

COLLECTION
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VOL. LXVII.

ANNE GREY.

BUBBLES

FROM

THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

ANNE GREY.

A NOVEL.

EDITED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANBY"



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BY THE EDITOR.

APPEARING as "Editor," I will briefly explain what that word is, and is not, here intended to imply. It does *not* imply that I originally suggested, or have participated, in the composition of the following novel. It implies nothing that can detract from whatever credit is due to the writer for originality in design or success in execution. It implies only my cordial approbation of these volumes --that I incur with pleasure the pains and penalties of literary sponsorship, and that, while the writer is pleased to remain unknown, I am glad to perform the office of introduction under a name which has already claimed the indulgence of the public several times.

I am permitted to state that this is a first publication, and that it is the work of a female hand. Neither of these circumstances do I mention with a view to deprecate criticism. I mention them rather as claims upon the attention and interest of the reader; for from a mind of which the stores are yet undivulged, originality may most reasonably be expected; and female novelists have been so frequently successful, that the fact that these pictures of modern life have proceeded solely from a female hand may be justly regarded as a recommendation. By many, perhaps, the latter announcement will be deemed superfluous; and the feminine tone and character of the work may produce in the reader that same conviction which we should entertain after the perusal of many of the writings of Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Opie, and all the novels of Miss Austen

austere, romantically cruel mother. Alas! Mrs. Grey was not this! What is to be done, then, for a description? Mrs. Grey was only a good sort of woman. She was kind-hearted—well intentioned—but had no superfluity of feeling. She had no sentiment—never wept at imaginary ills—loved her husband, as I said, because he was “Mr. Grey,” and she was “Mrs. Grey”—loved her children because they were Mr. and Mrs. Grey’s children, and were Masters and Misses Grey—cried when her first child cut his first tooth in safety, and ever after shed a few tears on all other proper occasions of the same kind. She was not a literary woman; but she was well read in the *Whole Duty of Man*, *Family Lectures*, and *Doddridge’s Family Expositor*; got through *Boswell’s Life of Johnson* once in every year; *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Cecilia*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield* in the course of two, and shed the same number of tears over each as were shed on all other proper occasions in the family, such as tooth-cutting, &c.

She made a point of reading a paper of the *Spectator* aloud every day to her girls as they sat at their work; and as it was all the *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* was written by a very good man (she never could understand that it was not all written by the same person), nothing would have made her believe that every paper was not likely to be beneficial to her girls from the ages of ten to sixteen; so, much to the edification of her daughters, the *Spectator* took its round, and regularly each day did Mrs. Grey open at the place where her next paper mark was left, and as regularly did she read through the various delinquencies of its various *dramatis personæ*, and duly move the mark to the end of the paper, fully impressed with the idea of the good which her daughters must have gained from listening to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey’s family consisted of two sons, and two daughters. The eldest son William was a bit of a despot. It was lucky that he possessed a good disposition, for he was his mother’s darling, and his will and pleasure guided every other person’s in the house, not excepting Mr. Grey’s. Perhaps the latter would scarcely have owned it: but where is the good quiet man who will not give up a little of his own authority to ensure peace in a house? Henry, the second son, and the youngest of the family, was a good-hearted, spirited boy, who loved mother, father, brother, and sisters, and sometimes plagued all of them, excepting his father and brother; the one, because he respected as well as loved him too sincerely;

the other, because, though he loved him less, he saw that William resented too seriously any infringement of his will; and Henry, like his father, loved peace in a house.

Sophy, the eldest girl, was pretty and lively; just tall enough to be called tall by short people, and of a moderate height by tall ones; just accomplished enough to give her a name for accomplishments amongst those who had not any themselves, and sufficiently so to keep her place with their more decided possessors; good-tempered, good-hearted, and altogether a very nice girl, just beyond the line of common-place stupid misses; inheriting a large share of Mrs. Grey's youthful beauty, and thinking a very little better of herself than she deserved.

Ah, well! It is all the better when it can be so! It saves many sinking hearts, and blushing faces, and tears at home; and keeps up wonderfully the stock of family spirits; for how much more conversible and agreeable will the girl be who comes out of society with a comfortable impression of herself! She will love her sisters, think with twice as much respect and affection of her parents, and be very good-natured to younger brothers; and even so was Sophy Grey!

Anne, the second girl, was a year and two months younger than Sophy. If Anne was pretty, she did know it. If Anne was clever, she did not know it. If Anne was the sweetest tempered of all human beings, she did not know it. She was little Anne Grey whom every one loved in and out of her own family, when they had time for it.

Meanwhile Anne was a kind of family drudge. William vented his tyranny and ill-humour upon her, laughed when he made her blush, or cry, and said "what a queer little thing" Anne was; though he loved her, after all, and allowed, not unfrequently, that she was the best of the set, and the best tempered little simpleton he ever knew. Henry made her his play-fellow, and the butt of all his good practical jokes, but he loved her with all his heart, and could never be happy in holiday times but when Anne could be with him, and hear of his school exploits; and always said, as he covered her little delicate face with kisses, after every boisterous joke that had annoyed or frightened her, that he really believed there was not another such a darling, good-natured girl in England, and he declared, that they might talk of Sophy being a beauty, and 'all that;' "but never mind Anne, you will marry a Lord or a Duke some of

these days, or some fine fellow when he sees how well you can put up with his playing you tricks."

As Anne grew up and came out, Harry's practical jokes diminished, though not his love for Anne, who, he declared, really looked very pretty at times. To be sure it was a monstrous bore that she should be going out, and dressing smart, instead of romping with him; but the time would come when he should go out with Anne too, and take care that those tall black-looking Miss Dashwoods did not frighten her, or old Mrs. Morton make her sing when she was not inclined.

Mrs. Grey thought of Anne as a good quiet child who never grew up into a woman. She thought her very shy, and very useful to go on messages for William, or ring the bell for the whole family, whenever it was required to be rung for the service of one or all of them. Mr. Grey loved Anne whenever he could think much of her, and always gave her a pat on the back or a kiss when it came in the way to do so, and called her his good little Anne. Sophy was fond of her and entrusted her secrets to her, but never could hear any in return; and Anne would never have thought of trying to force any upon her. Sophy thought of herself as "Miss Grey," and of Anne as her good little sister, who might get on very well as belonging to her.

And now will this do for a heroine? Anne Grey, how would you have blushed, how would you have looked at Sophy, had you been told that you, and not Sophy, were to be my heroine? Putting *Sophy out of the question, that you on any grounds were to be a heroine! and yet, Anne Grey, so it is; for mine is a quiet, common-place story, requiring a quiet, common-place heroine; and perhaps your gentle voice, your soft blue eyes, and your slight gliding figure—but Heaven defend us from voices, eyes, and gliding gracefulness! we will speak no more of it:—but let us listen to Lady Downton.*

CHAPTER II.

“WELL, Sophy, my dear love, I am quite charmed to see you. Ah! Anne too—I am so glad to see you both! but I really am tired to death. I have had such a day! My sweet Sophy, pity me! First in came, just when I had settled to my work, in came Mr. Thorpe. Oh! that man. He is a great bore. I always thought he was—but you know he is so kind! and though I really felt so ill, and Dr. Bray”—in a lower voice “actually told me there would be danger in my over-exerting myself”—(Anne Grey looked very sorry. Sophy forgot to do so) “Yet I could not help—and do you know,” in an animated tone, quite forgetting the danger of over-exertion which had seemed so imminent—“he told me such a piece of news! what do you think? we are going at last to have Chatterton taken. A family have been to look at it—have actually spoken to Turner about it, and Mr. Thorpe saw a letter from Mr. Aston’s daughters’ greatest friend, saying—I forget exactly, but it was something about places being taken after remaining long untenanted, just after an allusion to the Astons, and this coming with the account of Turner being applied to—It really will be charming! They do not know who the people are.”

“I shall be very glad,” said Sophy, “if we have some neighbours there; but I do not think I will let myself believe any one is coming till they are actually settled there.”

“Ah! very true, my dear—you are a sweet girl; but I am so fatigued!” the invalid voice was come again. “Could you have believed it? the slight exertion of seeing you has quite overcome me!”

“I am very sorry,” said Anne. “Perhaps, Sophy, as mamma intended meeting us on our way back—and I am afraid we are tiring Lady Downton——”

“Ah, my dear, you are so kind!—but I feel better now, and I assure you it does me good to have you here. I envy you your health—but Sophy, have not you any thing to tell me?—No amusement for your poor sick friend?” in a very tender voice, and with a

very sickly smile. "I know Mr. Grey does not love gossip, but I hate it so much that you need not be afraid of doing any harm by talking to me. I never repeat things—indeed I dislike the trouble; but cut out as I am from all pleasures, my life would be a melancholy thing but for the conversation of friends."

"I wish I had anything to tell you," said Sophy, with a smile that was not perhaps caused by pleasure.

Lady Downton was what is called an excellent neighbour to the Greys; that is, she was near enough for a walk to bring them together. She liked to have the Miss Greys come to talk to her, professed great friendship for all the family, and, as in the case with all other good neighbours, never thought it necessary to do more than profess. She always called girls "sweet loves," and told them how charmingly they looked. She played at "invalid"—no one knew exactly why, except that as she was indolent, and her husband, a good John Bull sort of man, was always employed either in hunting, shooting, or farming, and as they had no family, poor Lady Downton had nothing to amuse herself with but being always a little ill. Nothing else would have kept her alive. She must have died of ennui, if she had not been constantly saved, by Dr. Bray telling her she was on the point of death. When "invalid" and Dr. Bray failed, then came gossip—and between playing, "invalid," and gossiping in good earnest, Lady Downton was kept alive—we will not say as many years as Sir John wished—for it would be hard to tell what that period would have been. But Lady Downton did live a great many years, and as Sir John hunted, shot, and farmed the same number, so did she continue to be a poor sick friend to the Greys, and an active scandal-monger all the days of those numerous years.

Lady Downton loved to have some one to talk to, to hear how ill Dr. Bray thought her. She was always tired to death with the first few minutes of seeing any one, and so ill that she could scarcely bear the effort of shaking hands, and always twice as weak and delicate, when any one talked without retailing scandal, or did not quite believe her own.

"I am afraid I have very little by way of news to tell you," said Sophy. "The only news of any interest that I know is that Maria Pemberton is going to be married."

"No, really! Is that true," said Lady Downton, actually half-raising herself from her languid position on the sofa, "Who is it

to ? that ugly girl ! It must have been a take-in ! I am sure the man could not like her ! But who is it, my sweet Sophy ? I am dying to know."

"No other than Mr. Barton—Fred. Barton—and I really believe he is going to marry for love, and has been a long time attached to Maria ; but there have not been the means till his aunt died, who has left him all her fortune ; and Mrs. Fred. Barton is to be a rich woman."

"No, you don't say so!"

"I am very glad," continued Sophy. "I always liked her; she is so good-humoured, though she is very plain."

"Oh! as for that!"—Lady Downton held up her hands. "It is plainness to a degree—Well, I am very glad of it! And where do they mean to live? and what do they do with the mother? I did hear—but don't repeat it—I may trust you, you know, my dear Sophy—I did hear," speaking almost in a whisper, "that poor Mrs. Pemberton's temper is so bad that Maria vowed she could not, and would not, live with her any longer; and this proves it! And you know it is said that unhappy Mr. Pemberton's death was owing to a violent quarrel he had with Mrs. Pemberton."

Sophy actually laughed. "Nay, my dear Lady Downton, do not say that, for poor Mr. Pemberton had been dying of gout for the last five years, and never in all that time saw Mrs. Pemberton or his daughter for an hour together without scolding them both into silence. I do not see how her temper could have had such an effect upon his nerves: and as for Maria, she doats upon her mother, whose only fault towards her is, if any, humouring her a little too much. So we will let Maria Pemberton marry Mr. Barton, without finding any other reason for it than that they are attached to one another."

"Aye, my sweet Sophy! I love to see you so happy and cheerful—but my poor weak frame—I cannot always look on the bright side of things—I feel now quite overcome," sinking back with the fatigue of not being agreed with as to badness of Mrs. Pemberton's temper. Lady Downton was sent back to the resource of being an invalid. Happy woman! to have two strings to her bow.

But a new thought struck her. Lady Downton, though she had no other occupation in the world, did occupy herself meritoriously in one thing—in writing letters: and will it be believed, or rather will it not be believed, spite of her assurance that she hated gossip,

that Lady Downton's letters were full of gossip—some might say—of scandal! and written for no other purpose than to retail the newest bit of news with the finest possible gloss cast over it; so that if she told of a marriage, it was sure to be known at the same time that “there were some unpleasant circumstances about it—that the gentleman had been carrying on an affair elsewhere, but that a fierce Irishman of a brother had carried the point sword in hand”—but who would copy Lady Downton's letter? Suffice it to say that it was near post time—Maria Pemberton was going to be well married, and she was a very ugly girl—Lady Downton was so ill that she would not keep Sophy and Anne any longer, and she knew they must wish to be going to dear Mrs. Grey—so “good bye, Sophy! how charming you look! good bye, dear Anne,” and the Miss Greys walked home.

That day, had the post been way-laid, there might have been seen in one of those many letters in a female hand, “Maria Pemberton is going to marry Fred. Barton; and it seems, from what has been said at various times, that there has been some little manœuvre to bring it about; but you perhaps may not have heard the *shocking* reason for the poor girl accepting a man she never could love—which is the vile temper of her mother, who, I have heard, actually at times threatened to send her out of the house. I am writing confidentially, my dear Miss Lightfoot, and I would not for the world——” What farther Lady Downton's letter contained is not known; but never mind!—we will walk home with the Miss Greys.

They were both thinking on rather different subjects. Anne had been shocked by Lady Downton's manner of speaking of the Pembertons, whom she really liked. She also remembered Mr. Barton with pleasure, for he had once saved her at a ball from the honour of dancing with a satirical-looking man, whom some one introduced to her. She therefore did not like hearing them abused—But after all where were the people that Anne Grey would have liked to have heard abused?

Sophy meantime was wondering whether it was really true that Chatterton was going to be tenanted, and what kind of people the tenants would be. She had some little vision of an agreeable eldest son, who would look at Sophy Grey, and look and love, and decide that no one was half so charming in the whole neighbourhood. A pleasing sister he might have, who should call her ‘dear

Sophy, and dress after her, and still be a very agreeable, and pretty girl, whom every one would like just a degree less than herself. The parents should be pleasant. What a charming vision did she conjure up! Ah! that reality should ever, with its frosty hand, blacken the brightness of day-dreams like this of eldest sons with ten thousand a year, and declarations of love, and *trousseaux*, and honey-moons!

“Do you think it is true about Chatterton, Anne?” said Sophy at last.

“Oh yes! I had forgotten. I dare say it is.”

“I wonder whether papa will visit them,” rejoined Sophy. “It will be so agreeable to have pleasant neighbours there. I should like to know whether it is true.”

“We shall soon know, I dare say,” said Anne; “but we have so many neighbours already, that I cannot care about any new ones.”

“I must say I like new people,” said Sophy. “I like to be seen. I do not prefer,” added she laughing, “to blush unseen, and waste all the beauties, Captain Herbert talks about, on the desert air.”

“No—true, Sophy dear. I would not have your beauty left to bloom unseen. I do hope for your sake, that the house at Chatterton may be well filled with young and old—the gayest of the gay, if you wish it. There might be father and mother, one daughter perhaps, and one, two, three, or even four sons; and all to talk and laugh and dance with you and admire you just as much as Captain Herbert does.”

“There’s a good Anne! You are really the best natured sister in the world, and there shall be one of the two, three, or four sons left to your care!”

“Thank you, Sophy,” said Anne, in that quietest of all tones which is used only when the subject spoken of has ceased to interest, and when voice and attention drop at once in placidity.

On reaching home they found that Mrs. Grey had been waiting for them, had really had on her bonnet, fidgetted about to wonder what they could be doing; told Mr. Grey that that tiresome Lady Downton always kept the girls half the morning; had asked him to have his dinner an hour later, because she was sure all their morning would be lost; and they had to go and see poor old Betty Wood; and Mr. Grey had consented with a sort of grumble to a thing he hated, just to prevent Mrs. Grey from talking so much when he was more than head and shoulders deep in a new book.

Luckily for Mr. and Mrs. Grey's temper, the servant came in with two notes of invitation. Happy Mrs. Grey! she then had something to do, and forgot her daughters.

"My dear, here is an invitation from Hadley for a few days—'Ever your's sincerely, A. H. Hadley'—what a pretty hand she writes! You will go, of course. I had been hoping that Lady Hadly would ask us. Very civil indeed! And Sophy never looked so well, and she has just got her new dress from town."

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Grey, "we will certainly go. This leaving home for a night or two is a terrible affair; but, however, for the sake of the children, one must make a little sacrifice. You take Anne, my dear—they ask her, do not they?"

"Oh! I don't know. I never thought of taking Anne—Yes—your daughters—that certainly is an "s"—Well, we might take her; but she is so shy!"

"It is better that she should go out, and get rid of the shyness," said Mr. Grey. "Anne is growing very pretty."

"Yes, yes," rejoined Mrs. Grey, in a sort of bustling, cast-off manner, for Sophy was in her mind just then.

"And Anne's singing, when she is not too much frightened, is the prettiest thing I ever heard," said persevering Mr. Grey.

"Well then, I will write, shall I, and say we accept their invitation," said Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, certainly, my dear," and Mr. Grey was deep in his book again, and perhaps giving one corner of his attention to the blissful idea that Mrs. Grey was occupied for the next quarter of an hour.

The invitation to Hadley was a great pleasure to Mrs. Grey, and she was in her heart more delighted than she quite liked saying, for it was not dignified for old Mrs. Grey to be in a wild, girl-like delight. It was also a satisfaction to Mr. Grey. Lord and Lady Hadley were agreeable people, and had an excellent house; but the pleasure of an invitation to Hadley was greatly enhanced by Lord and Lady Hadley being known to be rather exclusive. Mr. Grey had a little pride in being liked by persons who were so—perhaps it was a weakness—but still it was natural. He was a man of refined mind, and was not rich enough to go yearly to London—he could therefore only enjoy such society as a country neighbourhood afforded; and it was natural he should prefer such houses as gave him the opportunity of meeting with those whose manners and mind best accorded with his own.

Mr. Grey had no vulgar love of rank or fashion, but he knew that those in high station have it most in their power to collect around them all the gems of England's sons and daughters, and fathers and mothers, and to select, as their guests, the clever, the agreeable, the well-informed of all classes. Mr. Grey therefore liked an invitation to Hadley; and if the company fell short of his expectations he could turn with enjoyment to the choice pictures—the extensive library—the beautiful gardens, and the rare exotics, which the union of wealth and taste had collected together.

“No end of invitations, my dear,” said Mrs. Grey, as poor Mr. Grey, having just resumed the train of his reading, had forgotten Hadley. “Here we are all asked to an archery at the Gilberts’—this day fortnight—that is long enough off! I think we had better go. I dare say every one will be there, and it will be pleasant for the girls.”

“Certainly, my dear,” and Mr. Grey tried to think with pleasure of an archery, and to read again; but good Mrs. Grey would not be satisfied with “Certainly, my dear.”

“Well, then, Mr. Grey, do attend a little. Shall we go or not? I am sure I don't know whether we ought. It's well if the horses are not laid up, and then there would be the expense of posters, and William has been so extravagant this year.”

“Well, my dear,” said poor Mr. Grey, “just as you like.”

Mrs. Grey was determined, surely, that morning to be provoking. “Just as I like! Mr. Grey! Why you know I am trying to think what is for the best, and I want your opinion. It is of very little use saying ‘just what I like.’ I want to decide what I do like!”

“Ah, very true,” said good, patient Mr. Grey. “I think we may as well go, and you will write the note perhaps—and—I am rather busy now with this new book; so, my dear, if you have nothing very particular to say—”

Mrs. Grey walked off muttering something about “always the way,” and “very difficult to know what to do.” In short she was not in a very good humour. I used to be told at times, when a child, that I had got up on the wrong side. I do not know exactly to this day what the nurse meant, but I knew the result; and this must have been the case with Mrs. Grey.

This is a conjugal dialogue between two excellent people, who really loved one another. Does any one think it unnatural? and

if it is not unnatural, will it deter any young lady from entering into the blissful state of matrimony? I hope not.

Sophy and Anne came in—(they had no idea of not marrying because they listened every now and then to such conjugal dialogues). They came just to relieve Mrs. Grey of her remaining bit of ill-humour.

“Well, girls, here are two invitations. I had been waiting half an hour for you, and then these came, and I have had such a difficulty in deciding how to accept them, as you were so long in coming. What could have kept you? One is from Hadley.”

“Hadley!” exclaimed Sophy—her eyes brightening.

“Aye, I thought you would be pleased,” said Mrs. Grey, all her natural good humour come again; “and we have accepted it: and here is another to an archery at the Gilberts’.”

“Hadley and an archery!” said Sophia, jumping round with a joyful bound. “How charming! Dear papa!” giving him a kiss on his forehead as he read, and the patient man smiled and actually looked pleased.

CHAPTER III.

Is it dignified in a heroine to be pleased when she is invited to a country house, and to an archery meeting?

Luckily Anne Grey, dignified or not, you will not incur censure on that account! Anne tried to be glad because her sister was glad; but it was rather difficult not to be sorry. Society had little pleasure for her, she felt so shy. She lost the time for her home pursuits—for her music—her drawing—and above all, her reading; and she gained only a feeling of being the shyest girl in England, and of sitting in positive misery during several hours, in the fear that some one would be so mistaken as to think she might be agreeable, and try to talk to her.

It would not have been so bad had not she known that in such a case her mother would have looked reproachfully at her, to make her talk in return, or her father perhaps would have said after-

wards, "Why did not you try to be less shy, my little Anne, and let us hear the sound of your voice? You should learn to think better of yourself, and remember we go into society for the sake of others as well as of ourselves." If it had not been for all this, which Anne felt to be very true, she would have relied on her own freezing monosyllables to have ensured her peace in society.

Anne, however, soon forgot her shyness sufficiently to feel happy in society. It would have been ungrateful had she not, and never was there a being less chargeable with the sin of ingratitude.* She overflowed with gratefulness for the smallest favour, but modesty and timidity often forbade her from showing the extent of it, whilst it dwelt unrestrained in her heart.

Had timidity not checked the excessive expression of obligation, good taste would have done so. Anne had the most thorough good taste that ever being was possessed of. It existed in every thing—I was going to say it shone forth—but that is not an applicable term.—None of her attainments, none of her virtues, could be said to shine forth—her modesty forbid it. Still a perfect taste and elegance existed in every thing, whether in her singing, her drawing, her dancing, her dress, her choice of books, or her kindness and attention to others; all was in good taste.

