

About the end of the year 1812, *Discipline* was begun upon this plan. She profited in so far by the advice which had formerly been offered to her, that she did prepare a sketch of the story before any part of it was executed. But the very meagreness of the outline bespeaks the prevalence of her former habits, and shews how little she profited by its use.

I insert here what part of it remains, in the words in which it was drawn up. The number of each chapter is placed at the head of a page, in a very small book; and the asterisks mark blank spaces, which, no doubt, it was her original intention to fill up, in proportion as her own conceptions of her story should be matured. Scarcely any thing, however, seems to have been added to the first outline, till the narrative was allowed, as before, to develop itself in the finished manuscript. Several pages at the beginning and end of the book are cancelled.

OUTLINE OF DISCIPLINE.

CHAP. X. Miss Mortimer's departure.— * Hackney-coach.— * Mr Maitland's eloquence.— * Miss Mortimer's letter.

CHAP. XI. Ellen's reflections on Miss M.'s letter.— * Tries to make Mr Maitland jealous of Lord F., at Miss A.'s instigation.

CHAP. XII. Mr Maitland leaves her.— * Entanglement.— * Her father forbids.—Ellen angry.— * Quarrels with Lady Maria about precedence.—These determine her.—Such the amiable passions which sometimes instigate a love-match!

CHAP. XIII. Elope ment.

CHAP. XIV. Return.

CHAP. XV. Application to Miss Arnold, and answer.— * Creditors offer her a small sum to subsist on for the present.—She disdainfully refuses.— * Retires to ——. * Alone, in want and deso-

late.— * Miss M. comes.—Urges Ellen to go home with her.—Ellen sullenly drives her away.—Fido left behind.—Ellen weeps over him.

CHAP. XVI. Goes home with Miss M.—* Shewn to room.—Bible.— * True repentance.— * Miss M.'s life and manners.— * Ellen, charmed with the eloquence of a Sectary, is going to join.—Miss M. persuades her to pause.

CHAP. XVII. Letter from Mr Maitland.—Story.— * Pays Lord F.—Meets Lady Maria.—Sells ring for Miss Mortimer.— * Miss M. dies.—Ellen gives all to the old servant.— * Contrast of F.'s sorrow with her former rebellious despair.

CHAP. XVIII. Ellen, still proud; unwilling to enter into a menial life among acquaintance.—* Gets a letter of recommendation from Miss M.'s friend, and goes to ——.— * Finds the lady absent.—Seeks a situation.—Engaged by a cunning fool.— * Mistress jealous that E. has something concealed.— * Then jealous of her lover.

CHAP. XIX. Mistress marries, and is quite engaged with her husband for the present.— * Always showing signs of jealousy.— * Ellen.—Fever.—Removed by mistress to a mad-house.—Blank in her recollection.

CHAP. XX. Ellen's first recollectedness.

CHAP. XXI. Ellen dismissed.—Sends for her clothes.—Sells some for subsistence.—Her delight in the fresh fields, &c.— * Meets Miss Arnold a beggar.—Sells shawl.—Miss A. sick—impatient—wretched.—Tells her story cunningly.—Retains little traits of cunning still, and of sly flattery, even where she has nothing to gain by it.— * Ellen, after many struggles, resolves to beg for her.

CHAP. XXII. &c.—Sees her name in a newspaper-advertisement.— * Journey.—Highland inn.—Children.—Fowls.—Petticoat-bellows.—Tub-chimney.—Horse with *creels*.— * Scenery.—Glen Eredine.— * Castle Eredine.—Multitude of servants.—Old Chief.—Furniture.—Miss Graham's apartments.— * Cecil sick—broken-hearted for death of Mr Kenneth.—Visit to Cecil.—Cecil's song.— * Lord St E.

This work too, like the former, was printed from the first copy ; and with even less of interlineation and change in the writing

than in *Self-Control*. It was composed, however, more slowly and with more labour. While writing *Self-Control*, she attended to nothing else during those hours in which it engaged her. But amidst the composition of *Discipline* she had usually some female work going on. In the intervals of sewing or knotting she wrote down, what she had first deliberately considered both in regard to sentiment and to style.

A part of the book from which she herself received very great pleasure in the composition, and from which she anticipated with most confidence its popularity, was the sketch of Highland manners in the third volume. She had been delighted with the pictures of Irish character which Miss Edgeworth has drawn so skilfully. The little which she had seen of the Highlands convinced her that materials for a similar attempt might be found there of not inferior interest. She was anxious in her enquiries ; and eager in giving form to the information which she gained.

The ardour and minuteness with which, during some little excursions into the High-

lands, she prosecuted her observation of scenery, manners, and character, are strikingly exemplified in the following letter.

TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

Nov. 1813.

I suppose you are by this time returned from your Devonshire excursion, and I trust you have brought with you a stock of health and strength for the winter. I am not sure that the benefit is lasting; but I know that the climbing of hills has an admirable effect on the spirits at the time; and I fancy there is enough of that sort of exercise in Devonshire. However, I hope you will be so national as to let me say, that a pretty little English knoll is not half so exhilarating as the top of a Scotch hill.

Perhaps my feeling is partly prejudice—but it is not quite so; therefore, though you should not join in it, do not hold it in utter derision! I have jumped with joy, when, from the top of one of our own mountains, I have unexpectedly seen, as it were just at my feet, some well-known object which I had thought far beyond my sight. But, in the middle

of a wide prospect, where all is new and strange, one feels one's-self emphatically a stranger, with all a stranger's unconcern in the objects around ! However, England is no strange land to you ; so some winding avenue, or some smoke curling above its woods, may carry your imagination as pleasantly away, as mine follows a *burn* dancing in the sun, or a glen that shelters the house of a friend.

I spent part of this summer in Perthshire, and many a pleasant ramble had I ! One of them was to Killivrochan, the wildest of all human habitations. It stands upon the bank of the Tummel, about two miles (Highland miles perhaps) above the pass of Killiecrankie. Did you ever see the Tummel ? It is the stream of my affection ! Of all rivers, it is the most truly Highland ; an impetuous, melancholy, romantic stream, foaming among the fragments that have fallen from mountains which seem to have been cleft for its course.

Killivrochan has no lawns nor gardens near it ; no paltry work of man's device, to fritter away the majesty of nature ! Fortunately there is no room for such disfigurements, for the site of the house occupies the only level spot between a perpendicular mountain and the river. The walks are cut in solid rock, and, sometimes approaching the brink of the precipice, shew the Tummel foaming far below ! Sometimes they descend to the very bed of the stream, and then wind up its perpendicular

bank, to shew the noblest mountain-view imaginable ! But still all is deep solitude ! no trace appears of any living thing ; except now and then a roe springing from a thicket, or an eagle sailing down the glen.

The place was advertised as shooting quarters ; which brought some strangers where Lowland foot had seldom trodden ; but none inclined to take up their rest there. An Englishman who visited it the day before I was there, declared that he “ would rather have a grave opened, and jump into it alive, than be buried in such a frightful desert.” You cannot imagine with what contempt the servants related this specimen of Lowland taste ! “ I should lose at least one child a-day in those whirlpools,” said the Englishman.

“ Your honour would need to bring a large family with you then for the summer,” answered the forester.

But it was not the scenery alone that amused me in Perthshire ; the inhabitants furnish me with entertainment of a different kind. I have been so long among the stupid plodding Lowlanders, that I was struck with many little *Celticisms*, which would have escaped me a dozen of years ago. Multitudes of these, which were amusing enough at the moment, it will not do to relate. Did you ever observe with what fearless decision a Highlander pronounces upon the name, nature, and cure of every

possible disease? A little girl, whom my friend found begging at her door, gave us a very extraordinary account of the situation of her step-mother.

“ She taks the uncoest loupis, Mem,” said she; “ she’ll *spend* aff o’ that chair on a that table.” We were a little incredulous, but the child persisted in her story. “ Me !” said she, “ it floyed me when I saw her loupin’ like a pyet.”

“ And what does your father do, when he sees her in such a state ?”

“ He just yokes to, and he laughs—For, ye see, she’ll rin on the house-taps like a cat.”

“ What can be the matter with the woman ?” said my friend to me.

“ Ou, Mem,” interrupted the girl, as if quite *au fait*. “ It is just the flyin ague. A hantle o’ folk has’t about us.”

I suppose this woman had St Vitus’s dance.

In general, nothing is more ridiculous than a Highlander’s description of his maladies. It is such a mixture of shrewdness, confidence, and total ignorance; it is so absurdly minute, and yet so loaded with apologies to the delicacy of the listener, that I have many a time been obliged to laugh, at the expence of being thought a monster of insensibility.

What excuse can I make for writing all this nonsense to you? I remember entering warmly into the feelings of an officer, who, having been long immured in one of Tippoo’s forts, far from every Bri-

tish sight and sound, found, I know not how, a few pages of an English spelling-book. The thing was worthless in itself; but the very accents of home would be music to his ear. I need not make the application of this story to a true-hearted Scotch-woman.

I am,
Your obedient and affectionate,
M. B.

When this part of the book was nearly completed, *Waverley* was published. It came into her hands while she was in the country, ignorant of its plan, or of its claim to regard; she was so fascinated by it, that she sat up till she had finished the reading of the whole. Her anticipations of its success were, from the first, confident and unhesitating. With the honest buoyancy of a kindred spirit, she exulted in the prospect of its author's fame; and, in rejoicing that a favourite object had been accom-

plished so admirably, forgot at first how much the plan interfered with her own.

When this view of the subject struck her, with all the native openness of her mind she felt and acknowledged her own inferiority. Not from disappointment or ill-humour, but from pure and unaffected humility, she resolved at first to cancel the Highland part of her own story altogether. I could not agree to the sacrifice. I endeavoured to convince her that the bias which *Waverley* might give to the public taste, might rather prove favourable to her plan ; that public curiosity would be roused by what that great master had done ; that the sketches of a different observer, finished in a very different style, and taken from entirely a different point of view, would only be the more attractive, because attention had previously been directed to their subject. She allowed herself to be persuaded ; she allowed, at least, her objections to be over-ruled ; she returned to her work, but she returned to it slowly and hesitatingly ; and it was finished with far less

both of spirit and of hope, than attended the tracing of the original design.

The manuscript of this novel was completed before any part of it was sent to press. It was published in December 1814.

The composition of *Self-Control* could not be noticed in her correspondence with her own relations; for she had not avowed herself even to them as its author. But she mentions *Discipline* very freely both to them and to Mrs Izett, in such passages as the following.

TO MRS IZETT.

Nov. 3, 1812.

* * * Ellen comes on slowly; but she will do better by and by, if I can adhere to my resolution of writing a little every day. To tell you the truth, I now *feel* that my stock of wits, such as it is, is not properly my own; but is under the management and controul of a higher power, who can say, “Go, and it goeth; or come, and it cometh.” You will

answer, “ Have you not long thought so ? ” Yes, I have long believed it, but now I *feel* it. Do you not see the difference ? Either by His own operations on the soul, or by His providence ordering matters over which we have no controul, He rules our understanding—our will—our conscience—our belief. Oh ! then how zealous ought we to be in asking direction, since He can afford it in such a variety of ways ; and since circumstances, which to us appear as trivial as the sports of flies, may by Him be made to accomplish His promise, that all shall work together for good to them who love Him.

You see to whom the success of Self-Control was owing. I hope I may lawfully ask a blessing for this thing also ! It would be sinful to enter upon a work of years, which was so trivial, or useless, or unlawful, that I could not ask a blessing for it. But, if I do ask one, it will be a manifest absurdity to trifle over my employment. The other began as pastime. This has been *work* from the beginning.

I find that the serious style best suits my talent and my inclination. I hope, therefore, that when I come to the serious part of the book, I shall proceed with more ease and pleasure. It is not far off now.

TO THE SAME.

DEC. 1, 1812.

You give me a pretty broad hint, that my little interest in my present work proceeds from my own indolence. To this I can make an answer, which satisfies myself. I can, and often do write, when I would much rather let it alone. But in these circumstances I never write well, nor can I by any exertion write better. The only fruit of my endeavours is strong disgust at the whole. An author can no more invent, who is not “i’ the vein,” than a painter could draw a straight line, whose hand was in the tremour of an ague-fit. To tell me that I am idle, is only Pharaoh’s call for bricks without straw. * * *

TO HER BROTHER.

ST LEONARDS, SEPT. 9, 1813.

As to the size of your little gentleman, you must reconcile yourself to that, by hoping that, like you, like Cæsar, Alexander the Great, myself, and others,

our friend may hide a capacious soul in a diminutive body.

Indeed, I think you and I need not seek far for arguments, to prove that small bodies are likely, *a priori*, to contain great souls. For instance; it is to be supposed that nature, like an impartial parent, will balance the deficiency of one gift by liberality in another, and not bestow double portions on some of her children, to the exclusion or neglect of others. Again; according to the universal language of mankind, great souls are active and aspiring. We talk of a “towering mind”—“a soaring spirit,” &c. Now, how should souls, that are loaded with mountains of bones and flesh, tower and soar like your’s and mine? unless, indeed, a soul were of the make of a paper-kite, which flies the better for a clog at its tail. Once more: To what purpose should the principle of motion, in a great clumsy machine, be tempered as finely as in smaller frames? Would you have the spring of a cuckoo-clock as nicely made as that of a little tiny repeating watch?

I think all this sufficient to convince any body whose interest does not lie on the other side; but I am sure that, if necessary, I could advance as much more of the same kind, as would weary out the *greatest* of our opponents.

While you are, of course, so much occupied with your own brat, I thank you for taking such an interest in mine. In one respect, your’s has the ad-

vantage; for, while he would thrive, although I were to forget his very existence, mine depends not a little upon the interest you take in her for her growth and progress. She will come on much the better for the mention you make of her. No fear of the falls of Niagara! Ellen is too common-place a person for such achievements; and none of her future adventures are at all more surprising than those which I read to you.

Only two dangers now threaten her; the one is, that I may give up recording such a humble history; the other, that, after I have done my best, it may be little read. To be sure, what satisfies you may well content the herd of novel-readers. But it is a very different thing to hear a manuscript read, from sitting down with a printed book in one's own hand to spy faults; or from seeking amusement, without any reference to the author, or to the judgment which one's friends form of the work. Even I think *Self-Control* in print a far worse performance than *Self-Control* in manuscript.

However, I mean to do my very best for my second daughter; and if I live and thrive till this time next year, we shall try how she looks in "wire-wove and hot-pressed." My stay here is rather favourable to her progress. But that advantage will not last her long; for, in the beginning of next month, we are to move to town. I shall not be sorry to find myself in Albany Street, where, I must own,

my quarters please me better than any where else. Mr B. is the busiest of all men, with his pot-hooks of all imaginable forms. In proof whereof, he has scarcely transplanted any thing this season ; so that the walk is in great beauty. By the by, I am sorry you went away without seeing St Leonards. I think it would be a place to your own heart's content—so buried from the view of all earthly things and persons !

TO MRS CRAIGIE.

Aug. 1813.

William has probably told you what a busy woman I am. If any body had said to me three years ago, that, even to my brother, I should ever boldly avow myself an author, I would have fearlessly asserted the thing to be impossible ; and if, before *Self-Control* went to press, I could have guessed that it would be traced to me, I would certainly have put it in the fire. It is now universally believed to be mine ; and this, in spite of its success, I shall always think my misfortune ; but I am sure it is not my fault. I never absolutely denied it, indeed ; for that would have been a direct falsehood :

but I always thought myself at liberty to mislead those, who wanted the delicacy which has prevented you from questioning me on the subject. At first, the book was written merely for my amusement. It was finished within two years, and scarcely at all altered from the first manuscript. I am ashamed to think how much more slowly I proceed with my *work*, than I did with my *play*.

TO THE SAME.

MAY 31, 1814.

You talk of my seeing you before I begin another book. That may well be; for I shall certainly draw a long breath before I begin again.

Since Self-Control was fixed upon me, my circle of acquaintance has widened so unmercifully, that my time, in Edinburgh, is very little at my command. But, upon the whole, I am a gainer. I have gained associates among persons eminent for talents and respectability; while I have lost only the power of sitting at times dozing by my own fire-side, or of wandering out unnoticed among the crowd. I have lost the power of commanding my own time; but others command it pleasantly for me.

However, I intend (if the ten thousand nameless things which affect industry and invention will allow me) to be very busy at St Leonards. I have enough to do I am sure. Six weeks of hard work will finish my manuscript. But then the whole affair remains to be corrected and polished; and in that way I might work, I suppose, *ad infinitum*. When I have ended, "I will dance on the top of it," as the man in the song was to do with his dead wife. I am sure she was not half such a plague to him, as my book has been to me.

TO MRS IZETT.

AUG. 15, 1814.

Ellen is at an end. She was finished at three o'clock one morning; and I waked Mr B. out of his first sleep to hear of her wedding. I am correcting; which is not the part of the business the most to my liking. I have a great aversion to blot a page of good clean writing.

If no accident befall—if my manuscript is neither burnt, nor stolen, nor lost,—perhaps the book may be in your hands entire before Christmas. I dare say you will make a pause in your historical course

to read it—were it only to see how —— will like it—and if she venture at all to disapprove, you will colour up to the ears, and have just self-command enough to hold your tongue.

Have you finished *Waverley*? And what think you of the scenes at Carlisle? Are they not admirable? I assure you, that, in my opinion, they are absolutely matchless, for nature, character, originality, and pathos. Flora's "seam," and the "paper-coronet," are themselves worth whole volumes of common inventions. And what think you of Evan's speech? It delights my very soul!

Why should an epic or a tragedy be supposed to hold such an exalted place in composition, while a novel is almost a nickname for a book? Does not a novel admit of as noble sentiments—as lively description—as natural character—as perfect unity of action—and a moral as irresistible as either of them? I protest, I think—a fiction containing a just representation of human beings and of their actions—a connected, interesting, and probable story, conducting to a useful and impressive moral lesson—might be one of the greatest efforts of human genius. Let the admirable construction of fable in *Tom Jones* be employed to unfold characters like Miss Edgeworth's—let it lead to a moral like Richardson's—let it be told with the eloquence of Rousseau, and with the simplicity of Goldsmith—let it be all this, and Milton need not have been ashamed of the work! But

novels have got an ill name ; therefore “ give novels to the dogs.” I have done with them ; for, if even the best possible would be comparatively despised, what is to become of mine ? Well ! what shall I do next ? Give me your advice, and, if I like it, I will take it. * * *

I began the Gaelic Grammar yesterday. The pronounciation is terribly unintelligible. “ There is no sound like this in English,” is a very spirit-breaking index. I fear I shall never make out the true croaking and spluttering. If I persevere, however, I may astonish you when we meet—shocking your ears with your dear native tongue spoken in the barbarous accents of a southron. But to what purpose should I persevere ?

TO MRS CRAIGIE.

DEC. 10, 1814.

If I make my letter as voluminous as I intend, the chance is, that it will not be the first of my works you read. “ Discipline” is to accompany it ; and the only chance which the letter has for precedence, consists in its being more easily read. How-

ever, the book is William's property ; and perhaps he may read it himself before he sends it to you. I hope and believe, that I shall soon receive his criticisms. I wish I had as good hopes of your's ; but I fear you will not pronounce so decidedly as I could wish. Before I can get a judgment from either of you, the world will have settled the success, though not the merit, of the book ; for it is to be published three days hence, and a week will decide the business.

It is very unfortunate in coming after *Waverley*, by far the most splendid exhibition of talent in the novel way, which has appeared since the days of *Fielding* and *Smollet*. There seems little doubt that it comes from the pen of *Scott*. What a competitor for poor little me ! The worst of all is, that I have ventured unconsciously on *Waverley's* own ground, by carrying my heroine to the Highlands !

There is no help for all this ! In authorship luck does a great deal. *Self-Control* was more successful than many a better book has been. This may be less successful, without being less deserving. Well ! well ! In so far as my motives have been good, the rewards of good intention are secure to me. I am persuaded, that no book of its kind can convey lessons more important in their nature. Whether these lessons be well or ill given, is quite

another affair, of which I have no means of judging.

The same day that gives "Discipline" to the public, is to give — a wife. Both of these great events are to take place on Tuesday, 13th Dec.

TO HER BROTHER.

APRIL 21, 1815.

I thank you for your criticisms; some of them have served the purpose for which I presume you intended them, by making me laugh heartily.

Not but that I acknowledge there is some justice in them all, except in your attack upon my Scotchman; who, I assure you, is not so very *marble*, but that he is in high favour with the ladies. A handsome fashionable young one, the other day, embargoed Mr Miller in a corner of his own shop, till he should tell her who Maitland was; since, "beyond all doubt, the character was a real one"

As for the *Highlands*, you know, they are quite the rage. All the novel-reading Misses have seen and admired them in the verdure and sunshine of July. Now, what novel-reading Miss ever had common sense enough to doubt, that what is plea-

sing to the eye, should be desirable in possession ; or that what charms for an evening, should delight for ever ?

As for my *religion*, I allow that there is too much for amusement, perhaps for good taste ; nevertheless, I cannot bate you one iota. For the great purpose of the book is to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind and of the Bible, where it cannot find access in any other form. Yes ! I say the *great purpose* ; for, though I love money dearly, money is not my motive for writing as I do ; not for the complexion and sentiments of my books. On the contrary, I am quite sure I might make twice as much of my labour, if I could bring myself to present to the public an easy flexible sort of virtue—possessing no strong support, and being, indeed, too light to need any—instead of the old-fashioned erect morality, which “ falls not, because it is founded on a rock.”

The success of *Discipline*, on its first publication, was far greater than the author herself had anticipated. But she was by no means gratified by it to the same extent

as she had been by the reception of *Self-Control*. She was now well-known to be the author, and therefore she was not so sure that the applause which reached her was all sincere. The honied words of praise were never very valuable to her. They had now lost the charm of novelty, and she doubted whether they retained the more valuable recommendation of truth.

Her standard for estimating skill in the delineation of character had been raised by the appearance of *Waverley*; and she felt—more perhaps than she ought to have done—how poorly her own sketches appeared beside those of that masterly work. The silence, too, of the principal literary journals discouraged her. She had never, indeed, expected to attract much of their notice; but, while other works of the same kind were discussed in their pages, she thought that if they had judged favourably as to the usefulness of her labours, they would not have withheld from her their advice and encouragement.

An interruption of my professional duties, which the repairing of the Tron Church occasioned in the summer of 1815, enabled us again to visit London, and to linger for a few weeks amidst the lovely scenery of the south-west of England. The elasticity of her spirit returned, and she enjoyed her tour with all her own enthusiasm. The beauty of Monmouthshire, especially, sunk into her heart; and her eyes used ever afterwards to glisten when she heard the name.

When we were settled in Edinburgh for the winter, she was less willing to return to her usual employments. She had grown distrustful of her own power to combine the incidents of a long continued narrative; and would not venture to engage again in any thing exactly similar to what she had written before. I pressed her to undertake a series of essays on the character and writings of her favourite Cowper; but though she seemed fond of the idea, she was un-

willing to change, at once, so entirely the kind of composition in which the public had received her with indulgence. The qualities which she required in the subject that was to engage her, she thus describes in a letter to her brother.

TO HER BROTHER.

Oct. 27, 1815.

After the finest summer I ever remember, the weather is now completely broken. We have had constant rains for a month past. We shall go, therefore, without regret, to town next week. All the world are going thither as well as we. The approaching Musical Festival has drawn more people to Edinburgh, than it ever contained before at one time.

I am sure I heartily wish the mob were dispersed again ; for I am quite weary of bustle and idleness. The last season has, indeed, been at once the most bustling and the most idle, I ever spent. But now I am resolved to be busy.

Tell me how I shall fill up the few and short intervals, which my necessary avocations leave me ; that is, tell me on what subject you think I may write ; for writing is now become a part of my duty. When I ask your advice, however, I openly make the reservation, which most people, in the same case, make secretly—I will take your advice only if it please me.

I am thinking of short tales ; but have as yet scarcely devised any subject for them. I do not need to write for bread ; and I would not write one volume, merely to gain the fame of Homer. A moral therefore is necessary for me ; but where to get one on which to found a tale that will be readable, is the question. A *lofty* moral, too, is necessary to my style of thinking and writing ; and really it is not easy to make such a one the ground-work of any story which novel readers will endure.