No sooner had the notes been despatched, than a ring at the door-bell announced a visitor; no uncommon thing at the Greys', who were placed in what is called a good neighbourhood.

Whether a good neighbourhood may be called *a good* is doubtful. One of its principal charms consists in the certainty of uncertainty, as to whether, when you have settled to your morning occupation, you are to be disturbed in it for so many half hours: whether your drawing is to go peaceably through its number of bright effects, and improving washes; or to be brought suddenly to a sharp edge, or a scumble, by the entrance of a visitor—your bright idea sent away—your drawing dried up into a cylinder by the agreeableness of Mrs. or Miss —s; or your book thrown aside, and sent out of train—your work—your music—all at the mercy of any one who makes a part of the good neighbourhood, and who go through the most wearisome of all things, a morning visit, you know, with the same long sufferance as yourself, and have to appear, with yourself, quite charmed to find you at home.

Then those other days, when, the carriage ordered, the work, the book, the drawing, laid aside; the flower-garden, gay and

tempting in the sun, deserted; card-case in hand, best bonnet on, a frown in the heart, and a smile on the face, you sally forth to the enjoyment of so many miles of dusty road, to the sight of entrance halls, and to the sound of door bells—to the breathless hope for a ‘not at home,’ and the ‘at home’ which you hear: or if ‘not at home,’ and your hope is realized (happiness beyond compare!) to have had this sight of the outside of houses, this rumble along dusty roads, to assure your good neighbours that you have returned their bore, and mean to be civil, and are not offended!

Thus, then, the “good,” in a good neighbourhood, does not mean the same thing as other goods. Mrs. Grey felt it so, as she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, “How provoking! I shall lose all my walk to-day!” and Mr. Grey felt it so, when, for the fourth time, he resigned his book with a sigh; then on second thoughts seized it, and, as softly as gentlemen’s boots would allow, crept at a side door out of the room. Just in time, Mr. Grey! The door opened, and Mrs. Dodson was announced.

It has been said that Mrs. Grey had some vulgar relations. Mrs. Dodson was Mrs. Grey’s first cousin. She lived not far from Weston—had lost her husband about five years back—had gone through the proper stages of inconsolable affliction, and had entered with vast pleasure into the enjoyment of the good things which poor dear Mr. Dodson had left behind him.

Mr. Dodson had been in trade. He was consequently very rich, and a rosy, fat, bustling, snub-nosed, little man—that is what one should say in a novel of a man who had made his money by trade, and who was to be the vulgar, laughable character of the book; but poor Mr. Dodson is dead—so he cannot be made more useful than by having left to his wife the means wherewith to be rich and vulgar, and one son to tread in the steps of his father.

Mrs. Dodson was not only fat, but vulgar. It was vulgarity not of person alone, though in that she was pre-eminent, but vulgarity of mind. She thought highly of herself—highly of her son—highly of her thousands a year—her house on which thousands had been expended—her garden—her hot-houses, pineries, conservatories,—all the many good things which money can give—but she thought still more highly of every man, woman, or child, to whose name was appended those pleasing little fascinating words, Lord, Lady, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, or Duke. Highly she thought of every one whom she could mention as a “very fashionable person.”

Great people were Mrs. Dodson's idols, to whom she bowed—not gracefully—that she could not do! her figure forbad! but she did bow most profoundly in her heart, and set a value on every one, exactly in proportion to the number of the Peerage or of the fashionables whom they could count amongst their acquaintances.

Mrs. Dodson was a good mother, and had been a good wife; and where kindness was really called for it was always bestowed. But she had at the same time a large fund of envy and ill-will towards those who rose superior to herself in rank, wealth, or fashion. She was pompous, and tried to depreciate others, in extolling herself.

Her only son 'Bob,' or 'Mr. Robert Dodson,' as he was called, was exactly the person to have been expected from such parents. He was awkward in manners and appearance; free from any reproach of intellectuality or refinement; like his mother, not bad-hearted; but unlike her, he was troubled with *mauvaise honte* to a distressing degree when brought into the presence of those whom an innate sense of something wanting in himself told him were his superiors. He was not so vulgar in externals as his mother. His pomposity did not appear so much—we hardly know, in fact, whether it really existed; and in person, though he was awkward, he might have passed very well for a stupid, unremarkable young man. Such was the scion of the house of Dodson—and now will he be accepted as my hero? Mrs. Dodson means to make him such—and what must be done?

It was Mrs. Dodson's favourite plan to marry her son to one of his 'cousin Greys.' From children it had been a settled thing between Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Grey, that Bobby was to marry Sophy. So when Bobby gave Sophy a kiss, as they played on the floor together, or Sophy cried because cousin Bobby was going away, and took his new toy with him, Mrs. Dodson winked at Mrs. Grey, and Mrs. Grey winked at Mrs. Dodson, and they held up their hands and said 'how wonderful!'

As they grew up, Mrs. Dodson saw that her son was a little wanting in external elegance and in mental attainments; and the doubts, which had at times risen in her mind, whether Bob with his fortune might not have secured a Marquis's or an Earl's daughter for his wife, were sent to rest, by seeing Bob's blushes and hearing his feet shuffling on the carpet, as he sat enduring a morning visit. Still more were they set at rest by seeing the Greys growing up pretty and accomplished, and the whole family getting into the best

society, and counting up more Peerage-Book acquaintances than could be thought of without envy as separated from Bob, but very pleasantly as united to him.

Mrs. Dodson, to do her justice, was really fond of the Greys. She had little jealousies, not a few with Mrs. Grey—but still she really liked her. Mr. Grey was naturally kind-hearted, and so long-suffering towards his wife's relations and their vulgarity, that Mrs. Dodson could always say to herself—'How very comfortable and sociable Mr. Grey is!' and as she respected him, so she liked him, for being superior and not showing any airs of superiority. Sophy and Anne she liked because they were pretty, good tempered girls, whom she had known from the cradle upwards. Either of them she felt would do very well for Bob; and her good-heartedness suggested what a great thing it would be for them to marry such a fortune.

On the Grey side of the question, Mrs. Grey had been so long accustomed to the Dodsons and their vulgarity, that she was not quite aware of its extent. Bob was very harmless, and *very rich*, and Mrs. Dodson always spoke 'so highly of him!'—a proof of his being a good son. Mr. Grey did not think much about him. He was, as may be seen, rather an indolent man, and allowed things to be in a great measure managed for him. He thought Bob Dodson was a good sort of youth, who might make a very good husband, and he felt that if one of his daughters could like him, it would be quite as well that she should marry him. So far Mr. Grey went—but Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Dodson had gone some way farther. They had *almost* settled the wedding dress, *quite* the house which Bob was to have (Bagley Hall was to remain in Mrs. Dodson's care till her death), the number of carriages, and the name of the first child. All this time Sophy and Anne knew nothing of this plan against their peace, and all this time Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Grey kept up a little enlivening spirit of jealousy, which made Mrs. Dodson talk vastly of her riches—her carriages—her hot-houses—her hundred other et ceteras,—and Mrs. Grey talk grandly of her titled friends—of Lord Albert *something* being so smitten with Sophy—of Lady *some other* saying that she hoped the Greys would consider her house as their home—and so on.

Now enter Mrs. Dodson! Mrs. Grey, who had been for the last few seconds getting up a smile and a company face, forgot both on seeing that the visitor was no one after all, but her cousin Mrs.

Dodson; so she very heartily shook her by the hand, and told her how glad she was that she was Mrs. Dodson and not any other person—and then, Mrs. Dodson having duly kissed Sophy and Anne, said—“Well, I’m so glad to see you, for its an age since I saw you all!” and having taken breath after the exertion of walking into the room, she and Mrs. Grey were seated, and Mrs. Grey had begun to think how soon she could bring in the invitation to Hadley, and Mrs. Dodson, how soon she could speak of having out-bid the Duke of—— for the costly table at——; a piece of extravagance by the way that was rather weakening to Bob’s funds, and nothing but the gratification of talking about it could quite silence the risings of conscience and account books in Mrs. Dodson’s mind.

Meanwhile, Sophy and Anne considered themselves at liberty to go or stay as they pleased, so Anne glided off to her harp in the next room, and Sophy went to look at her new dress from town, and to think whether Captain Herbert would be at the Archery that day fortnight, and whether he would admire her still more in her new dress. Anne’s harp was a solace to her, but, unlike Sophy, she had to send Hadley and the Archery to oblivion to render her as happy as usual, though one little pleasant thought arose about Hadley—“I wonder whether we shall meet Mr. Temple there!” A wrong note, Anne Grey! and Anne knew it was, and for five minutes she thought no more about Hadley, or Mr. Temple, or any thing but overcoming a difficult passage in her music, and the next five minutes her whole soul was in one of the most beautiful and touching of———airs, which was played with all that expression and feeling which is some reward for the gift of a whole soul—even such a soul as hers.

Who then is Mr. Temple, who could cause one wrong note, and be so easily forgotten when he had caused it? Mr. Temple was a young man whom Anne had met on her only visit to Hadley—on almost the first visit she had ever paid after she came out. Edward Temple was tall, rather handsome and very gentlemanlike. To finish his character, as Mrs. Dodson might have finished it, he was “a prodigiously fine young man, very clever, very satirical, very fashionable, quite of the first fashion, gave himself great airs, and would scarcely speak to any but his own set—but then, if any man had a right to be fastidious, it was certainly Edward Temple, for he was such a remarkably genteel, clever young man—dressed

so well—and had such an air—but very quiet—so quiet in his manner and dress,”—that is what Mrs. Dodson would have said.

Such as Edward Temple was, he had been staying at Hadley during Anne's first visit there, and Anne had liked him—for he had actually spoken to her, and in a way that did not render her more shy, but so as to remove her fears for the moment, and enable her to keep up a conversation of five minutes without any great suffering. She had never again dared to place herself within the possibility of speaking-distance; but he had once, as she could not but observe with surprise and gratitude, saved her from singing, at some little expense of manœuvre to himself, when her distress had been manifested on being called upon for such an exhibition.

This was very good-natured, and, joined to his agreeableness, which she could listen to without any painful effort of boldness when it was not addressed to herself, gave Anne a very favourable impression of him, and made her entertain a slight wish to hear him talk again—not to be talked to. No—Anne actually coloured up with intuitive bashfulness as she thought of it; and yet he was so thoroughly well-bred in his manner, and so gentle and quiet, especially to her, that, in spite of his cleverness—his turn for satire—and the way in which he laughed at some people, she really felt less afraid of him than of most others whom she met in society. So Anne thought with pleasure of listening to Mr. Temple at Hadley.

The day arrived—Sophy in high spirits—well-dressed, and knowing she was so—with a most becoming bonnet on, in which she was quite aware that she looked very pretty. Anne, just as well-dressed, and looking the picture of elegant quietude and simplicity, but not in the least aware of looking very pretty, or of any thing but the fluttering of her heart, as they drove through the lodge gates at Hadley, whirled along the level sweep of carriage-road, through the magnificent park, and stopped at last at the door under the imposing row of columns, that all seemed turned into eyes to gape at and abash poor Anne Grey.

Shall I describe the party there, or shall I leave Hadley and its inmates in a sort of vague indistinctness? One way of proceeding might have a grand, romantic, and bewildering effect. The other might subject me to receiving a pretty compliment on my truth of description—on this or that person being ‘so natural!’ Let nature then have her sway—Let the grand sublime be left to nobler minds,

and let me once more and for ever be common-place and true—
 Let me descend to all but to the patterns of the curtains, or the
 number of cups of coffee drunk by my heroine and her companions.
 Just down to this, and no lower, let me descend in minuteness.

On getting into the room, and after having sat there about ten
 minutes, Anne found that Hadley was not so much a matter of pal-
 pitations at the heart as she had expected. Lady Hadley and Miss
 Trevor were the only persons in the room on their arrival. Lady
 Hadley was between thirty and forty, tall, rather pretty, and very
 pleasing; possessed of rather a distinguished air,—just that kind of
 air which would render it impossible to mistake her for a milliner,
 milliner's apprentice, or lady's maid, wherever she might be seen.
 Amiable, sensible, and tolerably clever, she had nothing more re-
 markable about her, but that she was apt to take likings and form
 friendships which were not doomed to decay after the first effe-
 rescence of feeling was over—which were neither brought to an
 abrupt conclusion, nor kept lingering on to a natural death; neither
 to the slow decline, nor the galloping consumption of friendly feel-
 ing. Lady Hadley's likings and friendships lasted as long as they
 were deserved, or were called for, or prized by the objects.

Lady Hadley may therefore safely be called a remarkable woman.

Miss Trevor, the other person in the room on their arrival, was
 a lively, active old maid,—a person who did every body's business
 for them, and what is singular, always did it well, and never neg-
 lected her own in consequence—the most useful of all useful peo-
 ple in a house—always ready to talk or to be talked to,—rather
 preferring the former—always happy, always busy, always ready
 to play country dances to the children, or quadrilles or waltzes for
 those of a larger growth. When every one was saying with a sigh
 'Who will play for us?' and all who could play trying to feel un-
 selfish and good-natured, and answering, 'I will with great plea-
 sure!'—then stepped in Miss Trevor, and querist and answerer
 both went to the enjoyment of the gliding quadrille or the whirling
 waltz, and Miss Trevor was a 'dear good woman' all the evening
 after, and part of the next morning.

Miss Trevor was a happy woman! She had neither beauty,
 talents, nor riches—She was a very ordinary person—but she was
 useful and she was good-natured; and her usefulness and her
 good-nature rendered her the happiest and the most generally
 liked of all the people of every one's acquaintance. Ye unaccom-

plished, ugly, pennyless damsels, who having answered 'No,' and been 'taken at your word,' have lost your last chance of married felicity, look at Miss Trevor and be comforted!

CHAPTER IV.

LADY HADLEY was pleased to have the Greys in her house. She had taken a liking to Mr. Grey, and to Anne. Sophy she thought of as of the hundred other pretty, and accomplished, and well-dressed Misses of social life. Mrs. Grey certainly was rather a bore; but Lady Hadley believed her a good kind of woman, who made an excellent housekeeper, and *mère de famille*. She did not wonder that *she* should prize Sophy more highly than Anne, for she felt it would be impossible that such a woman as Mrs. Grey could truly appreciate Anne's character; but she did wonder that all who had discernment and taste, who saw the modest grace of Anne, should not take as decided a liking to her as she had done herself.

When Anne went up to dress for dinner, it was with the conviction that it would be very pleasant at Hadley, and not so alarming as she had imagined. Lady Hadley was such a charming person, and so peculiarly kind in her manner, and old Miss Trevor was so chatty and good-humoured, that it was very comfortable to have such a resource, for it was almost impossible to be frightened at Miss Trevor.

Sophy, too, was in good-humour: she had heard of a pleasant party expected that evening—some whom it would be worth while should admire her; and Sophy had a fondness for admiration, and was never in a better humour than when her vanity had been gratified. She let Anne have as much of their joint maid's attendance as she required, without saying a cross word, or feeling that she wanted her at the very moment that Anne did—dressed herself perfectly to her own satisfaction, and told Anne, when they were both ready, that she never saw her look so well in her life. Anne's little vanity just brought a *soupeçon* of a blush on her cheek, and one of those pretty half smiles of hers,—and they descended to the drawing-room ripe for conquest.

There assembled were Lord Hadley, whom we must just mention as a well-informed, agreeable man, having a decided taste for

hunting, and the reputation of being one of the ugliest men in England. Miss Trevor, who was always in good time, and had never been too late for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, in her life. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright,—both young and both devoted—not to each other—no, though they really appeared to go on exceedingly well together, and generally called one another ‘Arthur,’ and ‘Emily,’ and ‘my dear,’ *in society*; but that to which they were both devoted, was, the one to being thought pretty and agreeable by all the world, as well as Mr. Cartwright; the other to being thought agreeable and *dangerous*, to the weaker and better half of the world, which Mrs. Cartwright was not unwilling to leave to his attention.

Then there was a good old prosy man—Sir Henry Poynton, a K.C.B., who had seen much active service, and was quite ready to talk about it whenever he could get any one to listen—always ready to laugh at a good joke, when he could understand it, or to puzzle at it till he did, and never grudged giving his laugh gratis five minutes after the call for it had ceased, and every one had become grave again.

Lady Marston, the Lady Mary and Agnes Dalton, and Mr. Arthur Dalton, were variously distributed about the room, Lady Mary looking the amiable and pretty to attract the attention of another of the party, whom I have not yet named—no other than Lord Stoketon, one of the young men to whom mamas are very partial—in other words, a good ‘party.’

Lord Stoketon was an ordinary kind of gentlemanlike, talkative, good-hearted young man, who was not in the least attending to Lady Mary and her prettiness, but looking in a sort of vacant happiness round the room, standing with his back to where the fire should have been. Lady Agnes Dalton was looking ugly and sensible in a conversation with Lord Hadley, who evidently considered her rather a bore, and felt the weight of her good sense more heavily than he wished. Mr. Arthur Dalton was whispering to Mrs. Cartwright, in a congenial arm-chair, sociably drawn close to hers.

Such were the people and their occupations when Mrs. Grey, Sophy, and Anne, entered the drawing-room at Hadley. Mr. Arthur Dalton’s glass was immediately attracted to his eye, and the end of a whisper to Mrs. Cartwright curtailed by their entrance. One minute sufficed to satisfy him that he did not know them, and

that Sophy was a pretty looking girl, and he was again whispering to Mrs. Cartwright, and she was again laughing affectedly, conscious she looked pretty when she did so.

Lord Stoketon's vacant stare was stopped, and his eyes were not again cast in vacancy towards the window, but rested for the remainder of the time till dinner on Sophy.

It was evident he had already settled her to be a very pretty girl. Sophy was quite aware of this, too, and wished to know who he was, but would not ask, not even Miss Trevor, who seated herself by her and told her why Lady Hadley was so late for dinner, and what it was they had been talking about to keep her from dressing. This was all very interesting, and it was strange that Sophy should be desirous of any other information; but she had not much time to care, for Lady Hadley came down, and she found herself introduced to Lord Stoketon, she scarcely knew why, but she thought it was because he had desired it, and then she was introduced to Mr. Cartwright, and the Ladies Dalton—Mrs. Cartwright spoke to her without being introduced—Mr. Arthur Dalton put up his glass at her again meantime—Lord Stoketon stood by looking impatient, and Sophy Grey was a happy girl!

In a few minutes more she found herself at dinner, seated between Lord Stoketon and Lady Marston. That dinner decided Lord Stoketon in thinking Miss Grey one of the prettiest and most charming girls he had ever known. It decided Miss Grey in the same opinion, and also in a few extra ones, such as that, Lord Stoketon was very agreeable, and that the least becoming sort of coiffure was that of Lady Mary Dalton, who sat just opposite. Anne was happily placed between Sir Henry Poynton and Mr. Arthur Dalton, the latter of whom gave her her greatest chance of happiness by never speaking to her, and the former talked incessantly without requiring much in return, and was so good-humoured, and so evidently delighted with having found a good listener, at last, after thirty years' search, that Anne could not dislike his talking to her. So the dinner was a pleasant one both for her and for Sophy.

That evening passed as most other evenings pass in a country house, with a slight mixture of the dull and the agreeable. Mr. Cartwright had found out that Anne was prettier than Miss Grey, and made various attempts to talk to her, which Anne as regularly repulsed by turning to her constant friend and proser, Sir Henry Poynton, who was quite elated by this tacit hint for a new anecdote.

dote, and always set off again at the rate of a quarter of an hour a story; so Anne had merely to smile, and she was safe from Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright could only look astonished, curl his lip, and be very particularly entertaining to Lady Mary Dalton.

That evening, after the good nights had duly been uttered, and all the hands which were to be shaken had been shaken at the top of the stairs, Mrs. Grey and her daughters found themselves alone in the Miss Grays' apartment; and then Sophy said, "What a pleasant evening we have had!" and "Oh! I like Hadley of all things!" and then did Mrs. Grey kiss her with a greater warmth of affection than usual, for it was evident that Sophy had made a conquest and been admired. Mrs. Grey was such a worthy woman! and like all other worthy mothers she always loved her daughters best when they were most admired, and least required it.

She kissed Anne too, with very singular affection, so I have no doubt that Anne had also been admired; indeed Lady Hadley had praised her very warmly, and Mrs. Grey had overheard Mr. Cartwright say to Lord Stoketon, "what a pretty creature she is!" so Mrs. Grey gave Anne two kisses, instead of one, and Sophy had one more for Lord Stoketon's sake.

"My dear," said Mrs. Grey, to her husband when they were alone, "what do you think of it? It is quite certain he was very much struck."

"Not hurt, I hope, my dear," said Mr. Grey, whose mind was then balancing between a note from his steward concerning the purchase of some Scotch cattle, and a story that had been told of a boy being thrown from a donkey.

"Not hurt, I hope, my dear," said Mr. Grey, with a very compassionate tone.

"My dear Mr. Grey! what are you thinking about? why, I certainly hope, indeed, I suppose, Lord Stoketon is a little hurt; for you know when men are in love, it is not always quite agreeable to them."

"Lord Stoketon in love! why, who with? Has he an attachment?" Scotch cattle and stewards' letters still operating.

"Really, Mr. Grey," said poor Mrs. Grey, "I wish you would attend a little. What I want to ask you about, is, whether you do not think Lord Stoketon is in love with Sophy; and I am sure it is a matter of great interest, and one I feel most deeply."

“ Oh ! now I understand,” said Mr. Grey at last, Sophy and Lord Stoketon making a head against Scots, steward, boy and donkey.

“ Now I understand,” said he, laughing, “ at least, as much as I can at present ; but as to Lord Stoketon being in love with Sophy, that is what I cannot pretend to say. He admired her, as most men do ; I saw that ;—but he had no other person very attractive to talk to ; so, my dear, we will not think of him for a son-in-law just yet.”

Mrs. Grey said no more. It was not the first premature scheme she had formed.

And now let heroines and their mothers fall asleep, for they will require it, if they knew how much they had to go through before my book is finished. I have brought both my heroines out on the stage of my book. I feel nervous about going on. I have got them both into a large country house, and I don't know how they are to make a graceful exit. Sophy might make a bold step and walk off, backwards, sideways, or straight forwards ; but Anne must be gently led ; she must get away quietly, yet not in silence. We must not let it be asked what did she come on for ? which, if she says not a word, meets with no hero, and with no adventure, will certainly be asked. As heroine, she must not play *Dumby*, yet it must not be felt ‘ what a noise Anne Grey is making !’

What is to be done then ? Whilst they sleep, I will muse. I will set my brain on the rack, and visions of grandeur shall flit past me in the solemn hours of night, and the burnings of intense thought shall eat up my soul ; and I will—I will—I will do great things. I will call the Miss Greys in the morning !

Poor Miss Greys—poor Mr. and Mrs. Grey—poor Lord and Lady Hadley—all ye poor mortals assembled at Hadley—the hour is at length come. You must leave the comfort of your bed— you must get up, look ugly, and feel cross—be cold, though it is only the first week in September—be ashamed to ask for a fire, though you feel September frost worthy of December, stealing to your fingers' ends. You must forget all your pleasant dreams—you must remember all the ills that befell you the day before—you must all get up.

Sophy woke from the dream of Lord Stoketon and Captain Herbert. You will never decide the question. Anne woke from that fascinating vision of a K.C.B., from those words still drumming in

her ear, "It was a very singular event. Another moment, and the tiger would have had me in his mouth. His tail was thrown round me, and I heard"—Anne's agony for the safety of her K.C.B. had become extreme. She made a movement of eager anxiety to listen to the next words, and in a loud and startling tone she heard, "It is rather more than half past nine, ma'am," and Anne and Sophy were both awake.

CHAPTER V.

"It is rather more than half past nine, ma'am," and Anne and Sophy were both awake.

We find nearly all the party assembled at breakfast—Miss Trevor was presiding over the tea, an occupation for which she had a particular penchant. Lord Stoketon was ready to say good morning to Miss Grey—to make a slight attempt at shaking hands, without feeling certain whether the degree of acquaintanceship warranted it, and to be rewarded for the effort by Miss Grey's extended hand, and a bright smile with her 'good morning.'

Sophy had the art of always looking happy, and rosy, and bright in the morning, a superior attainment! but if the result of a free conscience, why is it not more common?

Great are the delights of a breakfast table! Great the charm of conversation amidst the fragrance of coffee, the fumes of tea, and the demolition of buttered rolls. Many a bright idea comes into the brain with a new pile of toast, or is rolled out with a fresh pat of butter. Many a *bon mot* brought to light with the first development of a new-laid egg, and many a scientific mystery unfathomed with the sight of the farthest depth of egg shell. Breakfast perhaps is rather the time for wise and philosophical discussion than for the light and lively tone of dinner talk. People come down with a stock of goodness about them, which disposes them to be sensible. The goodness wears off during the day—very early indeed in most people, and by dinner time, though they are not really more cheerful, they are much more witty—much more satirical—much more sparkling, and well dressed.

But you would know what was said so very indicative of amiability and wisdom at the breakfast table at Hadley? Nothing after all, very particular! Miss Trevor talked very good naturedly to Lady Marston, during the intervals of pouring out tea, and Lady Marston was the very dullest woman in the world. Sir Henry Poynton had manœuvred to sit by Anne, but Anne escaped and was seated between Mrs. Cartwright and Lord Hadley; so Sir Henry talked across the table to her, and when his neighbours would not listen, reminded her of the little anecdote he told her yesterday evening. Mrs. Cartwright had Mr. Dalton on the other side of her, but when she could spare a few minutes from talking to him, she turned to Anne, to whom she had, as she said, taken 'a vast fancy' (perhaps she had heard that Lady Hadley had done the same); and she questioned and cross-questioned her on her likes and dislikes, her sentiments, her weaknesses, her amusements, and her occupations; then turned to Mr. Arthur Dalton, and whispered "what sweet simplicity!" and looked sweet *for* Anne, I suppose, and *at* him; then turned to Anne again, paid her a great many pretty compliments, and invited her to come to her room, and look at a most charming bonnet, a Swiss costume, which she was quite sure would suit her exactly. Anne thought her very absurd, very good-natured, but very tiresome.

Then Lady Agnes Dalton said something about the wonderful velocity of steam-carriages; and some one said something in answer, and some one said something more, and all these somethings led to a discussion which was general, and this discussion ended in another on first attachments, and the propriety of men leaving their eldest sons every thing, and their daughters nothing. How railways and steam carriages led to this I will not pretend to say! but so it was! and very interesting discussions they were, and very much did every one regret the conclusion of the last drop of tea, and the last scrap of toast, which had served as an excuse for lingering at the table.

Before the breakfast room was deserted, Lord Stoketon, who sat by Miss Grey, had found out that she lived within eight miles of Hadley, that she had two brothers, and that she never rode. He had told her that she ought to ride, for she would look very well on horseback, and that he had the quietest little horse in the world, that he could lend her. During the remainder of the day Sophy received a little more information from him; such as 'that he was

struck with her appearance the moment she entered the room the preceding evening'—'that he thought her quite different from any other person he had ever seen' (I wonder why this should be a compliment) ? and that 'he had been told by his sisters that he would never marry, but that he somehow thought he should!' What Sophy told him in return I do not know—but most likely she told him she was going to an Archery next week, and that she thought his sisters must be very fond of him, as he was an only brother.

However this may be, when the sisters were alone in their room that night, Sophy asked Anne what she thought of Lord Stoketon ; and after about five minutes' abstraction, she began to talk of Captain Herbert, and said, for the first time, that she thought he was rather a coxcomb, and, that she preferred people who had more bluntness and frankness of manner.

Her grave mood was soon over, and then the two sisters discussed the party at Hadley, and the events of the day, and laughed over all the variety of characters—Lady Agnes Dalton's sense, Lady Marston's dulness, Lady Mary's attempt to appear pretty and interesting to Lord Stoketon, Sir Henry Poynton's prosing, dear old Miss Trevor's chit chat, and to praise and praise over and over again that very dear Lady Hadley ; but Anne was more warm on that subject than Sophy. Sophy was quite ready to talk of the ridiculous, but she was soon tired when there was nothing to be bestowed but praise. They both joined most heartily in decrying Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright ; and joined as heartily in laughing at Mr. Arthur Dalton, who was a conceited simpleton, affecting exclusiveness, and a mere hanger-on of those supposed to be of any consideration in the world.

The next day, when the letters came, Lady Hadley exclaimed with great delight, as she tossed one to Lord Hadley, "I am so glad! Edward Temple comes to us to-day, and there is his note. Just like himself! He always has the power of making one laugh on or off paper, more than any person I know, without making one feel that it is foolish to do so: when I am with him and he chooses to be entertaining, I am always convinced that nothing is so wise as laughing. Do not you think the same, Lady Agnes?" said she appealing to her, but without much idea of being understood.

"Certainly, laughing may not be considered as a mark of in-

telleetual weakness on all occasions," said Lady Agnes, looking grave and very sensible.

"Oh dear! I hope there is no harm in it!" said Mrs. Cartwright, who had once been told that she never looked so beautiful as when she laughed, addressing Lord Stoketon.

"I should not like at all not to be allowed to laugh," said his Lordship, "for I think it excellent fun. Miss Grey, you do not think it very shocking, I hope?" said he to Sophy.

"I hope it is not," said she, laughing as she spoke to confirm the assertion, "for I must be a very shocking person if it is!"

"And so you all believe that I think it very foolish to laugh!" said Lady Hadley. "I wish some one of you would say some very good thing, that I might have the opportunity of proving the contrary. Lord Stoketon! do be good-natured! Do say something witty!"

"Don't ask me, Lady Hadley! I would do any thing I could for you; but I never said a witty thing in my life, but once, when I made a pun. I never found it out till I heard them all laughing, and then I asked what it was about, and they told me it was my pun! But I never could hit on another!"

"Very well! that will do admirably," said Lady Hadley, really laughing.

"Miss Grey, shall we finish that game of chess?" said Lord Stoketon to Sophy, and off they went, and they did finish it, and Miss Grey beat Lord Stoketon.

It was settled that morning that the Greys should stay at Hadley a whole week longer. Mrs. Grey hardly knew how to seem not too much delighted. She *could* have jumped for joy, if it would have been decorous! for only think! There was Hadley alone! —*that* was enough! To be able to say that they had been staying so long at Hadley—still more that they had wished to go home very soon, but that the Hadleys would not hear of it, and had pressed their staying so vehemently that she and Mr. Grey at length gave way. Then, as if this were not sufficient happiness, there was Lord Stoketon! Even, if he had not been inclined to fall in love with Sophy, a whole week in her society with nothing else to do, would make it impossible for him to avoid it! but as it was, when Mrs. Grey saw him, as the Hadleys were pressing their stay, actually taking the part of master of the house, and, at the ex-

pense of good breeding, pressing too! *then* she felt that Sophy must be Lady Stoketon, and that all would be settled before the end of the week.

Then about Anne, too! Lady Hadley had not only asked them all to stay, but she had asked that Anne might remain still longer, or come some other time. Was there any thing so delightful? who could wonder at Mrs. Grey's happiness!

"Where is your brother, Miss Grey?" said Lord Hadley. "I sent a note of *invite* to him; but, I suppose, like all other young men, he is little at home. To send a letter to a young man at home is, in fact, sending to the place where you are sure it will *not* find him."

"William is—at this moment I cannot tell exactly where he is," said Sophy, laughing.

"Ah! I knew you could not," rejoined Lord Hadley laughing too. "Do not attempt it. Your best way is always to ask from others, and you may happen to find out in this manner. Cartwright," raising his voice to reach Mr. Cartwright at the other end of the long library; "did not you say you met William Grey somewhere? Here is Miss Grey wants to know where her brother is."

Miss Grey laughed and said, "it was often very true that she could not tell where William was, and that she had sometimes learnt from strangers; but that, in this instance, she did know whereabouts he was; for he was in Yorkshire, if he was not at the lakes, or gone into Scotland, or returned into Lancashire, or Cheshire; but a letter had not come very lately."

"Bravo, Miss Grey! You guess that your brother is either not in England, or in one out of one, two, three—out of *five* counties. Cartwright, do help this unhappy sister to a little less grand and unbounded idea of where her brother is."

"All I can tell Miss Grey, is that I met Mr. William Grey just, three days ago in Cheshire at the Grahams'," said Mr. Cartwright; "and there he seemed fixed—very pretty girl, Jane Graham, Miss Grey!"

"I don't know her," said Sophy.

Now what am I to do with all these people for the next two or three days? Mr. Grey was very happy with Lady Hadley, with whom he had a great deal of conversation, in the course of which they mutually discovered that they were both very superior people. Lady Hadley's high opinion of Mr. Grey increased to a great degree; Mr. Grey's opinion of Lady Hadley, as a pleasing, well-bred,

woman, was magnified into thinking her a remarkably amiable, sensible, right-minded person, with very good abilities and judgment, and the most engaging manners he ever knew.

Sophy was thoroughly occupied in receiving Lord Stoketon's attentions, and Lord Stoketon in paying them. She had likewise a little extra work in keeping down Mr. Cartwright's civility to the proper bounds of non-interference with Lord Stoketon. Mr. Cartwright thought Anne very pretty, and he wished that she should think him very charming; but it would not do. Anne! the shy, timid, Miss Anne Grey snubbed him! so he saw that Sophy was being admired, and found out that she must be prettier than Anne. Lord Stoketon was in love with her; Miss Grey, therefore, was the person for his *petits soins*, and he gave them, and they were received very well, except when Lord Stoketon was in the way, and Mr. Cartwright would not get out of the way. Then, Sophy lost her attention, and did not blush at his compliments, nor smile at his agreeable flatteries.

So all these people were very well occupied, and as for the remainder! they occupied themselves too. But heaven defend me from relating the occupations of a Lady Marston, a Lady Mary, and a Lady Agnes Dalton, a Mrs. Cartwright, and a Mr. Arthur Dalton.

Reader, courteous, or uncourteous, *that* I leave to your bright fancy! and may it be light and airy as Mr. Arthur Dalton's smallest small-talk! gay and unencumbered with the weight of sense, as Mrs. Cartwright's sparkling laughter! sweet and sentimental as Lady Mary's last smile at Lord Stoketon!

And now, 'see the conquering hero comes!' "Mr. Temple, my Lady," and Mr. Temple was ushered into the room.

"Ah, Mr. Temple! never was there such a welcome sound!" and 'how do you do's' were resounding up and down the long library at Hadley, and Mr. Temple was come.

Anne, as he entered, wondered for a moment whether he would remember her, and she had just settled that he did not, and had felt a little sorry; but he turned towards the part of the room where she sat, looked for a moment, and then, as Anne raised her head, bowed and smiled; and the smile came naturally, for he seemed pleased to see her there. However it went no farther, for he did not come near her, nor take any notice of her again before dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

AND now all the party at Hadley were dressed, and looked as beautiful as they could, and came down to dinner.

I flatter myself I am like Homer. I never miss an opportunity of bringing in man in his carnivorous capacity. I never forget that he eats and drinks, and I take great pleasure in recording that he does. I never miss bringing him to breakfast and to dinner.

Do not suppose that I am going to set down any of the good things said by Mr. Temple. It is always the safest way for a novelist when he introduces any character that he means to be very superior—who is to be very clever, or agreeable, or sensible, or witty, to say for him as little as possible, but make it thoroughly understood that if you had thought fit to set down his conversation it would have been something quite beyond all praise. But do not pretend to talk for your first-rate characters, unless you know you are a first-rate character yourself. I can assure you it is not safe, unless you happen to be a Miss Austen, or a Miss Edgeworth, or a Mr. or a Miss any other first-rate novelist.

How is it likely that you, perhaps a quiet, stupid, prosy man or woman, can invent all the witty piquant things which your supremely agreeable talkers have to say? Modestly relinquish the hope; but give the reader to understand that he, or she, does say all the things which are the gems of conversation—the diamonds of society!

I will not quote Edward Temple, but you must take it for granted that he said a great many clever things. He did not always talk much—sometimes scarcely at all; but all he said, was it grave or gay, much or little, was worth hearing—and he *never bored!*

Any one on seeing Edward Temple must have known that he would be agreeable, and a perfect gentleman. Women might think him very captivating. Men might not think of calling him good-looking; but no man would have objected to look like him.

Mr. Temple did his part of the agreeable at dinner; he sat by

Lady Agnes Dalton, and he talked very sensibly to her, and encouraged her to talk very sensibly to him, and never smiled the whole of the time. Every now and then he looked at Lady Hadley to see if she were aware how very well Lady Agnes was talking ; and sometimes he looked for the same purpose at Anne, who sat just opposite. When he looked at either he had half a curl on his lip, which seemed like an approach to a smile, but which was not allowed to be a decided one ; but there was an amused air about it, and a lurking touch of satire !

I had rather have been Lady Hadley, or Anne Grey, than Lady Agnes at that time ! but, poor thing, she knew nothing about it, and ever after that eventful dinner, " Mr. Temple was a remarkably intellectual, sensible person," with her ; " much more so than was universally known, or than might be supposed from his general character." Mr. Temple, how much pleased you would have been had you heard it ? Anne could scarcely help smiling when those quiet looks came across the table, and Edward Temple saw that she could not.

In the evening there was a good deal of talking, a little écarté playing, and there were some work-baskets in use : Miss Trevor's and Lady Marston's amongst the number ; and Mrs. Grey was learning a new kind of knitting to make poor old men uncomfortable : and watching in the intervals of " turn your worsted this way, and bring your pin that way," the progress of the flirtation between Sophy and Lord Stoketon. Over went one knitting-pin.

" A house in town," thought Mrs. Grey.

" Oh ! not on that side the pin, my dear Madam," screamed Miss Trevor.

" Oh ! dear no," said Mrs. Grey. Then over came the first coloured worsted, and back went the second, and all was going on well.

" A Brussels lace veil, certainly," cogitated Mrs. Grey.

" There is a *little* mistake there, I fear," interposed Miss Trevor.

" Oh, dear yes !" said Mrs. Grey.

Oh, Mrs. Grey ! how difficult a thing it was for Miss Trevor to teach you your knitting !

Anne found it a pleasant evening. She had a good deal of conversation with Lord Hadley, and she thought him more agreeable, and less of a mere fox-hunter, than she had expected. Lady Had-

They had sometimes joined in the conversation, and Anne was always glad to be talked to by her; she was so kind, and had such pleasing manners! Sir Henry Poynton, of course, devoted some of his time to her; but that which, as she thought over the evening, gave her the most decided impression of its having been pleasant, was a little conversation which she had with Mr. Temple.

He had come up purposely to speak to her, had sat down by her, and before she had time to be very much frightened at the idea of being spoken to by the clever and entertaining man of the party, had contrived to interest her so far, that she could think of nothing but being amused.

Music was spoken of by some of the party; and Anne started a little and blushed, for she thought that her turn would come. But it was dropped again; not however without Mr. Temple having remarked her blush and start.

"Perhaps you do not know," said he, "that you ought to be very much obliged to me. I see you feel at this moment that you have just had an escape from singing."

Anne smiled! but said nothing.

"Now you ought to be aware that I know you are too—what shall I say?—too modest perhaps, to like singing before all of us. Is it not so?"

"Yes it is," said Anne, looking pleased and amused.

"Ah! You did not think I should find that out; but it does not require so very great a degree of discernment."

"I fear not," said Anne. "I am sure not only you, but any one, might discover it, who took the trouble to think about it."

"Ah well! I did take the trouble, you see!"

Anne blushed, for she thought from what she had said, he might think her conceited.

"Perhaps," he continued, "you will not remember that the first time I had the pleasure of meeting you was in this house, and that you had actually been forced to sing, and were going most cruelly to be made to sing again. To be sure it was a very excusable cruelty, in any one who had heard you before. You are smiling. I am afraid you are taking that for a compliment, and you do not like the appearance of one. You are laughing at me for trying to express my sense of your musical merit."

"No indeed," said Anne, "that would be very ungrateful."

“I am glad to hear you speak of gratitude,” replied he, “that is exactly the sentiment I am wishing to inspire. You look surprised, but you do not yet know that you ought to be eternally obliged to me—that you are indebted to me for your preservation—not from the danger of losing your life—but from a much greater one in your estimation—from the horror of singing a second song!” Anne laughed.

“I exerted all my abilities to save you from such a fearful occurrence; and now, Miss Grey, do not you feel very grateful—will you not say that you are very much obliged to me?”

“I suppose I ought to feel so,” said Anne.

“If you think *that*, I am satisfied,” said he, “and I have now of course the satisfaction of knowing that Miss Anne Grey is very much obliged to me.”

Anne did not make any answer: she was getting shy, but she was very much pleased, that Mr. Temple should have paid her a compliment. She thought it was one, though she would not be quite sure; but she would think about it when she was alone. Here the conversation ended, for Lady Hadley addressed Edward Temple; he got up to talk to her, and did not come near Anne again the remainder of the evening, but he was very amusing, and Anne sometimes was at liberty to listen to him.

So much for the first evening of Edward Temple’s visit at Hadley. If any one wishes to know what he thought of Anne Grey, it was this, that she was a very pretty ladylike girl, quite unlike the generality of Misses whether in town or country—a person whose character was worth studying, whose dignified simplicity and modesty would have rendered it as difficult as it would be unpardonable to ridicule her, and in short, he thought of her as an interesting novelty.

Edward Temple had a turn for ridicule and satire, but he never exercised it (except under the strongest temptation of absurdity) but when it was deserved by affectation and self-importance. He had a high opinion of himself, but not unjustly. He had great abilities and he knew it; but he did not think them greater than they really were. He somewhat despised the world, at large, for he was quick at seeing its faults and follies: the world had done all it could to spoil him, for it flattered, admired, and fawned on him; but he was too keen-sighted to be spoiled.

Perhaps he might have been capable of strong attachments and

of warm and steady feelings; but there were none to call them forth. His parents had died when he was young, and he had lost an only sister about six years ago.

The mutual affection between the brother and sister had been very strong, and her death had left him with few on whom to depend for affection, or who were capable of exciting it. Edward Temple then became a gay man of the world,—at least such he was considered, and such we will conclude him to be when he became acquainted with Anne Grey and ourselves.

I had forgotten to mention that he prided himself on a knowledge of character. The discovery of hidden virtues, or hidden foibles, in every new acquaintance was one of his amusements; and if Edward Temple prided himself peculiarly on any thing, it was on his powers of discrimination—on his successful voyages of discovery round the busy world of minds, and hearts, presented to him by every man and woman of his acquaintance. He thought Anne Grey a pretty, simple girl, and that he should have much amusement in researches through that mind, and heart, and disposition.

Nous verrons ! Men have hearts too, —and women's hearts—alas! they may be broken. Feelings may be trifled with—the scrutiny of a character—the hope to drive away the ennui of a rainy day in a country house—the vanity which had taken alarm at an indifferent tone from a pretty, and an indifferent person—all or any of these may lead to the devoted attention, the tone, the look, the deceit—the self-deceit! And then comes the woman's affection unalterably given; the man's assertion to himself and others that 'he meant nothing.' Too late to say *that*, when the woman, deceived and confiding, has sunk under the shock of blighted hopes—too late when, her health injured, her happiness gone—the once young, the beautiful, the gay, the light-hearted—has sunk into the being with beauty vanished, with feelings grown old—distrustful, hopeless, perhaps soured in temper, she either lives to swell the list of peevish, back-biting, tale-bearing old maids, or she sinks at once more sadly, or perhaps more enviably, into the early grave. There she lies broken-hearted in the room where the sun had streamed in so often to waken her to bright images—to day-dreams of happiness—to the smiles of fond parents—to their approving looks—to the recollection of childish hours—of childish hopes—of a heart still child-like and innocent—gay, lovely, and confiding. There she lies now, in that same room, a poor, broken—

hearted thing—*forlorn and hopeless*. There again she lies on that bed, where she had lain her head so peaceably in days gone by. The curtains are drawn around—the white sheet spread over—all white, cold, and still—there she lies, a corpse! And she has found her rest; and her bed, from which she had risen day by day to happiness, from which she had risen, flushed with hope to meet his return—that bed is her bed of death. And she is beautiful in death, though pain and mortal suffering have set their stamp on her brow. Sisters have wept—and parents prayed—and the last kiss has been given—the coffin is closed—and the burst of grief and horror over—all is still.

And where is he? the author of this wretchedness? where is he now? There in the world—gay and, as he would say, ‘happy,’ devoted to some new fair one—making new conquests—and meaning nothing. “Miss —— is dead!” Does that strike sadly or with upbraiding on his ear? No. *She* is lying cold and stiff in her winding-sheet. *He* says “Ah poor girl! I knew her once”—and then, after a pause, some witticism is uttered—he laughs—he is gay;—and that is all the deceiver thinks of his victim.