One advantage, indeed, I possess—the path which I have chosen is almost exclusively my own. The few moral lessons which our English fictions profess to teach, are of the humblest class. Even Miss Edgeworth's genius has stooped to inculcate mere worldly wisdom. “ Patience is a plaster for all sores ”—“ Honesty is the best policy ”—“ A penny saved is a penny got, ”—seem the texts which she has embellished with her shrewd observation, and exquisite painting of character.

To cut short this endless subject. Some evening when you have nothing else to do, sit down, and let me hear your sentiments at great length. As I said before, I will adopt them, if I like them.

She resolved at last to attempt a collection of short narratives, under the title of Domestic Tales. The first of these which she projected, was, "The Runaway." It was to contain the story of a truant boy, whose hardships should teach him the value of home. With this narrative, however, she wished to blend some account of the peculiar manners of Orkney; and while she waited to renew the recollections which were fading, after so long an absence from her native county, she began the story of Emmeline. The scope of this was to shew, how little chance there is of happiness when the divorced wife marries her seducer.

As the interest of such a story does not very much depend upon the incidents,—as what is written of it had received all the correction which she ever gave to her compositions,—as the principal characters are sufficiently developed to be useful,—and as the spirit of the times seems to make the lesson peculiarly seasonable, I have not hesitated to publish Emmeline in its unfinished state. My present feelings must, indeed, greatly mislead me, if it is not equal in eloquence and power to any of her former writings.

I subjoin the sketch of this tale, which I find written out in the same form as the outline of Discipline. It will enable the reader to perceive how the history of Emmeline was intended to proceed. In the close of this sketch, the sentence is written with which the narrative concludes, at page 100.

 OUTLINE OF EMMELINE.

The wedding.— * Trifles indicating future distrust.— * Husband, a soldier, accustomed to all the rousing interests of war.— * Women not formed by nature to be sufficient for themselves.—Loss of reputation greatest of earthly calamities ; a calamity which, when felt as it ought to be, no power but *one* can cure.— * Mr D., first husband, restores her fortune.—De C. discontented under obligation.—The injured Mr D., whom he had endeavoured—almost successfully endeavoured—to hate and despise, had risen.—Thinks his wife should not accept ; and half-angry that she does—Yet does not like to *ask* such a sacrifice.— * * E. loves De C. the more for being alone with him, and having nothing else to occupy her.—But he wearies.—De C. not of those whose thoughts go forth in search of sympathy.—Those who conceal their thoughts, often act as if other people knew them, or, at least, were to blame for not knowing them.— * The pair alone.—Solitary.—E. remembers the gaiety, and attendance, and respect, that waited on her former nuptials—Longs for her children.—De C., a do-

mestic man, feels great want of his own family—
 Very fond of his wife—Watches every cloud in her
 face.—Ellen constantly fears, that, though he loves,
 he does not respect her.—His natural stateliness
 she mistakes for scorn.—Husband's sister, once fa-
 vourite friend, does not visit them.—His respectable
 mother refuses to own them.—Ellen's pride at first
 supports her.—She and her husband resolve to be
 every thing to each other.—The thing is impossible
 to the guilty!— * Dependants worthless.—Re-
 spectable persons, even in the lower rank, keep
 aloof.—Others partly plead the example of their
 betters, in excuse for their misdeeds.—Charity de-
 feated by loss of reputation.— * Tries to see her
 children.— * Meets her first husband.— * * *
 Driven into society by the unhappiness of solitude.
 —Slighted.—Husband very angry.—Angry with
 his wife too!— * * He goes to rejoin the army,
 avowing his resolution never to return.

During this winter a friend, who knew
 how very valuable the gratification was to
 her, procured for her occasionally the pri-
 vilege of hearing extracts read from Guy

Mannerings, while it was at press. They were admirably read—which was at all times a great enjoyment to her. Thus enhanced, the pleasure which she felt from her favourite work of her favourite novelist, and the freedom with which she was allowed to express her admiration, made the evenings which were so employed among the happiest of her life.

I can hardly give a more striking proof of her singleness of heart, and truly generous nature, than that while this author was withdrawing public notice from herself, perhaps in more than a due degree, he had not one more enthusiastic admirer. The delight which she felt in every new trait of excellence, and her eagerness for the popularity of what she saw to be transcendent in desert, cannot be forgotten by any who witnessed the emotions, which to herself appeared mere matters of course, destitute of all merit or attraction.

Though the written expressions of her admiration are cold in comparison of what these confidential hours encouraged her to

say, I subjoin such extracts on this subject, as I can obtain from the materials before me.*

TO HER BROTHER.

DEC. 1816.

All Edinburgh was talking (till the Grand Duke Nicolas arrived to change the subject) of the volumes, which you must have seen advertised, under the title of “Tales of my Landlord.” Beyond a doubt they are from the same hand with Guy Mannering, though the author has changed his publisher for concealment.

The four volumes contain two tales. The last, the longest, and by very far the best, is a story of the days of the Covenanters; in which, by the by, our ancestor Balfour of Burleigh makes a very scurvy figure. The conscientious and heroic, though

* See also page lxxiv.

often misguided, Covenanters are treated with little candour, and less mercy. But, notwithstanding all this, the tale is one of ten thousand. The description—the exquisite drawing of character—the humour—the unrivalled fertility of invention—or rather the boundless observation, which are shown in this *Old Mortality*, would immortalize the author, even if he had no former claim to immortality. I cannot, however, allow, that I think it equal, upon the whole, to *Guy Mannering*.

TO MRS BALFOUR.

JAN. 17, 1818.

Send me carelessly and freely whatever you happen to hear of anecdote—superstition—proverb—or provincial expression, which at all marks the peculiarities of character, or the state of society in our county. It is with such that Scott has given life and reality to his novels. In these admirable works, I am persuaded that there is little, except the mere story, which can be called invention. The more prominent persons in them are indeed, as it seems

to me, real characters ; and his dialogues the essence of thousands of real conversations. Scott is gifted with a memory, which absolutely retains every thing good, bad, and indifferent. Hence he can never be at a loss for realities to enliven his tale ; and there is a spirit in the truth, which no human genius can give to mere fiction. From whence comes the wonderful verisimilitude of De Foe's novels—but from this, that they contain only so much falsehood as is necessary to make truth connected and entertaining. So let me have whatever you collect. There is nothing so common that it may not be of use. A structure may not be the less pleasing, that it is not all built of alabaster.

Scott (for I am convinced that it must be he) has again tried this mixture of truth and fiction in *Rob Roy*, and tried it successfully ; though not perhaps quite so successfully as in former instances. But though it may be inferior to some of his other works, I think it will gain by a comparison with the best national pictures of any other hand. I understand he has already contracted for four volumes more of *Tales of my Landlord*. How wonderful is the activity of his mind ! No sooner is one effort made, than he is ready to undertake another, and of the same kind too !

Her time was now very much broken in upon while we were in Edinburgh; her visitors were numerous; the share which she took in the management of some of the public charities, was laborious; and, above all, a resolution which she had early formed, of investigating personally every case of distress which claimed relief from her, led to extensive and increasing occupation. During the winter, therefore, Emmeline went on very slowly.

When we removed in June for a few months to the country, I was in hopes that its progress would have been more regular and rapid. But she had a lingering attack of the same low fever which had seized her in London, and which was now even more than usually accompanied with dejection and languor. Its effect is thus strongly painted in a letter to Mrs Izett.

TO MRS IZETT.

SEPT. 4, 1816.

—— I am as much in the open air as this melancholy summer has allowed me. As for my writing, it has been for four months entirely discontinued. For the greater part of that time, I have been utterly incapable of interesting myself in that, or indeed, any other employment. The worst consequence, however, of my indisposition, has been the uneasiness it has given to you and to Mr B., to him especially, for he has felt it much ; and this has, no doubt, tended to increase it. I trust it is now removed ; and that I shall, when an endless train of visitors allows me, be able once more to take my talent from its napkin.

Do not write to me either reproof or exhortation. I might have done something to rouse myself ; but I had lost the will. I write without method or coherence ; for I do not aim at either. I am setting down my thoughts just as they occur. Make out the feelings which prompt them as you best can.

—— Have you seen a little tale, called Display ? It is worth its price, I assure you.—There is

a most overpowering Memoir of Cowper, by himself. If you have not seen it, pray get it ! You will be astonished by its power !

In the spring of 1817, her spirits got a severe shock, by the death of a young friend to whom she was most affectionately attached, and whose talents and principles justified the brightest hopes of her friends. She had been the companion of part of our tour in 1815, and I cannot refuse myself the melancholy satisfaction of inserting a tribute to her, in a letter written by Mrs Brunton at that time. It thus describes the beginning of an attachment, which afterwards ripened into strong affection, and which, I trust, is now again the joy of both.

TO MRS F.

LONDON, JUNE, 1815.

G. left me on Wednesday, and has carried with her more of my esteem, as well as affection.

than I ever bestowed upon any person in the same term of acquaintance. Perhaps I like her the better that she affords me occasion to applaud my own penetration. She is precisely the being I expected her to prove.—She tempts me to the sin of covetousness ; and is, at this moment, the only possession of your's, or any other person's, for which I am inclined to break the tenth commandment. If I do not absolutely, as the Catechism says, “ envy and grieve at the good of my neighbour,” I cannot deny that I have “ inordinate motions and affections” to what is your's. I am ready to quarrel with you for taking her away from me before I had time to steal any part of the kindest and gentlest of hearts from you. I have seldom seen any one whom I was more desirous to attach ; but she is gone from me before I had time to counteract the ill impressions she would receive from my stiffness, and my Calvinism. This last, you know, you gave me permission to *expose* ; and accordingly I have not concealed it. On the contrary, I have spoken out my convictions strongly, though, I hope, not harshly ; and have even solemnly adjured my dear young friend, to give them her deliberate and candid consideration.

She will probably tell you this, and all else which has occupied our discourse and attention. But she will not tell you, that the modesty and candour—the singular mixture of simplicity and acuteness, of

enthusiasm and gentleness, which she was every moment unconsciously exhibiting, have made her the most interesting *show* which I have seen in London.

For a long time this blow disinclined her from exertion. The first effort which she made, was prompted by the revival of a desire which she had before attempted to indulge, of learning the Gaelic language. To this arduous attempt she devoted a great part of her leisure for some months. I have reason to believe that her progress was considerable ; but this was the only one of her pursuits in which I took no share.

She was fond of the study of language ; and very little encouragement would have induced her to devote to classical learning that leisure, which seemed to me to be, in her circumstances, capable of a more improving destination. On the general subject, she thus expresses herself in a letter to her sister-in-law.

TO MRS BALFOUR.

JAN. 17, 1818.

* * I am glad you are teaching Mary Latin. It seems to me, that nature itself points out the propriety of teaching women languages, by the facility with which we generally acquire them. I never knew a girl, who, in learning the dead languages, did not keep above the boys in her class; nor did I ever happen to see this acquisition produce a female pedant. Indeed, learning of all kinds is now too common among ladies, to be any longer like Cain's mark, excluding the bearer from all human intercourse. I know a lady, who, two years ago, gained a mathematical prize, from Oxford I think, with perfect impunity; being still universally received as a very agreeable womanly sort of person.

I am clear for furnishing women with such accomplishments as are absolutely incapable of being converted into matter of exhibition; and such, in the present state of society, are classical learning

and mathematics. These hard times compel so many women to celibacy, that I should think it no bad speculation to educate a few for respectable old maids; especially such as have minds strong enough to stand alone, and *romantic* enough, not to chuse to marry, merely for the sake of being married. Luckily, the education which fits a woman for leading apes with a good grace, will not spoil her for “suckling fools, and chronicing small beer.”

Whether your Mary is to marry or not, I hope she will grow up with a mind vigorous and happy in its own resources; trained as a mind ought to be, which is soon to shake off its connection with all material objects, and to owe its sole happiness to improvement in knowledge and goodness.

As for the boys, the world will educate them in spite of you. You may “plant and water,” but the rude blast will soon give your sprouts its own direction; nor can they, like our happier sex, hide themselves from its influence. Reading, reflection, and advice do much to form the character of women. Men are the creatures of circumstance and of example; half a dozen witty profligates will put to flight a dozen years’ maxims in an afternoon. But as the old saying has it, “they are well kept whom God keeps;” and some are wonderfully kept—some as wonderfully restored. By this time, I fancy you think I am borrowing a page from the Dr’s incipient volume.

I wish you would let me do the honours of the banks of Esk. Surely you may contrive to leave Orkney for a little while next summer. You would be so much amused ; and yet you would return with such new pleasure to your home. So, at least, it is with me. Wherever I ramble, my own home seems to me like some flowery island in the great ocean, upon which the eye, when it is weary of wanderings, can always rest with pleasure.

Composition had now long ceased to be a voluntary employment. It had come to be looked upon as a task ; and she rather sought reasons to justify to her own mind her desertion of her former habits, than opportunities of renewing them in their strength. During the summer of 1818, however, she had in a great measure conquered these feelings ; and had it pleased Providence to spare her life, I am convinced that she would at this hour have been

returning to her former occupations with all her former ardour.

She was strongly impressed, indeed, with a belief that her confinement was to prove fatal ; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them. Under this belief she completed every the most minute preparation for her great change, with the same tranquillity as if she had been making arrangements for one of those short absences, which only endeared her home the more to her. The clothes in which she was laid in the grave had been selected by herself ; she herself had chosen and labelled some tokens of remembrance for her more intimate friends : and the intimations of her death were sent round from a list in her own hand-writing. But these anticipations, though so deeply fixed, neither shook her fortitude, nor diminished her cheerfulness. They neither altered her wish to live, nor the ardour with which she prepared to meet the duties

of returning health, if returning health were to be her portion.

They seemed rather to animate her zeal the more in any thing by which she could promote the welfare of her fellow-creatures. To this great work she seemed the more anxious to devote herself, as her recollection became the deeper, that the "night cometh in which no man can work." "Life," she says, in one of the last letters which she ever wrote, and which contains no other trace of her own forebodings; "life is too short and uncertain to admit of our trifling with even the lesser opportunities of testifying good-will. The flower of the field must scatter its odours to-day. To-morrow it will be gone."

Her forebodings were not often the subject of her conversation with those around her, because she knew how painful the theme was to them. For the same reason, she mentioned it but slightly to her relations at a distance. But there is a striking mixture of fortitude and tenderness in the last letter which she addressed to her sister-in-law.

TO MRS BALFOUR.

FRANKFIELD, OCT. 22, 1818.

* * * If it please Almighty God to spare my infant's life and my own,—I trust I am “made of sterner stuff,” than to shrink from a few hours of any pain which nature can support.—I suppose the trial will be made about three weeks hence. I hope not sooner; for even then I shall scarcely be ready. Ready! do I say! What time would be necessary to prepare me for the change which I must probably then undergo! But there is ONE with whom one day is as a thousand years! When I spoke of preparation, I merely meant that I had not “set my house in order.”

I wish, my dear Mary, that some of you would write to me very circumstantially about aunt Craigie; and soon, lest the letter be too late for me. If I am to be removed, I cannot regret that she is so soon to follow. But what a loss will she be to every member of your circle? Where is there a being, within the sphere of her influence, who does not owe to her many acts of kindness? It grieves me especially

to think of her excellent sister, whose kind heart will feel her privation most deeply! Remember me most affectionately to them both, especially to aunt Mary, who was the first love of my heart—who was the first person whom I recollect as showing me kindness—and who, since the time when I remember her singing to sooth me, till this moment of my sending her my blessing and farewell, has never ceased to be kind and dear to me!*

May God bless my dear William and you, in your family, and in all your concerns; but chiefly in that great concern of making your conduct in this life a preparation for a better! I shall not write again. My husband will.—

Her anticipations, however, had been only too well-founded. After giving birth to a still-born son, on the 7th of December, and recovering, for a few days, with

* This excellent person died a few days before her niece; but not before she had received this affecting testimony of gratitude and attachment.

a rapidity beyond the hopes of her medical friends, she was attacked with fever. It advanced with fatal violence, till it closed her earthly life on the morning of Saturday, December 19, 1818.

Over what she was in the relations of domestic life, the hand which traces this narrative, must be allowed to draw a veil. To those who knew her there, no words of mine are wanting; and, to those who knew her not, no words of mine could convey any just idea of her value.

Her own letters, indeed, with which the kindness of her correspondents has enabled me so largely to enrich this Memoir, convey a more faithful and far more impressive picture than any which I could have drawn, not only of her general manner, but of a mind and a heart which were open as the day.

Of her literary character, I have endeavoured to give a true, though feeble outline. They who have merely heard of her as the author of two once popular novels, if they ever glance at these pages at all, may think I have said too much. But I am sure that the detail will not seem tedious to those who met her in the intercourse of private life; or who examined her books with care enough to estimate from them what the author might have been capable of performing.

Criticism on her works, although it might have been expected from any other biographer, it is not my intention to attempt. Censure or panegyric, indeed, would be alike unsuitable from me. Were there no other reason for my declining the task, I

might well be deterred from it by the single circumstance, of my having anticipated for her books so different a fate from that which they have experienced. I did not expect that they were to become rapidly popular ; but I trusted that the calm good sense and discrimination of character which they display, and the pure and lofty sentiments which they breathe, and the flowing and natural eloquence which clothes them, would at last establish them, as much as works of the kind are ever established, in public favour. The fact has been entirely the reverse. They rose very fast into celebrity, and their popularity seems to have as quickly sunk away.

It might have been otherwise, had she been permitted to increase their number. I am persuaded, that, in all which she had done, she was only trying her strength ; and that, if her life had been prolonged, the standard of female intellect might have been heightened, and the character of English literature might have been embellished by her labours.

The excellence of her mind consisted more in the general harmony of its faculties, than in the extraordinary strength of any one. Her memory, as I have mentioned before, was retentive rather of facts and opinions than of dates and words ; and this circumstance, perhaps, made the stores of a very rich and active mind seem even more original than in truth they were. Her imagination I would characterize rather as vivid and distinct, than as peculiarly inventive. Her taste had not been very early cultivated ; but it grew so rapidly with the slightest guidance, that any defect was obviously the fault, not of nature, but of misdirection. Her judgment was both quick and steady ; and her discrimination between sophistry and sound argument was almost instinctive.

The trace, perhaps, of early unkindness had made her slow in receiving strangers to her esteem. But her warm affections, when they once were won, repaid a thousand fold any suspicion which might at the first have restrained them. Never was there on earth

attachment more implicit—more disinterested—more self-devoting than hers. Never was there openness more artless and confiding.

From these mingled elements,—a scrutiny of strangers, approaching almost to jealousy, and an attachment and gratitude to her friends, which gave them credit for every excellence,—she gained latitude enough in her study of mankind, to pour-tray every variety of moral feeling.

The study of character in real life was a favourite pursuit with her; and the little journals from which extracts are published in this volume, contain many examples of the skill which she exercised in this department, even under obvious disadvantages, and on very slender intercourse. These, however, from their very nature, cannot be published.

In her letter to Miss Baillie, quoted above, p. xliii, she alludes to some poems which she had composed in her very early youth. I cannot venture to insert what she herself so peremptorily rejects; although some of them are within my reach, of which she had preserved copies. Since that period, I am scarcely aware of her having written a line of verse till very recently; and it was owing to an accidental circumstance that she resumed the attempt. In some of those periods, during which she did not think herself equal to any literary exertion, she amused her leisure with music. She attempted particularly to recall and to note down some airs peculiar to Orkney, which had pleased her in her childhood. Before she would play any new one to me, she used to exact a promise, that I would write words for the tune. The promise was often forfeited; and I find among

her papers, some instances in which she herself has supplied the defect. Three of these little poems I shall here subjoin. The last of them derives a strong and melancholy interest, from its being, so far as I know, the last thing which she wrote. Before it met my eye, the hand which had written it was in the grave.

AIR—“ *My Love’s in Germany.*”

Oh, why didst thou wander from me, my own love,
 Oh, why didst thou wander from me?
 For idly I roam in each meadow and grove,
 Where, gladsome, I loitered with thee, my own love,
 Where, gladsome, I loitered with thee.

Oh ! heavy’s my heart when the sunset is sweet,
 And sick when the morning looks gay,
 For then I remember how I used to meet
 With thee, who art now far away, my own love,
 With thee, who art now far away.

And when the wild storms, round his dwelling that
 rave,
 Tell man to be social and free,
 Poor I shall be lonely and cold as the grave,
 While pining in absence from thee, my own love.
 While pining in absence from thee.

AIR—

'That altered form thou shalt not see,
 Which once was lovely to thine eyes ;
 And memory still in charms to thee
 Shall dress it, though its beauty flies.
 Nor shall my presence e'er betray
 A wrinkle, or a lock of grey !

'Thou shalt not know that sorrow's blast
 Has swept the roses of my prime ;
 'That care her hand hath o'er me pass'd
 Sadly anticipating time ;
 And on my brow her lines of thought,
 In deep deforming furrows, wrought.

Oh ! if the years that roll along
 Shall carry in their course away
 Each gift of mind—each feeling strong—
 That blest me in life's better day,
 How soothing is the thought, that thou
 Wilt think me still what I am now !

The naked tree, whose yellow leaf
 Is swept before the winter wind,
 Shall rise from its dominion brief,
 Opening to vernal breezes kind.
 But changing seasons, as they flee,
 No bloom renewed can bring to me !

AIR—

While thou at eventide art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where, past, the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract,—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh !

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 When musing on the hours I proved
 With thee, beloved !

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 And soft the woodland songs are swelling
 A choral anthem on thine ear,
 —Think—for that hour to thought is dear !
 And then her flight remembrance wings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest ;
 In every scene—by day, by night,
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star—for ever bright !
 My solitary, sole delight !
 Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
 I think of thee !

On her religious character, I must not allow myself to dilate, for her piety was not of an ostentatious or obtrusive kind. It was willingly avowed whenever it could benefit others, by example ; but it shrunk from observation in its details, and there is a sacredness in its privacy on which I dare not intrude.

Though her affections were warm, her religion was not a religion of the affections only. Her powerful and discriminating judgment was faithfully employed in investigating the evidences of her belief, even while she prayed most meekly for that faith which cometh down only from the Father of Lights. The books which she valued the most in this most important of all discussions, were Butler's Analogy, Macknight's Truth of the Gospel History,

and Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. The last attracted her in a very peculiar degree, and she used to reckon it by far the most original and the most acute of Dr Paley's works.

In the study of the Scriptures themselves, she was unwearied ; and the pleasure which she had in the employment was ever new.

The books which, next to the Bible, she kept constantly near her, both as doctrinal and as practical remembrancers, were John Newton's *Messiah* and *Cardiphonia* ; Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living* ; the *Old Whole Duty of Man* ; Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest* ; and Cowper's *Poems*.

She had the highest reverence for the *Common Prayer Book* of the Church of England ; and her guide in the duty of self-examination, was Bishop Gibson's little book upon the *Lord's Supper*. She was too deeply convinced of the vital importance of the duty of self-examination, not to be regular and strict in discharging it. She recorded in writing, at least twice in every year, the answers which her conscience enabled her to give to the different topics of enquiry, which are suggested by

Bishop Gibson ; and on comparing this record from time to time, she wrote down the inferences by which she desired that her conduct might be guided.

The only direct contribution which she has left to the spiritual welfare of her fellow-creatures, beyond what is contained in her works already published, is the fragment inserted in this volume, under the title which she herself had given it, of **HELPS TO DEVOTION**. It is published exactly in the state in which she left it. Some one, I trust, of judgment as sound, of affections as warm, and of piety as ardent as her own, will complete the selection which she has begun. In the preface, of which the manuscript is blotted with tears of the most eager interest, she draws the picture of the influence of her religion upon her own mind.

I never was acquainted with any human being, who, in every concern of life, minute or important, was guided by a more earnest wish to do the will of God. The principle might, at times, be mastered by temptation, but it was not forgotten ; and

the meekest and humblest self-condemnation immediately acknowledged the folly of having swerved from its dictates.

So long as the use of her understanding was preserved to her, the same temper which had swayed her through life, was manifested on her death-bed. On one of the last occasions when I expressed to her my delight and gratitude for the increasing hopes of her recovery ; her answer was, that though she could not but wish to live while her life was so valued, her earnest prayer had been, that, in this and in every thing else, instead of her being allowed to chuse for herself, her heavenly Father might do what was best for us both.