CHAPTER VII.

AND what did Anne Grey think of Mr. Temple? She thought him very agreeable and superior to every other person in the world. But he was doomed to be soon forgotten that night. Sophy began to talk about Lord Stoketon, and to this subject Anne gave all her interest.

Lord Stoketon had been very attentive that evening, and had said one or two ‘very strange,’ ‘very particular things,’ as Sophy confessed.

“What did Anne think of it?”

Anne said she thought there could be no doubt of his partiality.

“Oh no!” said Sophy, neither looking pleased, nor very much the reverse.

It was evident she did not wish to be assured by her confidante that Lord Stoketon was deeply in love with her. Of that she was

convinced; but that of which she now wanted to be convinced, was whether she was in love with Lord Stoketon. This was the point on which Anne was to be useful.

Sophy blushed, and sighed, and almost cried; and said he was so rich, and had such a beautiful place in the country, and such a good house in town. She wished she knew whether she liked him. She thought she ought to accept him if he proposed; and he almost—he had said something that evening; then a great effort, and a turn away of the head from Anne,—and a sigh—and then was forced out, “What do you think Captain Herbert would say, Anne, if he heard that I was going to be married?”

There was the point, then! And now Sophy feels much happier—now the confidante knows what is ailing, and all goes on smoothly. She can work at her difficulties. She can soften down Lord Stoketon’s roughnesses. She can refine the gallant Captain away into a mere military coxcomb, a maker of love to all the pretty girls of a watering-place. A little polish makes Lord Stoketon perfect—a very little brighter polish shows Captain Herbert a mere puppet—a man of soft speeches, rings, and chains. A still less skilful hand might use a bolder measure, and place in simple truth, and in bright array before the eyes of the wavering fair one, on the one side, houses, lands, carriages, jewels, coronet! On the other—one gig—one showy horse—a small house by the road side—a showy husband, using alone the showy gig, and the one showy horse, with the one showy, half-starved boy of all work—“All for myself, none for my little wife at home!”

This is what a skilful confidante might have done. But Anne Grey did not wish to be skilful for either party. She wished to know the truth—to see how far it would be desirable for Sophy’s happiness that she should marry Lord Stoketon. She did not believe that Sophy had any feeling that might be called attachment to Captain Herbert. Her vanity had been flattered, and she had a little sentiment about this tall, handsome captain; and when she thought of the chance of being married to another, he came into her mind. She thought how tall, and how handsome he was, and how many sighs he had uttered for her, and how many compliments he had paid her. Still Lord Stoketon was very much in love with her, and that is a great point with a good-hearted girl. He was rich, and a very good match, and that was another grand point, and she could find no real objection to his character.

Anne felt that Lord Stoketon could never have inspired her with a doubt as to whether she could accept him or not. *She* could not have loved him sufficiently, for there was nothing in his character to which she could have looked up with that admiration and respect which she thought so essential a feeling of a wife towards a husband. But she believed that Sophy would be very happy in accepting him; still in one respect only did she dare to advise; and that was with regard to Captain Herbert. She thought that Sophy ought to forget him, for even if he were a more estimable character, and she were certain of his attachment, poverty would forbid their union.

Sophy received the advice well, and Lord Stoketon was already greatly indebted to Anne. Anne praised him, and said that she wished him to succeed: she begged that Sophy would examine her own feelings, and if she felt certain that she could not accept him, she urged her not to encourage him in hopes, that must end in disappointment to him; and Sophy kissed Anne—cried a little, and went to sleep, determined to forget Captain Herbert, and accept Lord Stoketon as soon as he should propose. She dreamt of Captain Herbert, and woke crying because she thought he had been shot by Lord Stoketon.

“I wonder why it is,” said Lady Hadley, the next morning, when the Greys were out of the room, “that one feels to love some people directly—Now, Anne Grey—there is a sweetness in her countenance that makes it impossible not to feel sure that she is amiable, and that one ought to love her. Do you ever feel that?” said she, addressing Edward Temple.

“Certainly,” said he. “Who has not felt it? and with Anne Grey it is remarkably so.”

“I do love that girl!” interposed Lady Hadley.

Mr. Temple did not say, “Yes, so do I;” which perhaps he ought to have done, but went on “She possesses all the requisites for being loved at first sight. Gentleness is written in her face—and she is perfectly feminine—feminine not only in appearance, but in refinement and simplicity of mind and manner. In this consists her greatest charm. She was made to be loved, and thought of as amiable and feminine. Who could love a woman whom they call masculine? ‘Masculine minded Miss Tomkins, I love you!’ No, that will never do. A man might say, ‘masculine minded Miss Tomkins, I have a respect—an admiring fear of you!’ but never

love. No—a woman, to be loved, should be thought of as gentle and feminine, let her talents be what they may. It would be the height of barbarity to think or speak of Anne Grey but as the gentle, the feminine Anne Grey!”

“Excellent! Mr. Temple,” exclaimed Lady Hadley, who had leant forward with eagerness, as he continued speaking with growing enthusiasm. “We are alone, I see,” said she, looking round. “That is excellent! To hear Mr. Temple warmed by the simplicity and quiet grace of a little Anne Grey, into a fine burst of enthusiasm. If I did not know you thoroughly as not a marrying man—as a despiser of our poor sex—as so *very* fastidious, I should say, *Voilà!* Mr. Temple is caught at last!”

Edward Temple laughed, and so did Lady Hadley.

“And, my dear Lady Hadley,” said he, “you may say, if you like, that Edward Temple *is* caught at last. Do not think so ill of me as to believe that all that fine burst of enthusiasm was a *sham*. I really *am* caught by the charms of your favourite, and I admire her character exceedingly. Who knows that, in the depths of my chamber, I do not apostrophize her! Who knows that I do not walk up and down my room, calling on Anne Grey—sweet Anne Grey! Who knows that I have not already written a copy of verses, of which every other line ends with sweet Anne Grey, and to rhyme which I have exhausted all the days, and lays, and ways, and praise in the vocabulary.”

“Now don’t be provoking, Mr. Temple,” said Lady Hadley. “I don’t want you to make love to Anne Grey, as I know you are not a marrying man, but I want to know seriously, whether you do not admire her. No, now I see you are going to make some odious answer not in the least serious; so I will not use the word admire. But you know what I mean—love her—as I do:—like her as if you were—Ah! I see it is of no use! Well, you do admire Anne Grey, and like her, all but love her, spite of those pretended grave faces; and she shall punish you! Never was there a girl with more firmness of character with all her gentleness, and she shall punish you some time or other, when those bursts of virtuous enthusiasm become more frequent.”

“Must I say thank you?” said Edward Temple.

“Say what you please,” said Lady Hadley, as Anne Grey entered the room, “for here she is.”

Edward Temple gave a look at Lady Hadley, as much as to say

—"I must take care of myself;" then walked to a table, took up a book, and began to read as intently as if he had been studying for a first class at Oxford.

Anne had observed his look as he entered the room; she had just heard Lady Hadley's "Here she is;" she felt sure that they had been speaking of her, and that Mr. Temple had probably been laughing at her. She could not think that Lady Hadley would. She felt very shy, and wished herself out of the room again; but Lady Hadley engaged her in conversation, and Anne soon forgot that Mr. Temple was in the room, and that he had been laughing at her.

Many of the party then came in, and drives and rides were talked of, and Lord Stoketon was very pressing for a riding and driving party to see ———, a kind of show-place near, which could not possibly be arranged otherwise than for him to drive Miss Grey in Lady Hadley's poney carriage. No one except himself could be trusted to drive these ponies, which were sufficiently spirited to be almost useless. Lady Hadley had no idea of driving that day, and he was certain that every other carriage would be in requisition for the remainder of the party, and Miss Grey was the only person who was sufficiently courageous. So the party must take place; the rain which threatened would not come; and Lord Stoketon was so eager in persuading every one, and especially Mrs. Cartwright and Lady Mary Dalton, that it would be a delightful expedition, that it was at length determined on.

The carriages were ordered: Sir Henry Poynton, Lady Marston, Mrs. Cartwright, and Mr. Arthur Dalton (unalterably devoted man!) were doomed to the four horses, and more dignified barouche. Mr. and Mrs. Grey both begged to be excused going: Lady Hadley was decidedly not to go: Lord Hadley would go if there was room for him. The poney carriage was to convey Sophy and Lord Stoketon, and as they went with a large party, Mrs. Grey thought there could be no objection to their doing so. She hoped not, for nothing was so certain as a proposal in the tête à tête of a long drive. Miss Trevor, the Ladies Mary and Agnes Dalton, Anne, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Temple, and Lord Hadley, were all to be 'stowed away' (as a sailor would express it) in a britchka and a gig.

Mr. Cartwright thought it "horrid dull work that two men should go together. Why would not one of the ladies follow Miss Grey's

example, and trust herself to his driving. He was certain Miss Anne Grey was not a coward, for she had said she was not."

Anne trembled, and directly professed to prefer staying at home.

"A dull day at home rather than Cartwright," said Edward Temple, in a low voice to her. "I admire your taste, Miss Grey," in a louder voice.

Mr. Cartwright looked suspicious, and said in rather an affronted tone, "What is it in which Miss Anne Grey has just shown so much taste?"

"Oh! it was a little matter of opinion! Miss Grey confessed that she agreed with me. You will excuse the vehemence of my applause," said he, turning to her, "my approbation of the taste which coincided with my own. It must have been very clamorous, I fear, as it attracted Cartwright's attention."

He looked at Anne with such a determined air of intelligence, that it made her feel angry and confused. She remembered Mr. Temple's smile and look at Lady Hadley as she had entered the room, and she thought he must be wishing to turn her into ridicule.

She was thoroughly vexed, and the more so, as she saw Mr. Cartwright growing angry; but the next moment Mr. Temple made his peace with her again by setting all right with Mr. Cartwright, and changing his manner towards herself to that of quiet politeness.

At length it was decided that the timid retiring Anne should be seated on the barouche box with Mr. Temple, and this without much more than an—"Oh no!" and a scarcely audible "I should like quite as well to stay at home," on her part. Poor Mr. Cartwright was doomed to the gig and Lord Hadley, and then the cavalcade set out: Mrs. Grey had been to Sophy's room, to see that her bonnet was put on becomingly, and, satisfied she never looked so pretty, she cast an anxious glance after her and Lord Stoketon.

"He must propose," thought she, as she watched Lord Stoketon's excessive care to give Sophy cloaks and shawls enough; saw him look delighted, and drive away; then saw Anne on the barouche-box, and Edward Temple by her—wondered whether he was very rich, whether, though every one said he was too fastidious to marry, he still might not do so, and perhaps prefer a quiet country girl to a town-initiated lady or Miss.

That cavalcade was a pleasant sight to Mrs. Grey. But now will Lord Stoketon propose to Sophy? Will Edward Temple fall in

love with Anne, or will Anne fall in love with Edward Temple? No. None of the three.

Lord Stoketon did not propose to Sophy; and if Edward Temple had been asked whether he had fallen in love with Anne, he would have said "No; but I will if you wish it;" and if you had asked Anne Grey whether she had fallen in love with Edward Temple, she would have blushed and said, "Oh no! I never thought of it."

However, the expedition answered perfectly to the principal characters. They all said it had been a most delightful day, and that it was the most beautiful place ever seen. Every one agreed in this, excepting Lady Mary Dalton and Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright did not find his attentions well received by Miss Grey or her sister, and he was tired of bestowing them on Lady Mary Dalton, who received them too well. Lady Mary was jealous of the Miss Greys. Every one seemed to be thinking of them, and her sweet smiles were unheeded by Lord Stoketon or Mr. Temple. Even old Sir Henry Poynton could think of nothing but Anne. So both Lady Mary and Mr. Cartwright thought ——— rather a poor place, and not at all worth the trouble of seeing. Lady Mary had said she wondered what people could discover so very charming in those Miss Greys. For her part she could not reconcile herself to that absence of a certain *ton*. She believed she was fastidious, but the slightest vulgarity always struck her immediately.

This was not said to Edward Temple, but within his hearing. He made use of it. Poor Lady Mary! What did you gain by it? Let the envious, the malicious, the ill-natured, sometimes ask themselves that little question.

But hark! those sweet dulcet tones—those notes soft and clear—the plaintive tenderness, the expressive richness of that gentle voice—Anne Grey is singing.

Anne had been asked to sing after having listened to a fine bravura of Lady Agnes Dalton's, performed, as she would have said, with spirit. Anne had sat down quite terrified; but luckily, in the middle of her song, Edward Temple began to tell an amusing story to Mrs. Cartwright, and Mrs. Cartwright laughed so heartily, and her laugh set so many of the party talking, that Anne ended by feeling that no one could be listening to her, so she went through her song more at ease. She began another, and by degrees, Edward Temple still making the agreeable, and (jointly with Mrs. Cartwright) a great noise, she became interested in the music, for-

got that any one was in the room, and went on till she turned to that beautiful little song 'Kathleen o' More.'

Anne loved music to her heart. She loved singing, and her soul went with her voice, and this song was one of her favourites.

She had forgotten her shyness, for she believed no one had been listening to her; the piano forte stood in a happy little recess, and she gave way to all her usual expression, to the touching plaintiveness and simplicity of the music; and the clear notes had burst from her lips, and had swelled into the fortes and died away into the melting pianos before she was aware that the talking had ceased, and all were listening to that one voice.

Edward Temple could no longer go on making the due quantity of noise with Mrs. Cartwright. He must be selfish, and listen, and be surprised, enraptured. Lady Hadley could talk no more. Lord Hadley,—all who had any taste for music must listen, and there was a dead silence.

Anne's song was finished. Edward Temple seated himself by her.

"I have been thinking for the last few minutes of your song," said he, "whether it were possible to hear any thing more beautiful. What do you think? will you give us one more that I may have a chance of deciding?—or perhaps that one again?"

"Indeed," said poor Anne, getting very shy, "I did not know that any one had been listening."

"Perhaps you do not know that I have been listening the whole of the time," answered he.

Several of the party now came up, and saved her the trouble of a reply. There were many requests for another song, and poor Anne never had felt so shy, and so determined never again to believe that people could not talk and listen at the same time.

"Do sing once more, Miss Grey," said Mrs. Cartwright with her fascinating smile.

"And will no one ask *me* to sing?" said Edward Temple jumping up, and taking the seat Anne had left. "Well then, since Miss Grey will not, I will sing without being asked."

"Oh! do," said Mrs. Cartwright. "That charming 'Eldest Daughter,' or any other of your funny songs;" and Edward Temple was singing and playing in a moment a comic song, acting it at Mrs. Cartwright, who was in fits of laughter; and Anne Grey re-

tired from the scene of danger, to enjoy the song of her deliverer at a prudent distance.

The point was gained; she was forgotten. The comic song over, Mrs. Cartwright was in raptures, and "dying to hear another:" she was enchanted that Edward Temple should have thought fit to be amusing for her sake twice in one evening; but Mr. Temple had no idea of flattering Mrs. Cartwright with any more attention. He left the instrument, and was talking quietly to Mr. Grey the next minute; and no one would have supposed it the same person who had been playing a comic part but an instant before for the amusement of a Mrs. Cartwright.

It will be believed that the sociable drive that morning to— had not passed wholly in silence between Edward Temple and Anne Grey. It had, in fact, been very agreeable. They had conversed a great deal together. He had dropped the tone of satire, and had been quiet and sensible; and the mutual impression from the graver style of conversation was decidedly favourable.

Edward Temple thought Anne even more intelligent than he had imagined; and this was saying much. He had been before aware of her simple modesty and amiable disposition, but he could not be aware to its full extent of all below the surface;—her justness of opinion—her perfect taste—her quick appreciation of the beautiful in works of art—her unvarying elegance of mind. He had the power of drawing out characters, of interesting people in the right way, and of leading them to speak of their feelings and sentiments. Anne felt quite at ease with him during the drive, and she began to think of him less as the clever, satirical Mr. Temple of society, than as the person whose sentiments she had found, with surprise and pleasure, coinciding with her own. She thought him still, as she had thought him before, more agreeable than any other person she knew.

It seemed impossible to listen to him and not have the impression of hearing that which was new, and yet so true and just; that it did not startle the listener, or seem unnatural. There was nothing heavy in his conversation: the gravest subject might be discussed seriously and at length, and though never treated lightly, or decked with unbecoming levity, yet it was never with him the dry ponderous thing that most serious conversations become. "In matters of taste, how delightful," thought Anne, "to hear him talk. He

seemed to think with me, and expressed what I have so often felt. How he leads one into his enthusiasm! It was very strange;” half-sighed Anne, as she loosened her hair that night, “that our sentiments should have been so much the same, that after so short an acquaintance he should seem to understand my feelings better than any one I ever knew before.”

Lord Stoketon had not yet proposed! He was relying on a few more days at Hadley. Better enjoy the present moment, and make assurance doubly sure. “Should she reject me,” thought he. “I wish I knew quite what she thought! Well, I will leave it a day or two.”

The breakfast at Hadley the next morning was, as usual, a sociable and happy meal. Every one seemed in excellent spirits, and Miss Trevor talked and made tea to perfection. It was a lovely day, and another excursion was thought of.

“Will you trust me to drive your ponies again, Lady Hadley?” said Lord Stoketon. “I saw them before breakfast, and they look fresher than ever! They are the best pair of ponies I ever saw—never flagged the whole way. I should like such a pair if,” *sotto voce* to Sophy, who, as usual, sat next him, “there were a lady to use them. My mother and sisters never drive, they are such cowards.”

The party was settled, and Anne wondered a little whether she should be seated by Mr. Temple again. Yes! she heard from the other end of the table that he meant to go; and something, she thought, he said, about “the arrangement having been perfect yesterday.” Anne thought she heard this, but Sir Henry Poynton would ask her a question just at the time.

However that drive was fated never to take place. The letters came in. One was given to Mr Grey—a black seal, and broad black-edged paper. Mr. Grey’s colour came and went as he opened it. He thought of his two sons, both absent, and fearing for them, it was almost a relief to find that the letter announced the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Daventry.

The consequence was an immediate departure from Hadley.

Lord Stoketon had time to assure himself that the death of her uncle was not a matter of grief to Sophy, for neither she, nor Anne, had ever seen him but once, and to try to be satisfied, that at least she was spared this affliction; and Edward Temple had time to admire Anne’s look of consideration for poor Sophy—her

total forgetfulness of self—her proper degree of feeling—and her heart-felt exclamation of “poor, poor girl,” as Mr. Daventry’s only daughter was named. Then, as soon as ladies’ maids, and footmen, and coachmen, could be bustled into activity, and the loss of their dinner, adieus were uttered, and Lord Stoketon pressed Sophy’s hand, and muttered something like “God bless you,” and hurried away to hide his feelings; Sir Henry called out to Anne not to forget her old friend, and to hope they should meet again to tell her that other little story; Lady Hadley kissed her affectionately; Edward Temple looked grave and considerate; they shook hands, and Anne thought he had pressed hers, and she saw he felt for her; good-bys came from the more indifferent portion of the party, and the carriage drove off.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST the carriage is conveying the family of the Greys, as rapidly as possible, to Weston, whence Mr. Grey is immediately to set off to Mr. Daventry’s place, about a hundred miles distant, I must give my reader some little information of Mr. Daventry, and the circumstances attendant on his death. Mr. Daventry was the husband of an only sister of Mr. Grey’s, and had married him against the wishes of her family. Charlotte had been a gentle amiable girl, was bent upon marrying Reginald Daventry, and, like other gentle amiable girls, she was very meek and obedient on all other subjects, and very obstinate on this. Her friends had fears for her happiness, and their fears were realized. She experienced that complete desolation of heart, which springs from the unkindness and neglect of a husband who is loved and obeyed with the same ardour and affection as at the moment when he vowed to love and cherish her in return.

One daughter was born, and Mrs. Daventry died of a broken heart; it was really of a broken heart, although Mr. Daventry did assure himself and his friends that this could not have been the case, as it was notorious she had died of a consumption. Her friends

allowed that she did. Mr. Grey, amongst others, allowed it; but he could not again bear the sight of the man who had caused her to die; nor was it required of him, for Mr. Daventry knew that he deserved to be hated, and he hated Mr. Grey—cordially hated him.

Mr. Grey loved his sister. It was with bitterness of heart that he had seen her the victim of a being such as Reginald Daventry. He had seen it for years, and without the power of averting it. He saw the gentle and affectionate girl, she who had been the playmate of his childhood, growing old with sorrow; patient, unrepining, loving still: many a bitter hour it had cost him, and if there was a man in the world towards whom he could not exercise the command to 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' it was to the husband of his sister.

Sometimes he had made an effort for her, but it had failed—partly, as he feared, by his own imprudence. Sometimes, in the indignation of the moment he had departed from the command of self, which he knew to be the safest conduct for his sister's peace, and it made him a bitter enemy in Reginald Daventry.

When he heard of the birth of a child, he hoped that the gift of this little being might effect a change, but it was a vain hope. It only seemed to add to the evil. It was a girl, and Mr. Daventry wished for a boy. Mrs. Daventry lived for some years after the birth of her child, gradually sinking under disappointment and grief. She too had vainly encouraged a hope, and when this hope was destroyed, she had fondly cherished another, that a boy might be given her, and that he might bring back some little share of her husband's affection; but disappointment succeeded again, and when, two years after the birth of her daughter, Mrs. Daventry sunk into the grave, Mr. Grey could only rejoice through his tears that her sufferings were at an end.

He had seen Mr. Daventry soon after her death—it was a hard task, and Mr. Grey hoped not to be obliged to see him again. He knew that he should not be allowed to be of use to his sister's child; or he would gladly have endured any thing for her sake.

Mr. Daventry had talents, was agreeable in society, was good-looking, and had every outward accomplishment which might excuse Charlotte Grey for having obstinately determined to marry him. But it was on the exterior only that his attractions dwelt; profligate, extravagant, violent-tempered, and proud, comprising

in one character the faults of many; such was Reginald Daventry! One redeeming trait at length appeared. He loved his daughter; and to this daughter, whom from an infant Mr. Grey had never beheld, he was now summoned. He forgot the wrong her father had done, and he obeyed the summons, eager to afford consolation to the poor lonely girl, who had lost her only friend.

When he reached Mr. Daventry's residence, he was received by the medical man, who seemed the only person his illness had summoned near him: no relations, no friends were there, to sooth his sufferings, to regret his loss, and to comfort his daughter.

Shortly after his arrival the door opened, and a maid-servant entered to tell Mr. Grey that her mistress desired to see him. His heart beat as he thought of beholding his niece—of seeing perhaps a likeness of his poor sister.