Within two short days thereafter, the violence of fever suspended the expressions of her feelings !—GOD only knows with what bitterness of heart I longed that one ray of intelligence might return ere her departure ; that I might hear her speak once again of her faith and hope ; that I might once again receive her blessing. It was “ best for her” that recognition should not aggravate the last conflict of nature ; and,—for me,—if I

cannot profit by the remembrance of her life, the accents of her last breath would have been lost upon me.

I close this feeble sketch with a testimony far outweighing all that it would have been possible for me to say,—a testimony from one who knew her intimately—one whose good opinion was dear to her, for she loved and revered him.

Dr Inglis thus closed a sermon, “On the death of the Righteous,” the first which was preached in the 'Tron Church after her interment.

“Let me exhort you, in the last place, as you would rise superior to the fear of death, to cherish the memory of those who have already passed from the society of the few who were most dear to you on earth, to the society of the blessed in Heaven.

“ How unnatural seems to be the conduct of many, whose consolation for the loss of a departed friend appears to depend upon committing his name to oblivion—who appear to shrink from the view of every object that would, for a moment, bring to their recollection the delight which they once felt in his society. If such conduct be, in any respect, excusable, it can only be in the case of those who have no hope in God.

“ There are few, if any, among us, who have not, ere now, committed to the silent tomb the perishing remains of some, who had been, not only long, but deservedly dear to us; whose virtues are, in consequence, a satisfying pledge that they have only gone before us to the mansions of bliss. Some of us have, but recently, laid in the grave all that was mortal and perishing of one, who may well continue to live in our remembrance—whose memory will be a monitor to us of those virtues which may qualify us for being reunited to her society. Though the body mingle with the dust.

the spirit, in this case, yet speaketh ; it invites, and, I trust, enables us to anticipate more effectually on earth, our intercourse with the spirits of the just in Heaven.

“ Great cause we, no doubt, have to mourn over that dispensation of Providence, which has, in the meanwhile, removed from the sphere of our converse on earth—one, from whose converse we had so invariably derived at once instruction and delight—whose piety was so genuine, that, while never ostentatiously displayed, it was, as little, in any case, disguised—whose mental energies communicated such a character and effect to both her piety and her active beneficence, that they often served the purpose of an example to others, when such a purpose was not contemplated by her—whose mental energies, great as they were, yet derived their chief value from being stedfastly consecrated to the interests of truth and the cause of virtue—and whose native simplicity and openness of mind imparted to all her endowments a value, which no talents can otherwise possess.

“ Not to mourn over a dispensation of Providence, which has deprived us, in the meanwhile, of such a blessing, would be incompatible with the design of Providence, in visiting us with such a cause of affliction. But God forbid that we should sorrow as men who have no hope of being reunited in Heaven to those who have been most dear to them on earth ! God forbid that we should be unwilling in our hearts to conform to the design of Providence, when, by removing from us those who have been the objects of our regard in this world, it would, in some sense, unite earth to heaven, by gradually weaning us from the world, and gradually transferring our hearts to heaven, before we have altogether completed the appointed years of our pilgrimage on earth !

“ Let a view of our condition, as the heirs of Heaven, so elevate our minds, as to make us now join, with one heart, in the language of our Christian triumph—
 ‘ O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law :

but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Amen.”

ALEX. BRUNTON.

EDINBURGH, *March 2*, 1819.

EMMELINE.

“ Do you find the paths in which you are led, or rather hurried and driven on, to be ‘ paths of pleasantness and peace ?’ With what face can you charge the professors of religion with hypocrisy, if you pretend to find satisfaction in those ways ?—You know that you are not happy, and we know it likewise.”

JOHN NEWTON.

EMMELINE.

CHAPTER I.

Shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but bitterness.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE dews were sparkling in the summer sun, the birds sang in full chorus, the antic sports of animals testified activity and joy, and gladness seemed the nature of every living thing, when the loveliest bride that ever England saw was preparing for her nuptial hour. Affluence awaited her, and to her rank belonged all the advantages of respectability, without the fetters of state. That hour was to see her united to the gallant Sir Sidney de Clifford,—a soldier high in fame,—a gentleman who, in person,

manners, and accomplishments, was rivalled by few—a lover, who adored her with all the energies of a powerful mind. He was the husband of her choice—whom she had loved above all that heaven and earth contain—above Him whom they cannot contain.

If youth, beauty, affluence, satisfied ambition, and successful love, can give happiness, Emmeline was happy. Yet the sigh which swelled her bosom was not the sigh of rapture ; nor was it, though Emmeline was the softest of her sex, the offspring of maiden fears. It was wrung from her by bitter recollection ; for Emmeline had, before, been a bride. Attendance and respect, cheerful preparations and congratulating friends, had beguiled the apprehensions of innocence. The bonds into which she had entered, had been hallowed by a parent's blessing—a blessing given, alas ! in vain. The bridal ornaments, which now a menial was arranging, a proud and joyful hand—but this way Emmeline dared not look. “ I will forget the past,” thought she. “ This day, at least, I will forget it ;

and from this hour I will atone for my error—for my guilt, if I must call it so. Every duty will I now punctually perform—sweet, willing duty now ! The censorious world may be busy with my name—but what is the world to me ? Never much—now less than nothing. Let Lady de Clifford forgive me—let Mary—and my father”—Emmeline checked a sigh of anguish. “ I will not think of that to-day,” said she ; and she started up, to seek in change of posture and of object an escape from thought.

Her eye wandered over one of those smiling scenes almost peculiar to her native land. The shadows of gigantic oak and knotted elm dappled a verdure bright as a poet’s dream of the lawns of Eden. A river, scarcely seen to flow, spread its glassy windings amidst the peaceful slopes, where the morning-smokes, and the church tower peeping from the woods, might lead the fancy to many a scene of cheerful labour and domestic peace. But one object alone drew Emmeline’s eye. It was a graceful figure, which, with head bent

downwards, and looks fixed on the earth, was slowly and thoughtfully approaching her dwelling. "Is that the step of a bridegroom?" thought Emmeline. But, ere the tear that started had trickled down her cheek, De Clifford's eye met hers; and his smile of fond and fervent love banished the remembrance of all sorrow and all crime.

It was not the coldness of declining passion, nor the regrets of a reluctant engagement, which had clouded De Clifford's brow. Nor was it the fear of the world's scorn; for even the idea that he could be scorned had never darkened de Clifford's soul. His was one of the few powerful minds, which are, indeed, "their own awful world." He had been accustomed to command applause, not to need, still less to solicit it; and, when crowds huzzaed, and senates thanked him, he had said to himself, "these people praise they know not what. Success is their idol. I might have been the man I am, and yet tried by a court-martial." Yet De Clifford was now, though he acknowledged it not to himself, sunk in his own esteem. He told

himself that others, tempted as he had been would, like him, have fallen. But this balm was powerless for the wounds of a mind like De Clifford's. Of the heavenly medicine, which alone can heal the noble spirit, De Clifford thought not. His only resource was to banish the recollection of his guilt; and in this he was not unsuccessful.

But disquiet of a different kind at this moment pressed upon him. De Clifford was a proud man. Every one felt that he was; though few called him proud, because most people were more inclined to borrow dignity from his notice, than to acknowledge his neglect. Yet no man had higher natural capacities of domestic happiness. His manners were perfectly free from arrogance; pride had even communicated to them a reserve not unallied to bashfulness. Romantic imagination, strong passions, and deep sensibility, had shrunk from exposure to the toilers after low gains and lower pleasures, till De Clifford had obtained and deserved a character which repelled the common herd. His intimacy thus

restricted to a few, concentrated among those few affections deep and strong—untold, but effective. He was the only son of his mother, he was the sole guardian of his sister, and to the ties which nature and early association had wound round his heart, this added tenfold strength; for to claim the protection of De Clifford, was of itself to secure his love. But the best affections of human nature were at this moment poisoned arrows in his heart. He had received from Lady de Clifford a letter, where grief, and shame, and maternal love, were ill disguised by the language of cold displeasure, while she informed him, that, by taking a last leave of his paternal mansion, she had left him at liberty to replace her with his bride, without injury to the spotless fame of his sister, or to the feelings of those whose pride and whose hopes had perished in his fall. She renounced, for herself, and for Miss de Clifford, all intercourse with the degraded Emmeline, and sent a farewell, of which the frozen words were blotted with tears, to one whom she had loved long and tenderly.

While De Clifford read this letter, he stood motionless; his cheek pale, his eye flashing indignant fire. At the close, he threw the paper from him; and erecting his martial figure, strode up and down with proud and determined step. His resolution was taken. His mother might renounce her son, his sister might cast off the friend of her youth, but he would degrade himself and his Emmeline by no supplications. Sacrifices he had expected that he must make—and was not the possession of Emmeline—his lovely, his gentle Emmeline—compensation for every sacrifice!

But De Clifford could not so cast off his early affections. By degrees, as his resentment subsided, he persuaded himself that his mother would repent her renunciation. “She cannot do it,” he thought; “my mother is not heartless enough to sacrifice us to the illiberality of narrow-minded prudes and bigots—She will soon seek us in our happy home, and be happy with us there. And Mary—Mary cannot live without us—Her whole heart was

mine and Emmeline's—She will think of us—talk of us every hour—as she did when I was in Spain, till she pined herself sick for my return.” And here tears, long strangers, filled De Clifford's eyes ; but indignant at the momentary weakness, he dashed them off, and remained resolved.

De Clifford did not convey his mother's cold message to his bride. He did not even hint at her refusal to receive them, nor at his own consequent feelings ; for he was one of those who announce intention merely that it may be executed. If he opened his mind, it was seldom with a view to gain sympathy with his sentiments, never to seek confirmation in his purpose. He merely proposed to Emmeline, that, after a short excursion into Wales, they should return to settle in quiet retirement at Euston.

“ And will Mary—will Lady de Clifford, meet us there ?” asked Emmeline eagerly.

“ They will probably soon join us,” returned Sir Sidney. “ But you are not afraid that we should be unhappy alone ?”

“ Oh, no,” said Emmeline ; “ with you I cannot but be happy.”

“ My own Emmeline !” whispered the bridegroom ; and she felt the more assured, that she “ could not but be happy.”

De Clifford and his bride did not expose themselves to the eyes of the gazers round a village green. Their splendid equipage stole through a bye-path to the church. The approach of the carriage, however, collected a little troop of children round the churchyard gate. The little idlers gazed in silence on the first of the party who alighted ; but when Emmeline appeared, they testified their congratulation by a universal shout.

Emmeline was a stranger to them all ; and the meanest bride in the village would, on such an occasion, have received the same rustic salutation ; but the meanest bride in the village would have received it with far other blushes than those which burned in the cheeks of Emmeline, while she forgot that this annoyance was not peculiar to herself, and conscience converted the shout of congratulation into the sounds

of reproach. Shocked and terrified, she clung to the arm of De Clifford, and hastened to escape from her innocent tormentors.

A friend of De Clifford's acted as father to the bride; her own attendant was her bridesmaid. "I detest public weddings!" De Clifford had said. "Nothing can be more absurd than to collect a crowd of fools to pry into feelings, of which nine-tenths of them know and can know nothing."

Emmeline had cordially agreed in his opinion; yet now she could not help remembering, that a father had once bestowed her hand—that the companion of her childhood had supported her steps to the altar; she remembered the group of friends whom her delighted parents had assembled to share their joy; she remembered even the profusion with which, in the pride of their hearts, they had laboured to grace the nuptials of their darling—and she felt the change.

These thoughts mingled with a thousand others, as she stood once more before

the altar ; but she started when the priest laid upon De Clifford the vow, to “ honour her,” and listened, with trembling anxiety, to learn whether he could steadily say, “ I will.” Her own vow was read—and the words, “ forsaking all other, keep thee *only* to him,” seemed to her ear marked with an almost reproachful emphasis. Daring to meet no other eye, she stole one timid glance towards De Clifford. His were fixed upon her thoughtfully, sadly ; but meeting her’s, they were hastily withdrawn. That look pierced her heart. “ Ah ! he too despises me !” thought Emmeline ; “ he too believes that no vow can bind me !” and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

“ Emmeline, my beloved Emmeline !” said De Clifford, while, with a lover’s tenderness, he soothed and caressed her ; but she did not dare to tell him her suspicion, nor he to own that he had read it untold.

The lovers set out alone on their intended excursion. The valleys were glowing with the riches of summer—the rivers were twining their silver threads, and dashing

their tiny cascades among rocks which the winter torrent had shattered. Along the foot of the hills, the hazel coppice here and there opened its bosom, to shew where a brighter green led the eye to the cottage orchard ; and higher up, the sunny brown had streaks of verdure to mark where the spring distilled unseen. Higher still, the mountains swelled their purple masses against the sky, or drew the vapours to veil their barren summits. Emmeline had all that feeling of the beauties of nature, which belongs to innate sensibility and refined taste. De Clifford could share her delight ; and often, when his more thinking mind had begun to analyze the source of his pleasure, she would recall him to the pleasure itself with such artless graces of imagination as made the scene again appear new. Nature seemed more fair, solitude more peaceful, morn more reviving, and evening more tender, when beauty and calmness, and vivacity and tenderness, were reflected in the looks of his lovely Emmeline.

She, too, had moments which realized

all her dreams of rapture, when she saw De Clifford happy, and felt that she was herself his happiness. Still they were only moments ; and when moments of rapture are subtracted, life has yet long years for apathy or for suffering.

It was on her return from a delightful ramble to the rustic inn where De Clifford proposed to loiter a few days of bliss, that a packet was put into the hands of Emmeline. It dropped unopened to the ground, and Emmeline, pale and trembling, sunk upon a seat. “ Ah !” she cried, “ it is from”——. The name of her deserted husband died on her lips. De Clifford flew to support her, but his alarm gave place to indignation when he saw what had thus overpowered his Emmeline. “ Unfeeling, vindictive !” he muttered through his clenched teeth, and would have spurned the packet from him, but Emmeline snatched it up. “ Oh, do not,” she cried—“ we have wronged him enough already.”

“ At least let me read it,” said De Clifford, taking it from her trembling hands ; “ *you* need not endure his insolence.”

The envelope contained these words :

“ Mr Devereux cannot retain in his possession any thing which has ever belonged to Lady de Clifford. He incloses a deed, which restores to her the sum which he received three years ago. He has added the 10,000*l.* which the law has lately allotted to him. In appointing Major Cecil trustee on this deed, Mr Devereux earnestly wishes that an occasion may thus be offered of restoring Lady de Clifford’s intercourse with a parent so justly respected and beloved.”

De Clifford read this note without comment. He laid down the papers, and left the room without uttering a word.

Emmeline sat gazing on them—tears streaming unheeded from her eyes—her slender form bent in dejection and abasement. She could not now lull her conscience with sophisms of “ hearts not formed to harmonize, which no ceremonies could unite ;” or of “ consenting souls, by Heaven’s own act made one.” She could not seek comfort in recollecting the stoical coldness, which was the only charge she could

ever bring against Mr Devereux. She had done him fatal wrong, and she felt it. The heavier account of evil which lay against her, Emmeline did not indeed examine, for her compunction was not repentance. Her's were the deadly pangs of remorse—not that life-giving sorrow, which finds, even in its own anguish, a healing balm. The wronged Mr Devereux had bestowed on her a gift which his circumstances rendered truly generous; he had shewn, even amidst his just displeasure, a noble concern for her happiness—for her restoration to the love and protection of her father; and all the failings which imagination had magnified, and all the sophistries with which she had striven to beguile herself, vanished together from her mind. She saw, not an injured husband, supported by the first transports of resentment, venting anger which she need not fear, and could barely pity; but Mr Devereux, deserted, alone in his unsocial home, wounded by ingratitude, disappointed in confiding friendship! and she wondered where she had found the fatal courage to inflict such aggravated suffer-

ing. She saw him shed on his forsaken infants a tear, embittered by pity, grief, and shame; she heard them lisp the sacred name of mother, and break his heart with questions “when she would return.” “Wretch that I am!” she cried, “I shall never return!—My boy! my boy! I shall never see thee more!” and she wrung her hands in bitterness. “They are no longer accounted mine,” she cried—“they are not even named to me!”

She took the deed, and eagerly cast her eye over it, in a vague hope of finding there the names of her children joined with her own; but they were not mentioned. The gift was to her alone, as if no living thing claimed kindred or inheritance with her. “Oh! I have deserved this,” cried Emmeline, “for I had the heart to leave them!”

Who that had seen her as she sat on the ground,—the snowy arm, on which her face was half concealed, resting on the seat from whence she had sunk, her sunny ringlets wet with her tears, her bosom struggling with sobs that shook her whole frame,—would have known her for the same Em-

meline who was wont to chase with feigned impatience her laughing boy upon the green—herself as playful and as innocent as he?

A passing step at length roused Emmeline to the recollection of what De Clifford must feel, should he witness her distress. She rose from her abject posture, strove to repress the bursting sob, and wiped the tears which yet would force their way. “Dearest De Clifford!” said she, “shall I ever give thee cause to think I regret making any sacrifice for thee? And yet—But if thou canst find thy happiness in poor humbled Emmeline—how much more may I find mine in thee, my noble—brave—affectionate De Clifford!”

She had time to compose herself before the return of her husband. He was absent for hours. When he returned, the traces of suffering were seen in his bent brow and sallow cheek, but his manner was unchanged. He moved with his own firm and commanding step; he spoke in his own calm low tones.

Had Emmeline known how those hours were spent—had she seen him fixing his unnoticing gaze on the pool where the big rain-drops were plashing, or resting his throbbing head against the cold rugged rock—had she seen him at last raise his face, rigid with desperate resolution, and heard the groan in which her name burst from his lips, where had been her vain hope that she was herself alone sufficient for his happiness? She was then doubly the cause of his suffering. It was for her that he had incurred this new and tormenting sense of inferiority, this remorse, this first venom of “the worm that never dies.”

It was the anticipation of her fate that made the resolute De Clifford hesitate and tremble, while he advanced another desperate step in the path of darkness. Many have dared the arrows of self-reproach, and some with breast so flinty, that none could fasten there. But the anguish of the wounded spirit is testified by frantic efforts to tear out the dart which must be

carried to the grave, or to deaden the wound which it is not for mortal hands to heal. De Clifford imagined that he was performing an act of justice, that he was atoning as a gentleman for his errors as a man, when he sought escape from humiliation and remorse in this billet to Mr Devereux.

“Once more I entreat you to accept the only satisfaction I have to offer you. Choose your own time and place. Take this life, and our account will be balanced, for you will have robbed me of Emmeline.

“SYDNEY DE CLIFFORD.”

To restore this imaginary balance, De Clifford thought life a cheap sacrifice ; for he had often hazarded life from what is called a sense of duty ; that is, to support his self-esteem. That he should be forced to approve and to respect the man whom he had injured, whom he had endeavoured, almost successfully endeavoured, to hate and to despise ; that he should feel his own

inferiority to one whom he had wronged, was anguish to the high spirit of De Clifford. Compelled to own the generosity of Devereux, he abhorred himself, and almost wished that justice might, by his rival's hand, deal him a deadly blow. Yet when he thought of Emmeline, the tender, gentle, timid Emmeline, who, for his sake, had renounced the society of the virtuous, the protection of the good, the charities of kindred, the brotherhood and equality of all whom the world revere—of Emmeline left alone, shrinking from the wicked, though rejected by the pure,—he felt that he dared not die. But the consciousness of degradation, the anguish of remorse, the mistaken sense of justice, returned; and De Clifford dispatched his billet.

De Clifford was not a man to spend in unavailing wishes and regrets the energies which should enable him to act and to endure. His resolution once taken, he prepared to meet its consequences. What he suffered was hidden from mortal knowledge. Even the eye of love read not the

feeling that sometimes blanched that cheek which fear had never altered. Once, and only once, was Emmeline alarmed, when, in perturbed sleep, he clasped her convulsively to his breast, and awoke in the cry that supplicated pity for her. "Thou a soldier's wife, and be scared by a dream!" said he, gaily; and the confiding Emmeline remained in happy credulity.

De Clifford was now impatient to take possession of his paternal residence. From thence he could more speedily attend a summons from Mr Devereux; and in that home, which was associated with a thousand undefined ideas of peace, and security, and kindness, he felt as if Emmeline would be less desolate. He announced his purpose decidedly, though kindly. "We shall go to Euston, my Emmeline," said he. "I feel as if you were but half mine till I see you in your own house, and among your own people." Emmeline cheerfully assented, for the feeblest wish of De Clifford could guide her will. Yet, had it not been for the look and the caress

which accompanied this command, she might perhaps have remembered a time when she had been consulted as a friend, though not courted as a mistress.

CHAPTER II.

Non, si vous voulez que je sois paisible et contente, donnez moi quelque asyle plus sûr encore, où l'on puisse échapper à la honte et au repentir.

ROUSSEAU.

“ THERE are your own woods, Emmeline,” said de Clifford, as a turn in the road opened to the travellers’ view a rich and populous valley. “ That is Euston on the side of the hill. That is our smoke rising behind the wood, just above that very green field with the large trees. There—you can just see one of the old pointed gables. My dearest Emmeline, welcome home !”

Emmeline, looking with new and lively interest on every object around her, read not her husband’s regret that no other friend was to welcome her ; nor heard the sigh which he gave to the absence of those who were wont to endear his home.

“ And that spire on the little rising ground, where the sun shines so brightly—?”

“ Is Euston church.”

“ Is there a village?”

“ O yes—you are the lady of a pretty large manor, Emmeline—you may play the Lady Bountiful upon a great scale.”

Through the close lanes, and across the short cropt green of this village, the travellers passed undisturbed, though not unobserved. The labourer dropped his mattock to stare listlessly at the equipage; the old pauper, who was breaking stones on the road, gazed after it with a vague dislike to any change at Euston; the widow, who looked from the porch of the dame school, sighed over the recollection of the *good* Lady de Clifford; the light damsel, who performed the part of milliner at Euston, took a familiar view of the bride's travelling bonnet, secretly exulting that she should no longer be awed by the virtue, as well as by the rank, of her superiors; and the well-dressed gentlewoman, who

was lolling at the clean sashed window of the Rectory parlour, tossed and bridled at the consciousness of being for once entitled to look down upon the Lady of the Manor.

Among all the gazers, one heart only was touched with gentler feeling towards poor Emmeline. The old curate, as he bowed his gray head to De Clifford, glanced compassionately on the bride. "God help thee! poor thing," thought he;—"so young, and yet so wicked! God help thee!"

All stood silently to see the travellers pass, or ran to give in an under tone the news of their arrival; for even villagers had the delicacy to feel, that Emmeline's situation would give their curiosity almost the character of insult.

The last time De Clifford had returned to his paternal home, an exulting tenantry had welcomed the wounded hero with transports of joy. They had gone in crowds to meet him; shouted his name in triumph; joined it with those which shall be lasting as the annals of mankind; and

adorned it to their own taste with a hundred tales of superhuman strength and frantic daring. They had dragged his carriage to his own door; and, with honest unenvying sympathy of delight, had blessed his mother, as she clasped him to her heart. De Clifford remembered all this. "All this was very foolish," said he to himself. "And yet these people's old hereditary attachment has something very different from the folly of a common mob."

De Clifford was silent and thoughtful, while Emmeline surveyed the reverend approach to Euston Hall. Two lofty towers, to whose very battlements the ivy was clinging, flanked a gate massy with intricate ornament and armorial device, through which was dimly seen an avenue darkened with oak and elm, coeval with the days of chivalry. The porter, with his gray head uncovered, welcomed his master with a smile; while his daughter, under pretence of restraining her children, stood in her door to catch a view of her new mistress. But, when De Clifford spoke in the tone of kindly recognition, a

tear ran quickly down the old man's face, and he turned away. Emmeline saw this, and felt it too ; but she tried to persuade herself that she had no concern in it, and she succeeded.

The straight avenue rose almost imperceptibly, till, within a couple of hundred yards from the house, it branched out to encircle a large bowling-green, which opened to view an extensive building, broken in every direction with pointed gables, and surmounted by a cross or a crest, or shrouded by luxuriant vines, passion-flower, and ivy. Stone mullions divided each window into compartments ; some retaining their ancient form of casements, still coloured here and there with remains of the glowing draperies of saints, and the rigid forms of knights in armour ; some enlarged by the hand of modern taste into a light mimickry of the Gothic. Behind the house stretched a terrace, inclosed by a massy stone balustrade, and glowing with flowers of every hue, quaintly arranged in circles, hearts, and crosses, cut out of turf of the closest velvet. From the ter-

race, a noble flight of steps descended to a lawn, first dotted with fantastical yew-trees, then fringed with gayer evergreens and flowering shrubs, then varied by the darker foliage and broad shadows of single forest trees, then stretching its deep indentures to lose themselves in groves of oak and chesnut.