He followed the servant, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of Charlotte Daventry. But it was not the youthful representative of the Charlotte Daventry whom he had loved: there was no resemblance to affect him. It was Reginald Daventry whom she resembled, and the likeness was so strong that any other moment, Mr. Grey would have recoiled with a shudder. A burst of grief followed his entrance. Mr. Grey felt for her, and the recollection of her being his sister's child overpowered him. He wept with her; he tried to sooth her, but she drew away, and only burst into fresh grief.

At length she composed herself, and in a low voice said, "All is left to your care. Here is a paper, it is my father's." She almost shrieked as she uttered his name. "All directions are in this; take it, Sir. You will leave me now;" and Mr. Grey saw that it would be only cruel to stay with her.

He left the room, and as he closed the door he heard the cries of suppressed agony bursting forth—he heard the screams of uncontrolled grief, and he never forgot the horror of those sounds.

He hesitated whether to return. He felt it might be worse than useless; but it was too dreadful! and he determined, at least, to try. He went back and opened the door. There she lay stretched on the sofa, her arms tossing abroad, whilst she uttered almost shrieks of agony. His entrance aroused her. She started up, and seeing Mr. Grey, screamed with horror, and throwing forward her arms, pointed towards the door.

"I asked to be left," said she. "There is your way."

Mr. Grey shuddered as he saw her look of repugnance, and he felt, indeed, that his presence was useless. He withdrew to another room, and there examined the papers which she had placed in his hands. One of these was a letter addressed to himself by Mr. Daventry. It was a dying appeal. It asked pardon for his past conduct, recommended his daughter to Mr. Grey's compassion, and requested, as the highest favour he could grant, that he would take the poor fatherless girl under his roof. He left directions that Mr. Grey should be remunerated as far as his daughter's means would allow; but the extravagance which, in his letter, he professed to bewail, had reduced his fortune to barely a competency; and Charlotte would scarcely have the means to live, as became her station, if Mr. Grey would not, in charity, allow her a home with his daughters.

He had not constituted him legally her guardian, but he appealed to his compassion to bestow on her the care of one.

The letter was powerfully worded; it was a strong appeal to the feelings. Reginald Daventry was a clever man, and he made use of his talents where it was necessary. His appeal was not made in vain. Mr. Grey felt, as he read his last letter, that he might perhaps have done him injustice. Charlotte Daventry was told that, if she felt equal to so early a removal, she should return with Mr. Grey, to Weston, the day after the funeral, that she might henceforward look upon himself and Mrs. Grey as a second father and mother, and Weston as her home.

The offer was accepted with gratitude. On their second meeting she had been perfectly composed, and asked pardon for the vehement betrayal of her grief on their first interview. "Her affliction," she said, "had bewildered her." She thanked Mr. Grey with the warmest expressions of gratitude for his kindness—looked more than she expressed, and said, as she pressed his hands in both of hers, "All the duty and affection of a child to a parent I shall owe you, and you will never fail to receive all that the warmest gratitude can ensure. If I fail—if I seem perverse—if I am displeasing to you," her voice faltered; "if I fail to inspire you with affection—will you think of my poor mother?" The tears fell, and she could say no more. Mr. Grey pressed her to him, kissed her cheek, which was wet with his tears as well as her own, and faltered out an assurance of unceasing care to supply to her the place of a parent.

Feelings such as those displayed by Charlotte Daventry, in this little scene, gave Mr. Grey real satisfaction. He hoped that, although resembling her father in face, the Charlotte Daventry now about to enter his family, and to be the companion of his daughters, was in other respects like the Charlotte Daventry whom he had once so fondly loved as Charlotte Grey.

But once or twice, during the days which elapsed before the funeral, was he painfully reminded of her likeness to her father. When they had been talking together, when she seemed deeply impressed with his kindness, she would suddenly burst into a wild fit of grief, and, as he tried to console her, she would turn on him a look, such as her father could have given—would shrink from him, and rush out of the room.

The funeral at length, (and what an at length did it appear!) the funeral at length was over; and Charlotte Daventry, composed and almost cheerful, was conveyed from her home to become one of a new family—to leave behind all that she had ever loved, and to place herself amongst entire strangers, dependent on their kindness, and I might almost say, their bounty.

Mr. Grey would hardly have believed it possible, had he been told a month back, that he should now be seated in a carriage with his niece Charlotte Daventry by his side journeying towards Weston to introduce her there as to her home—that she should have been confided to him by Reginald Daventry himself—that he should experience no repugnance to the charge, and that he should even feel almost in charity with this very Reginald Daventry: yet so it was.

We will leave the character of Charlotte Daventry to time, and the ingenuity of the reader to discover; and once more allude to Mr. Daventry.

It has been said that he had one good trait, and that one was love for his daughter. How he came to love seems an enigma. Charlotte Daventry had seemed born to be disliked by him; first, because she was a girl, and he had wished for a boy; and next, because he had never been known to love any thing. She had begun life with a positive stock of hatred from him. The baby was obliged to be smuggled out of the way, and all doors kept scrupulously closed, for fear “papa,” or “Mr. Daventry,” as he was called, should hear her voice. She was eight years old before he had ever spoken to her, except to utter a cross word, or a

scold; not the gentle, or cross word of a mama, who professes not to spoil her darling children. No, the being, come to years of discretion, might have trembled to hear the words which saluted the youthful Charlotte's ear.

Yet, after the age of eight, a change took place. The child had unconsciously gone the right way to work. She had been in the room when Mr. Daventry was speaking to some one, had understood what had been said, and made some extraordinary remark. The father had been struck. "That child will be a wonder," said he; and from that hour he made her his constant companion, and between father and child, as the child grew into maturity, not a thought or a secret was withheld from each other.

Charlotte Daventry was in her eighteenth year when her father died. There was little to attract attention in her appearance. She was rather tall, her hair and eyes were dark, she was pale, and had no peculiar brilliancy of complexion. Her figure was good, and she had fine eyes. She could lay claim to no other positive beauty, yet those who were often in her society, and had conversed with her, would have awarded her still higher pretensions to personal attractions.

It will be thought extraordinary that, having been the friend and confidante of such a father, Charlotte should have had any good qualities, and yet the Greys would have told you that she was a good, amiable girl. Still more extraordinary does it seem that Mr. Daventry should leave his daughter to the care of Mr. Grey,—leave her wholly dependent for kindness on him towards whom he felt as towards an enemy.

Reginald Daventry had hated Mr. Grey: hated him for his interference on behalf of Mrs. Daventry: hated him because he knew that his sister had been cruelly used by him—knew that Mr. Grey must despise and abhor him—hated him because he felt his superiority in virtue—hated him for his prosperity; even for his moderation in prosperity; even for his forbearance towards himself. He detested him no less for his interfering so little, than for his interfering at all: he was irritated at his showing so little indignation, when conscience, that busy sting within, told him it must be felt—he hated him even because he was the brother of the poor, patient, amiable being he had injured; and yet he left his only child, the only being whom he loved, to the care of this very person!

And why was it? could it be that the approach of death had softened the heart of even Reginald Daventry?—that he repented?

Mr. Grey hoped it might be so; in charity he believed what he hoped, and as the poor orphan was seated beside him on her journey from the home of her affection, from the remains of her father—he felt that that father might be forgiven—that he might have done him an injustice—that he might, indeed, be worthy of forgiveness, and from his heart he did forgive him.

Let Mr. Grey believe as in charity he hoped, but for us, we must look behind the scenes; we must hear the father in his hours of unreserve. Let us hear him when, weakened by illness, he is seated with his child, conversing in the freedom of unrestrained confidence.

Often they talked long and vehemently together. Sometimes he would tell of his hatred to Mr. Grey. One day he had been more than usually violent. Charlotte had listened and learnt almost to hate the man whom her father so abhorred.

“Charlotte,” said he, after a bitter invective against Mr. Grey, “tell me that you hate this man—that you will hate him: tell me, do you feel that you could love, or even endure, the man who has wronged your father?”

“Oh no, no!” said Charlotte. “I cannot love the man who has done you wrong. Dear father, be satisfied,” and she clung around him to quiet his emotions.

“If there is a man I hate in the world,” continued he, “it is William Grey—Charlotte,” addressing his daughter, and becoming calm in his manner, whilst he fixed his eyes on her—“Charlotte, you will have much in your power. Remember my words.—You will have much in your power,” said he, speaking slowly and seriously, earnestly looking at her as if he wished her to weigh each word. “I cannot live long. I have that about me which must soon end in death. Charlotte, you will be left to *his* care—the care of this very man.” He held her hand: he looked at her again. The expression of that look could not be mistaken: he meant it should not. It was hate—deadly hate—revenge!

It was understood. He saw that it was, and he withdrew his gaze, and unclasped her hand, which he had held firmly grasped in his as he spoke. “You will live with him, Charlotte,” said he, in an almost mild tone: “yes; you will have much in your power.” He paused. A smile came across his face, and curled

his lip. "Charlotte, did you ever hear of the man who warmed a serpent in his bosom? and then—" he paused—"and then—what did it do, my child?"

Charlotte looked at her father with intelligence, and the smile was repeated on her countenance. "It stung him," said she, in a quiet tone. It was enough—father and daughter understood one another.

On another occasion he spoke to his daughter of her prospects. "Charlotte," said he, "your ambition must be to make a great marriage, and if you chance to fix on one whose affections have been given—who is the object of love to some fond, foolish girl,"—he lowered his voice, and his eyes beamed on her with intelligence—"your dearest companion and *cousin*—let this be the man—let him be the object of your ambition. Were I alive then—did I see you successful—then I should say you had made a great marriage—you had fulfilled your duty."

CHAPTER IX.

WE will now return with Mr. Grey and Charlotte Daventry to Weston. A letter had informed Mrs. Grey of the circumstances that had occurred, and that she must prepare herself for a new inmate in the family.

Mrs. Grey was an excellent woman, and very unselfish and unworldly where her heart was touched; but unluckily on this occasion it was obstinately bent on not being touched. She had seen very little and had heard a great deal of Mr. Daventry, and all she had heard made her think him, and not unjustly, "a shocking man!"

"So very wicked to be so uncivil to Mr. Grey, and to use his poor wife so ill! Such a good woman as she was, for she was Mr. Grey's sister, and her sister-in-law! she was sure he was a very shocking man, and it was so provoking of him to die just then. Certainly his death was no loss—on the contrary it was a very good thing." (Good Mrs. Grey!) "If he had only waited two days

later, no body would have missed him, except his daughter, and even she would do much better without him."

If thus Mrs. Grey could so ill reconcile herself to an unavoidable evil, it will be imagined how ill she could submit to one which might have been avoided. When she read Mr. Grey's letter announcing the intelligence of Charlotte Daventry's being left to his care, and that in less than a week she was coming to reside in their family, nothing could exceed her dismay.

That Mr. Daventry, that shocking man, should have thought of leaving his girl to Mr. Grey's care—that the daughter of this shocking man—a girl whom she had never seen, and whom she was sure was as shocking as her father, should be coming to live in the house with them, and to share the advantages of her own daughters, and all without asking her advice or opinion! It was monstrous!

No wonder that she did not bear it quite heroically, and that when Mr. Grey arrived at Weston with Charlotte Daventry, the pleasure of seeing her dear good husband again could not quite put her into a good humour, or make her feel very cordial towards his companion.

It is true Charlotte Daventry's black dress did something, and Mr. Grey's pale, tired look did a great deal more, and then the kind heart, and the affectionate disposition began to have their sway.

She began to feel about Charlotte Daventry, that "poor thing, she was certainly very much to be pitied;"—that, "she could not help having had such a father;" and that "she seemed a quiet inoffensive girl, not to be compared to her own daughters in beauty;" and before the evening was over, she had shed some tears for her, and kindly taken her up to her room when she expressed a wish to retire for the night, offered her some gruel or white wine whey, because she thought she must have caught cold on the journey—had actually fetched her own peculiar bottle of camphor julep, and had sent her own maid to assist in undressing her, and then Mrs. Grey began to think that it was not so foolish a thing in Mr. Grey to have brought her, and felt that there was something not so unpleasant in being kind, and in giving up her peculiar bottle of camphor julep and her own maid.

She felt like a heroine, and called Charlotte Daventry 'poor thing,' for we do not know exactly how long afterwards.

Various were the feelings called forth in the different members of the Grey family by the events of the last week. William and Henry were both at home. William had been called away from a pleasant party, and as he was not acquainted with Mr. Daventry, and could not like what he had heard of him, he may stand excused for in some measure sharing Mrs. Grey's feelings on the subject.

Henry might perhaps be excused for a contrary feeling. He did not know 'old Daventry,' 'he supposed he would be no loss,' and as by his death he was brought home from school, and no one was sorry, he did not see why he should be so. To tell the truth, he was rather glad, for he wanted to see Anne, and ask about Hadley, and also to beg she would get permission for him to belong to the cricket-club.

Sophy might be expected to enter fully into Mrs. Grey's feelings, and she was vexed, not so much for the loss of Lord Stoketon's proposal, as for the loss of the Archery, and of the sight of Captain Herbert, "just to decide what she felt concerning him," and "whether she could, with a free conscience, give her hand to Lord Stoketon."

As to Anne, she alone, of all the family, felt as Mr. Grey had done. She had been very sorry to leave Hadley, but selfishness stopped there, and all her interest was given to her poor cousin, all her pity was bestowed on her, all her hope that her father might sooth the orphan's sorrows.

When Mr. Grey's letter arrived, giving a favourable account of her manner, and telling of her distress, and her expressions of gratitude, Anne felt a still warmer interest. She rejoiced that the poor orphan was to come among them, and hoped that she might be able to comfort her. No repining thought, that but for Mr. Daventry's death she should have enjoyed two more days of Edward Temple's society, came across her mind: all considerations of self were forgotten in the fear that her father would be worn and fatigued by his painful duties, and in the wish to sooth her poor deserted cousin.

She anxiously expected her arrival, and no voice was so kind as Anne Grey's to welcome the fatherless Charlotte Daventry, no hand so readily extended, no tear so ready to flow, or so restrained from flowing, lest it should affect the poor sufferer for whom it would have fallen—no attention so unobtrusive, yet so watchful, and

unceasing—and the poor sobbing Charlotte felt it to be so as she was left alone in her chamber that first sad night, when placed alone among strangers, and strangers who, as she knew, disliked and despised her father.

We pass over a few months, and we shall find Charlotte Daventry comfortably established at Weston, the family there ceasing to feel as if any thing remarkable had occurred, and Charlotte herself showing but few traces of grief.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had begun to think of her as a good, quiet girl.

Mr. Grey had again settled peaceably to the enjoyment of his books and arm-chair, and sometimes wondered to himself whether all that he had seen of Charlotte Daventry, on his first introduction, were not a dream; and then he resumed his books, and forgot to wonder. He was always kind and affectionate to her, but, as he saw that Mrs. Grey and his daughters were so likewise, he did not trouble himself to be peculiarly attentive; but Anne received several extra kisses for her never-failing consideration for her cousin.

Mrs. Grey had thought that Charlotte was a very good girl, and that it was very good of Mr. Grey and herself to have given her a home, and not unpleasant to themselves, as she was “so useful and good tempered, and so handy, and never seemed to mind doing any thing for any one.”

William said that Charlotte “was a good-humoured girl, after all, and not a bore; that she had a good *tournure*—prodigious fine eyes, and would be really handsome if she had a better complexion;” and he was sufficiently impressed with the respect due to her good qualities, to demur in asking her to ring the bell, and always said, “May I trouble you”—or, “I’ll thank you to ring the bell, as you are near it;” and even made a sort of apology for taking her seat, or her book. Charlotte seemed to think it quite right she should give up her book, or her seat to her cousin William, and ring the bell, near it or not, and William liked her as a good useful girl.

Henry said she was excellent fun sometimes—avowed that she walked very well, was a famous hand at battledore and shuttlecock, and he was sure could play at cricket if she would try; he must say that sometimes he almost liked her better than Sophy, for Sophy

had grown such a fine lady. Still she was nothing to Anne, but then who was?

"I wish, with all my heart, Sophy were married," continued he, "to some fine fellow with four-in-hand, and plenty of riding horses; one to spare always for friends, you know, Anne! And then what fun we should have here at home. You would be Miss Grey, and Rover might come into the drawing-room just now and then—you would allow that, Anne? and you would not mind a little whistling outside the house or even perhaps along the passage, and through the hall, when I was in capital spirits?"

To return to the opinions formed of Charlotte Daventry, it is sufficient to say that Anne loved her and still felt pity for her, and that Sophy entrusted her with some of her secrets.

What Charlotte Daventry thought of her relations it is useless to say. She appeared contented, and as happy as her recent affliction would admit. She seemed very willing to love and to be loved by them all, and to consider them superior to herself.

It will be believed that the visit to Hadley was sometimes talked of by Sophy and Anne, and that Mrs. Grey had neither forgotten to think nor to speak of Lord Stoketon, nor every now and then to be angry with poor Mr. Daventry; for though she now constantly appended the 'poor' to his name, as the weeks passed on, and no letter franked 'Stoketon' arrived, it was hard to suppose she could help lamenting that he had not deferred his death for a day or two.

Moreover, with all her ingenuity (and Mrs. Grey was an ingenious woman), she could not exactly foresee how they were to meet again. She thought of several places, and asked Mr. Grey several times whether he did not think it likely they should meet Lord Stoketon on such or such an occasion? but Mr. Grey never would say more than "I don't know, my dear;" and if, not satisfied with that matter of fact assertion of inferior foresight, she urged for a better answer, she only obtained "I really cannot say, for I have heard nothing about Lord Stoketon, and I know nothing of his friends and acquaintance."

Mrs. Grey was really justifiable in saying to herself, sometimes, "How provoking Mr. Grey is!" for he ought to have been anxious about Lord Stoketon, as he believed that Sophy was not indifferent to him, and though thoughts, and wonders, and guesses were of no avail, he should have thought, and wondered, and guessed to a certain extent. His daughter's future happiness was in question, and

yet he would be blind and deaf, and eat his dinner, and read his books, and be healthy and blooming, and let poor Mrs. Grey fidget alone, and run the risk of having to advertise for an appetite, and a lost shade of vermillion, without sharing in one single fraction of her fidget!

Mr. Grey was in fact too easy and indolent.

I have to relate what Sophy and Anne said and thought about Hadley, and whether Anne made any confidences! whether the name of Edward Temple was mentioned, and whether Anne confessed, with many a blush and many a sigh, the possession of one interesting relic to be treasured up, and looked at, and—(shall we say it?)—kissed! the possession of a corner of a newspaper, which had been actually watched from between the agonizing pressure of his finger and thumb—the torn sheet of paper on which his very hand had traced, with manly elegance, these words, ‘My dear Sir,’ and had left it because he thought ‘My dear Sir,’ not dear enough to be worthy of a letter; or perhaps, still more valuable, the very pen with which he had written.

Did Anne Grey make any such confession? no, no, she had none to make: she was not a girl to preserve relics—to treasure up bits of paper that were not meant to be treasured up. Alas! she was never intended for a heroine!

It must be owned that she thought of Edward Temple with interest; and whenever her spirits were particularly good, and she looked forward to future plans, and probabilities of happiness, the figure of Edward Temple was always supplied with an exalted pedestal in the galleries or gardens of her castles in the air. She never forgot that there was such a person when she indulged in pleasing reveries, and she wondered, with no little interest, whether she should ever meet him again.

But still she had no confidences to make, and she was quite ready to listen to Sophy; to wish and hope, and conjecture and advise; to repeat over and over again the same wishes, hopes, and conjectures, without a single impatient look, a single shuffle of the chair, or wistful glance towards the window. She patiently listened to the oft-repeated words of ‘I really have a great regard for Lord Stoketon,’ and ‘do not really care for Captain Herbert,’ and “did you see what a nice open carriage Lord Stoketon had? He said he got it because he thought his sisters would like it. What a good brother he must be! He says that Alford is a beautiful place, just

the size of Hadley, and there is an excellent conservatory, and it is in a very good neighbourhood. I wonder whether we shall meet him again, Anne?"

To all such remarks, as often as they were repeated, did Anne reply with the same unwearied interest. The thought it natural that Sophy should require her to do so, and she wished her to speak of her feelings, for as her opinions were not always consistent, she hoped to be useful in correcting the errors into which she occasionally fell. She wished that Lord Stoketon should be prized for something better than his rank and fortune, and by leading Sophy to compare his sincere attachment and real virtues, with the false and frippery character, the dangling exaggerated passion of Captain Herbert, she hoped, from such a comparison, that Sophy would learn to prize and love the virtues of the one, as placed against the faults and tinsel follies of the other. In the one case to make her love the virtues themselves from attachment to the person to whom they belonged—in the other to make her dislike the person himself from dislike to the faults of which he was possessed.

And this was not so difficult a task. Human frailty was on Anne's side, for rank and fortune were with the virtues—poverty and insignificance with the faults; and even human frailty, as a means, may be rendered available in the attainment of human virtue.

Sophy began to speak and think highly of domestic virtues, of the charm of warm-heartedness, of the value of steady principles, the comparative superiority of honest sincerity and manly bluntness, over the studied softness and the heartless selfishness of the finished coxcomb; and, fortunately, the blunt, manly character had a title, a fortune, a house in town and country, and a charming carriage; and the finished coxcomb had nothing but one small gig—one large trotting horse, besides his hunters—one small boy, and one great and highly prized self.

So while Sophy Grey holds the balance, up flies Captain Herbert in the scale, lighter than air: whilst quietly and easily sits my Lord Stoketon resting on the ground, and wealth and rank, and a warm and constant heart, are at her feet.

Al! Sophy Grey—happy, happy woman! Acknowledge and confess your happiness—Prize the gift of that heart—It is gilded and titled, but never mind! You need not be so very disinterested, for you are not a heroine!

But now that Sophy is in a proper frame of mind to accept all

these good things, there remains a difficulty—Is Lord Stoketon so very constant? How is this to be ascertained?

We must diffuse the genial spirit of invitation, we must inspire some of the many cyphers who contribute to our good neighbourhood, with a propensity to distribute those little airy messages made up of 'May I have the pleasure,' and 'It will give us much pleasure,' &c. We must wish that the stable-yard at Weston should ring with the clatter of horses' hoofs, and Mr. and Mrs. Grey be kept in constant occupation breaking open seals, and taking from their envelopes the smooth scented enclosure, with sweet and honied words, still sweeter than the perfumed paper which conveyed them.