Emmeline entered her home by a hall pannelled with dark wainscot, and surrounded by carved doors, surmounted with heavy entablatures. Above each was displayed some spoil of the chase or the battle of other days. Over some branched the stately antlers of the moose deer; over one grinned the wolf's head; here were displayed the broad-sword and the target, and there the banner's discoloured shreds trembled in every breath of air.

Two enormous chests, studded and bound with iron, charged for centuries with the plate and jewels of Euston, occupied the deep recesses of the windows, while the centre of the hall was filled by a huge oak table resting upon lions, the supporters of the armorial ensign of De Clifford.

The rich crimson hangings and cedar pannelling of the parlour into which Emmeline was ushered, were enlivened by some good pictures of the Flemish school; and the heavy casements had here given place to windows of more modern size and form.

“ You think this gloomy, Emmeline,” said De Clifford, who had been watching her eye. “ I remember it the most cheerful home that ever released school-boy loitered and domineered in.”

“ It will be so again,” said Emmeline, looking up in his face with a smile of heartfelt tenderness. “ It will be more than a cheerful—it will be a happy home.”

A sudden contraction crossed De Clifford’s brow; but he kissed the clear open forehead that was raised towards him, and answered lightly, “ It must be both, love. Come, let’s have wine, and drink your welcome.”

He pulled the bell; but before a servant came, he had forgotten his first intention, and inquired eagerly for his letters. Mr Devereux’s answer was not among them.

De Clifford drew a deep breath. "We may have another day of happiness still," he thought; and he returned to hang enamoured over his beautiful Emmeline.

Emmeline rambled through her new abode with that feeling of harmless self-importance, which is, perhaps, one of the nameless charms of home. Amused and interested, she enjoyed the present;—and what except the present was left for her to enjoy?

She was particularly pleased with the apartment appropriated to herself, furnished with her instruments of music and drawing, and with such lighter works of imagination as might minister rather to amusement than to reflection. On the one side it communicated with the library; on the other a glass door opened into a pretty conservatory, stored with rare and beautiful plants.

"Now here I shall hide myself," said Emmeline, playfully, "when I wish to be alone; so remember your promise, De Clifford,—never come here without permission."

“ Ah, little traitress ! already contriving to escape ! Well ! and how long will you be able to support the happiness of being quit of me ? ”

De Clifford spoke in a tone of unusual gaiety ; but there was a tremulousness in his lip, an inquisition in his eye, that alarmed Emmeline. “ I hope you do not mean to try,” she said, changing colour.

“ There is no saying how I may punish your malicious intent,” returned De Clifford, still in his former tone ; but, as he turned away, Emmeline caught the altered expression of his countenance.

“ Oh, you are going to leave me !—you are ordered abroad ! ”—she cried, clasping his arm, and half sinking to the ground.

“ My sweet Emmeline,” said De Clifford, fondly supporting her, “ why will you terrify yourself with phantoms ? I assure you there was not such a thought in my mind. I have no call to join the army, nor any prospect of a call.”

“ Ah ! are you not deceiving me ? ” said Emmeline, still trembling.

“ No, upon my word.”

“ Then what meant that strange—terrible”——

“ You know,” interrupted De Clifford, “ circumstances might make it indispensable for me to go ; and,” he added in a whisper, as if afraid to trust his voice with the sound, “ to leave thee—my heart’s treasure—my all——”

“ To go, perhaps,” said Emmeline, firmly, “ but not to leave me. You cannot go where I would not follow you.”

“ A brave follower of a camp, indeed ! my pretty fairy Emmeline. A good figure thine for a bivouac !”

“ Nay, do not jest with me ; for I will never be left one day behind, and thou in battle and in danger, while I can drag these limbs to follow thee. What have I but thee ? Oh, I would not endure one such day of dread and horror to purchase the creation.”

“ Well, sweet foolish girl, trust me, we shall have time enough to settle that matter,” said De Clifford, glad that in pursuing her own thoughts Emmeline had missed the clue to his.

“Nay, promise me,” she said, “that if ever you are called away, I shall go with you.—Won’t you promise?”

“O yes. I will promise now, as I have done a hundred times, that if you will never make a dismal face at me, but look at me with your own sweet laughing eyes, you shall always do what you please.”

But Emmeline could not always meet his glance with laughing eyes; nor was he always in the humour to seek such expression there. Her heart turned to her children with many a regret, to which she would not give utterance; and his mind was full of a subject which he did not dare to share with his wife. Day after day brought no answer from Mr Devereux. De Clifford cursed the uncertainty of cross posts, and tried to persuade himself that his letter had been delayed or lost. But a suspicion visited him that Mr Devereux disdained to answer or to accept of atonement from him. The boiling blood rushed to his forehead at the thought. He left his house, and hid himself in the darkest shade of his woods. Alone and unseen,

he brooded over his suspicion for hours ; then, to confirm or banish it for ever, he shut himself into his study, and wrote to desire that a friend would carry in person his proposal to Mr Devereux.

Another subject had from the first arrival of Mr Devereux's packet chafed the galled spirit of De Clifford. He saw with surprise, almost with indignation, that Emmeline actually meant to accept the gift of her deserted husband. For himself, no extremity could have prevailed with him to stoop thus low. But the gift was solely to Emmeline. All rights, all interference but her own and her father's, were expressly excluded. Had it been possible for him to compensate the sacrifice to her, he would have besought—he would have commanded her to reject this galling obligation ;—but his estate was an entailed one, and could not be burdened with so large a sum. He thought it unjust to extort a sacrifice which he could not repay ; and what he would not enforce, he scorned to insinuate. Emmeline, therefore, remained in profound ignorance of the mortification she was in-

flicting. Fallen as she was in her own esteem, all thoughts of supporting an imaginary dignity were lost in a sense of her own demerit, and a painful admiration of the generosity of Mr Devereux. To spurn the kindness which she had abused, entered not once into her contemplation. To ape the independence of worth,—to front the injured Mr Devereux with the unsubdued port of virtue,—would, had such a thought entered her mind, have appeared to her the worst aggravation of baseness. Far from rejecting his gift, she saw in it, as he had intended, an occasion of renewing her lost intercourse with her father; and looked forward to the time, when, by restoring to her children what was in truth their rightful inheritance, she should again claim them for her own. “When I am in my grave,” she thought, a tear stealing from her soft blue eye, “they will learn, perhaps for the first time, that they had a mother.”

De Clifford beheld with wonder this tameness of spirit. “Strange!” he thought, “that she should have so little feeling

for her own dignity—or for mine ! Can it be the love of money that blinds her ? But be what it may, she shall make no sacrifice to me that is not suggested by her own heart. Gentle as she is, she would not, I know, refuse my faintest request ; but this is an additional reason why I should never urge her.” On this subject, therefore, De Clifford’s thoughts were impenetrable. They passed away, indeed, under the influence of Emmeline’s syren voice and witching smile, but they returned to disquiet and irritate his solitude.

Meanwhile, this pair were left to their own pleasures and their own pains. The first weeks of their abode at Euston they passed entirely alone ; the few gentry who were in the neighbourhood keeping aloof. With some, it was no matter of hesitation whether they should receive into society her who had broken its most powerful bond, or whether they should open their families to her who had violated all the sanctities of her own. Some waited to see what others would do ; curiosity overcoming their dislike of vice, but not their

awe for public opinion ; and some who had never been admitted to Euston Hall, and who suspected that the same exclusion might operate still, loudly declared that “ they would be civil to poor Lady de Clifford, should they happen to meet with her, but that they had no idea of throwing themselves in the way of such people.”

It was remarked, that the congregation at Euston church became unusually numerous and unusually gay ; but the first Sunday after her arrival, Lady de Clifford was not there ; and the second she had taken her place before the clergyman—wore a slouch bonnet—held down her head during the whole service—and, when it was over, disappeared like a shadow ; so that the only facts which could be affirmed concerning her by the ladies of Euston were, that her figure was, “ to their taste, rather small, and her veil real Brussels lace.”

The only visitors who disturbed the solitude of the lovers were, a neighbouring squire, who had married his housekeeper ; the candidate for the borough ; and a mem-

ber of the four-in-hand club, who obligingly turned a few miles aside to make Euston Hall a stage between Cheltenham and York races.

De Clifford recollected the crowds of visitors, who had formerly hurried to congratulate his arrival. They had annoyed and fatigued him. He had been sick of mammas who had exhibited their daughters, and of misses who exhibited themselves. He cared nothing for good dinners; disliked drinking; and loathed the paltry politics which furnished his neighbours with causes of irritation or of triumph. He was, therefore, not sorry to be left alone. But, that people whom he despised should venture any mark of neglect or disrespect to Emmeline!—to *his* Emmeline! He did smile scornfully at the thought, but there was bitterness in the smile. Nor did he forget to think, were he withdrawn from her, how total, how unbroken would be her solitude; how lost would be all the graces of her polished mind and captivating manners; how her life would waste, without hope and without pursuit; how the affections of that

gentle heart would wither and perish, cast out, and trodden under foot.

In the calm of accomplished desire, all men reflect; but the higher order of minds alone can feel the pang which reflection brought to the spirit of De Clifford. His dreary anticipations of Emmeline's fate were, however, removed by a letter from the friend whom he had employed to wait upon Mr Devereux. The interview, he was informed, had been short but decisive. In answer to his proposal, Mr Devereux had declared, "that he would forgive Sir Sidney De Clifford as soon as forgiveness was in his power; but that, his wrongs equally precluding compensation and atonement, he must insist upon declining all further communication on the subject."

"Curse his forgiveness!" muttered De Clifford, "frozen, puritanical coxcomb! Idiot that I was! to offer him another triumph over me."

Galled and mortified, De Clifford spent the day alone. He loathed the intercourse of every living thing. He avoided his ser-

vants ; checked the very dog that fawned on him ; and shrunk even from the soothing presence of Emmeline. The thought of her mingled strangely with the causes of his disquiet ; and no irritation is so tormenting as that which connects itself with the object of unsubdued desire. “ Would that I had never seen her ! ” he thought ; “ or that this fatal madness had seized me, before she became the property of that—— with his canting forgiveness ! and I must suffer her, forsooth, to be his obsequious debtor ! Better starve with her ! Why should I not command her to give back his ostentatious trash ? Should I suffer my wife to degrade herself, for a few paltry pounds ? If she felt as she ought, she would thank me for preferring her dignity to a mean consideration of interest. And to interfere is only to involve myself in a fruitless altercation with her father. He will no doubt be resolute in defence of what he will call her interest—he who sold her to a heartless engagement. Yes, yes ! He would insist upon his right of guardianship, though he has driven her from his presence

—spurned her like the vilest thing that infests the earth. He shall crouch at her feet, before I hold one moment's intercourse with him. But she,—she will need only an intimation of his pleasure. Anything—anything, however humiliating, provided it be his will. She even married to please him. And when I had condescended to extort a sacrifice to her own dignity, she would no doubt repine that she could not obey her father, and probably consider me as a capricious tyrant, destined to set her at variance with all mankind. But why does she not, of herself, renounce this vile obligation? She ought to shrink from it, even more than I—if that were possible. Why does she not feel what is fit to be done, without being driven to it like a slave? strange moral insensibility! And yet she does not want sensibility neither. Avarice—avarice blinds one half her sex, and vanity the other.—Yet let me recollect, have I ever seen any other sign of avarice in her?”

De Clifford felt a pang not unallied to jealousy, when he recollected how greatly his own fortune exceeded that which Em-

meline had forsaken ; but before the thought could assume distinct form, it was gone. De Clifford assured himself that he was indeed fervently beloved.

Yet, in this hour of gloom, when the mind lent its own dark colours to what it looked upon, he rather tried to excuse his irritation, by dwelling upon all that could savour of evil, and doubting all that promised unmingled good.

No !” he thought. “ In this great error of her life she was surely disinterested. And yet, these soft yielding souls do not often harbour strong passion—not such passion as scorns every obstacle—hazards all—renounces all. The cold calculating love of money suits better these feeble natures. They could not support that fever of the soul which absorbs in itself all feelings—all wishes—all pursuits.”

De Clifford suddenly stopped the hurried steps which had carried him forward during this painful reverie ; for his heart reproached him with the artless tenderness of Emmeline. “ She is, she must be artless,” he cried.—“ And yet she deceived that

cold, cautious——Why will he haunt my thoughts? Would he were in his grave, or I in mine!"

When Emmeline next saw her husband, he was thoughtful and silent. But this was his general character. He looked pale too, but he assured her that he was well; and she felt something in his manner that forbade farther inquiry. He gave his thoughts no utterance, yet he was vexed that Emmeline did not in part divine them. He knew that she was ignorant of Mr Devereux's contemptuous refusal of the satisfaction he had offered, and therefore could not enter into his mortification and disquiet; yet he felt as much displeased as if she had known all, and had wilfully inflicted on him the disgrace of making him a debtor to the man who insulted and despised him. He inwardly reproached himself for this injustice; yet the displeasure which was renounced by his judgment adhered to his feeling.

De Clifford's habitual temper was calm, though commanding. To his domestics he was just and humane, though not con-

descending ; to his friends he was steady and generous, though not communicative. But he was labouring under a trial which no temper can endure,—the sense of incurable degradation—the consciousness of having done a wrong which he could neither repair nor atone ; and that which a light and frothy mind would have vented in a few bursts of petulance, perhaps in strong, but transient expressions of remorse, corroded the heart which would not reveal, and could not expel its bitterness.

For two days Emmeline watched in silent anxiety the clouded countenance of her husband ; now hesitating whether she might venture to ask the cause of his disquiet ; now doubting, as he recalled his self-command, or wrapped himself more closely in his habitual reserve, whether he had indeed any secret to reveal.

“ Why should I not venture ?” she said to herself. “ If he has any uneasiness, who can sympathize in it like me ? He cannot be displeased that his every thought, every look, should interest me ! Why should I not venture ?”

Yet Emmeline still hesitated. She had lost that inward consciousness of worth, which allows a wife, even while sensible of her subordinate station and inferior powers, somewhat of the frank equality of friendship. She herself was little aware how far this loss affected her sentiments towards her husband; yet that which in a sterner mind would have produced a peevish impatience of degradation, or an irritating jealousy of influence, quelled even to cowardice the gentle spirit of Emmeline.

She waited long to seize the best moment for her purpose; yet chose, perhaps, the worst. It was just when De Clifford, observing that she watched him, had made an effort to conquer his disquiet—just when he had resolved, that for one hour, at least, he would forget it in lover-like trifling with his still beloved mistress, that Emmeline, looking at him with a face from which anxiety and fear had banished all the playful tenderness which bewitched him there, said to him, “Dear De Clifford! will you not speak your thoughts to me? Day and

night I think only who or what it can be that offends you. Nay, do not turn away from me,—something, I am sure, vexes you.”

No man can bear even the most gentle notice of his ill-humour, when he is just struggling to conquer it.

“Pshaw, Emmeline,” said De Clifford, “never fancy a man is out of humour unless he tells you so.”

“I did not mean out of humour,” said Emmeline, shrinking, “only you were so—so grave”——

“My face was not made to wear an eternal smile, Emmeline. If you ever expected that, I am sorry you will be disappointed.”

These were the first unkindly words that ever de Clifford had addressed to his wife. The blood rushed quickly to her face, and as quickly retired. Her eyes filled with tears; but she struggled with them for a moment while De Clifford was leaving the room, then threw herself on a seat, and wept bitterly.

“ Oh, I deserve this, and a thousand times more !” she cried. “ A curse lies upon me, and it would be just—terribly just—if *he* should fulfil it.”

De Clifford soon became conscious of his injustice ; but husbands can seldom confess that they have been in the wrong, and wives should yet more rarely desire such a confession, since no woman was ever the more beloved for even momentary superiority. The gentle Emmeline was as far from expecting as from desiring such an avowal from her husband. She met his first advance of kindness with a joy as grateful as if she alone had been the offender. De Clifford, won by her sweetness, forgot for a time all mortification and all care. When, conscious that he deserved to be received with coldness, he cautiously, and by degrees, laid aside his own,—when his first relenting word was answered in accents kind as a youthful mother’s first blessing on her child,—when his half stolen look of love met those eyes, blue as deep waters reflecting a softer darker sky,—he

thought she had never looked so lovely, never been so dear ; and so tender was this first reconciliation, that the lovers could scarcely regret their short estrangement.

CHAPTER III.

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheek,
 And given my treasure and my rights in thee
 To thick-eyed musing ?

SHAKESPEARE.

MEN'S disquietudes partake the transitory nature of their joys ; and, though some situations are so peculiarly fertile in vexation that one only gives place to another, yet no single form of it is unremitting or permanent. The oft repeated attack we at last learn to parry ; or the pain which cannot be escaped, habit teaches us to endure.

De Clifford's remorse gradually lost its asperity. Recollection of the injury he had inflicted, of the generosity which had met his wrongs, returned by degrees less frequently and less forcibly to his mind,

till at last it came like an unwelcome visitor, only to be denied admittance. Along with the hope of repairing in his own idea his injured honour, he had lost the fear of leaving to desolation his beloved Emmeline; of forfeiting, while yet it was new, the treasure so dearly earned. The object of eager, anxious pursuit, was secure. Emmeline, at whatever price, was all his own. Her love left him nothing to desire, her compliance nothing to contest, her mildness no caprice to fear, her submission no humour to study. His lot in life seemed fixed—the lot which he himself had chosen. What then remained but to enjoy it in peace?

And all around breathed peace. The toils of the harvest were ended. The woods were silent. The birds had ceased their warbling; all but the confiding redbreast, whose solitary song now began to be heard near the dwellings of man. The morning-smokes crept low along the frosty meadow. The moon glided all day like a silvery cloud through the cold clear sky. The cattle lay quietly ruminating in the fields, their

breath floating round them in a vapoury veil. In the stillness of evening, you might hear the single leaf drop, to join its fellows which the frost had scattered on the ground.

Amidst their own sheltering woods and peaceful glades, the proprietors of Euston were secluded from the world—that world which furnishes so much of the business of the multitude. They were loosed from the bands of relationship, from the courtesies of neighbourhood, from the interchange of good offices, from the interruptions of the idle, and the flutter of the busy. “And be it so,” said the lovers—for they were still lovers—“we shall be the world to each other.”

On one side the resolution was fulfilled—De Clifford was every thing to Emmeline. Depending upon him for all her pleasures, finding in his will her sole aim and purpose, she clung to him only the more for the desertion of every other stay. His love, his society, his protection, even his authority, daily endeared him to the gentle depending Emmeline; and her attach-

ment became, if possible, more fervent, than when, in evil hour, she sacrificed to it all that is most precious in time and in eternity. While he was present, she saw, she heard only De Clifford. The moments of his absence were a dreary blank in her being; the sound of his returning step made her heart leap light.

But love,—successful love, at least,—though it may be the business of woman, can never be more than the pastime of man. De Clifford was a soldier, accustomed to all the rousing interests of war. These interests had given place to an overpowering passion, which had filled, and perhaps delighted, such a mind the more, for its struggles, its dangers, and its guilt. These rapids in the tide of life were past, and all was still. All who have watched the subsiding torrent, know how apt it is to stagnate. Perhaps the most difficult problem in the management of the human mind, is to fill the void which is left there by the accomplishment of supreme desire. The want of something to wish, has oppressed many a heart besides his who wept

for more worlds to conquer. One sentiment alone there is, important enough to occupy, vast enough to fill, lofty enough to elevate, excellent enough to satisfy the greatest soul.—But of this De Clifford thought not ; or, if he had, he would have despised the humiliation, and abhorred the self-denial necessary to make it his own.

“ What shall we do to-day, Emmeline ? ” was the question he often asked as they lingered over the breakfast-table,—question of evil omen to the happiness of him who asks it ! “ To-day we *must* do so and so,” is the language of happiness ; for it is the language of activity,—of duty.

Emmeline was not the best person to answer this application ; for she could devise pleasure, but not invent business. De Clifford’s only employment which deserved the name was his professional studies—an employment from which Emmeline was necessarily excluded. Then he would ride out without an object, or wander in his grounds till he was tired ; then he would return to the society of his beautiful wife, till he was tired of that too.

Perhaps the arrival of the newspaper set him once more to trace the progress of the armies, or conjecture their next movement. Thus occupied, he sometimes scarcely noticed the presence of Emmeline, except when her silver voice roused him to an attempt to make her comprehend the subject of his inquiry.

To her, on the contrary, his presence, even when he was occupied and silent, gave a secret inexpressible satisfaction ; and, while she drew her work-table close to his side, she almost forgot the mournful thoughts that haunted her in his absence ;—forgot that she was an outcast from society—an alien from her father—a mother bereft of her children.

They, who are weary of themselves, rarely give the true name to their disorder. They have commonly sufficient ingenuity to ascribe their uneasiness to something which has less connection with self-reproach. Many a sincere wish did De Clifford send towards his revered mother and his beloved sister ; but many a sigh, too, did he ascribe to their absence, which belonged

rather to enmity. He still, however, persisted in his determination to make no concession to them ; nor did he even give utterance to his regret, though he felt much, and fancied more. “ Just as they please,” was all his answer to Emmeline’s mournful comments upon their long absence and obstinate silence.

Emmeline tried to borrow part of his spirit to support her under the neglect of her dear and early friends. “ Surely,” she thought, “ they need not have added their part to the slights thrown on me. The world would have excused De Clifford’s mother and sister for shewing some countenance to his wife ! One, too, whom they once professed to esteem ! And, though I were ever so unworthy, ought they to renounce De Clifford—De Clifford, who, but for me, would have been the pride of his family, as he is of England ? If they really have the heart to abandon him, why should I long for them ?”

Yet Emmeline did long for them ! Often and often as she sat alone, she thought of their friendship shewn in her days of immo-

cence, till the tears trickled down her cheeks. "I have no friend on earth now," she said, "but thee, dear De Clifford! I never can have another; for good women will not be my friends, and I cannot love the wicked."

Had any one asked Emmeline whether she was happy, she would instantly have thought of her husband, and answered "Yes;" but the next moment she would inwardly have made many a melancholy reservation. She had once been remarkable for natural gaiety of temper, but that characteristic was insensibly passing away, and darker thoughts were becoming the habitual tenants of her mind. She had miserably forfeited the peace of innocence, but she wanted the hard unkindly daring spirit which alone can enjoy the pleasures of vice. The very tenderness of heart, which, in happier circumstances, would have been at once her ornament and her delight, now made her a prey to repressed affections and unavailing regrets. She seldom spoke her melancholy thoughts to her husband; for, indeed, they never oc-

curred to her when in his presence ; yet De Clifford observed the change in her general spirits, and observed it with the tenderest compassion. But, while he pitied, he grew weary too. Men so naturally expect amusement and relaxation in the society of women, that, in a female companion, cheerfulness is to them almost as important a requisite as good-humour itself. Miserable is he who must spend his life with one who has no retreat from melancholy, except in a scared conscience and a hard heart !

A rainy week in the country, spent *tête-à-tête* between a husband who has neither scientific habits, nor necessary business, and a wife who has no household details to occupy, and no children to amuse her, will try the spirit even of a light heart and a clear conscience. It was at the close of such a week, that De Clifford observed in the newspaper an advertisement of a meeting of the neighbouring landholders to take place next day. De Clifford detested these meetings ; which he said only served to occasion wrangling before

dinner, and raving after it ; but the canal which was the point of discussion, was to intersect the Euston estate, and he persuaded himself that it was quite necessary for him to attend.

His presence at this meeting was not useless. He had been accustomed to survey ground with an accuracy to which none of his neighbours could pretend ; and he knew every step of the track in question. The information, therefore, which he had to communicate, his family influence in the county, his noble appearance and commanding manner, secured attention while he spoke ; and at the end of a short speech, which he was in some sort compelled to make, he sat down with a feeling of self-congratulation, which of late had been a stranger to him.

Some of his hearers were offended with the presumption of even this slight claim on public notice, from one who was suffering under public disgrace ; and some mourned the untimely blight of a youth of such goodly promise.

De Clifford, however, was soon after ho-

noured with a visit from one of his hesitating neighbours, who thought “ Sir Sidney a very fine young fellow, and the proprietor of one of the best estates in the county, and moreover of his own opinion in regard to the canal ;” and whom all these small reasons induced to do what he was not quite sure that he ought to do, namely, to call upon De Clifford and invite him to dinner. Emmeline was not included in the invitation, because Mr Ashley had a wife and daughters, whose hesitation to visit her was not yet conquered. An apology, however, was made for this omission, on the score of lame coach-horses and bad roads ; and De Clifford went to Mr Ashley’s.

As he rode off, Emmeline stood gazing after him in a fit of melancholy musing ; but she shook it off, and began to amuse herself, first with a book, then with her work, till the remembrance of her father, of her friends, of her children, stole upon her,—her hands dropped idly on her lap, her body remained motionless, her mind passive in that melancholy dream which clothes creation in darkness, and loves to have it so.

De Clifford staid late ; so late that Emmeline was roused from her reverie by wonder and alarm at his stay. It is not to be told what restless anxiety, what groundless fears beset those who have hazarded their all on a single stake. Emmeline pictured to herself every possible mischance which could have befallen her husband ; struggled with her fears ; felt that they were weak ; yielded to them—and wept over the consciousness that she deserved to suffer them. Thus passed the time of De Clifford's absence, and somewhat like this was the history of his every absence. He returned in good spirits ; Emmeline tried to be glad that he had been so well amused, but she was exhausted with wishing and wearying for his return, and could welcome it only with sickly smiles. De Clifford felt something like reproach in her languor ; but he considered the lonely life she led, pitied, excused, and tried to divert her with an account of his visit.

“ I wish you had been with me to-day, Emmeline,” he said, as they drew their chairs together towards the fire.

This was the first time that De Clifford had ever hinted a wish for his wife's admission into general society. She only answered by a half smile and a half sigh.

“ Our neighbour Mrs Villiers was there,” he continued ; “ I wish you had seen her.”

“ Since it would have pleased you, I wish I had,” returned Emmeline kindly.

“ My mother used to say that Mrs Villiers was one of the best women living,” answered De Clifford. “ I am sure she is one of the most entertaining,—which does not often fall to the lot of your very good people.”

Emmeline felt that *she* was not at that moment very entertaining, and a sensation not unlike jealousy darted across her mind. “ Is she pretty ?” enquired Emmeline.

“ Pretty ! no, that is—yes. I believe she is, or rather has been. I dare say she is five-and-thirty.”

“ Did you never meet with her before ?”

“ A thousand times, when I was a boy ; but last time I was at home some of her children were ill, and she paid no visits.”

This lady seemed to have seized upon

a considerable portion of De Clifford's thoughts; for next day he interrupted a long silence by saying, "That Mrs Villiers has more wit than any body I have met with; and yet she will never have the name, or rather the blame of it, she seems so obstinately good-natured."

The truth was, that De Clifford heartily wished to procure for his wife the pleasure and the credit of this lady's acquaintance; though he would not condescend to own this wish to Emmeline, scarcely to acknowledge it to himself. His commendations, however, had effectually infused into Emmeline the same desire, together with a strong curiosity, in regard to whatever concerned this subject of her husband's panegyrics.

Emmeline attended often, though not regularly, at Euston church. Let it not be disbelieved, that such a person should join in the solemnities of public worship, weep at their pathos, delight in their sublimity! A religion of the imagination is not inconsistent with Emmeline's crime, scarcely with any other. It is the natural inmate

of every feeling and elegant mind, but as unlike in its origin and effects to that “faith which overcometh the world,” as the summer flash that adorns the cold cloud with momentary brightness, to the steady living light of heaven.

While Emmeline wept over the confessions of sin, her tears were placed by some to the score of hypocrisy, by others to that of penitence; and among the latter, she herself might at times be numbered. But to neither class did Mrs Villiers belong. “We shall know them by their fruits,” she said; and she forbore to decide, where her decision was immaterial.

The next Sunday after De Clifford’s eulogium, Emmeline’s curiosity so far overcame her timidity, that when the service was ended, she turned to take a steady view of Mrs Villiers. Her eye rested on one of those countenances, which, without regularity, are sure to please. It was a face on which no one ever looked once, without being impelled to look again; nor examined a second time, without irresistible impressions of confidence and good-will. Its

expression in repose was that of strong intelligence ; the slightest action relaxed it into benevolence and love. The figure suited well with such a face. Fifteen years before, it might have been beautiful ; it was now rather graceful than fine.

As Mrs Villiers walked out of church, attended by her numerous and blooming family, and a train of decent domestics, Emmeline thought she had never before seen such simple unpretending dignity of mien. She followed, thinking only of Mrs Villiers, and found her surrounded by acquaintances, who pressed towards her with looks of cheerful confidence, and by an outer circle of her poorer neighbours, who waited for her friendly enquiries. Emmeline stood for a few moments alone amidst the crowd, an object of neither kindness nor courtesy ; till observing that every eye which met hers was hastily withdrawn, she recollected herself and hurried away, ashamed that her two splendid footmen should be able to contrast her situation with that of Mrs Villiers.

Emmeline's thoughts turned often to

this new subject of her curiosity. She could not indeed have forgotten it, had she been willing. The Villierses were her nearest neighbours. Their park wall was separated from that of Euston only by a narrow foot-path lane. Their woods adorned the views from Euston. Emmeline could not go beyond her own gate, without meeting their servants, their carriage, their children. If she purchased a ribband in the village, it was recommended as Mrs Villiers' choice; if a beggar asked alms of her, he enforced her charity by Mrs Villiers' example.

Emmeline had many reasons to wish for Mrs Villiers' acquaintance, and she fancied many more. She was a stranger to that country, to its manners, and its customs; therefore, in her domestic arrangements, she often felt the want of that advice, of which young wives in happier situations commonly receive enough and to spare. While De Clifford was with her, Emmeline wanted no other society; but he now usually left her to spend the mornings alone. They were generally spent, indeed, in recollections and feelings which could not be shared with a

stranger. Yet there are seasons when the youthful heart, however oppressed, will struggle with its burden ; when for this it will borrow aid from the cheerfulness of those who can render it no other service. Emmeline saw too, though De Clifford would not own it, that he was weary of the invariableness of his solitude ; and she feared, justly feared, that his weariness would connect itself with every object in the invariable round which he was doomed to tread. She thought Mrs Villiers's company, of which he seemed so fond, would serve to rouse and to amuse him, and perhaps prevent him from wandering, to seek at a distance the variety which he could not find at home. She sometimes fancied too that if she could obtain the countenance of the respectable Mrs Villiers, Lady de Clifford and Mary, no longer considering her as an outcast from mankind, would return to cheer their deserted Euston.

But Emmeline was forced to ask herself the mortifying question, whether Mrs Villiers would ever admit of her acquaintance. It was more consonant with her timid na-

ture, to wish than to further this admission; yet she involuntarily watched for any accident which might bring her more nearly into contact with Mrs Villiers.

Next Sunday she persuaded De Clifford to accompany her to church. "You will meet with Mrs Villiers," she said; "you will speak to her, and perhaps—" Emmeline stopped, but De Clifford understood her meaning. He felt that he dared not introduce his wife to Mrs Villiers; that the very proposal would probably be regarded as an insult. The colour mounted even to his forehead, and he turned away in silence.

"And my wife," thought De Clifford, as he leant his head against the window frame, and seemed intently watching the deer, "my wife must fawn and dance attendance for the acquaintance of those who used to think themselves honoured by any notice from the heads of this family! What a fool was I not to foresee—Yet why should these people be necessary to her? What has she to do with them? Surely she has some innate tameness of nature that I shall never comprehend."

“ So you will not go with me,” said Emmeline, laying her soft hand upon his shoulder.

“ No,” he said, with a bitter smile—“ my mortifications shall be at home to-day.” Then, seeing the eloquent colour change in poor Emmeline’s cheek, he added in a kinder tone—“ I will share any penance with you, except hearing Mr ——.”

“ And yet,” he thought, as he looked on her reviving countenance, “ she is so superior to every one of those who pretend to neglect her, in beauty, in sweetness, in every gift that distinguishes one woman above another ! Curse on their prudery ! Why has she not the spirit to despise it ?”

Alas ! before a woman can despise the world’s scorn, she must full truly have deserved it. Besides the most common of all womanly virtues, she must have lost all the gentleness that claims sympathy, and all the benevolence that bestows it. A heart of iron, as well as a brow of brass, is necessary even to the worldly comfort of the infamous.

CHAPTER IV.

I, who should shield thy unprotected head,
 'Tis I—who doom thee to severest pains!—
 Of all thy gifts, lo! these the bitter gains!
 Ah! reft of every friend save me alone,
 I swell thy tear, I deepen every groan,
 I—to whom nought on earth,—but hopeless life remains.

SO THEBY.

ACCIDENT appeared so far to favour Emmeline's wishes. Sir Sidney and she, in their rambles round the village, more than once encountered Mrs Villiers. On these occasions, however, she always happened to be so earnestly engaged in conversation, that she could only spare time for a slight bow to De Clifford, without even a single glance towards Emmeline.

At first Emmeline doubted, or rather tried to doubt, how far this preoccupation was intentional. One day, however, De

Clifford and she suddenly turning a corner, found that they were entering at the same moment with Mrs Villiers into the little shop which pretended to supply Euston with the minor articles of millinery. Emmeline coloured deeply, and her heart fluttered with something like expectation. Mrs Villiers gracefully made way, as if to offer her precedence ; then addressing to Sir Sydney one phrase of the most commonplace civility, she passed to the other side of the shop, and occupied her attention there. The rising in Emmeline's throat scarcely allowed her to speak her errand, which she hurried over in a few moments, then without venturing to look back, she glided away.

De Clifford bit his lip till the blood came. Emmeline put her arm into his, and pressed her bosom to him with a gesture which seemed to say, "Thou art my own—Why should I care for the slights of a stranger?" but the scalding tears dropped upon the arm she pressed. They walked on in silence till they found themselves in the no-

ble avenue of Euston hall. De Clifford then raised his head.

“ I wonder, Emmeline,” he said, “ that you should prefer scrambling through a dirty detestable village, to walking in your own unmolested grounds !”

“ I only go, my love, that—in hopes of meeting—something to amuse and please you,” returned Emmeline.

“ Indeed !” said De Clifford, wholly subdued by the tenderness of her voice and manner. “ Then, I assure you, I am never so much pleased with any walks as those where you and I may wander undisturbed together.”

This intimation of her husband’s taste was sufficient for the present to confine Emmeline’s walks within the grounds of Euston. Her life was therefore, if possible, more monotonous than ever.

About this time, however, a circumstance occurred which, from its rarity, appeared to her not wholly unimportant. She was roused one day by the sound of a carriage driving up to the door. Emmeline ran to the window, and saw with some

pleasure a lady alight. The servants announced Mr and Mrs Jenkinson, and a robust handsome young woman entered, followed by a fat elderly lethargic looking man. The appearance and manners of the visitors did not prepossess Emmeline much in their favour. The lady was overdressed, and by an evident effort was familiarly at ease; the gentleman was so without an effort, by the mere force of a certain good-humoured effrontery, which was by far the most tangible feature of a character as smooth, common-place, and unimpressive, as his face.

Emmeline, however, was not disposed to view her guests with a fastidious eye. She received them very graciously, and sent to inform De Clifford of their arrival. Mrs Jenkinson did not leave to her hostess the task of leading the conversation. She excused the long delay of her visit upon the score of her recent confinement; and then proceeded to relate her relapses and recovery. This led to an account of the number, ages, and dispositions of her children; this, to a comparison of them with other families in

the neighbourhood, and this, with a few slight questions from Emmeline, to a history, full and particular at least, if not true, of all the gentry within a drive of Euston.

To this conversation Mr Jenkinson gave what assistance his wife's superior facilities of speech would allow him; as he sat at a table covered with refreshments, from which he first industriously extracted all that he considered as the nice bits, and then, rather than desist from the exercise of eating, continued to devour the *debris* which he had made. The visit had been protracted even beyond the customary length, when the entrance of Sir Sydney silenced the loquacious lady. Emmeline no sooner cast her eyes on him, than, accustomed now to watch the traces of disquiet, she saw them lurking under the calmness of a countenance, which, like the brow of night, often darkened, but seldom glared with the coming storm. Habitual politeness dictated his behaviour to his guests; yet there was in his eye that rebuke, in his air and manner that cold stateliness, which makes itself felt, though it

cannot be complained of. Jenkinson, however, saw and felt nothing of this ; protected by obtuse perception and natural assurance. He shook De Clifford heartily by the hand, and, while his wife only ventured in an under tone to renew her dialogue with Emmeline, he assured De Clifford of his desire to be on neighbourly terms with him ; discussed the merits of the intended canal ; reviewed the proceedings of the December county meeting ; applauded De Clifford's speech ; reminded him that his father, Sir Michael De Clifford, had represented the county in parliament for above twenty years ; advised him to stand candidate at the next election, and assured him that it might be carried without any expense worth mentioning.

The colour rose in De Clifford's face, and he smothered a heavy sigh ; but seeing the sly black eye of Mrs Jenkinson turned towards him, he answered carelessly, that " he had no thoughts of exposing himself for his country in that way."

The visit at last was ended, and De Clifford quitted Emmeline without any expla-

nation of his cloudy aspect. It was not till they met some hours afterwards that he said, "Pray, Lady De Clifford, do you know who the person is whom you thought fit to receive so cordially this morning?"

His eye was scarcely turned towards Emmeline as he spoke; but there was a sarcastic curl on his lip, which inspired her with something like fear.

"Mrs. Jenkinson," answered she, kindly; "the mistress, I believe, of that great place upon the hill."

"Jenkinson's housekeeper, whom he chose to marry a few years ago."

A long silence followed, and the subject dropped.

Emmeline, however, was far from repenting of her attentions to her guest. "She meant to shew me a kindness; and kindnesses are so scarce with me now!" thought Emmeline. But she would not for the world have uttered this complaint to De Clifford, lest she should seem to reproach him with the consequences of their misconduct.

The visit had been long unrepaid before Emmeline ventured to say, in a voice of timid inquiry, "You think we ought not to return the Jenkinsons' visit?"

"As you please, Emmeline," was the reply.

A stranger might have thought it intended to leave her judgment free. Emmeline understood it differently.

"Perhaps, then," said she, in the same tone, "I had better write her a note to say, that I pay no visits at present."

"If you choose, my love," was De Clifford's reply.

Its words were of the same import as the last; its manner was so different, that Emmeline saw he approved her proposal.

The note was dispatched with regret; for seven months of total seclusion—of that penal seclusion which mankind inflict, not in their forgetfulness, but in their scorn—had given value to any mark of human sympathy or respect. Respect! Emmeline became every hour more sensible that this sentiment she must never more hope

to awaken. She had gradually learnt to watch for the expression of an opposite feeling. In her better days, the gentle feminine Emmeline had claimed no deference which all were not willing to bestow. But now a watchful jealousy was stealing upon her. She read contempt in many an indifferent look, and heard reproach in words which conveyed it to no other ear.

De Clifford had nothing communicative in his temper. He was one of those persons, who can sit for hours in the company of the friend they love best, happy in the possibility of exchanging sentiments, without, perhaps, once taking advantage of that possibility. What he had no intention to conceal, he yet felt no temptation to communicate; and his thoughts and purposes were often to be gathered from some accidental expression, rather than deliberately unfolded. Yet to the inquiries of a friend, De Clifford was the most open of mankind. Any question which Emmeline could have asked him, would have been answered, concisely indeed, but with the most explicit frankness. Had she ventured to oppose

his opinion or his will, he would have remained firm, indeed, but not without giving a reason for his firmness.

But Emmeline ventured neither question nor opposition. That which was a general habit of her husband's mind, she often mistook for the expression of a peculiar feeling towards herself. "Had he married a woman whom he respected," she thought, "to her he might have opened his whole heart. She might almost have been his friend. But I!—What am I but his toy?—only to be cared for in an idle hour—soon, perhaps, to be thrown aside for ever.—Oh! shall I live to see that day! No. I shall see its approach, and that will break my heart, before I have lost all!"

It was not in her husband's conduct alone that Emmeline watched for tokens of disrespect. She dreaded even the presence of her servants. She could not venture to reprove their misconduct, or even to remark their omissions. Their insolence she dared not encounter; for she knew, and they knew, the vulnerable point, where the meanest hand could fix a poisoned

dart. The impertinence which another would have answered with a smile of good-natured contempt, or a burst of idle indignation, wrung the heart of her whose conscience justified the scorn cast on her by the meanest of mankind. The encroachments, therefore, of her domestics were unresisted, their neglects passed without notice, their irregularities without reproof; and as they fully understood the reason of this laxity, endurance only increased the evil.

De Clifford perceived that his household was disorderly, its economy ill arranged, his domestics turbulent and dissatisfied. He remembered, with a sigh, its easy, regular, and willing movement, while guided by the calm but determined spirit of his mother; and the respect of which Emmeline was so jealous, gained little by the contrast. The charms of his long-loved home were one by one decaying. His friends had forsaken it. The charities of relationship were fled. His still dear Emmeline was no longer the playful being formed to banish gloom, or enliven ease to

pleasure. Anxiety and care were setting their untimely stamp upon her youthful features. The smile which had once lighted them with gladdening sunshine, was now but the cold and short-lived spark that flashes in the troubled deep.

She tried in vain to disguise the change from De Clifford. It met him in a thousand forms, each alternately inspiring him with pity, grief, or displeasure. "Sweet frail thing!" he thought, "alike unable to resist temptation, or to endure punishment! Why did I disquiet thy peaceful life?" So thought De Clifford, as unexpectedly entering his wife's apartment he surprised her in tears. She hastily concealed them, and he ventured not to inquire their cause; but sitting down by her, endeavoured to divert her melancholy.

"You have not shewn me your portfolio for a long while, Emmeline. I doubt you have been very idle. Come, little trifler, let me inspect your proceedings."

"Oh! not to-day," said Emmeline, laying her hand on the portfolio; "not to-day!"

By to-morrow I hope to have something that will please you."

"But I am in the humour to-day," insisted De Clifford, with good-natured obstinacy; "and you know how your resistance always ends, Emmeline."

The fading rose in Emmeline's cheek deepened to crimson, and spread over her face and bosom. "Alas! I know that too well!" she thought; "but why must the reproach come from you?"

De Clifford, unconsciously that his words could insinuate reproach, was now examining some sketches which had never been meant for his eye. Two infant figures were repeated in every attitude of sport and of repose. Many of them were blotted with tears. Upon some the names were written again and again, as if the very names were dear; and sometimes they were joined with a short and melancholy sentence that sued for pity or forgiveness.

While De Clifford hurried over his comfortless survey, Emmeline unresisting stood by and wept. In painful compassion he pressed her to his breast, but he did not

speak, for he felt that this was a sorrow which refuses to be comforted. He now heartily regretted the solitude which left her to the free indulgence of recollections so dispiriting. He fervently wished that she had possessed one friend, or even companion, to cheer her lonely hours. He thought of his mother, and for a moment he half purposed to forget his displeasure, and entreat that she would come to sooth the wounded spirit of his Emmeline; but when a doubt arose of her compliance, he found it more easy to resolve upon undertaking the task himself, and he determined to devote himself to its accomplishment. And he would have kept his determination, could it have been fulfilled at the expence of only fortune or life, for life and fortune were still light in his regard compared with his beloved Emmeline. But he forgot to take time into his account. He forgot the lengthened demands which the office of comforter would make upon his patience, and upon that regular, continued, self-devotion, which, if indeed it ever be a natural virtue, is not the virtue of masculine nature.

A few days served to make him weary of the confinement to which he subjected himself; and then he presently grew angry with Emmeline, as if she had compelled him to this unnatural constraint. He inwardly accused her of weakness and selfishness, for not absolutely driving him from her to his accustomed exercises and employments. After the first week, every day subtracted something from the entireness of his self-devotion; and while he was secretly angry with himself for breaking his resolution, he was yet more angry with Emmeline for making him feel that he ought to keep it.

Fortunately for both, a slight incident at this time diverted their thoughts into another channel. Spring was now far advanced, and the woods of Euston began once more to invite their masters with a grateful shade. In this delightful season of activity, of progress, of hope, which breathes sympathetic gladness into the youthful heart, and brightens again the fires that were expiring in the calm of riper years, De Clifford and Emmeline wandered

through their noble domain, vainly seeking that which the careless passenger found in every lawn and grove.

Emmeline's walk always paused on a little rising ground commanding a near view of Mrs Villiers' mansion. And it was a view to engage attention; for it was a gay and peopled scene. The ornamented farm which surrounded that spacious and cheerful dwelling, was busy with rustic labour and easy superintendance, with the voluntary toils of youth, and the noisy sports of childhood. With a sigh would Emmeline gaze on Mr and Mrs Villiers as they consulted together upon some rural plan, or together watched its execution. With mortal sickness of the soul she turned away when she saw their children address them with confiding gesture, and owe to their assistance an increase of innocent joy. She could often hear their very voices in the breeze, for so near was their neighbourhood that the magnificent oaks of Euston threw here and there branches into the less splendid domain of Mr Villiers.

One day as Emmeline was making her

usual pause of melancholy survey, she observed one of the little Villierses climbing among the boughs which had thus invited him to trespass. The boy perceiving at last that he was observed, stopped, and seemed to think of retreating; then stimulated perhaps equally by the approving smile of De Clifford and the alarm of Emmeline, he proceeded fearlessly. He had nearly gained the top, and was casting down a triumphant glance on the spectators of his achievement, when a hollow branch to which he had trusted gave way, and he fell to the ground. Emmeline, shrieking, hid her eyes, and listened during a time that seemed lengthened tenfold, to the rustling of the twigs, the rebound on the branches, the heavy sound with which all was closed. She felt the very whirl of the air, the vibration of the ground on which she stood; but she had not courage to look where, close to her foot, the child had fallen.

De Clifford, who attempting to save him, had somewhat broken his fall, raised him and found him insensible. His first thought

was to carry him in his arms to Euston Hall ; but fearing to injure him by removal he laid him down upon Emmeline's lap, and ran to procure such medical aid as the village could afford.

Emmeline, trembling and in tears, continued to chafe the child's cold hands, now fancying signs of returning life, and now fearing that all was over. Some of her domestics soon came to her assistance, but she would not resign her charge ; and when the surgeon arrived, and directed the removal of his patient to the house, Emmeline continued to watch by the bedside of the little sufferer, and to perform with her own hands every service which his state required. Though her delicate frame could ill support alarm or fatigue, she refused to seek rest or refreshment. " My own children," she thought, bursting into tears, " may need a stranger's care. I will not leave him !"

Meanwhile Sir Sidney humanely undertook the office of conveying tidings of the accident to the child's parents ; and the moment he obtained the surgeon's opinion

that the injuries were not mortal, he departed on his painful errand.

Emmeline continued to watch by her little patient, as he still lay in a heavy stupor, till she heard the carriage return, and was told that Mrs Villiers was alighting from it. Then Emmeline started, and her breath came quick. She remembered how decidedly Mrs Villiers had avoided her. She felt that only circumstances of overpowering force had brought the irreproachable Mrs Villiers to Euston; and, even in her own house, the unhappy Emmeline shrunk under a sense that her presence would be deemed intrusive.

Yet an indistinct wish crossed her mind that Mrs Villiers should know how she had been employed;—should know, that she owed something to this poor despised being, whose very presence was degradation. Without perceiving her own motive, she busied herself again about the child, and hesitated whether to go or to remain, till Mrs Villiers entered the room. Then Emmeline timidly drew back, and

wished herself away. But Mrs Villiers could now send no glance to daunt or to encourage Emmeline. Her straining eyes were fixed on one object alone. "Harry ! my dear Harry !" was all that her ashy lips could utter, as she pressed them a thousand times to the face of her senseless child.

The surgeon endeavoured to comfort her with assurances that his patient had suffered no fracture, nor any other outward injury ; but he was obliged to confess, that, in the present state of things, it was impossible to ascertain the extent of the danger ; and even that the event might for days remain doubtful. "God's will be done !" the mother tried to say ; but the words were almost lost to human ear.