This must be our wish, that thus Sophy Grey may have an opportunity of meeting Lord Stoketon again.

CHAPTER X.

WE must suppose that, amongst the many good neighbours whom the Greys possessed, there were not a few who visited Weston when it was known that Mr. Daventry had left an only girl to the care of Mr. Grey.

It was impossible that any one could give information on the subject of Charlotte Daventry, as no one had as yet seen her; and though many conjectured that she was pale and interesting; and others that she was quite the contrary, and had shown remarkable hardness of heart; still there were none who could speak from fact, and all were anxious to judge for themselves, and see how poor Mr. Grey looked under the infliction of a niece.

All were eager to find out whether the stories were true of his having at first refused the charge, till Mr. Daventry, on his death-bed, holding Mr. Grey's hand in his, had made him faithfully promise to do so on pain—some said, of being visited by his ghost,—some said, merely of a dying man's curse;—whether it were true that William Grey was already desperately in love with her, and that they were to be married as soon as her mourning was over;—whether it was true, that the orphan was plunged in such deep afflic-

tion that she had scarcely spoken, and never smiled since, and that she intended wearing mourning all her life, and had made a determination never to marry—but it will be an endless task to tell all the reasons why people were anxious to call at Weston.

One other will suffice, and that was, simply to ascertain whether she were pretty or ugly. But this was a question upon which no two people could agree, even after having seen her; and for some time the neighbourhood of Weston was left in doubt whether Miss Daventry were a beauty or not.

The earliest visitor at Weston, after the ordinary period of seclusion had elapsed, was Lady Dowton; who, though such a sad invalid, contrived once or twice in the year, on great occasions to get out to see her 'dear friends,' who had been 'so kind to her.' This was one of the great occasions which called Lady Dowton forth from her luxurious sofa, and the first of the carriages that drove up to the door at Weston was hers.

As she moved languidly into the room, her eyes were anxiously cast around to discover the interesting orphan; but, alas! nothing was to be seen but Mrs. Grey, with a large work-basket before her, William Grey's long legs stretching forth from the mysteries of an arm-chair, the back of which was turned towards the door, and Anne Grey seated at her drawing table with brush in hand.

Lady Dowton was disappointed, but still, having been admitted was something; and as Sophy was likewise out of the room, she hoped that the cousins were together, and that before long they might both appear.

At any rate she could hear something about her, and she could learn many particulars, which could not be learnt in her presence. "Ah! dear Mrs. Grey, how are you? I have felt so much for you!" but Lady Dowton spoke her feelings doubtfully, for she was not sure which line to take—whether the Greys were to be pitied or not, for the loss of a man whom they never saw, and whose character had been notoriously unamiable; so she took the safest course, and threw a good deal of feeling and commiseration into her manner. If it so chanced that it was not required in the exact manner supposed, still there was cause for pity in Sophy and Anne's having been kept out of gaiety for so many weeks, and she continued, "I have felt so much for you all."

Mrs. Grey's unconscious, comfortable look of undisturbed contentment and peace of mind, whilst she stared a very little as if

forgetting exactly why she was to be pitied, set Lady Downton right.

“You are very kind,” said Mrs. Grey smiling, and Lady Downton saw there was no cause for any more pity, except for herself.”

“Ah! I am glad to see you so well. It is such an age since I have seen you, that I really feared you might not have continued well all the time.”

“My mother is not subject to bad health, and never was better in her life,” said William Grey, who disliked Lady Downton and her tiresome complaints. He loved to give her blunt answers and cut her short whenever he could. “I hope Sir John is well?” said he, knowing Sir John to be the least interesting subject to her Ladyship.

“Ah! thank you—so kind in you! He is perfectly well—but, my dear Anne, do let me see you and hear you speak,” said she, turning the subject, and extending a hand to Anne, who had been vainly hoping to continue her drawing unmolested. “Do let me hear a little of yourself, now your poor old friend has made the effort of coming to see you: indeed it is a sad effort; but for the sake of such kind friends I would not have attempted it. So then you have got a new companion, poor thing!” glancing towards William, for that story might be true; but no change in his colour appeared, and it must be decidedly contradicted. “I shall be the first to do it,” thought she.

Anne supposed that Lady Downton spoke of her cousin, and said every thing proper about the pleasure of having her for a companion.

“I suppose she does not yet appear in society!” said Lady Downton.

“I don’t know,” said Anne. “We have never yet seen any one excepting our own relations; but I do not suppose that Charlotte would be afraid of being seen, though she would not go out at present. She and Sophy are just set off on a long walk.”

“Not afraid of being seen,” thought Lady Downton. “It was said ironically—Depend upon it she is a bold dashing girl, with no feeling whatever; and Anne does not like her. She and Sophy are gone for a long walk, so there is no chance of my seeing her. I may as well make a short visit, and I shall have the more time for writing.”

“You have heard, I suppose, my dear Mrs. Grey,” said she,

“that some new friends are to be established this week at Chatterton—Mr. and Mrs. Foley, and their family. Charming people, I hear—She was Lord Gleddon’s daughter. A sweet woman! My bad health will scarcely permit me to make their acquaintance. I am nearly cut out from society, you know; but Anne and your dear Sophy will, I am certain, be as good to me as they always are. You will call on the family, of course, when they come, and then you will think of me, and bring me any little amusement in your power. It is always interesting to hear the conversation of new people. Oh! I am so fatigued!”

“Try this chair, Lady Dowton,” said William, with the broadest, bluntest, most healthy tone, properly got up for the occasion. “You would be rested directly. Whenever I am tired with a long day’s shooting, I try this chair, and it always rests me sooner than any thing.”

“Ah!” said poor Lady Dowton, trying not to show that she was mortified, “I know it is impossible for those in rude health to understand our feelings. Thank you, thank you. You are very kind, but pray sit down again. Indeed I must be going soon. You were staying at a pleasant house in the autumn, Mr. Grey. I heard of you from a friend of mine who was there. You know her—Mrs. Acton.”

“Yes,” said William.

“She is a great friend of the Graham’s too, you know,” continued she.

“Yes,” said William again, re-seating himself.

“You have heard, of course,” continued Lady Dowton, “that Jane Graham is going to be married?”

“No, by Jove,” said William, starting up.

The insulting offer of the arm-chair was revenged.

“Jane Graham going to be married! I don’t believe a word of it!” Then recollecting himself, and sinking back again in the arm chair, he thought “What a fool I am to expose myself to the greatest tale-bearer in the kingdom!”

“I make a rule never to believe any thing I hear, you know, Lady Dowton,” said he, with his most good-humoured, civil, and gentle manner. “I forget, did you say who it was to?”

“No, I did not, for indeed I hardly know whether it would be justifiable, as I heard it from one who is a friend of the family. However, there is no harm in saying before friends, and you too, Mr.

Grey, are also a friend of the family! It is Sir Frederic Norton. But I really am paying you an unconscionable visit. May I trouble you, Mr. Grey?" and William rung the bell, and pulled it so violently that the spring never recovered it, and the bell-hanger was sent for the next day.

"My carriage, if you please." Joyful sound! and then came the 'good-bys,' and the "do tell your dear sister to come over and see me, very soon; and you must come, and if Miss Daventry would like the walk, and to see Westhorpe—I should be most happy—She need not be afraid of not being quite quiet. Good-by, my love to Sophy;" and then, when fairly out of the room, William's indignation burst forth.

"An odious, malicious, scandal-bearing woman! I don't believe a word she says, after all; though sometimes she may hit on the truth—but I don't believe it!" walking and half talking to himself. "She came, you know, just to ferret out all the news she could about Charlotte Daventry. I am heartily glad you were both so unsatisfactory, and that the girl was out! That, and your spirit of reserve, were happy accidents. Odious woman!" and William strode out of the room, but soon strode in again, with a glove dangling in his hand.

"Oh! by the way, Anne, I wish to goodness, you would mend this glove for me. I have not had a glove I can wear, for the last month! and as to Watson or Hickman doing any thing for one, or doing any thing, indeed, that they ought to do, it is out of the question. Where all my gloves are gone I cannot think! —— Make haste! Why, what a time a glove takes mending! I could have done it myself in half the time. I would not have asked you, if I thought I should have been kept waiting here all this time!" William was not in the best of humours: but we will hope that a long walk, with a holeless glove on his hand, neatly mended by the small and nimble fingers of his sister Anne, would help to restore him to his usual equanimity.

CHAPTER XI.

WE will leave William Grey to drive away his ill-humour as best he might; that we may relate a part of the conversation which took place between Sophy and her cousin, in that ill-fated walk which deprived Lady Downton of the inestimable advantage of being the first to judge whether Miss Daventry were a beauty or not.

“How I delight in a good long walk,” said Sophy, in setting off with the determination to take one, and to walk steadily and perseveringly to the end of it. “One is so apt to feel stupid if one sits at work, or at reading, or drawing for a whole morning, without a walk to refresh one’s intellects.”

“Yes, very apt,” said Charlotte. “But then I have more occasion for it than you, because you know I do not draw, or play, or do all those delightful things which you and Anne do. At least, though I play and draw a little, it is so ill, that it gives me no pleasure. Not that I thought so much of it before I came here, and learnt how much better people could play and draw than I could.”

“Oh! I dare say in a little time,” said Sophy, stepping on briskly and *con spirito*, for she was not displeased at hearing her own praises, “you will perform in both ways quite as well as Anne and I.”

“Oh! do you think so?” said Charlotte in an animated tone, and looking towards Sophy’s self-satisfied face,—“Do you think I ever could? I should so like it! I do sometimes so very much wish that I was a little more like you—and Anne,” added she, as if it were an after-thought, added because it was proper to do so.

“I have not the least doubt about it, Charlotte,” said Sophy, still walking *con spirito*, but with a more stately air, and a smile widening the line of bright red lip, and displaying the pearly row of teeth within,—lighting up the bright blue eyes, and touching even the small well-formed nose with a spirituality—an expression—to which noses are not commonly allowed to lay any claim, even in a novel, and which nothing but a little delicate flattery could have imparted.

However, Sophy Grey's eyes, nose, and mouth did, one or all of them, separately or conjointly, give an expression of serene self-complacency as she stepped lightly along with Charlotte Daventry, at her side.

Charlotte saw it. She looked once when Sophy was not regarding her, and a smile illumined the peculiar depths of those dark, searching eyes. The glance was quickly withdrawn, the face grave again, and the eyes quiet.

"You are so good-natured about me," said she, "I cannot say how much I feel it—how often I think of it! It seems so strange that you should take any notice of me. I never thought when I came, and first saw you—when, I looked round the room and saw how nice you looked! so different to what I knew that I was—I never thought you would be with me as you are, and that I should learn not to be so much frightened at you. I told you once before, how beautiful I thought you, and how I picked you out from all the party to be the one to be frightened at, because I thought you looked so superior to all; and now, indeed, I do not know why I am less alarmed, for I think you much superior to what I did then—to what I could do before I knew more of you;" she paused a moment, "and do you really think that I shall ever grow at all like you?"

"Why, I dare say you will, if you mean as to drawing and music, as soon as you like: you will know quite as much of it as we do, and I dare say will surpass us. But remember Charlotte," said she laughing, "I shall not endure that. I shall not like you to do any thing better than I can myself! My vanity will not bear that at all!"

"Ah! you are so droll and nice," said Charlotte, looking at her with such a pleased expression. "Do you know, I am going to make a confession, Sophy, though I don't know whether I should, and yet there is no harm, because I know you will not repeat it, and I really could not help what I am going to confess. If I am very wrong, perhaps you will tell me, and I will try to change if I can. It is your good-nature, and something so attractive and dear in your manner that, perhaps, makes me speak to you differently to what I should to others, and what I have to tell is—you will not be angry?"

"No, certainly," said Sophy.

“Well, what I have to tell is, that somehow—I do feel to like you better than—you will not be angry, shall you?”

“Oh, no, foolish girl to think I should,” said Sophy eagerly, yet caressingly.

“I do feel, somehow, I like you better than Anne. I tried to like her as well, and she is so kind, and it seems so ungrateful!—but still I do like you the best, though I try not!—but I do love you so much—but I am sure you are angry? You must think me so wicked!” said she eagerly, to Sophy.

“No, indeed,” was her reply. “I do not think you wrong, and, indeed, I ought to be too much flattered to feel it wrong if it really were,” continued she laughing. “But I do not see any thing so very wrong in it, especially as you cannot help it; and there is no harm in your telling me your feeling: you may be sure that I shall not repeat it again. As to not liking Anne the best, at present, she is so much more reserved than I am, so much more serious, perhaps, that you were not likely to do so quite as soon. You will be quite sure to like her as much and more than you do me, when you know more of us.” Charlotte did not answer directly, nor say she thought it probable. Perhaps she did not feel that it was likely, and therefore did not wish to hurt the sisterly feelings of Sophy by expressing her thoughts.

After a short pause, she said, that she was glad Sophy had not thought her very wrong, and that she was relieved by having told her, for she did not know whether it would be right or not to speak on such a subject; and then, as they walked on, Sophy felt that Charlotte Daventry was an uncommonly nice, open-hearted girl. “She is very simple and childish,” thought she, “but she is such a good creature!” Who does not know what ‘a good creature’ means? That being so exceedingly flattering and useful to ourselves, who never interferes, but always adds to our pleasures if she can; sacrificing self to our interests; and for all her favours never laying us under any obligations!

It is a charming character, and happy are those who happen to enumerate a good creature amongst their relations, friends, or dependants! “She is amusing,” thought Sophy, “and we are very fortunate in having such a companion, when she might have been so disagreeable!”

It will be supposed that Lady Downton’s was not the only visit to the Greys. Visitor, after visitor, succeeded, and Sophy began to

think it was rather pleasant to have been forced into retirement for a short time, for the sake of the welcome contrast.

In all the numerous visits many agreeable things were said and listened to. Sophy was, sometimes, told that she was going to marry Lord Stoketon—sometimes laughed at for keeping it so secret. Sometimes told, less openly, that “she had been heard of”—that there were various little rumours about a certain gentleman—that his name began with an S—, but that he had sisters whose name began with a different letter—was asked when it would be?—was told that she ought to pity poor Captain Herbert—was called a cruel girl—was asked after Mr. Temple—was told that he had been known to say, that he thought Miss Grey a charming person! and he never had been known to say so of any girl before—what could be more pleasant than to hear all this?

When her flattering friends were gone, she began to think whether Mr. Temple had not seemed to admire her. It had not exactly struck her before; but then she had been a good deal occupied with Lord Stoketon; she thought, upon reflection, that he must have been an admirer. It was very evident, and she only wished that she had given him a little more encouragement.

Anne was present at all these attacks on Sophy, and she sat quietly by without receiving her share. Her visitors did not know that she had been seated on the barouche-box with one of their heroes! She heard Sophy accused of having captivated Edward Temple, and her heart had beat quicker than usual, and the colour mounted to her face, as if (foolish girl as she thought herself) it had been she and not Sophy who had been guilty of such a thing.

Her heart beat still quicker as she heard what he had said of her sister. “How stupid I must have been never to have perceived his admiration!” thought she, and she felt very quiet and steady, and a something rather heavy and cold about her heart.

She remembered that he had certainly seemed to admire Sophy at first, and one day she had caught him attentively observing them both as they stood together, and their mutual book of drawings was being looked at. He had come up to the place where they stood, and she had been so nervous that she had turned away her head just as he approached. He had spoken to Sophy. He had evidently come from the other side of the room to speak to her, but Lord Stoketon had attracted her attention at the time, which made her apparently uncivil to him, and he had walked back again.

She saw, on thinking it over, that he had probably admired Sophy, and this accounted at once for his good-nature to herself. She felt satisfied, but yet, not quite so much pleased as she ought to have been; she could not think why, till she remembered poor Lord Stoketon. She saw that he had very little chance of securing Sophy's affections, if Edward Temple was his rival. It was impossible that there could be a moment's hesitation in any one's mind between the two. There was not another person in England, who could have any chance against Mr. Temple.

Amongst the many visits to the Greys, which curiosity prompted on Charlotte Daventry's account, one common topic had been regularly discussed. A new family had arrived at Chatterton.

Lady Downton had, for once, hit on the truth, and Chatterton had become the residence of a family of the name of Foley. It had long been untenanted. It was a large and good house, and it had gone to the hearts of all the individuals composing this good neighbourhood to see it year by year unoccupied, and all its powers wasted on the rats and mice, which, as it was averred, had there taken up their abode long before the period when mothers and fathers and daughters had given up hoping it would be inhabited by some more desirable occupants; long before the time when mothers had ceased to imagine the rich unmarried heir domiciled to fall in love with one of their numerous daughters; long before fathers had given up the hope of there finding a congenial soul who should talk with them on the danger of the nation, be an active magistrate, and religiously preserve game for his neighbours' shooting; long before daughters had relinquished the hope of finding at Chatterton a bosom friend, a girl with dark eyes and long sentimental ringlets, and a brother not unlike his sister, poor, pale, and interesting; or, as the more mercenary had anticipated, rich, gay, and captivating.

But still rats and mice alone resided at Chatterton under the superintendance of one old woman—a cross, witch-like looking being, of whom it was asserted in the village, that she was possessed of that superfluous luxury, a familiar spirit. Rats and mice prospered under her government: they increased, and grew in number and boldness; and at last threatened to mutiny and turn out their sovereign, the witch-like old woman, who declared she could live there no longer; and Chatterton was in danger of being deserted by all, save the rats and mice.

Mr. Foley saved it from this danger, by taking it from its owner, Mr. Aston, and coming with his family there to reside. Rats and mice soon disappeared, cheerfulness and comforts appeared in their place, and Mr. and Mrs. Foley, their son and daughter, gave the neighbourhood subject for conversation for a year to come.

Curiosity had been divided between them and Charlotte Daventry. Two such events had never before occurred in any country neighbourhood—a new family at a house long untenanted, and a grown-up orphan who might be an heiress, introduced into a long-established family!

All who have lived in a quiet country neighbourhood will understand the delight of such a concurrence of events; but happy those, who, like Anne Grey, needed no such events to drive away the ennui of a quiet country life, and who, with her, have no ennui to drive away.

Anne needed no excitement—no wound-up curiosity to render her contented and cheerful. In her home employments—in her pursuits—her duties, she found full occupation, and she experienced the happiness which flows from well-spent time, and a well-regulated and cultivated mind.

But there were many who were not sorry for the excitement of Chatterton and an orphan girl, and even Sophy and Mrs. Grey were not uninfected by it.

Sophy loved gossip, and in spite of the reproofs of her father and the reflected light of her mother's lectures, she too frequently indulged in this fault. A lively disposition and the absence of very sound sense led her on to circulate the ill-natured reports which she repeated only because they were ludicrous, and her laugh might be heard as she made others laugh at a successful story. Perhaps her fault is common to all young ladies above and below the age of twenty, who possess a little vanity, not much sense, and a very small turn for humour.

Sophy could not be perfectly happy till one fortunate morning the carriage stood at the door, Mrs. Grey, Anne and herself equipped—the horses impatient—the coachman patient—all ready, and off they set to pay their respects to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Foley, at Chatterton.

And now will they be at home? "I am sure not," said Sophy. "When one wishes people to be so, they never are? What do you say, Anne?"

“Let me see the look of the servants as they open the door,” said Anne, “and I will tell you. I always know by the way they receive the interesting question.”

“Ah! you know I suppose perfectly by the time you hear the answer?” said Sophy.

“No, mine is really fair dealing,” said Anne laughing, “it is an instinctive power of reading thoughts before they are uttered.”

“Well, that is very curious,” said Mrs. Grey, who had not been listening very attentively, but heard the possession of some new accomplishment claimed by her daughter. “That is very curious and useful, I dare say. Who taught you, my dear?”

“Shyness, I believe, mama,” said Anne. “Shyness is an excellent instructor sometimes.”

The carriage was going over a rough part of the road, and it was not very easy to hear.

“Oh! Sir S—! Sir Samuel, I suppose—I don’t know him;” half muttered Mrs. Grey; but Anne did not hear, for the carriage was still making its way over the newly gravelled road.

“Some partner of hers,” thought Mrs. Grey. “Here we are at the lodge,” said she. “I wonder whether they will be at home.”

They were at home, and in another minute, Mrs. and the two Miss Greys were ushered into the drawing-room at Chatterton.

CHAPTER XII.

WE have introduced the Greys into the Chatterton drawing-room. There they found three individuals—one a middle aged woman, who must, they thought, be Mrs. Foley—another a young and pleasing looking girl, whom they no less shrewdly guessed to be Miss Foley, and a third, a tall dark-haired young man, whom they as wisely determined to be Mr. Foley, junior.

On their entrance the trio rose, the middle-aged lady courtseyed in return to Mrs. Grey’s courtsey, and then sat down again as if she knew nothing about them. The young lady said something civil to all the party, which Mrs. Grey, intent on the civility due to

Mrs. Foley, did not hear, and was only forced into attention by the pointed offer of a seat, and the two Miss Greys and Mrs. Grey being seated, there was a silence.

The middle-aged lady went on with her knitting, and seemed not to think she had any thing else to do. Mrs. Grey thought she must devote herself to her, and wondered how it would be best to begin the conversation. The young lady seemed bent on speaking to Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Grey appeared as obstinately bent on not considering her the person to whom she ought to attend. The tall young man sat in the farther corner of the room, lounging in an arm chair, apparently thinking he had no occasion to talk.

Anne was growing dreadfully shy, and felt as if her life depended on the awful silence being broken, but yet had not courage to utter the first word. What could she say? the day was neither fine nor the reverse, and nothing but the weather occurred to her mind. Sophy sat, not feeling shy, but with a strong inclination to laugh. Had the silence lasted a second more, nothing would have saved her, especially as she saw the young man in the arm chair opposite with his mouth curling, and his eyes twinkling with the same merry propensity!

At this instant the young lady gave up the hope of attracting Mrs. Grey's attention, and turned towards Sophy, with a blush on her face, which passed for a remark, though none was uttered. Thoughts of "Deaf and Dumb asylums," rushed on Sophy's mind. But the hint was taken. Sophy gave her attention, the laugh that had just begun to sparkle in her eyes, and dimple her mouth, was checked, she determined to make a bold effort to speak, and said something in praise of the weather. The young lady assented, and the unlucky rain pattered heavily on the window, to declare at that moment in audible tones that neither Miss Grey nor Miss Foley had spoken the truth. However the spell was broken; even the rain gave a subject for conversation, and Mrs. Grey, hearing the sound of voices, ventured on a remark to the elderly lady, who contentedly continued her knitting.

"Beautiful place," said Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, beautiful," said the lady, looking rather surprised at being addressed.