Mr Villiers, who had been from home when the news of his misfortune was brought, now arrived ; and Emmeline stole unnoticed from the room. Nor, during the day and night which elapsed before the child could be removed, did she venture to intrude upon Mrs Villiers.

though every attention which politeness could suggest, was bestowed upon the unwilling visitor.

Nor was it politeness alone that dictated those attentions. Emmeline's heart was in them all. While useful to the virtuous Mrs Villiers, Emmeline felt for the moment as if restored to her better self,—as if she could once more claim faint affinity with the worthier part of womankind. Her spirits rose ; she endeavoured to persuade herself that she had now obtained a certain introduction to the notice of Mrs Villiers ; and she already anticipated, as its happy consequence, the restoration of her intercourse with Lady De Clifford and Mary, the most respected and beloved of her friends. “ And you, dear De Clifford,” she thought, as she looked at her husband, “ will again be happy in a home peopled with those you love ; your noble spirit will no longer be galled by seeing your wife despised and renounced by all human kind ; and then, perhaps, your poor Emmeline will seem less unworthy to be treated and trusted like a friend !”

Mrs Villiers's involuntary visit, however, drew to a close. The child was pronounced out of danger, and permission was given for his removal. With a beating heart, Emmeline saw the preparations for the departure of her guests. At first, she thought herself sure that Mrs Villiers could not go without thanking her in person for her attentions, and turned to her glass with a wish to render her appearance as prepossessing as she could; drew closer the covering on her bosom, and arranged her head-dress to an air of grave simplicity. The only ornament of her attire she laid aside—herself unconscious why she did so. It was De Clifford's picture which hung round her neck, and she herself knew not that she shrunk from reminding Mrs Villiers of her connection with De Clifford.

She every moment expected to hear her announced; but the moments passed, and brought no visitor. She began to wonder whether it were possible that Mrs Villiers could depart without seeing her, and then to fear that it was certain. She began to doubt whether she ought not, in polite-

ness, to have sought the company of her guest, and hesitated whether she should not yet present herself before Mrs Villiers ; but some remains of pride, that incurable disease of the human soul, which not even anguish, remorse, and disgrace can eradicate, forbade her to hazard a repulse.

The carriage which was to convey the invalid home drove up to the door, and tears of disappointment and mortification had filled Emmeline's eyes, when Mrs Villiers at last requested admission. The glow of joy and of timidity brightening in her delicate cheek, Emmeline hastily advanced to receive her welcome visitor ; and, as she stood before her guest, trembling, yet glad,—embarrassed, yet graceful—the forgotten tear still glittering under her long dark eye-lashes—her slender form bending somewhat forward, half in courtesy, half in habitual dejection,—Mrs Villiers gazed on her with a compassion that rose even to pain. “Lovely, miserable thing !” she thought, “must thou, so formed to adorn virtue, charm only to disguise the deformity of vice ! Yet, such as

thou art, except those charms, might I have been, had not the providence and grace of Him whom thou knowest not, preserved me! Unhappy victim of a sentence wise as it is terrible!—But the nobler the victim, the more solemn the warning! I must not help thee to hide the brand that warns others from thy crime and thy punishment.”

No trace of severity or of scorn appeared in her manner; for her's was the spirit that “rejoiceth not in iniquity,” but regards it as the foul spot of pestilence, loathsome indeed, but deadly too. The majesty of independence and virtue was so softened in her mind and voice by christian compassion, that Emmeline was irresistibly won to love, as well as to respect, and felt almost re-assured and happy.

Mrs Villiers had thanked her gracefully, nay warmly, for her hospitalities; she had bid her a gentle, almost a kind farewell; she had turned to go and was already disappearing, before Emmeline observed that not a hint had been dropped of their future intercourse. She made one quick gesture

as if to follow her guest, then with a bitter sigh sunk back into her seat. "It is all over!" she said. "From equal as from friend, I am banished for ever! Oh De Clifford! What have I not sacrificed for you!"

Yet the thought was scarcely formed, ere she reproached herself with regretting any sacrifice which could be made for one so dear; and when De Clifford came in, and tenderly enquired the cause of her encreased melancholy, all that she had renounced seemed for the moment light in the balance. It was with some reluctance that she confessed to her husband her hopes and their disappointment; for she was daily sinking deeper into that abasement, which, by imperceptible degrees, was withdrawing her from the confidence of wedded friendship.

Before she had ended her detail, De Clifford had coldly released her from his arms. "And is that all?" he said, turning away. "If you would learn a little of the dignity and self-dependence that become your condition. Fanneline, it would not be in the

power of every indifferent person to ruffle your spirits or your temper.”

The reproach was no sooner uttered, than he was conscious that the latter part of it sprang only from his own jaundiced perceptions; yet not deigning to retract, he left Emmeline alone to weep over its injustice. But Emmeline was not the greatest sufferer. The pliant nature of woman is perhaps incapable of that anguish which deserved humiliation inflicts on the stubborn soul of man. Emmeline could shed tears and find relief in them; could own that she deserved her fate, and submit to it unresisting, though in sorrow. Hour after hour, De Clifford could nurse his bitter thoughts alone, could find in his own misery a reason for hating all human kind, could execrate the severity of those who stand, and the folly of those who fall; could weigh what he had renounced against what he had obtained; smile in disdain upon the infatuated eagerness of his former pursuit, and the more infatuated facility of his prey; could curse the hour when honour, activity, and fame, every manly pur-

suit, every heroic purpose, were spurned for a toy ; doubt whether life were worth the load of weariness which it laid on him ; rouse himself at the thought that a brave man's death might yet shed its glory on his tarnished name ;—then remember the desolate widowed Emmeline, and falter ; then wipe the cold drops from his forehead, submit himself again to the gaze of man, and be like the deep flood of lava, firm, dark, and cold to the beholder, while devouring fires are yet glowing in its heart.

CHAPTER V.

———Conscience roused sat boldly on her throne,
 Watched every thought—attacked the foe alone,
 And, with envenomed sting, drew forth the inward goad,
 Expedients failed that brought relief before ;
 In vain *her* alms gave comfort to the poor—
 Give what *she* would—to *her* the comfort came no more.

CRABBE.

“ I DWELL too much on the evils of my lot,” said Emmeline to herself, one bright summer morning, when a thousand sights and sounds of joy breathed their influence unnoticed into her soul. “ I waste in dreams, of that which never can return, the spirits and the health which should gladden De Clifford’s home to him. I have been too inactive. Employment might divert my thoughts. It might beguile them from those inexhaustible themes of misery that haunt me for ever. If,

Emmeline did not dare to look her last. She sat motionless and stunned. The noise of a carriage was heard. She gave one start of agony—then listened in the stillness of despair. The sound died in the distance. It was lost—and Emmeline was left ALONE.

(The last sentence is copied from the Outline.)

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL,

1812.

THE first entrance of England is far from conveying favourable impressions. The country is bleak and dreary. The road to Belford is abominable.

You no sooner cross the boundary, than you are sensibly in another kingdom. Near neighbourhood and constant intercourse have effected little intercommunity of manners, language, or appearance. Before you advance ten miles on English ground, the women are prettier, the accent is perceptibly English, and hats and shoes are universal.

The southern part of Yorkshire is a very lovely country. It is certainly too flat; and

to Scotch eyes the straight line which the horizon presents is tiresome. But it is divided into innumerable little fields, by hedges in every possible variety of curve, and composed of whatever can possibly enter into the composition of a hedge. Oak, crab, alder, elder, maple, hawthorn, briar, honeysuckle, and a thousand flowering weeds, all blending in unrestrained luxuriance! The English seem to think their hedges entitled to share in the national liberty; for they ramble into every direction, except a straight line, and straggle as they list, without either confining or being confined.

From Doncaster, which is a handsome town, we turned off from the great road to see the "Dukeries." Through these parks we drove for nearly a stage; crawling up and lumbering down steep hills, by the vilest roads that ever were *seen*—for *made* they are not. We saw nothing which I would have gone a yard to see, except the noble remains of Sherwood Forest. These belong to Thoresby Park; they consist of prodigious oaks, magnificent in decay, flou-

rishing vigorously in the branches, while the trunks are generally hollow. From Ollerton the country continues beautifully swelling and woody to Newark, where we again joined the great road.

At Greatham—a comfortable little inn, where we were forced, by a tremendous thunder-storm, to take shelter for the night—I pointed out to the waiter a new parsonage, which was building within half a mile of the inn door, and asked him the name of his parish minister. He did not know!!! Intimate and affectionate relation between pastor and flock!—We were well driven, and by a good road, through Stamford to Burleigh the magnificent! A noble—respectable magnificence! Cecil had as good a taste in houses as his mistress had in prime ministers. Admirable pictures!—A Magdalene, by Carlo Maratti; Domenichino's mistress, by himself—loveliness personified! Above all, the Salvator Mundi! The features are taken from the letter of Publius, describing the person of Christ—a profusion of curled auburn hair divides on the forehead, and falls to the shoulders.

The dark grey eyes are raised in benediction, which the lips are half opened to pronounce—one hand holds the sacramental bread ; the other is raised in the attitude of devotion. On the table stands the brazen plate, from whence the bread has been lifted ; and a cup filled with the emblematic wine. These are the few simple objects which the picture represents. But the magical expression of the countenance ! the inimitable execution of every part ! Such benevolence—such sensibility—so divine—so touching—cannot be conceived without the soul of Carlo Dolce ! How blest must the creature have been whose fancy was peopled with such images !

— called to take us to an oratorio at Covent-Garden. As we are *nobody*, he advised us to go to the pit, that we might have some chance of seeing and hearing. We were no sooner placed, than the adjoining seats were occupied by some very drunk sailors, and their own true loves, whose expressions of affection made it necessary to

change our quarters. The music was far superior to any thing I had heard before. But in such a place, and in such company, the praise of God seemed almost blasphemy. All went on peaceably enough, till it pleased Braham, the most delightful singer that ever sung, to sing a nonsensical song about Lord Nelson. Although the words and tune were equally despicable, the song was encored ; Braham was engaged elsewhere, and went off without complying. The next performer, Mrs Ashe, a sweet modest looking creature, whose figure declared her to be in no fit situation to bear fright or ill-usage, tried to begin her song, but was stopped by a tremendous outcry. She tried it again and again, but not a note could be heard, and she desisted. The Halleluiah chorus was begun ; but the people bawled, and whistled, and hissed, and thumped, and shrieked, and groaned, and hooted, and made a thousand indescribable noises besides, till they fairly drowned the organ, the French horns, the kettle-drums, and—the Halleluiah chorus ! So I have seen Covent-Garden and a *row* !

To-day, the charity children, to the number of seven thousand, assembled in St Paul's. They were all clothed in the uniform of their several schools; and their dress was quite new and clean; they were placed on circular seats, rising above each other, under the dome. The area in the centre of the circle which they formed, and the whole of the nave, were filled by many thousand spectators. We had a full view of them all; and indeed I have seen no view so delightful in all London, as this sight of 7,000 immortal beings, rescued by the charity of their fellow-creatures from ignorance and misery; nor have I heard any music so noble as the burst of their little voices, when the old 100th Psalm rung in the mighty vault of St Paul's. *They* too sung the Halleluiah chorus, without any accompaniment but the organ. What a contrast to Covent-Garden!

Went to Wilkie's Exhibition—the best bestowed shilling I have spent in London!

Picture of a *Sick Lady*; the colouring is delightful; a wonderful escape from *spotting*. A *Card-playing groupe*—admirable!—So is the *Blind Fidler*. An excellent *Reckoning Day*; one of the figures is leaning across the table, and evidently saying to the steward, “I’ll make the thing quite plain to you.” The steward is knitting his brows, as much as to say, “It is not quite plain yet.” One sits gnawing the head of his staff. Another is reckoning to himself on his fingers. One groupe have closed their accounts, and are stuffing at a side-table. In general, each picture tells its own story completely; the colouring is almost always pleasing.

The Opera House does not strike me as more splendid than Covent-Garden. Catalani sung admirably, and Tramezzani is an excellent actor. The dancing is more striking for its agility than for its grace. Vestris spins round on one foot an incredible number of times; and he kicks out both

before and behind till his leg is perfectly at right angles to his body.

But all this kicking and spinning cannot please the sick ! It is now near a fortnight since all the pomps and novelties of this world of wonders became nothing more to me than the shadows that flit along the walls of a prison. Every thing tires me now !

At Woolwich we saw mountains of balls, and thousands of cannon ! We saw the whole process of making ball-cartridges. The balls are cast in a mould, two together, connected by a bar of an inch or two long ; they are then cut asunder, close by each ball, and the little bar is thrown back into the melting-pot ; then each ball is tied in a rag ; then in a paper cone, with room left above it for powder. The powder is run by measure into the cone, and the top is fastened down ; the cartridges are then packed in small parcels, and the business is finished. Each of these operations is

performed by a different hand, and with dispatch almost incredible. One boy fills 4,000 cartridges in a day ; little creatures, who would scarcely be entrusted in Orkney with the pastoral care of three geese, earn eight or nine shillings a-week in this way.

Charlton is most beautiful ; it is almost romantic. The house is very elegant ; the windows of a beautiful suite of rooms open out upon a charming little lawn, shaven like green velvet, and bounded in front by an abrupt woody bank, which forms one side of a deep and woody dell. The grounds are sheltered in every direction by woods of various kinds, through which there are led walks, as retired as those in Highland glens ; yet every opening affords a glimpse of the river, constantly alive with vessels of all sizes, from the gaudy pleasure-boat up to an Indiaman. Of all the places I ever saw, considered merely as a *place*, Charlton is that where I should chuse to set up my rest.

Next day went to the Victualling-Office at Deptford ; where I should have thought there was food enough for a nation. I think they told us there were eight stores of beef, one of which we saw, containing 16,000 casks, of three hundred weight each. The baking of biscuits was going on with astonishing speed ; but, as it seemed to me, with very bad success. One man kneaded, another shaped, a third divided them, a fourth laid them on a board, and a fifth pushed them into the oven ; withal they are ill-shaped and worse fired ; some are burnt, and some are raw. This, however, is a little equalized in the drying-rooms, which are above pine-apple heat. In the brew-house is a nice little steam-engine, by which all the work is performed.

In Meux's Brewery every thing is as filthy as steam and smoke, and dust and rust can make it ; except the steam engine, which is as polished and as clean as the bars

of a drawing-room grate. The first operation of this engine is to stir the malt in vats of twenty-eight feet diameter, filled with boiling water; the second is, in due time, to raise the wort to the *coolers*, in the floor above; then this wort is conveyed by leaden pipes into the tub where it is to ferment, and afterwards into the casks where the porter is first deposited. One of these casks, which I saw, measures seventy feet in diameter, and is said to have cost £10,000; the iron hoops on it weigh eighty tons; and we were told that it actually contained, when we saw it, 18,000 barrels, or £40,000 worth of porter. Another contained 16,000 barrels, and from thence to 4,000; there are above seventy casks in the store.

From the top of the immense building, which holds this vast apparatus, we had a complete view of London and the adjacent country. I must own, however, that I was rejoiced to find myself once more safe in the street. I believe, indeed, that I am, as Dr Blair phrases it, “destined to creep through the inferior walks of life;” for I never feel

myself in a very elevated situation, without being seized with an universal tremor. I shook in every limb for an hour after coming down.

A long walk on Hampstead-heath with ——, who took leave of me very kindly.— We drove to Vauxhall. No public amusement in London has pleased me so much—probably because it was entirely new to me. There was no moon; and from total darkness we at once entered a colonnade, blazing with literally thousands of lamps of every various colour; suspended in the forms of festoons, stars, coronets, and every else that is graceful and fantastic. Some of the walks were in total darkness. Others were lighted by a pavilion, or a pagoda, or a temple of lamps, to which the walk formed a vista. Several rooms and colonnades contained boxes, retreating behind a row of light pillars, twisted round with wreaths of lamps. In each box was laid a small table for supper. Bands of music were stationed in different parts of the

garden ; and English, Irish, Scotch, German, and Turkish airs were performed by musicians in the garb of each country. Many thousands of well dressed people were assembled in this gay scene. Upon the whole, Vauxhall is the gayest raree shew possible,—and no bad type of that kind of pleasures,—glittering and bright enough when not too closely examined ; but, when seen in fair day-light, mean, worthless, and unsubstantial.

Nothing in the beautiful environs of London is so beautiful as the view from Richmond-hill. I do not at all wonder that our Southern neighbours complain of the scarcity of wood in Scotland. The country seen from Richmond-hill is wooded, as far as the eye can reach, like a gentleman's park. All is, to be sure, nearly a dead level. But the multitude of elegant houses,—the richness of the woods,—and the windings of the smooth Thames beneath its flat turfy banks,—make the whole scene resemble an immense pleasure ground. in-

terspersed with clumps, lawns, temples, and artificial pieces of water. Perhaps my national partialities deceive me, but, though I must own we have no prospect so rich, I think we have some infinitely more interesting. There is no compensating for the varied outline of our distant mountains—a dead flat line in the horizon spoils any prospect in my eyes.

Windsor occupies an eminence, or, as they are pleased to call it in England, a hill. It makes a very noble appearance, as it rises above the woods with its banners floating in the air. It is indeed the only royal residence I have seen at all fit for a king. The apartments are very handsome—and the Hanoverian plate superb. There are some very fine pictures. I was particularly struck with two small ones by Carlo Dolce—a Madonna—and a “Bearing the cross.” The first is finished exquisitely; the face is lovely; and the drapery perfectly graceful. The deep sorrow in the face of the Saviour is wonderfully touching;

the hands are inimitable. These are in the king's dressing closet. In the same room is a beautiful sketch by Rubens. In the king's drawing-room is a "Holy Family," the most interesting of any of Rubens' pictures which I have seen. "Venus attired by the Graces," by Guido, seems a masterpiece of grace and nature. However, as gentlemen are admitted to her Goddessship's presence, I wish her tirewomen had been a little more expeditious.

The apartments immediately over those occupied by the king are shut up; nor is any one allowed to walk beneath his windows. We saw his private chapel, where he was accustomed to attend regularly every day with his family; but the good man's seat has long been vacant, and it will be long before his equal fill it.

From the top of the round tower there is a very rich and extensive view; but, except on the Eton side, still less interesting than that from Richmond-hill.

From Windsor we went by Henley to Oxford, through one of the loveliest countries upon earth. The ground is actually

hilly. Every spot is cultivated, or richly wooded ; the fields bear fine crops, in spite of farming vile beyond expression ; and the whole is clothed with the brightest verdure imaginable. Nothing is more striking, in a comparison of the two extremities of the island, than the difference of colour. Even our richest fields in Scotland have either a brown or greyish cast ; and except upon a gentleman's lawn, the verdure of English grass is never seen to the north of Newcastle.

The approach to Oxford is very striking. The spires are seen at a distance, mingling with trees ; which are fine, in spite of the barbarous custom of lopping their lower branches. As you enter the town, Magdalene College is the first thing you see. As you proceed along the High-street, something new and grand presents itself at every step ; spires, domes, minarets, and arches ! I have seen no street of the same length at all comparable to it for magnificence. It bends a little, so that something is always left to expectation.

We quickly procured a guide, who con-

ducted us to the Chapel of Magdalene. One end of the Chapel contains a window, painted in so elegant a design that I could scarcely believe its antiquity. The side windows in the choir are in the same style of colouring ; and unfortunately darken the altar piece, a most glorious picture ! It represents the Saviour bending under his cross ; his temples bleeding with the thorns. The attitude is a wonderful mixture of grace and exhaustion ; the countenance expresses the noblest resignation. The drapery is very fine ; not frittered away in small lights and shadows, but disposed in grand broad folds. The colouring is harmoniously sober,—the finishing is perfect,—there is a tear upon the cheek,—a drop of blood has trickled down to the neck,—every muscle in the feet, every vein in the hands, is perceptible. .

The walks of Magdalene College are shaded by tall trees, and lie along the banks of the Charwell ; a stream which will never disturb the student's musings, either by its noise or motion. Our guide told us that the " walks were always cool, because of a plea-

sant *hair* which came from the water." He made us particularly notice, "Haddison's walk,—the great poet as wrote the *Spectators*." * * *

The Radcliffe library is a very beautiful rotunda, with a gallery running round it. As to books, there are none except a few medical ones. * * *

The Pomfret Marbles are old patched remnants—bodies without heads, and heads without bodies. Some of these scraps are very fine, but most of them spoiled by modern mending.

From the Marbles we went to the Theatre—that is, the place where the disputations are held. It is a room above eighty feet long and above seventy broad; the largest roof, we were told, in the kingdom, unsupported by pillars. The roof is made of square pieces of wood, all joined together by screws and nuts. The room is said to contain 5000 persons, which appears to me incredible. There are galleries on three sides. I am disappointed in the Theatre, which is far inferior to the Radcliffe both in magnificence and beauty. * * The gar-

dens of St John's are very pretty; and kept, like every thing about Oxford, with exemplary neatness.

Though I am absolutely tired of looking at pictures, we went with new pleasure to take a second view of the altar-piece of Magdalene Chapel. Next to the Burleigh Carlo Dolce, it is the most enchanting picture I ever saw. I must not pretend to judge, but, if it be a Guido, it is finished in a manner differing from his ordinary style. It seems to have roused the enthusiasm of the woman who shews it. She pointed out its beauties with the warmest and most *naïf* admiration. "Oh! Madam," she said to me with tears in her eyes, "what do you think? I have shewn this glorious picture for thirty years, and now I must leave it. I buried my husband six weeks ago; and the shewing of *them* things is always given to men. But, thank God, they cannot hinder me to see it in the time of prayers." She was delighted with our admiration, and positively refused a fee at parting!!!

We returned to "the Angel," to dinner;

and then left this most interesting and (if I may except “mine own romantic town”) most beautiful city that ever I beheld.

The road to Woodstock is made interesting by the retiring spires of Oxford. Woodstock itself is a neat enough village, peopled, as well as Blenheim, by a colony of extortioners—their manufactures of gloves and steel being only the tools of this their real trade.

I was disappointed in the first *coup d'œil* of Blenheim. I had heard too much of it. The *water* was full of weeds, betraying at once its artificial origin. The poorest rill that tosses untamed in its rocky channel, or frets against the pebbles which it has borne down from its hill, is less admirable indeed, but more interesting, than an ocean which we know to be confined by man's devices. But Blenheim is intended to astonish, not to interest. It is a huge splendid show-box, made to be looked at, and only to be looked at. The house is princely; but the moment you enter it you perceive that it is of no more use to the owner than its picture would be. He may shew—but

he cannot live in it. In fact, a very small part of it is in family use. The rest, for payment of certain most unreasonable fees, is at the service of the public. The entrance hall is magnificent ; and answers one's ideas of splendour. The saloon too is superb, with its fine marble portals. The library is very splendid, with its pillars, pilasters, and basement of marble ; but it is ill proportioned ; and not very fully lighted. The chapel is very well ; with a princely monument to " the Duke." The other apartments are just well enough. There are some fine pictures—particularly a large collection of Rubens's. There is a fine Rembrandt,—“ Isaac blessing Jacob ;” two charming Beggar Boys by Murillo ; and a Madonna by Carlo Dolce, in his own manner and his best manner, which is most delightful. But one has no time to study pictures at Blenheim. The servant rhymes over their names, and drives you from one to another, as if you could see a picture as you see what's o'clock.

I need not chronicle the grandeur of Blenheim, for we bought, of course, the

Blenheim Guide, where Dr Mavor has made all the finery ten times finer. The china gallery contains specimens of the progress of porcelain for 2000 years. Costly, I make no doubt,—every thing is so at Blenheim!—but utterly void of beauty or interest to me. I paid one half-crown to see it; I would not give another for the whole collection. In one of the attached offices is the theatre; in another is the Titian gallery, hung, I cannot say ornamented, with pictures by that master. They represent about a score of gods and goddesses, as large as life and as ugly as sin. I wish, on the other hand, that sin were always as naked as they. Nobody could then be deceived about its nature. * * The park is truly fine. * *

Escaped from Woodstock; and, with the very worst driving we have seen since we left home, reached Stratford-on-Avon before it was quite dark. Hurried to Shakespeare's house—sat in his chair—saw his bed-room—the room where he was born! The walls are covered with the names of such as wished to buy a part of

his immortality at a cheap rate. Part of his furniture remains ; but all is falling fast to decay.

Next morning we went by an admirable road, through a pretty country, to Warwick. Warwick has been a fortified town. It has still a porteullis and tower at each end. It is clean, handsome, and remarkably well paved. The avenue to the castle is strikingly appropriate. It is a winding road cut through the solid rock, which rises on each side to the height of 12 or 15 feet, and is crowned with ivy and tangled shrubs. The great court of the castle is admirable. Here is nothing that calls you to admire with the arrogance of upstart finery ; but there is a magnificence more touching than splendour—the sober dignity of baronial pomp softened by the hand of time into something between beauty and sublimity. The stately towers and battlements, unshaken by the storms of ages, are here and there gracefully shrouded in ivy. There is a reality—a consistency—an air of nature, I may say, in the

majesty of Warwick, which gives it a most interesting charm. To this charm the Prince of Wales alluded very happily, when he said to some one who compared Warwick with Blenheim, “ We can *build* a Blenheim.” Three sides of the court are surrounded by the buildings connected with the castle. The fourth is occupied by what has once been a fortified embankment; but is now thickly covered with trees, evergreens, and flowering shrubs. Close under the walls of the castle flows the Avon, which is here a very beautiful stream; and from some of the Gothic windows there is a most appropriate view of the ruined arches of a bridge, which was once commanded by the fortress.

The entrance-hall of Warwick is not so superb as that of Blenheim; but it is more unaffected. It is characteristically ornamented with arms, furs of animals, and antlers of the Moose Deer. It is lined with oak; and is, as well as the very long and noble suite of apartments into which it opens, finished in the style of Harry

VII's time. One of the largest rooms in the house is pannelled with carved cedar.

The gardens are fine and extensive. The dressed ground commands beautiful glimpses of the park and the adjacent country. In the Conservatory is the superb Warwick Vase. It was found in Herculaneum, and has been transported without any injury. It is made from one block of pure white marble; the carving is in *alto rilievo*, and as fresh as if it had been cut yesterday. We were told that it contains 120 gallons. * * *

Our journey from London to Harrogate has, upon the whole, been most delightful.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL,

1815.

—WENT to the exhibition at Somerset-House. We saw a thousand things, of which I remember not one, except Wilkie's "Distraint for Rent." The centre figure, the Tenant, seated at a table, leans on his arm, shading his face with his hand—an exquisite expression of suffering; the mouth closed even to compression. On his right hand is his little son, grasping his coat, and looking towards the Wife, who is fainting. Her infant, who lies in her lap, is saved from falling by one little girl, and the Mother is supported by another. On the other side of the picture is the Bailiff; and on the edge of a dismantled bed sits

his Clerk, writing on with stoical unconcern. The centre is occupied by a cradle, from which the pillows, &c. have been dragged, and are thrown upon the ground. Behind the table, on which the unfortunate tenant leans, is a groupe, consisting of a young man, who, with strong indignation, addresses the Bailiff—an old woman in tears, evidently of anger—a little boy, who would fain fight if he were able—and a decent elderly man, who is endeavouring to quiet them all. Near the door, behind the fainting wife, stand two neighbours; the one weeping, the other looking on with more composed concern. The cradle and its furniture are beautifully finished. The whole figure of the tenant is admirable; so is that of his indignant friend. The wife is not so well finished, and not pretty enough. The whole seems to me as superior in expression and moral effect, as it is inferior in finishing, to the best works of Mieris and Gerard Dow. Mieris finishes most exquisitely; but then such labour to paint cabbages and carrots! It would be far easier to raise them, and of far more use.

—Went by water to Richmond with —, and two gentlemen of their acquaintance. The weather was delightful, which was well, for the weight of another person would have sunk the boat. The scenery is beautiful, especially below Kew, covered with villas and villages.—Landed at Kew, and revisited the garden. * *

Landed again at Richmond, and walked up the hill. The view is the richest possible, and very beautiful certainly; but if the river were expunged, there is not one feature of the scene which has identity enough to be remembered for half an hour. Took boat about half past seven. The evening was lovely; the sun, on setting, threw a fine pillar of light along the river, and afterwards tinged it with the richest shades of orange, fading, as they approached the boat, to silver. The water, an unruffled mirror, reflected every tree or cloud; and, as it grew dark, transformed every taper on the banks into a slender shaft of fire.—Landed about ten, after a very pleasant excursion.

—Went again with Dr Bell to the National School. I took my place in the lowest class, and said my lesson with the rest. After the children have learnt to make every letter quickly in sand, they are put into this class, and are taught to form syllables. The first girl calls out *a*; after an interval sufficient to count six, the second calls out *b*; after a like interval, the third calls out *ab*, &c. If any girl does not know the letter or syllable which it is her turn to say, the next is tried, and the first who can say takes place of all who cannot. If any girl is observed trifling, she is instantly called on.—In the highest class, the children read selections from Scripture; and, in addition to the other exercises, are examined by the monitor on the meaning of what they read. Nothing can be more striking than the eagerness of attention which the children show, although no other punishment is inflicted for idleness than loss of place in the class. The lowest class being found the most difficult to train, the best teacher is reserved for it. The mis-

tress goes continually from class to class, speaking to the children, reproofing or applauding them by name.

—Salisbury is a dirty, shabby, old place, of no great extent, with a ditch called a canal in each street. Every dozen of yards there is a bridge, though any body might step across the canals. The water in them is pretty clean, and, I believe, supplies the town. The Cathedral stands in an open square called *The Close*, surrounded with trees and gravel-walks. The centre tower is finished with a spire, which is not nearly so grand as minarets. The spire is built without perforations, and quite plain, which has a poor effect. It does not look by any means so lofty as it is said to be. It is called 400 feet high.

The altar stands in a beautiful little chapel, into which the church is opened. Some of its pillars are wonderfully light, not more than a foot in diameter. Others are composed of clusters of still more slender shafts, united to each other only by the capi-

tal. The pillars of the nave and choir are also clustered. All the windows are alike, and of the simplest structure, each consisting of three plain narrow Gothic arches. That over the west door is stained; the one behind the altar is stained also. It contains only one figure, and represents the resurrection of Our Saviour. The side windows being of common glass, the church is glaringly light, and is all as clean as possible. The Chapter House somewhat resembles that at York, except that the roof is supported by a slender pillar in the centre. It is so light, that when approaching it through the cloisters I thought the roof was gone. The whole is inferior to York Minster.

The country around Southampton is very beautiful. We went to Netley Abbey by water—a very picturesque ruin. Part of the church is pretty entire; that is, entire enough for a painter. The roof is gone. Part of the east window is standing, thickly clothed with ivy. There are fine trees in the area. I had no time to sketch; for

an English party took possession, preceded by baskets of meat and drink, and attended by a regimental band—kettledrums and all!! Stalls for toys and gingerbread disgrace the entrance to these ruins. Sheltering woods and lonely situation have not been able to hide them from their kindred Goths! Walked home through woods and fields, clambering over stiles indescribable.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Walked up to the signal post near Newport, to take a view of this “garden of England.” The foreground of the landscape is an ugly bare heath: the middle, a great stiff barrack; the distance, dull heights and uninteresting hollows. Nothing is pretty, except peeps of the sea and of the coast of England.

Saturday, went by a narrow but otherwise tolerable road to Ventnor inn, the very southern verge of the island; a comfortable enough little place; as dear as a London hotel. The landscape around it consists of bare ugly hills, dreary open sea,

and crags as regular in shape and strata as a wall. Bonchurch is pretty, and very rugged. Perhaps the good folks may think it sublime who never saw any hill higher than Ludgate, or any rocks larger than those in the pavement. The cottages are beautiful. One of the poorest had a fig tree, a passion flower, and a myrtle, on the front of it. Many of them have vines; but this is universal since we left London.

The people in the Isle of Wight are unlike the other English. They are ill-looking, swarthy, and generally black-eyed. The children are dirty and ragged. The cottages, in spite of their external beauty, are poor. Except around villas or hamlets the country is entirely bare, or its few trees are stunted and cankered. In short, it is not worth any Scotchman's trouble to cross a ferry of five miles in order to see a country like his own, but every way inferior; bare as East Lothian, without being rich; only rough where it pretends to be magnificent; and merely dull where it affects the sublime. The dialect is very nearly unintelligible; but, in answer to almost

every question, we can make out, "I don't know." A Scotch militiaman, whom we met near Niton, says, "They are the most ignorant brutes that ever were made. You may sit in a public house, madam, a whole day, and never hear a word of edification, farther than what farmer has the fattest calf. Some of them knows the road to Newport, and some of them not that."

We had a sad scramble from Niton to a new medicinal spring in the neighbourhood. My militiaman says "One drink of Pitcaithly is worth the whole well." **
Cowes and Ride seem the prettiest parts of the island.

After a passage with some sea but no wind, we arrived safe at Portsmouth. Walked on the ramparts; which extend round all sides of the town except that occupied by the harbour.

Portsmouth is a regular fortification. Next to the town there is a high mound of earth—the *rampart*. Upon this there is a brick wall, from the top of which the

earth-work slopes outward, and is covered and coped with turf—*the curtain*. This weakens the force of the balls, which lodge in it rather than rebound; and prevents splintering. Beyond this, and at the bottom of the curtain, is a low wall, of which I forget the name. Then comes *the fosse*, a ditch of great width, which can be filled with sea-water in a moment by sluices. On the outer edge is *the covered way*; a wall, with a pallisade on the inside, from whence musquetry might play. Without this again is *the glacis*; a field of considerable breadth, sloped at such an angle that a ball rebounding from it would not touch the works. At regular intervals the curtain is broken by *bastions*. These are angular projections, so placed that should an enemy get within the outworks, the side guns from these bastions would rake them; which is called *enfilading*. Most of the guns, being placed in niches made for them through the curtain, can fire only in one direction. This disadvantage is balanced by the protection which the curtain gives to the artillerymen. But some of the guns are

placed *en barbette*, that is, on the top of the curtain, where they can be aimed at pleasure, but where the men are quite exposed. The ramparts are planted with trees, which prevent the enemy from taking aim at particular buildings, and serve also by their roots to bind the earth in the rampart. The opposite side of the harbour is defended by fortifications at Gosport; and farther inland, Portsea also is completely fortified. Lastly, the whole "island" is defended on the land side by strong lines and double moats.

We went aboard the *Nelson*, which, though afloat, has neither crew nor rigging. She is quite new. She measures 240 feet from stem to stern. She rates at 2800 tons, and 120 guns, but she will carry 130 guns. At present she has 1200 tons of ballast on board, but about one half of this will be thrown out to make way for the guns. There is something awful in the size and strength of every thing around you as you stand between decks; but the interest is much lessened by her wanting her stores, rigging, and crew. She is at present only

three shabby galleries of prodigious length. From the Nelson we went to the block manufactory. * * *

Towards Brighton the country grows frightful, and the road bad; in some places it is below high-water mark. Brighton is the consummation of deformity; a brick town, crammed into a hollow between two naked hills, open only towards the sea. Not one spire breaks the dulness of the red roofs; nor one tree the sameness of the downs; nor one point the dreariness of the ocean. O what a contrast to the neighbourhood of Bath! * * *

Immediately on losing sight of Brighton the country improves, and soon becomes quite beautiful. At first it is hilly, afterwards agreeably swelling; everywhere fertile, and extremely woody. The trees are chiefly oak, and there are many very fine. Tilgate forest consists of small birch cop-pice. The soil near the coast is chalky. About the inland boundary of Sussex it is clay, still mixed with flints. The commons

are more numerous as you approach London, but of no great extent. The villas seem encroaching in all directions.

Tuesday morning, July 25th.—Left London; I suppose for ever. What do I regret in London? Nothing, and nobody. Yet it is not pleasant to bid a last farewell even to the most indifferent objects. “Farewell for ever,” cancels all offences and all disgusts! Why should I ever visit London again? Not to study my art. The features of character, as of countenance, seem less strongly marked there than among ourselves. There are no doubt *originals*, but I have no access to them. I see the people only in drawing-rooms; and a drawing-room, like the grave, efface all distinctions. There seems an established set of topics, from which no one thinks of departing. All attend to the same objects, and all take the same views of them; or, at least, people square their sentiments by those of their own class or cast; and if you know any one’s birth, profession, and place

of worship, you may, in general, predict his opinions, moral, religious, and political. Painters and musicians may go to London, but what have I to do there?

The country round London is beautiful on every side, but it is no where interesting. The villas are pretty, and nicely dressed up with their waving acacias and their velvet lawns; but they have nothing attaching, nothing peculiar. The neighbourhood of Henley is interesting; for here are inequalities of ground and varieties of outline, to distinguish one spot from another. Harvest was pretty general all the way to Oxford. Field-pease were carrying home. Harvest does not seem the same cheerful season here as with us. No bands of reapers! "Nae daffing, nae gabbing." In a fine field of wheat, *one* man was cutting at one corner, and *one* woman at another! Reached Oxford to dinner.

At Magdalene-College chapel, I enquired for my enthusiastic old woman, and found that her son, after making a fortune in India, had returned to take her under his protection. A *man* shews the picture

now, with great *sang froid*. Let the men claim the *head*; and welcome! They have not half our heart.—An abominable entablature and pillars (Grecian too!) darken the fine altar-piece.—It certainly strongly resembles the picture on the same subject in the Dulwich gallery, by Morellas; inso-much, as to make it highly probable that they are by the same hand. ** Next to the Radcliffe, New College Chapel is the finest thing in Oxford. The towers of All Souls are very fine. **

The most complete repose and seclusion reign in the courts and gardens of the colleges. This, of course, can only be in vacation time. All are beautifully neat; and, considering that all the buildings are designed for the same purpose, there is wonderful variety in them.

Came by Witney, of blanket-making fame, to Northleach, a poor decaying village—once a manufacturing place, but now a den of paupers. Sketched the curious church, and slept at the comfortable inn of Northleach.

The road between Oxford and Chelten-

ham lies through a high, bare, cold, ugly country ; yet in general the crops are good. Five or six miles from Cheltenham, it suddenly descends a steep and dangerous hill, to the lovely village of Dowdswell ; from hence the *real* “ garden of England,” the vale of Evesham, spreads before you. It is noble in extent, but not boundless ; for the Malvern hills finely close the distance, with an outline strongly resembling that of the best aspect of the Pentlands. Cheltenham is a neat town, nearly a mile long, surrounded with villas and cottages, green fields, and multitudinous hedgerows. The fine valley in which it lies is indented everywhere with cultivated and woody hills. * * * The vale of Evesham is perhaps fifty miles in length, and of all breadths, from one mile to twenty. Everywhere hills break the horizon ; and the nearer view is filled up with snug cottages, orchards, village-churches, shady lanes, and fields green as the first spring of Eden. Almost every cottage is mantled with a vine, and has a little court of flowers before it. * * *

In some respects we all live alike in this house ; where we have settled for quiet, because our dinner party is only twenty-four. Between seven and nine in the morning, we all contrive to walk half a mile to the well, and drink an English pint or two of salt water. From nine to eleven, breakfast is on the table ; and every one drops in, at his own convenience, to partake. Then each “ strolls off his glad way,” in this Castle of Indolence. Those who have carriages drive backward and forward in the street. This saves the sixpence which the gate would cost ; and thus they can better afford to stop at an auction, and buy twenty pounds worth of trash, which they do not want. At five, we meet for dinner—dressed, but not fine.—After tea, the libraries, the theatre, the concert-room, the gaming-houses, are open for those who chuse them ; and there are lights in the drawing-room for workers and readers. * * In every direction from Cheltenham, the walks and rides are delightful. There are hills at no great distance, on three sides of the town ;

and from every little eminence there are new views of this magnificent valley.

Monday, August 14.—Left Cheltenham at twelve, after having spent seventeen very idle days pleasantly. The road is very flat to Gloucester; but still Robin Hood's hill, and Churchdown hill embellish the near view, and the Malverns furnish the distant horizon. Having examined Gloucester formerly, we proceeded immediately to Ross. The road is hilly and beautiful. It enters the high country about seven miles from Gloucester; and winds on among rich narrow dells, and hills cultivated and peopled to the summit. The last circumstance distinguishes this country from Scotland; as do also the numerous orchards, and the dells without a brook. *Longhope* and *Lea* are sweet villages—pictures of seclusion and repose!

Ross is a very shabby old town, in a pretty situation, looking down from a high bank on the Wye. The river was at this

season too shallow for sailing. The stage to Monmouth is as pretty as possible ; and the situation of Monmouth seems to me much finer than that of Ross. It lies in the bottom of a beautiful basin, formed by steep woody hills, all in the highest state of cultivation. Up to the very top of these, the little white cottages peep from among their thickets and orchards. The country is divided into baby farms, and peopled with labouring tenants. This gives the scene more than mere landscape beauty ; for these little demesnes suggest ideas of humble comfort—peace—innocence—and all that is pleasing in rural associations. In many parts of England, where I happened to know the condition of the poor, I have looked at their lovely cottages, as one would at the corpse of a beauty. But in Monmouthshire all is cheerful. The cottagers seem indeed poor, but not dependant. Each has his cow—his little field—his garden—and for the most part his orchard. Few of them therefore sink into paupers.

Monmouth is a very old town, clean,

but shabby. It has been fortified ; and one gate at least is still standing. The castle has almost disappeared. There is a very old bridge across the Wye, which is here a considerable stream, somewhat affected by the tide. From the top of a steep hill, which forms its bank on the side opposite to the town, we had a view of a most splendid valley—varied by rising grounds—skirted by hills which are gay with every sort of cultivation—and terminated by the Welsh mountains, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. No scene of greater richness, variety, and beauty have I seen in England. The whole is like Mosaic work, without one blank. One rich crop follows every curvature of the adjoining one, and all are bent into every variety of curve. There are no frightful squares, and straight lines in Monmouthshire fences. The colours too are much richer than those of Scotch landscape. The wheat is of a more golden yellow ; the grass is unspeakably green ; the very fallows are of a rich purpleish brown. The woods are natural ; and therefore they are more feathery, and

less formal than our plantations. Nothing could be added to the beauty of this country, if the mountains in the back ground were a little more imposing in their forms, and a little more proportioned in their height, to the plain from which they rise. But nothing less than the Alps would suit with such a scene.

The wind being high, and blowing straight up the river, and the weather being showery, we abandoned all thoughts of sailing down the Wye. The post road to Chepstow is very bad ; and for seven miles from Monmouth, nearly a continued climb ; but the prospects are exquisite. The splendid country towards Abergavenny is almost constantly in sight ; and the home views at every step present some new beauty. About nine miles from Monmouth, we turned to the left into *such* a road !! “ if road it can be called, which road was none.” It threaded through wild closely wooded dells to Tintern. A wire-mill, about half a mile above the village, is the most picturesque thing possible. The celebrated abbey is nothing outside ;

but within, it is very fine, though not so fine as Fountains. Sketched the north-east corner.

The road from thence to Piercefield is bad enough ; not nearly so bad, however, as what we passed in the morning.—Piercefield is really fine. There are *two* views, which are exhibited under every possible aspect. The first is a noble reach of the Wye, winding round a meadow, which forms one of its banks, while the other rises into abrupt rocks and masses of wood. This bank is sometimes 150 feet high at the least, while the other shelves in smooth green to the water's edge. The rocks are very noble ; and though the river, even at high water, is too small for its magnificent accompaniments, yet, upon the whole, I have seen nothing of the kind so fine in England. The other view from the grounds, is towards the Severn, which is here two miles broad, and therefore a splendid object, though the banks are remarkable only for their richness. The town and castle of Chepstow are the most striking features

in this landscape. The situation of Chepstow is beautiful. * * *

Wednesday.—We saw the funeral of an infant, who was carried to the grave by girls dressed in white ; no male attending but the father.

After breakfast left the “ Angel,” and beautiful Monmouth!!—We passed the prison on the outskirts of the town. It is not secure ; so the prisoners were walking in the court *in fetters!!* We soon lost sight of Monmouth, and, crossing the hills for three miles, entered Herefordshire ; a rich swelling country, full of orchards, and hop-fields—very pretty, though not quite so interesting as what we have left behind. The Abergavenny hills are still fine in the distance. Hereford is a clean shabby town ; and its cathedral a ditto ditto cathedral.

Sixteen miles to Ledbury ; very like the former stage ; only we have lost the Welsh hills, and gained the Malverns. Orchards and old forest-trees close so entirely around Ledbury, that, till you enter the town, you see no part of it but the

spire. The road is delightful to Malvern. In crossing the hills this morning, (Thursday) we had the finest views imaginable of the rich swells of Herefordshire ; the vale of Gloucester at a distance ; and, near the foot of the hills, Lord Somers's noble place, Eastnor Castle.—Near the top, the road passes through a cleft in the hill, and the wide plain of Worcester spreads before you like a map. This is fine, no doubt, and wonderfully rich ; but far less interesting than the west view. Breakfasted at Steers's. Wandered about the hills all morning ; and then, passing through Great Malvern, a beautiful village commanding the whole vale, we proceeded to Worcester. The country is undulating and rich ; but less so than Herefordshire.

Worcester was not seen till we were within a mile of it. It then made a very handsome appearance ; having several spires and towers, besides those of the fine cathedral. The Severn passes close to the town ; and is here a fine navigable stream. Drove to the Hop-pole, an excellent inn. Dr B. called for Mrs —— but she was ungra-

cious. Slight acquaintance are usually more so than utter strangers.

Friday.—Mr F., a most polite and obliging person, called early, and introduced us at Chamberlayne's porcelain manufactory. Every part of the process was shewn to us. Flints are first calcined, which whitens them perfectly ; then, mixed in certain proportions with grey Cornish granite, they are ground to so fine a powder as to pass through the closest silk. Water is poured upon this powder, and it is twice strained through silk sieves. The mixture is boiled till it is as thick as cream, and evaporated till it becomes a tough paste. Pieces of it are then placed upon a turning-wheel ; and moulded, solely by the hand, with wonderful precision and rapidity. This is the case, at least, with all the pieces of a circular form ; such as bowls, plates, cups, and saucers.—Dishes of other forms are made in gypsum moulds ; which, though they fit closely at first, soon absorb the moisture, so as to part very freely with the vessel which they have modelled. Every piece is then placed

in a separate clay case. The furnace is filled with these ; built closely up ; and subjected to a red heat for sixty hours. It is then allowed to cool ; the porcelain is withdrawn, and in this state is called the biscuit. It is greatly diminished in size by this process. It is now ready to receive the *blue* colour, which is *cobalt* ; and looks of a dirty grey, till exposed to the action of the glazing. The glazing consists of lead, and glass ground to an impalpable powder, mixed with certain secret ingredients in water. The biscuit is merely dipped into the glazing, and is then baked again for forty hours. It is now ready to receive all other colours which the pattern may require, and the gilding. It is then baked a third time, for ten hours, or more, according to the colours employed ; lastly, the gilding is burnished with bloodstone or agate, and the china is ready for the ware-room. The colours are changed by baking. The greens, when laid on, are very imperfect ; the rose colour, is a dull purple ; and the gilding is as black as ink. The painting-room had an unwholesome smell, and

its inmates looked sickly. This manufacture is perfectly intelligible throughout, and therefore interesting. You can follow the flint and granite, till, through seventeen different processes, they become a gilded tea-cup. From the china manufactory, we were carried to the cathedral. It is the finest, after York, which we have seen. * * * Worcester is altogether a very pretty town, in a very fine situation. The streets are broad and clean, with good pavement. They wind a little, but not awkwardly. The shops are handsome. The chief trade is in gloves, which the women make at home. This must be better both for health and morals, than assembling them in large workshops.

Saturday.—Breakfasted at Kidderminster; a very ugly mean-looking place, with no pavement in the streets. Saw the carpet-weaving, but could not understand the process. After the web is *laid*, the weaving is so entirely mechanical that children learn it in a week. Came by the poorest country which we have seen for some time to Hagley; in which we are a little disappointed.

The house is actually ugly. The grounds are fine in form, and the wood is most magnificent; but there is a great want of water, and a great superfluity of temples, seats, and “objects” of all sorts.

Sunday.—The inn, which we had expected to be a complete seclusion, resounded from morning to night with the uproar of parties who came to see the place. The village church, within Lord Littleton’s grounds, was attended by a very decent-looking congregation. A pretty chapel makes a sort of chancel to the church. It contains *Lucy’s* monument.

The village is pretty, like all the English villages; straggling and woody. From the highest ground in the park the view stretches to Cheltenham and Gloucester. The Monmouth hills are faintly seen. To the east all the country is enveloped in smoke.