"I never saw it look so well," said Mrs. Grey very civilly.

"Indeed," responded the lady.

"I hope you like it?" continued Mrs. Grey.

The lady looked up—stared—and answered, “Certainly.”

“What!” thought Mrs. Grey, “she thinks I ought to know that Mr. Foley would not have taken it without her approval.”

“I hope you like the neighbourhood?” said Mrs. Grey again.

The middle-aged lady was puzzled—that was a home question, and as Mrs. Grey got only a sort of ‘hem’ for an answer, she tried still nearer home, and said:—

“I hope Mr. Foley is well?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Foley are gone this morning to Hadley,” was the reply.

“I beg your pardon,” said poor Mrs. Grey, who actually blushed at her mistake: the secret was out, and this was not Mrs. Foley, probably a visitor, and though Mrs. Grey knew why she ought to beg pardon, she forgot that the middle-aged woman might not; but Mrs. Grey determined to retrieve her error, and turned to the young lady, whom she was shocked to think she had so long neglected, and resolving to be on the safe side, said:—

“Miss Foley, I presume?”

Miss Foley bowed and half smiled, and Mrs. Grey now feeling on safe ground, said, laughing a little, “It is really so awkward to introduce oneself; I hope you will excuse my blunders. I believed Mrs. Foley was in the room,” and then followed several civil speeches, and Mrs. Grey, looking complimentary towards the young man in the arm chair, said:—

“Your brother, I presume, Miss Foley?” and the reply that it was her cousin, called for another apology from Mrs. Grey.

Soon after, the parting words were uttered and an introduction having taken place between the middle-aged woman and the Greys, by which they ascertained her name was Smith, Mrs. and the two Miss Greys walked out of the room—got into the carriage, and there might have been heard the long suppressed laughter of Sophy Grey, and the accordant merriment of Anne, and then in the drawing-room at Chatterton might have been heard the same merry sounds from Miss Foley and her cousin, as the carriage drove off.

“Foley or anti Foley?” interrogated William Grey, as his mother and sisters entered the room on their return from Chatterton; and Sophy gave a laughing relation of the scene.

“Excellent!” said William, “by Jove! what would I not have given to have been there! and so ma’am,” turning to his mother; who was unshawling, and had not been attending, “you told Mrs.

what's her name, the humble friend, that you hoped she found Mrs. Foley's house comfortable, and I suppose she assured you it was?"

"No indeed," said Mrs. Grey, "she did not say so. I thought she seemed not to think it so very:"

"Oh! toady," said William, laughing. So you tell tales out of school, do you? and what is Miss Foley, Sophy? Has she any beauty? Has she any ideas in her head, do you think, beyond a fine or rainy day?"

"Oh yes! and she is very pretty; I should like to see you in love, William, just for once!" a cloud came across William's brow, which she did not perceive; "and Miss Foley will do admirably for you—it would be such a novelty, and so amusing!"

"What nonsense girls talk and think!" said William, in a voice which showed he was not in the best of tempers, and did not take Sophy's plan as it was meant. "They never can talk five minutes but they must bring in love. I wish, Sophy, you would learn at least not to let all the world see upon what your thoughts are running!"

William walked to the other end of the room, with an indignant air.

"What a bad humour William is in!" said Sophy, in not a low voice to Anne—Anne did not answer. Sophy felt convinced that eldest brothers required a great deal of patience and forbearance, and, walking out of the room, she hummed the air of an Italian song, which Captain Herbert had given her. *He* was a younger brother!

Anne also left the drawing-room, and proceeded to Charlotte Daventry's room. As she opened the door, she saw her cousin busily engaged in looking over papers, and she hesitated to enter.

"Oh! come in, Anne," said she, "you will not interrupt me. Indeed, now we are alone, I wished to show you something. I feel sure you will understand my feelings. I am often very wretched," continued she, leaning her head upon her hands as she sat on the sofa, on which Anne had also seated herself; "but I do not wish to show it. I cannot speak of it when I see all around me gay, and happy, and thoughtless. They are all very kind to me, but with you I feel that I am understood. I fancy that you can enter into my feelings," and the tears which fell between her fingers showed what those feelings must be.

“ Yes, indeed, dear Charlotte,” said Anne, affectionately taking her hand, “ I do feel for you !” and the tears stood in her eyes as she spoke. “ I have often felt for you ! But I hoped, as you seemed more cheerful of late, that you had begun to feel your affliction less bitterly. I am sorry indeed if it is not so !”

“ Aye, I thought I should deceive by my manner. I wished to deceive *them* into thinking me happy, and forgetful, and hard-hearted, and I knew that I could. All are not so quick—all have not feelings—, somehow—you understand, perhaps—” She hesitated as though she scarcely liked to explain. “ You know some people have not by nature the same feelings as others—but I do not know what I am saying—they are all so kind—too kind to me !” she heaved a deep sigh, and Anne saw that she must be thinking of her father’s character, as a reason why she should not deserve kindness, and she loved her for this delicacy of feeling.

“ *I often think that you understand me,*” said Charlotte. “ I sometimes see that others do not understand your feelings, and I have wished very much that I might speak to you, and tell you that I, at least, though I am so foolish and ignorant, could comprehend you, and that I might tell you of my own ; and yet it is not kind to talk to you so : it must distress you.”

“ No,” said Anne very kindly ; “ though it distresses me to see you suffer, yet it distresses me less to be told of it by you, than to think you were keeping your grief to yourself ; it must increase, if brooded over without the consolation of imparting your feelings to others. It is a very amiable feeling which has actuated your concealment, dear Charlotte ; and I cannot but love you the more for such a proof of self-controul.”

“ As Anne uttered the last word, Charlotte half withdrew, with a convulsive shudder, the hand which Anne affectionately held in hers. “ I see,” continued Anne, “ what fortitude you have exercised from the emotion it causes you even to allude to your praiseworthy efforts ; but, dear Charlotte, do not over exert yourself. Be sure that I shall understand you, and be always ready to listen to the utterance of your grief. You are mistaken if you think that any of us do not feel for you ; but all, perhaps, do not show it so much, and all may not be equally quick in perceiving, through a gay and smiling face, the sorrow which lies beneath. They would pity if they knew that pity was required. I can feel,” said Anne, whilst the tear trembled in her eye, “ how impossible it would be

soon to forget those whom we have loved. As yet I have not been tried; but when I look around me, on all on whom I depend for affection, I feel what it would be to lose even one out of the number. I feel what it must be to love but one, and to lose that one. I can truly feel for you her voice faltered as she uttered the last words, and the tears fell fast, whilst the sobs of the orphan girl were heard, as the soft affectionate voice of Anne had ceased, and the two cousins wept together; the one with the heart-breaking sense of desolation of the brotherless and sisterless orphan; the other with the less selfish feeling of overpowering sympathy in her sorrow.

Anne was the first to utter. She spoke in soothing tones; and Charlotte became composed as she spoke, though for awhile she made no answer to the kind words which fell from the lips of Anne. At length she expressed her sense of relief, at the assurance of Anne's sympathy, and also the knowledge that she would understand her feelings. She then said that she had called Anne into the room for the purpose of showing her a miniature of her father.

"I felt that I could show it to you," said she. "Do not open it here. I am weak and foolish, and I do not wish to make you cry for me again;" she tried to smile. "But take it to your own room. It is like—very like!—You will not show it to any one, but look at it yourself, and try," her voice faltered, "to think with kindness of," she hesitated, "of *him*;" she added in a low voice, and Anne saw her emotion, and left the room with the miniature in her hand.

She was much overcome with this little scene. She had scarcely expected such from her cousin. It was true she had occasionally remarked tokens of strong feeling, which displayed themselves involuntarily, and were instantly checked; but Charlotte had generally seemed gay and cheerful. She felt that she must rather have underrated her character. There was, at times, something so childish in her manner, that Anne had believed her incapable of strong feeling. She was still an enigma to her, for though her feelings had, perhaps, not been very well expressed in this interview, still they showed, both in their existence and in their concealment, such ardour, and strength of mind, and character, that the mode of expression could not diminish her astonishment and admiration at their knowledge.

When Anne opened the case which contained the miniature, she was surprized, and not, perhaps, agreeably, in seeing the strong resemblance which it bore to her cousin. There were the dark

peculiar eyes, and the expression in the mouth which at times was so remarkable in Charlotte.

Anne sighed, and wished she had been less like her father in appearance, "and yet, what," thought she, "signify externals, unlike as she is in all that is of real importance? Poor girl! how can I love and pity her enough?" and she closed the case which held the miniature.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW days after the Greys' first visit to Chatterton, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Foley were ushered into the drawing-room at Weston.

Now, though I have a plot in my head, it is a peaceable plot, and Mrs. Grey, if she had heard it would hardly have started, or thought of Gunpowder Treason. Still there is a plot, and it is either for or against the peace of William Grey, and Miss Foley. *For* or *against*, I leave to the decision of any one who has ever been in love.

William Grey, as may have been perceived, had admired Jane Graham, but Lady Dowton assured him that she was going to be married to another. William Grey was not a man to be inconsolable. Miss Foley was pretty, and what is called, "an uncommonly nice girl," and William Grey can do no less than fall in love with her. He must, then, become a hero, and he must open the door soon after their arrival at Weston, and as he enters, and makes one, two, or three, large heavy strides towards Mr. and Mrs. Foley, for the purpose of saying "how do you do," Miss Foley must discover him to be strikingly handsome, very gentlemanlike, and the very beau-ideal of what a lover should be!

If I do not describe Mr. and Mrs. Foley, no one will know anything about them, and if I do, am I sure that they will know a great deal more? We must imagine them seated, and that Mrs. Grey had uttered something very civil, for she remembered that, as new neighbours, they were the lions and lionesses of the day.

Mr. Foley was looking and hoping for something better than Mrs. Grey (poor woman!) upon whom to expend his agreeable-

ness, and Mrs. Foley, sinking in languid inertness upon the sofa, uttered common-places in a feeble, heart-rending voice.

Mr. Foley! If I prized him as highly as he prized himself, I should desire the publisher to put those two words in letters of gold. They are precious ones—not in themselves—no! there may be a hundred Mr. Foleys to come, and there may have been a hundred Mr. Foleys come and gone, who had the self-same words attached to them, and yet were nothing; but it is he himself, who gave a value to those two words. Those two small words are the embodiment, and stand for the intimation of this man's being—of this very Mr. Foley, who, if his name had unluckily chanced to be Jones, or Smith, or Higginbottom, would have given a lustre to the name, and still have made us desire that it should stand alone in the book, Jones, Smith, or Higginbottom, each letter a golden one.

Mr. Foley thought himself more accomplished, more talented—(that is not an orthodox word, but it is useful)—more capable of succeeding in all he attempted than any other man in England, and if he did not quite succeed in persuading every one else to think so, he cared but little for the ignorant and envious few who denied his superior powers.

Mr. Foley was proud of himself—proud of his wife, because she was *his* wife; proud of his son for the same reason; proud of his daughter for ditto; proud of his house now it was his (he had been proud of his other house, though he had left it because the wind blew in so cold—the prospect from the windows was so bleak and dull, and the aspect so due north). He was proud of Chatterton—proud of the neighbourhood—proud of every thing to which, in speaking of it, he could append that small, sweetly toned monosyllable ‘*my*.’

Mr. Foley, when I die, will you grant me one favour? Will you let my epitaph be written by your hand? Let yours be the pen to depict my character, for remember I am *your* novelist; then I know my epitaph will be my eulogy.

Mrs. Foley was a tall, sickly, not inelegant looking woman—gifted with delicate health, and with so much sensibility as to render her health worse than it really was. She was a very good, amiable woman, with small abilities, small feet and hands, a small delicate looking face, and a small voice;—an excellent wife and mother, and daughter, and sister and cousin. She had a large heart, and it took in all her relations to the hundredth cousin, and

farther still, if any one farther had liked to claim it. She loved them all in regular degrees: she had kind feelings and pity for the fifty times removed cousins; sighs and ‘poor things,’ to give on the death of the twenty times removed; sighs, ‘poor things,’ and a few tears on that of the ten times distant; a diminution of sleep for the five times; and a positive flow of tears and loss of sleep and appetite on the demise of the second cousin once removed. For first cousins, aunts, and uncles, she had a whole word of heart and affection, and for her husband and children there was more than a whole devoted heart—there were sighs and fears, and alarms each day, and tears for every look bestowed on them!

She had lost one daughter, and ever since that melancholy event, Mrs. Foley had thought that she might lose another—that she might lose her husband or her son; she never looked at them but she thought of this,—the tears always filled her eyes as she did so; and Mr. Foley thought “she is my wife. This is charming sensibility.”

But William Grey is waiting all this time to come on the stage—so here is his cue—“charming sensibility,” and William entered. Mrs. Grey introduced him as her son, and he sat down by Miss Foley. Perhaps few would believe that William Grey could be very agreeable, yet so it was. There was a degree of blunt humour, originality, shrewdness and cleverness, joined to an open-hearted frankness that made him very agreeable when he chose to be so; and Miss Foley felt no doubt of his powers as she drove back to Chatterton that morning.

William thought her a very pretty specimen of a young lady, and with less nonsense about her than most girls—but alas! for Miss Foley—his heart was still with Jane Graham.

I have often moralized (for writers of novels do moralize sometimes) on the perverse distribution of human events and human gifts. I have often thought what a pity it is that to the poor half-starved beggar cannot be given a little of the superfluous wealth that comes showering in upon the rich. I have often looked on the world at large with the eye of a moralizer, and seen the good and bad things of life scattered about as though at random; I have seen the rich as it were attracting riches which they did not want; the poor as it were attracting the poverty which threatened to overwhelm them. I have seen the dowerless girl, deprived also of beauty, talents, and education; the splendid heiress loaded with

the superfluous gifts of beauty, accomplishments, and sense: I have seen the broken-down and afflicted, with afflictions still showered upon them—the gay, the proud, and the unfeeling, with fresh pleasures and enjoyments bestowed each day. I have seen the child who, in days of fête, has received one gay and glittering toy, overwhelmed with gay and glittering toys all coming on her the rich and fortunate; and I have seen the poor forlorn child whose grandfather or grandmother have forgotten to make the birthday or the Christmas present, alike deserted by all—no glittering toy is hers! Had one out of the many, heaped on the fortunate child been, spared to her, how happy would it have made her—how much better had it been! But it is ever thus—tears to the needless stream—riches to the rich—poverty to the poor—the heart of William Grey to the girl who had already won a heart, and no heart of William Grey to poor Miss Foley, who had no heart to call her own.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLOTTE Daventry seemed happy and cheerful,—she went out with her cousins, and was charmed with Lady Dowton, who was charmed with her. She struck up a friendship with Miss Foley and with one of the Miss Dashwoods, and seemed none the sadder for the very strong feelings she sometimes displayed to Anne Grey. It is very true, that except in romantic novels, there is no such thing as keeping up a sentiment for life. People, let them be as miserable, and romantically disconsolate as they may, will have their moments of tolerable happiness. They are not always screwed up to a sigh-and-groan pitch, but descend every now and then to eat, laugh, and be merry; and so it seemed with Charlotte Daventry—but we will not judge her severely.

Mrs. Grey was beginning to despair of any invitations coming to Weston, and of ever being able to marry either of her daughters, or poor Charlotte Daventry, to whom, in the goodness of her heart, she extended her benevolent wish that she should be married and got out of the house.

After all, when a good affectionate mother talks of the pleasure of seeing her daughters married, what is it but talking of the pleasure of losing their society?—of losing the companion, the friend perhaps (for mothers do make friends of their daughters), the joy, the gladness of the house? But mothers are so unselfish! and Mrs. Grey, good woman! never wished so heartily for any thing in her life (except sometimes that Mr. Grey would be in time for his dinner), as she did for her daughters to marry, and her niece too, now she had one living with her.

“My dear,” said she to Mr. Grey, when Mr. Grey felt a perverse inclination not to let his wife and daughters go to a ball; “My dear, you know what an object it is that the girls should be seen and known. How are they ever to marry if they are not? It is of the greatest consequence. I always feel that from experience. You know, Mr. Grey, how I was shut up.”

“Yes, my dear,” said Mr. Grey, with a smile, “and you see how it has turned out.”

“Now you are very tiresome, Mr. Grey,” said she, though she could not feel very cross just then.

Still she was unhappy in the absence of invitations, and nothing consoled her but the frequent sight of Mrs. Dodson and her son.

Some little time ago, I called Robert Dodson like his mother, but Robert Dodson was now very much improved. He did not shuffle his feet when in company—did not blush very much, his exterior was tolerably gentleman-like, and his mind had been improved by a little collision with the world—that many in one, that one in many, which is said to do so much harm, and so much good—to be so dangerous, so useful, so deceitful, and so desirable!

The world had certainly done Robert Dodson good. It had diminished the vulgarity of both his mind and appearance, and he had turned out not at all what the novelist would expect from a man whose father had made his money by trade. He had sense and taste enough to prefer his cousins the Greys to Mrs. Dodson’s vulgar and illiterate relations and friends. Mrs. Grey was very fond of him, and called him “a very superior young man.” We will not pretend to say what her ideas of superiority were, or to whom he was supposed to be superior! Mr. Grey liked him, because he thought him good-hearted, and not very deficient in sense.

Sophy and Anne both liked him—He was so good-humoured,

and after all, not so very stupid; so they were never sorry when Cousin Robert called, in the morning, and looked at their drawings (sometimes the wrong way upwards, to be sure), for he always thought them beautiful, and he listened to their music, and really liked Anne's singing, when it was not Italian.

And Charlotte Daventry, did not she like him? Oh certainly! and in the innocence of her heart, good simple girl, she thought he must be very charming, because he was cousin to the Greys—She liked him very much, and thought he ought to marry one of her cousins. These opinions were expressed to Mrs. Grey alone. Good girl! She always found out what people wished to hear, and it was the more amiable in this case, as she did laugh at cousin Bob a little before her cousins, and was quite aware of his deficiencies. As Mrs. Grey reflected on what Charlotte had said, and indulged in the hope that Anne might meet with another Lord Stoketon, she sometimes said to herself, "If both Sophy and Anne marry noblemen, there is no reason why Charlotte should not marry Robert Dodson."

A rumour of Lord Stoketon's attentions to Sophy had reached Mrs. Dodson, but, like a sensible woman, she never attended to rumours which she wished not to be true, and Sophy continued in her mind as the future Mrs. Dodson. But in spite of hints, innuendos, and broader jokes, Sophy was not such in the mind of her son Robert. Robert Dodson, though less hard and unsusceptible than most men, whose mothers wish them to marry, was yet perverse enough to make his own choice, and instead of fixing on the sister Mrs. Dodson intended, he chose for himself, and fell in love with Anne.

Robert Dodson had not much quickness, but he saw that Anne was always kind and considerate. He was not afraid of her laughing at him, and time was when Sophy had done so. Sophy would be very good-natured when there was no one present but her cousin Robert; but on other occasions, vanity, or her love of ridicule, interfered with her good-nature.

Anne never changed; and even Robert Dodson discovered that she was superior in intellect to her sister, and he began to forget that Sophy was pretty, though he had always heard she was so; but he began to feel that Anne was lovely, and that there was nothing which gave him such a decided impression of happiness as

sitting in the small morning room at Weston, with his eyes fixed on Anne Grey, and his ears taking in the sound of her sweet voice as she sung. Still Anne knew nothing of it.

Charlotte Daventry was likewise a favourite of Robert Dodson's, for she was very kind to him, and if Sophy and Anne were out of the room (and no one could tell how it was, but he and Charlotte had several *tête-à-têtes* together), she always talked to him of Anne, and there was that in her manner of doing so which sent him home a very happy man, with a self-satisfied feeling, and a kind of vague idea that Anne Grey was not so far from returning his love as he had supposed.

How truly amiable, and good-natured, and complying, Charlotte Daventry must have been; for there was not an individual in that family, and scarce an individual out of it, who did not feel a liking towards her, and experience a secret and flattering conviction that they had been singled out to be the object of her peculiar confidence, affection, admiration, or respect!

And yet, why was there so often a dissatisfied, or an excited feeling, when the private conversation was over? Why did human nature appear so faulty, or human life at times so enchanting? Why did suspicion flash across the mind—why did vanity rise and flutter in pride—why did it turn with contempt, and peevish dissatisfaction to the homage which before had satisfied its aspirations? Why did even the most gentle, the most loving, and affectionate of beings, turn away at times from those conversations, with a sense that there might be some in the world who could understand and appreciate her better than the father and mother, and brother and sister, she had hitherto regarded with unmingled affection? and why did she, still more often and more sadly, feel that she herself was perhaps unworthy of their undivided love?

The hint was given:—it was by accident, certainly, for it came from Charlotte Daventry—yet a hint was given, that *none* in that family circle, to whom all the ardour and steadiness of her own affection was given, loved her as she *ought* to be loved! Anne felt it might be so—it might be that she was not loved as the others were—she did not use the word as she *ought* to be loved: No, she was loved as much as she deserved:—more—much more perhaps; but still, not perhaps as she had once imagined.

“How little idea has Charlotte,” thought she, one day, “that those trifling things which she imagines mean nothing should have

such an effect upon me! She is a dear good girl, but somehow," sighed Anne, "I could almost wish she had never come amongst us! I do not know why, but we have not gone on the same together since; and yet it is not her fault, and how selfish, and wicked I am! It is that we grow older, and troubles must and will increase. Yet I could wish that Sophy did not confide so much to Charlotte, and so much less to me. Selfish, or jealous, or something very bad, I must be," thought she, and sighed and then smiled, for she thought how foolish she was, and that it was more worth a smile than a sigh.

She went down to the drawing-room, and there she found Charlotte and Robert Dodson busily engaged in talking. They stopped as she entered. Charlotte looked as if she knew not why, and Robert Dodson looked very foolish, and conscious, as though well aware that they had been talking on a subject that could not be continued before Anne.

It was true that Sophy had begun to make a confidante of her cousin; and when Lord Stoketon and Captain Herbert had been duly canvassed between them, Sophy sometimes felt that perhaps Anne's ideas were singular on those subjects, and that Charlotte was a very comfortable and sensible person to talk to. She always had considered her rather foolish: but then she was such a dear good-hearted girl! and had such a nice little way of flattering!

"It is odd how every one likes Charlotte!" thought Sophy, and then came the thought, "I wonder whether I ever shall see Lord Stoketon again! It would be very nice to be Lady Stoketon, and have plenty of jewels and dresses. I would be the best dressed woman in town. The equipages I would leave to him. He has pretty good taste." Was this the right way for a good sort of girl to think of the man she was going to marry? Perhaps it was not natural, but still it was the way in which Sophy Grey thought of being Lady Stoketon, when she had been talking to Charlotte Davenport.