Monday.—Proceeded by a circuitous road through Stourbridge and Hales Owen to Birmingham, the ugly and the dull! We passed a poor manufacturing village called *Mud-city*, inhabited by creatures whose sa-

vage habits made them till lately the terror of travellers. They owe their present half-civilization to the charity of Mr Hill, a neighbouring squire, who has built and endowed a church, and has established a school among this horde of barbarians. He has a large family of his own, whom may God prosper!

A vile hole this Birmingham! Yesterday I overheard one of the animals from it, a young one too! propose to cut down the Hagley oaks. "They might go to the king's yards," said the creature; "I am sure they are of no use here."

Sent our letters to Soho. Mr and Mrs Watt are gone to Scotland! Tried to see Thomason's manufactory. Nobody was at work; first, because it was Monday, and all last week's wages were not spent; secondly, because it was a *wake*. Of this, however, we saw no signs in the streets. All was as sombre as a church-yard; not even girls eating gingerbread, and boys squeaking on half-penny trumpets. In the evening we laboured through many of the rugged streets of this wearisome town:

found out a circulating library, and, on depositing the price, were entrusted with four volumes of trash. Mercifully! occupation makes all places much alike.

Tuesday.—*Pour comble*, a pouring rain all morning. Visited a very poor exhibition of pictures, last year's outcasts from Somerset House. Spent the afternoon, however, very agreeably in inspecting Thomason's manufactory. What seemed the most ingenious machine of all, was that by which button eyes are made. One part of it pushes forward the wire; a second bends it into a loop; a third cuts it; a fourth flattens the points that they may join the better with the button; a fifth pushes the *eye* when completed out of the machine. After all, the movement does not seem very complicated; if I could have had it by myself for half an hour, I think I might have fully understood it. What makes me so slow of comprehension when any one is by! I believe it is because I am distracted by considering what the bystanders will think I am about. * * The plating on steel is executed after the article is perfectly formed.

The iron knife, fork, or spoon, is dipped in a solution of sal-ammoniac, to cleanse it from grease. It is then powdered with resin to make the solder adhere to the steel, with which it has no affinity. Next it is dipped in the boiling solder; lead and tin. Then it is instantly fitted with a coat of pure silver, rolled out thin and perfectly flexible; this is pared round the edges with a knife. The article, whatever it is, is then passed through a heat strong enough to melt the solder without affecting the silver. The solder is squeezed out, and falls away in drops; the silver remains adhering perfectly to the steel. One side only of each article is plated at a time; the silver, by this means, overlaps at the edges, and is double where it is the most liable to waste. When the goods are finished, they are polished; first, by a fine file, then by a leathern wheel, and lastly by the human hand. * * Whether it was occasioned by the nature of their work, or by their practice in explaining it, I do not know; but the people employed here shewed more intelligence than any persons of their station

whom we have seen in England. I dare say it is good policy to let them shew their work ; the attempts to explain it will lead them to understand it, and thus will help them to inventions and improvements.

Left Birmingham in the morning ; the country seems pretty, so far as the smoke of 10,000 furnaces would allow us to see it. * * The inn at Colebrook-dale is very comfortable. The iron-bridge over the Severn is beautifully light. This first valley, which, however, is not the true Colebrook-dale, is really a strange-looking place. The steep and lofty banks of the Severn have been torn and disfigured in search of materials for manufacture, till they exhibit such appearances as might be supposed to follow an earthquake—fissures, cavities, mounds, heaps of broken stones, and hills of ashes and scoriæ. The dell, which seems intended by nature for a quiet solitude, soothed by the hush of waters and the wooings of the cushet, resounds with the din of hammers, the crackling of flames, and the groanings of engines and bellows. All is

shrouded with dense smoke ; and on the few spots of vegetation which man has left undisturbed, the scanty foliage of the coppice is black, and the very weeds look scathed and unwholesome.

Colebrook-dale, properly so called, runs in a different direction from this first valley ; and resembles it only in harbouring one great iron-work. Colebrook is a very lovely valley still ; the more so, for having been planted and adorned by Mr Reynolds. He has led walks along its banks with great taste ; and, with equal liberality, leaves them open to the public. We saw, at a distance, the house of our respectable friend, Deborah Darby ; which she left, three years ago, for “ a house not made with hands.”

At Coleport, we visited Rose’s china manufactory ; it is upon a still larger scale than that at Worcester, but is carried on in the same manner. Here we saw many women employed in painting the china ; but we were told, that, though they serve the same apprenticeship as the men, under

the same teacher, their work is always inferior. Here also we saw the *printing* of china; a process quite new to me. On a copper-plate, properly engraved, the colour is laid, heated, and well rubbed in; a sheet of cambric paper, prepared with a secret composition, is then printed from this plate. This paper is cut to fit the cup, saucer, &c. and pressed closely to it; the biscuit is then washed in cold water; when the paper peels off, and the pattern remains perfectly impressed.

From Colebrook-dale the country is very pretty along the Severn to Shrewsbury. The Montgomery hills are very fine; and, seemingly, at no great distance. The *Wrekin* is within a mile of the road, on the other hand.

The situation of Shrewsbury is very fine, on a bank overhanging the Severn, and commanding a rich plain—woody, and full of gentlemen's seats. The *mall* is along the river side, shaded with noble trees; the town itself is a confused mass of ugly old houses; a labyrinth of lanes, as rugged

as the paths of virtue, and as dirty and winding as those of vice. At one end of the town, however, there are two rows of handsome houses, and an elegant modern church, St Chad's.

Heavy rain allowed us to see only imperfectly the stage to Oswestry. The road is flat and not very interesting; but we had fine glimpses of the Montgomery hills to the left. The entrance of North Wales is very prepossessing. Chirk is a beautiful village, washed by a stream of the same name; the banks are very steep, and the dell which they form is crossed by an aqueduct.

A far finer aqueduct, of fifteen arches, crosses the Dee, as you enter the vale of Llangollen. The Dee itself is a lively foaming stream, and looks the more beautiful from being contrasted with the rivers of England. Near the town of Llangollen, its rich and populous valley is narrowed by the hill, on which are the ruins of Dinas Bran. They make no great figure as you approach. The village very much resembles a Highland one; as unlike to an Eng-

lish village as possible ! It is built in narrow shabby streets. The walls of the houses consist of thin grey stones—shewing the mortar between. The “ Hand ” is an old-fashioned house, but exceedingly comfortable.

Saturday.—A wearisome climb to Dinas Bran, under a burning sun. The ruins are extensive, but not picturesque. The view is boundless down the vale ; in all other directions it is inclosed by hills. That to the north is fully as bleak and desolate as any thing I have seen in Scotland ; a tame ridge of grey rock, unvaried by soil or vegetation. We endeavoured, as usual, to find the shortest way to Valle Crucis ; and as usual found only the worst. We passed a very Scotch-looking farm-yard, where the children were barefooted, and spoke Welch. They all, however, can ask for a halfpenny in English. Valle Crucis is pretty—not grand. The ruins are poor enough, and are disfigured with a cottage orné and farm offices. Spent the afternoon with the “ Ladies of Llangollen.”

Sunday.—The whole of the church service was in Welch.—Spent this afternoon also with “the Ladies.” * *

Monday.—Went up the vale of Dee to breakfast at Corwen. This stage is pretty, but not much more,—certainly not sublime. The stream is every where beautiful; winding, lively, and impetuous. The hills are tameish. The valley is more woody than most of our Highland vales. Corwen is a bare mean village; with nothing interesting except the blind harper,—who has a first-rate natural genius. His execution is most wonderful—the difficulties of his instrument considered. His variations to his national airs are perfectly original and characteristic. An Irish gentleman issued from a parlour, on purpose to make the performer change his strain to the “Washer-woman” and “Paddy O’Rafferty.” But when he was called on for the “King’s Anthem,” he fairly defeated his director, by adding variations of such spirit and invention as gave the old air all the charm of novelty. Guessing that we too might have our na

tional partialites, he volunteered “Roslin Castle,” and played it well ; he assured me that an old woman had been his only teacher. * *

In returning from Ruthen to Llangollen, a very long climb in the road shews an extensive view of the valley of Cllwyd winding to the sea ; it is very rich, but far from equal to the vale of Evesham. Saw Snowdon in the distance—The hill tract is very desolate ; there is a prodigious descent from it into Valle Crucis. * *

Wales may be inexhaustible to a landscape painter, with its endless rocks, and ruins, and hills, which he can exaggerate into something grand enough to fill the imagination. But give me the woody sheltered land ; where, at every turn, a spire, a smoke, the crowing of a cock, the shouting of a child, lead the fancy to half a dozen of irregular cottages, dropped upon a smooth little green, and peeping from among their own vines and roses ! Oh England ! the very sight of thy sweet hamlets mends the heart !

I used to think Penrith a pretty place, when I came to it from the north. Now, even the valley round it is Scotch; the fields are large and angular, the grass brown, the woods dark and lumpish, and the single trees stunted. Farewell, green fields and rural villages!—Farewell, waving fences, and feathery woods, and flowery cottages!—But welcome, mine own rugged Scotland! where, though all is bare and naked, every thing bespeaks improvement, industry, intelligence; independance in the poor, and enterprize in the rich. The English villas repose on velvet lawns, which the giant oak and the luxuriant chesnut dapple with their broad shadows. Ours stand square and ungraceful on *benty* fields, inclosed by parellelograms of firs; but ours are tenanted by their owners, and the best feelings and the best principles of human nature find exercise there; while the villas of England are either altogether deserted, or inhabited by menials and land stewards.

Our fields boast no beauty, either of form or colour; but they are at once frugally and liberally cultivated, and every year makes new encroachments on the barrenness of nature. Our cottages range in vile rows, flanked with pig-styes, and fronted with dunghills; but our cottagers have Bibles, and can read them; they are poor, but they are not paupers. In some of the agricultural parishes of England we found more than half of the population receiving *charity* (if I may so prostitute the word!) from the remainder. Every mile in Scotland shows you new houses, new fields, new plantations. In England, every thing is old; and this is one great cause of its beauty—trees, grass, cottages, all are in maturity, if not in decay. The first young plantation of any extent which I observed in England, was on the borders of the New Forest; and in the southern counties, I scarcely saw one new cottage, unless in the neighbourhood of large towns. * * *

—There is the most striking difference, the moment you enter Scotland, on the language of the people, and especially on the accommodation for travellers. “Horses quickly for Hawick,” quoth the Doctor. “Ye’ll get them in a wee, sir; but they are out at the park e’en now, and we maun send and catch them.” *At last* they came! two unwieldy, raw-boned brutes, alike in nothing but their speed; and driven by a “vera canny lad” of sixty and upwards.

* *

The road to Edinburgh is right Scotch; though bleak and dreary, it is judicious and substantial. But oh! it is untold how dismally bare this country seems, after four months’ acquaintance with “merry England!” I sigh over the thoughts of an Englishman’s impressions on visiting mother Scotland, as Shem and Japhet did over their parent! No wonder if we be a reflecting, frugal race! the gay images of spring, and the luxuriance of summer, ne-

ver intrude upon us, suggesting frolic and profusion! No wonder if we be hospitable! where one eternal winter constantly reminds us to draw together, and be social

HELPS TO DEVOTION.

SELECTED

FROM THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

“ The whole word of God is of use to direct us in Prayer.”
Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

EXAMPLES OF PRAISE.

..... THANKSGIVING

..... CONFESSION.

..... PETITION.

P R E F A C E.

FROM the beginning of the world to the present day, the sober-minded and thinking part of mankind have regarded prayer as a duty of high importance. The wise have considered it as strengthening that sense of dependence, those sentiments of gratitude, of reverence, and of love, which are due from the creature to the bountiful, ever-present, all-perfect Creator :—as exciting our benevolence towards those with and for whom we pray,—and as awakening a right sense of our own sinfulness and infirmity. The conscientious have esteemed it as a duty enforced by the express command of God. The pious have found it a privilege, conveying joys and honours which

the world knoweth not. Its blessed influence is not confined to the sunny hours of life, when every pulse is health and every scene is pleasure. Thousands have attested that it can pour upon the season of sickness, of poverty, of reproach, and of death, not flashes of momentary rapture merely, but calm, enduring, ineffable joy.

Before it can accomplish such effects, it must have become not only “the form of sound words,” but the utterance of the heart; not an occasional resort in difficulty or distress, but the settled habit of the soul. To assist the young in the attainment of this most precious habit, is the design of the following compilation. Let it not be supposed that it is meant to supersede the use of larger or more judicious manuals; much less to prescribe set forms of prayer; and least of all to represent these few extracts as comprising the whole, or even any great number, of those parts of Scripture, which are suitable for devotion. My intention is only to offer specimens of the manner in which the language of devotion may be extracted from the inspired wri-

tings ; in the earnest hope that the beauty, simplicity, and suitableness of the expressions, may allure my young friends to drink deep of the pure fountain, from which this is but a scanty stream.

I solemnly warn them against considering the following examples,—or any other form of words, even though drawn from the oracles of the living God,—as sufficient of themselves to constitute a prayer acceptable to the Almighty, or useful to the souls of men. God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit. No prayer deserves the name, which is not the overflowing of a humble, penitent, and obedient heart ; nor can any be accepted of God, which is not made in a lowly sense of our own unworthiness, offered to him in the name of a crucified Redeemer.

Therefore let every act of devotion be preceded by a sincere and earnest endeavour to awaken in ourselves dispositions suitable to prayer. Before praise, let us rouse our minds to contemplate the perfections of Jehovah ; lest we incur the guilt of

those who honour him with their mouths, while their heart is far from him ! Before thanksgiving, let us call to mind his benefits ; lest an empty form of gratitude, where the sentiment is wanting, be an offence to the Searcher of hearts ! Before confession, let us strive to awaken our hatred to our own particular sins ; lest a careless catalogue of transgressions, which we intend not to forsake, seem but an audacious braving of Him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Before petition, let us humbly consider the urgency of our necessities, and the feebleness of our claims ; lest, in begging that without which we perish, we come short of the earnestness and importunity to which the Lord has promised his blessing.

In prayer, as in acts of less importance, practice, though by no means sufficient, is necessary for the attainment of perfection. Those who are but beginners in this holy art find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to fix their minds in a protracted act of devotion. The following examples therefore are short ; not from any intention to con-

fine the aspirations of the devout heart, but that such as are pleased to take the assistance of this little book, may have opportunities of pausing when the attention grows languid; and of reviving it by turning to some kindred subject, more consonant to the feeling of the moment.

We know not what to pray for as we ought; and, as we have the gracious assurance that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, I prefix a prayer for the assisting and directing influences of the Holy Ghost. God grant that it may so be used as to call down upon the worshipper the same Spirit which at first gave it utterance!

My dear young friends! (for the intention of doing you a kindness warms my charity towards you,) it is no solitary recluse, no surly misanthrope, no fanatic, no enthusiast, who addresses you; but a woman in the prime of life, as cheerful, as happy, though perhaps not quite so gay, as most of you--active in the business, alive to many of the pleasures, of the present state of existence. But her chief business, as well as yours, is to extend the kingdom

of God in her own heart, and in those of others ; and if she shall be made the instrument of attracting even the least of her brethren to that service which is perfect freedom, she will at once give and receive pleasures, which excel all those of a present world, as far as the capacities of angels exceed those of the babe that was born this hour.

P R A Y E R.

OH God, the God of the spirits of all flesh,¹ be merciful to me a sinner.² *Let thy Spirit help my infirmities, for I know not what I should pray for as I ought.*³ Teach me what I shall say unto thee, for we cannot order our speech by reason of darkness.⁴ Oh send forth thy light and thy truth; let them lead me, let them bring me to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy! yea, I will praise thee, oh God, my God.⁵ But who am I, that I should be able to offer willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and

¹ Num. xvi. 22.

² Luke xviii. 13.

³ Rom. viii. 26.

⁴ Psalm xliii. 3, 4.

⁵ Job xxxvii. 19.

of thine own *must I* give thee. I know also, my God, that thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness.⁶ Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.

Open thou my lips, that my mouth may show forth thy praise.⁷ Then will I pray with the spirit; I will pray with the understanding also.⁸ Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt prepare their heart.⁹

Hear my voice according to thy loving-kindness,¹⁰ God, which teacheth *us* to profit, which leadeth *us* in the way that we should go.¹¹ In *thee* is my salvation,¹² O Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of mercies, and God of all comfort.¹³

⁶ 1 Chron. xxix. 14. 16.

⁷ Psalm li. 10. 16.

⁸ 1 Corinth. xiv. 15. ⁹ Psalm x. 17. ¹⁰ Psalm cxix. 149.

¹¹ Isa. xlviii. 17, 18. ¹² Psalm lxii. 7. ¹³ 2 Corin. i. 3.

EXAMPLES OF PRAISE.

EXAMPLE I.

OF GENERAL PRAISE.

OH Lord God of Israel! thou art the God, even thou alone! of all the kingdoms of the earth,¹ therefore let them praise the name of the Lord; for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above earth and heaven.² He is the living God, and an everlasting King; at His wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide His indignation.³ Who is like unto thee, O Lord! Who is like thee! Glorious in holiness! fearful in praises!

¹ 2 Kings, xix. 15. ² Psalm cxlviii. 13. ³ Jer. x. 10.

doing wonders!⁴ Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.⁵

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in His works. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.⁶ From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised! Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth and for evermore.⁷

⁴ Exod. xv. 11.

⁵ Psalm civ. 2, 3. 32.

⁶ Psalm civ. 31.

⁷ Psalm cxiii. 3. 2.

EXAMPLE II.
OF GENERAL PRAISE.

ΤΗΟΥ, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the most high over all the earth.¹ Behold, *thou takest* up the isles as a very little thing! All nations before *thee* are as nothing; and they are counted to thee as less than nothing and vanity.² When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,—the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;—what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?³ The heavens, the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.⁴ Lo! these are parts of *thy* ways; but how little a

¹ Psalm lxxxiii. 18.

² Isa. xl. 15. 17.

³ Psalm viii. 3-4.

⁴ 2 Chron. ii. 6.

portion is heard of *thee* ! The thunder of *thy* power who can understand !⁵ Shall not *thine* excellency make *me* afraid, and *thy* dread fall upon *me* ?⁶ *Shall I not* hide me in the dust, for fear of the Lord ; and for the glory of his Majesty ?⁷ Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker ! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth.⁸ Who would not fear thee, O King of nations ?⁹ Thine is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty.¹⁰ Salvation, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God ! Alleluiah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !¹¹

⁵ Job, xxvi. 14. ⁶ Isa. xxvi. 5. ⁷ Isa. ii. 10. ⁸ Isa. xlv. 9.
⁹ Jerem. x. 7. ¹⁰ Chron. xxix. 11. ¹¹ Rev. xix. 1. 6.

EXAMPLE III.

PRAISE OF THE POWER OF GOD.

OH Lord my God, thou art very great !
 Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.¹ Thine is the greatness, and the power, and the glory ; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine.² Rulest thou not over all the kingdoms, so that none is able to withstand thee ?³ Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thine hands.⁴ Thou hast prepared the light and the sun,⁵ and hast caused the day-spring to know his place.⁶ Thou hast said, let the dry land

¹ Psalm civ. 1. ² 1 Chron. xxix. 11. ³ 2 Chron. xx. 6.

⁴ Psalm cii. 25. ⁵ Isa. lxiv. 8. ⁶ Job, xxxviii. 12.

appear, and it was so ;⁷ and hast shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be staid.⁸ The earth is full of thy riches ; so is that great and wide sea, wherein are living things innumerable, both small and great. These all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled. Thou takest away their breath : they die, and return to their dust.⁹ *Thou dost* according to thy will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay thy hand, or say unto thee, what dost thou ?¹⁰

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power ;¹¹ for lo ! thine enemies, O Lord, shall perish ; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.¹² Is not de-

⁷ Gen. i. 9. ⁸ Job, xxxviii. 11. ⁹ Psalm civ. 24, 29.

¹⁰ Dan. iv. 35. ¹¹ Psalm cxlv. 10, 11. ¹² Psalm xcii. 9.

struction to the wicked?¹⁵ and the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience?¹⁴ But the Lord is my strength, in whom I will trust.¹⁵ He is my refuge and my fortress.¹⁶ Why art thou cast down, my soul?¹⁷ Fear not, thou worm, for thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel.¹⁸ Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.¹⁹

Now unto Him who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.²⁰

¹⁵ Job, xxxi. 3.¹⁴ Eph. v. 6.¹⁵ Psalm xviii. 2.¹⁶ Psalm xci. 2.¹⁷ Psalm lii. 11.¹⁸ Isa. xli. 14, 16.¹⁹ Isa. xl. 30, 31.²⁰ Jude, 24, 25.

EXAMPLE IV.

PRAISE OF THE WISDOM OF GOD.

BLESSED be the name of God for ever and ever, for wisdom and might are thine ! Thou givest wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. Thou revealest deep and secret things ! Thou knowest what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with thee.¹ Thou art wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.²

Oh Lord ! how manifold are thy works ! In wisdom hast thou made them all.³ Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters ! Thy footsteps are not known ;⁴

¹ Dan. ii. 20, 21, 22.

² Isa. xxviii. 29.

³ Psalm civ. 24.

⁴ Psalm lxxvii. 19.

but secret things belong unto thee.⁵ Hell is naked before thee, and destruction hath no covering.⁶ There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against thee;⁷ for thou makest the devices of the people of none effect.⁸ Thou takest the wise in their own craftiness.⁹ Yet out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.¹⁰

The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.¹¹ Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.¹²

God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory! give unto me the spirit of wisdom in the knowledge of thee:¹³ Thou who givest to all men liberally, and upbraidest not.¹⁴ And to God only wise be glory, through Jesus Christ for ever.¹⁵

⁵ Deut. xxix. 29. ⁶ Job, xxvi. 6. ⁷ Prov. xxi. 30.

⁸ Psalm xxxiii. 10. ⁹ Job, v. 13. ¹⁰ Matth. xi. 26.

¹¹ Jer. x. 23. ¹² Psalm xxv. 4, 5. ¹³ Eph. i. 16.

¹⁴ James, i. 5 ¹⁵ Rom. xvi. 27.

EXAMPLE V.

OF THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

O LORD, thou hast searched and known me ; thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising ; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there ; if I make my bed in hell, thou art there ; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold

me.¹ The heaven of heavens containeth thee not.² Thine eyes are in every place.³ Hell and destruction are before thee ; how much more then, the hearts of the children of men.⁴ Thou knowest our imaginations which we go about,⁵ and the things which come into our minds, every one of them.⁶

Wo unto them *then* that seek to hide their counsel from thee ; and say, who seeth us.⁷ Behold, even thou hast seen it, oh Lord.⁸ Thou knowest, and art a witness,⁹ for can any hide himself in secret places, that thou shalt not see him ? Dost thou not fill heaven and earth, O Lord !¹⁰

Search me then, oh God, and know my heart ; try me and know my thoughts ; and see if there be any wicked way in me ; and lead me in the way everlasting,¹¹ that I may boldly say the Lord is my helper,¹²

¹ Psalm cxxxiv. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10.

² 2 Chron. ii. 6. ³ Prov. xv. 3. ⁴ Prov. xv. 11.

⁵ Deut. xxxi. 21. ⁶ Ezek. xi. 5. ⁷ Isaiah, xxix. 15.

⁸ Jer. vii. 11. ⁹ Jer. xxix. 23. ¹⁰ Jer. xxiii. 24.

¹¹ Psalm cxxxix. 23. ¹² Heb. xiii. 6.

my shepherd,¹⁵ my very present help in
time of trouble,¹⁴ the strength of my heart,
and my portion for ever.¹⁵

¹⁵ Psalm xxiii. 1. ¹⁴ Psalm xlvi. 1. ¹⁵ Psalm lxxiii. 26.

EXAMPLE VI.

OF THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, art thou, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come !¹ Who shall not fear thee, and glorify thy name ; for thou only art holy,² righteous in all thy ways, and holy in all thy works.³ Thy law is perfect, thy command is pure,⁴ and holiness becometh thine house for ever.⁵

* * * *

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¹ Rev. iv. 8.² Rev. xv. 4.³ Psalm cxlv. 17.⁴ Psalm xix. 7.⁵ Psalm xciii. 5.

THE END.

EDINBURGH :

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