At length invitations began to flow in, and like all the rest of the world's good things, they came all at once; and now the only question from Mrs. Grey was, "my dear, shall we go to the Gilberts', or the Dashwoods', or accept the Mortons', and so come back for the Foleys'; or shall we say we will go to the Cunninghams'?"

"Which ever you please, my dear," sighed Mr. Grey, as he saw with agony the notes and envelopes, short, concise, and numerous;

lying on the table, and heard Mrs. Grey enumerate Gilberts, Mortons, Dashwoods, &c., &c., all willing to inflict upon him "the pleasure of seeing them."

"Which ever you please," sighed he. "If it were not for my daughters and Charlotte I never would stir from home again," thought he; and yet Mr. Grey you were not quite right there, for you know very well that once safely removed from your arm chair, no one enjoys society more than you do!

"You may accept which ever you like, my dear," said Mr. Grey, "only you know you cannot accept all." ("Thank goodness!" thought he, but the thought was not uttered).

"Perhaps," he added, "it would save the risk of offending, if we accepted none?"

"Accepted none!" ejaculated Mrs. Grey, shocked and alarmed: "my dear Mr. Grey! what, not go to either the Dashwoods', or Mortons', or Foleys', or Cunninghams', or—?"

"Heaven defend us!" said unhappy Mr. Grey holding up his hands, "go to all, my dear! only do not let me hear any more about it. Let me advise that we try to go to all if we can, and then one should hope that, for a year at least, we shall be at peace."

"Very well, Mr. Grey, then I will try how many we can possibly accept;" and away went Mrs. Grey, quite pleased to find her husband so accommodating and unusually willing to go from home.

The only thing that made Anne Grey not quite dislike the idea of leaving home was the hope of meeting Mr. Temple. Anne had not forgotten him, nor had she forgotten that he had been heard to admire Sophy. Sophy remembered this also, and she hoped to meet him, for she was sure on reflection that he did admire her, and she wished that if he had not done so very decidedly before, he should be made to do so now.

And Charlotte Daventry, what did she feel? She was also going from home though not to all the visits; and in her room that night, had we watched and seen her face, there might have been observed that dark, deep expression dwelling in her eyes—that peculiar smile curling on her lips.

"My labours are beginning," murmured she, "much already! but now the toil increases,—the field is open! Yes, it shall! Father, Father!" almost screaming forth that name, "Father! could you see me?" The smile brightened, and the eyes flashed. "Father! you *do* see me! I know it—I feel it! It must be, or

never—never! when her arm was round me—her sweet, innocent face—*her kindness!* Oh, father!”

Charlotte Daventry threw herself on the bed, and sobs and groans burst forth. It was anguish spoke in those groans, and they were repeated—continued—still and still again.

But, let us watch no more! let us turn to a happier scene;—let us turn to the chamber of the pure and innocent—let us see Anne Grey!—meek, quiet, happy—risen from her knees, the tear of gratitude and love still on her cheek. “ Bless them, Oh my God! Bless them, O God, and may they be blessed!” was her mental prayer for those she loved; and the kiss of sisterly love, that warm affectionate kiss, had been given, as the sisters threw their arms around each other’s necks; and then the soft ‘good night,’ and the ‘good night’ repeated, and then the room was still—and surely God was there.

CHAPTER XV.

If I was writing a romantic novel, I should say “dark and gloomy was the day which witnessed, &c.—” but, as it is, I say “bright and unclouded was the morning,” which saw the departure of Mr. Grey’s family coach from the door at Weston.

“My dear Sir,” said William, who found himself compelled to make the fifth in the family coach, “never lay commands on me again.”

Mr. Grey smiled—“Your mother has commanded both of us. We are fellow sufferers, William,” said he, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

“How I like going from home!” said Sophy, in a joyous tone. “The sun always shines and looks twice as bright as usual.”

“I suppose,” said William drily, “the brightest sun is for a ball, a degree less brilliant for a visit of a week, a slight increase for a two-night affair, and only the light of a farthing rush-light for a dinner visit—that is, if you could see it! Is it so?” said he, as if he thought he had been putting down a very silly, missish remark.

“Exactly,” said Sophy, “you have got the exact gradations ; but you have not said any thing of going to town. The sun for that would be :—”

““Dark with excess of light’ I presume,” said William. “That must be the reason why the sun is never visible in London. Put that down in your journal or note book, one or both of which I hope you have.”

“No,” said Sophy, “I have not, shame to say. My journal is the journal of my heart !” laying her hand on her heart, looking at William, and making him laugh at last.

The reader should know that we are on our road to Hilton, the seat of James John Cunningham, Esq., M. P. for the county of ———, consequently a regular attendant with wife and family on county balls ; a bustling, pompous man, who faithfully represented in himself, for the benefit of his constituents, all the activity and pomposity of the county.

James John Cunningham, Esq. had a wife, three daughters grown up, four sons, all happily at school, a maiden sister, a good fortune, and a tolerably good house, which was always compelled to hold more people than it conveniently could.

The three Miss Cunninghams were the three Miss Cunninghams, and nothing more : one sung, and did not play ; one played, and did not sing : one drew, and did not play or sing. One had dark hair and light eyes ; one had dark eyes and light hair ; one had both light hair and light eyes ; and these were the characteristics of the Miss Cunninghams. Nobody could mistake them one for the other, they thought, they were “so different !” They had always taken care to be “so different !” to learn “all the different things !”

The Greys were invited to Hilton, as usual, to attend a county ball. It is not the etiquette for manas to take out more than two daughters at once ; and as Charlotte Daventry was in the light of a daughter, it was impossible all three should go to Hilton. Anne declared, over and over again, that she should prefer staying at home, and that it would amuse Charlotte, and do her good to go. —Charlotte as firmly declared the same thing, with regard to herself and Anne.

The point was decided at last by the opportune offer of Lady Downton to receive Charlotte at Westhorpe, during the Grey’s absence. Sir John, whom I have already mentioned, as that non-

entity—a thorough-going hunting and sporting man, rode over on purpose to press her acceptance of the invitation; and the same day that saw the Greys' departure for Hilton, saw that of Charlotte Daventry, with her little brisk-looking French maid, to Sir John Downton's.

We will leave Charlotte to be talked to death by Lady Downton, if it should so occur, and go with the Greys to Hilton, where we find a large party assembled. Amongst those in the drawing-room, dressed for dinner, one immediately started forward on the Miss Greys' entrance, his hand extended, a smile on his face, and a hearty 'how do you do' on his lips; and Sir Henry Poynton received in return the pretty smiles of Anne Grey. He was soon seated by her, and looked with admiration enough for a younger man on her placid face, as she sat listening to the expression of his good fortune in having met them, and to the beginning of "quite a new story," which Anne had heard only three times before.

There was a large and miscellaneous party at Hilton, large enough to excuse me from the task of describing them.

At dinner, Anne found herself placed with Sir Henry Poynton (of course) on one side, and a quiet sensible-looking young man on the other, whose first observation was, "that they had become very near neighbours."

"Does he mean at dinner? No, certainly!" thought Anne, "who can he be?" But as her companion seemed to think that she must know as much about him as he did about her, she did not like to show her ignorance, but trusted to a fortunate mention of his name to enlighten her, and a question addressed to him, headed 'Foley,' soon gave the desired information. However, Anne made but little use of this intelligence, for Sir Henry Poynton engaged her attention.

"That was a melancholy day, Miss Anne," said he, "that you were all called away from Hadley. I can assure you we all missed you uncommonly, and we praised you and talked about you all the evening, except Stoketon; who by the by, never said a word! Do you know I rather suspect something there! But never mind! I will not ask questions. Poor Stoketon—he was very bad! But we were all very dull that evening, and we talked about you. Even Temple seemed dull, and you know what an amusing fellow he is. Dalton was worse than usual, and Lady Hadley was low. By the by, Miss Anne, you ought to be very proud of a certain person's

good opinion. I have just mentioned his name. Ah! you must not blush to hear yourself praised, though to tell you the truth, when I was a young man I used not to dislike to see a woman blush. It is very pretty and becoming, and, besides that, it always augurs something favourable. When a girl was known to blush because Harry Poynton was named (I was called Harry Poynton then), I always knew what inference to draw."

Poor Anne's blushes increased, as good-natured Sir Henry so kindly pointed out to her the inferences he would draw from them; and though she felt some curiosity to know who the person was who had praised her, she almost hoped Sir Henry would forget to name him.

"But, as I was saying, Miss Anne, you ought to be proud of a certain person's praise. He is very fastidious, I assure you, and he did say such things when that Lady Mary Dalton (to tell you a secret, I do not like that girl)," in a confidential tone—"when that Lady Mary chose to say something not quite—you know—not quite—"

Sir Henry had got in to a scrape—but *n'importe!* he blundered on—"He defended you, you know—He did take your part so well, I could have cried—"bravo, Temple!" and he completely silenced her silly simpering ladyship!—she never said a word again that evening; and yet Temple was quite, quite—you understand—perfectly gentlemanlike—and yet we all saw what he meant."

Did not Anne's heart flutter with delight? Did she not think Sir Henry Poynton, the dearest old man that ever lived?—As to the fact that Lady Mary Dalton had abused her—that was nothing; and when she retired to her room that night, she said to Sophy,—
"What a very pleasant evening it has been!"

"Why, then, you must have been indebted to the absence of any one to talk to, or to old Sir Harry Poynton's agreeable prosing, for I never saw you speaking to any one but him, unless you call talking to those nonentities, the Cunningham girls, conversation."

"Certainly," said Anne, "they are not very amusing!" and she did now begin to wonder what it was that made her think it such a very pleasant evening.

"To be sure," thought she, and she began to see that it had not been so pleasant, "I am Sophy's sister. It was natural he should defend me!"

Sophy was not quite so well pleased as Anne had been. She

In a few minutes more the owner of the head turned round—his eyes wandered about the room in search of something—and it was soon very evident what that something must have been! His eye fell on Sophy, and in another instant, the joyful start, and the heightened colour, showed that he saw and recognised her; and Lord Stoketon, for it was no other, was making his way towards her, passing to the right and left, gliding, and sliding, till, with beaming face, and extended hand, he was close to her, and “Miss Grey!” burst from his lips.

Sophy looked quite as happy and conscious as Lord Stoketon wished, and he, whilst he looked at her, forgot that he was still holding her hand, though the hearty, impressive shake ought to have been long at an end. Sophy’s partner stared, and wondered who he was, and thought—I don’t know what! but whatever it might be, Lord Stoketon did not care. He cared for nothing but seeing Sophy Grey again, and ensuring her as his partner for the next dance—for two or three dances—perhaps for life!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next dance was a happy one. Lord Stoketon said a great deal that could have but one meaning.

“I thought I never should see you again, Miss Grey,” said he. “I almost gave it up; and yet, do you know, I shall never disbelieve in presentiments again! When Jack Nugent said to me, “there is a ball at——, do you mean to go? I felt, in a moment, that nothing would keep me away. I felt that I should meet you there! and I came for no other purpose. I hope you believe me, Miss Grey?” Miss Grey found it easier to believe in silence than to speak. “If you had seen me that miserable evening that you all went, I think you would have pitied me. Do you think you could?” and Sophy was appealed to with such a tender yet delighted countenance, that she felt it would be neither easy nor prudent to express any pity.

“I don’t know why I should,” said she, looking at her fan.

“You don’t know why you should?” said Lord Stoketon, following

her eyes to the fan. "You don't know why? Then shall I tell you? Will you let me tell you?" Lord Stoketon, your *vis à vis* is waiting for you! You must go through your figure, and Sophy Grey is saved for the present. The act of dancing sobered him a little, and he forgot that he was on the point of telling what could not be told without leading to another little question, and another little answer.

If Mrs. Grey had been by, how would she have reprobated the figure which obliged young men to leave their partners! How would she have wondered that it was not better contrived! that it was not left out!

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and your sister, here?" said Lord Stoketon as he returned to his place. "I shall be so glad to see them all again!"

"They are all here," said Sophy. "Oh! there is Anne, dancing in the next set!—do you see?—with a tall dark person, close to that girl with red ribbons in her hair; (what extraordinary figures one sees at a country ball!) There! Anne is looking this way: I am sure she sees you."

"Yes," and Lord Stoketon smiled so broadly that Anne must have seen, and she certainly did, for she smiled again, and looked surprised; and then they saw her answering a question of her tall partner's, and Lord Stoketon turned again to Sophy.

"You live near here, Miss Grey?" said he.

"Only four miles off."

"Only four miles!" in a joyful tone. "How long do you stay at Hilton?"

"Two days more."

"I wish they would think of asking me there for two nights: what do you think, Miss Grey? Do you think I could be thought an acquisition?" laughing. "No, I see you don't; but do introduce me if you can, I can but try my chance. Are there any daughters? Heaven grant there are some Miss Cunninghams!"

"Why?" said Sophy, not quite liking he should be so anxious.

"Why, do not you see, if by a lucky accident there are any, and they are old or ugly or partnerless, I have nothing to do but to beg 'papa and mama' to introduce me, to one or all, and then Hilton is mine! They would be brutes not to invite me."

"Well," said Sophy, all her unpleasant feeling vanished, "You may be quite satisfied on that point, for there are no less than three

Miss Cunninghams, all dull and plain, and wishing for partners. But I shall pity you if you go through the duties of quadrille with all three."

"What a nuisance," exclaimed Lord Stoketon. "The music has stopped! Those people must have left out half the figure. I am sure they did that once or twice before. You will introduce me then to the Cunninghams, Miss Grey? pray do not forget: you do not know how anxious I am to be at Hilton the next two days." This was said too tenderly to require an answer, and Sophy was saved the trouble of an extraneous remark by seeing her brother approach; and as William came up, an introduction took place between himself and Lord Stoketon. "Why, in the name of patience, am I to be bored with Lord Stoketon!" thought William, who had just been persuaded by his mother that he ought to dance with one of the Miss Cunninghams. Lord Stoketon and Sophy went in search of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and Mrs. Grey was so surprised and delighted as she saw him approach, that she was almost betrayed into calling him her "dear Lord Stoketon."

It was impossible that he could bear to resign Sophy to the character of "mama," and the risk of another partner, so "she must find Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham for him;" and they walked round the room, and every second turn were surprised they did not find those for whom they had forgotten to look. At last Sophy felt that she had walked long enough with Lord Stoketon, and then,—it was very strange,—but Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were found directly; and the introduction took place to the evident satisfaction of the Cunninghams. As Lord Stoketon took Miss Grey back to her seat, he whispered something about what he would go through for her sake; and Sophy's blush had not subsided when she returned to her mother.

Mrs. Grey thought she never had felt so happy before, and that there never was so charming a young man as Lord Stoketon! She frowned off a young man who was evidently looking that way, wrapped up "dear Sophy" in her boa, for fear she should catch cold, and advised her to sit still next dance. Lord Stoketon was invited to Weston and gave a joyful assent, and thought, in his heart, that there never was a better tempered, more kind hearted woman than Mrs. Grey.

The ball at length was over—the last waltz had been waltzed—the last quadrille, walked through. Some, there were, who thought

it the longest—some the shortest ball that ever was given—some who felt sure of a bad night from pleasure—some who felt sure of a bad night from disappointment—some who felt neither pleasure nor pain, but were glad it was over before four o'clock, as that was exactly the hour which ensured them a head-ache.

The cloaks and shawls were found, Sophy had the pleasure of hearing good Mrs. Cunningham hoping and wishing that Lord Stoketon would come to Hilton for a few days; apologizing and grieving over “a small room”—“quite ashamed of offering”—“hoped he would excuse;” and then Lord Stoketon’s ready, joyous acceptance—his assurances that he “always preferred a small room.” “The point is gained!” whispered he to Sophy, as he put on her cloak. “Thank goodness, I may see you to-morrow, and not go home a poor miserable wretch as I feared! Did you hear the old lady? so apologetic! I did it well, did not I? I hope you will not catch cold,” as the door opened and the cold night air blew in. “Don’t come out, Lord Stoketon,” vociferated Mrs. Grey: don’t come out on any account! I am so sorry we cannot take you home.” “Thank you,” said he, not giving up Sophy’s arm till he had brought her to the carriage steps, and then “Good-night Miss Grey,” and the hand was offered: Miss Grey’s was put out; and it was taken and pressed.

When in the carriage, Mrs. Grey could no longer repress her delight.

“My dear,” said she to Sophy, “he is handsomer than ever!”

No one had ever called Lord Stoketon handsome before.

“Do you think so?” said Sophy, in an assenting tone.

“He is more attentive than ever!” whispered Anne to her.

It was nearly dark, Sophy took hold of the hand that rested near her, carried it to her lips, and kissed it, and Anne knew that Sophy was not indifferent to Lord Stoketon.

Mrs. Grey talked incessantly, the whole way home, ejaculating over and over again—“I am so pleased—I’m so glad we have seen him again!” but she could get very little conversation from her companions. Mr. Grey was usually silent in a carriage: Sophy had much to think of—much to enjoy. Anne had much to think of, too—much to feel—much to delight her, yet, as her hand was raised to Sophy’s lips,—as she received that tacit avowal that Sophy loved Lord Stoketon, will it be thought strange if, as her hand was released again, the tears filled her eyes? They filled to over-

flowing—and Anne was roused from her mingled and busy train of thoughts and emotions, by the tear which dropped on her hand.

She started, and almost wondered at herself that she should weep where all was joy!—when her wishes were realized! Yet who that has known a sister's love, who that has passed from childhood to womanhood, hand in hand, and heart to heart, with one only sister,—who, that has grown as she grew—ripened as she ripened into intelligence and beauty—felt, each year, the added sweetness of that tie, as feelings, sentiments, and intelligence increased into perfection—who that has entrusted every care, sorrow, joy, and hope, and been trusted in return, will not also have felt that there are tears to be mingled with those smiles, regrets to be blended with that happiness, when first we know and hear that the sister of our home, our bosom, our affection, is leaving us for a new home, for a tie still dearer? Home—the sweet hours of confidence,—the pure kiss of sisterly love,—the joint room,—the fire-light talk,—the laugh,—the smile,—the tear—All are over! and loved though she still may be—happy though she ought to be, and *is*, in her sister's happiness, loving and esteeming the new relation, who so loves her sister, still let her weep! It must be so:—it must be that she feels, though scarcely sorrow, yet regret.

And so Anne felt, and thoughts like these passed through her mind, as her sister's hand unclasped her own—as the gentle pressure was withdrawn. Days gone by rushed through her mind:—the sunny hour—the summer ramble—the fire-side talk—the falling tears—the infectious laugh—the kind “good night!” all crowded on her mind! No wonder that the tears should fall—yes, let them fall—yes, Anne Grey, weep now as that first link in the chain of youth is broken! Weep, now and oh! that in after years you may not weep again more bitter tears, as you think of that hour when, over your unsullied heart, your light, unbroken spirit, came the first sign that the link was severed—that child-like joys and morning gladness in their first freshness were departing. Yes, and let her weep—the young light-hearted being who leaves her home, her father's house, the glad looks, the kind tones of parents, sisters, brothers. Yes, let her weep too, for adore and love and cherish as her husband may, yet can he not give back such love as theirs;—yet can he not restore the hours of youth and innocence, the father's blessing and the mother's care. No—let us weep for her, for them. Life is before her now unveiled. The beautiful,

the bright romance is at an end, and she has waked to grieve awhile,—to mourn,—to struggle—and to die!

Something of all this must have been felt, as Anne and Sophy found themselves alone in their room that night. Many questions were to be asked by Anne; much to be related by Sophy, Lord Stoketon had said a great deal—there was no longer a doubt.

“Yes, Anne,” said she, as she stood musing over the fire, her long hair unloosed and falling down her shoulders, the ball dress thrown off, and the dressing-gown substituted, “yes, Anne, it soon will be decided! Sophy Grey will be no more! and—” she could not go on: she bent over the mantle-piece and burst into tears. Anne’s arm was thrown round her; her gentle voice inquiring if she were unhappy, yet feeling that she might weep without sorrow.

“Dearest Sophy,” said Anne, “is there any thing more than the hurry—the agitation—?”

“No, no,” said Sophy, raising her head, and trying to laugh, “no, no, it is only that I am foolish. I am very happy! I ought to be! Indeed I am, dear Anne; but somehow, it is so new, and I did not expect to see him; and to leave you, Anne!”—the tears were beginning to flow again: she put her arms round Anne’s neck and kissed her, and Anne cried too—and then—they could smile again. They talked and still talked, till the smile became a laugh, and Sophy could think how pleasant it would be to be a chaperon, and take Anne out, and have a house of her own; and she could fall asleep and sleep so soundly that she did not awake till the lady’s maid had twice said “it’s getting very late, ma’am.”

But Anne could not sleep, or if she did, it was a sort of half-sleep, and the morning sun found her vainly trying to determine whether Lord Stoketon would be satisfied without dancing the next dance with Sophy, or whether the musicians meant to go back to their places, instead of walking about the room with their instruments—or whether, after all, they were not Lord Stoketon and not the musicians.

“It’s getting very late, ma’am,” decided the question; and Anne, after vainly trying to save Sophy from being disturbed, arose, and she and her sister were soon dressed. Sophy looked gay and blooming as ever; Anne a little more pale, and yet, may I say it, not less pretty than when on the preceding evening she had called forth the admiration of Mr. George Foley; for bright and dazzling though the ball attire may be—fairy-like and brilliant, yet there is

a softer charm in the quiet simplicity of the morning costume, at least so thought George Foley, as Sophy and Anne entered the breakfast room. "If she was lovely last night," thought he, "she is still more so now. I like to see a woman in her home-dress—her home simplicity. It is a greater test."

"Robert Dodson will make such a good husband for Charlotte!" thought Mrs. Grey, that morning, as she looked at Anne and George Foley, the latter of whom was intently listening to all Anne would say, whilst she seemed quite contented to talk to him.

"How pleasant it is, thought good, affectionate Mrs. Grey, "to see one's children so much liked! I'm sure I never thought Anne a beauty before!" "Mr. Grey," said she, when they were alone, "what a pleasing young man Mr. George Foley is! I suppose he will have a very large fortune on his father's death. I should suppose Mr. Foley is by no means a young man."

"As his son has a very large allowance, my dear, we will not kill him just yet," replied Mr. Grey.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD Stoketon arrived just in time for dinner. He was cordially greeted by the Cunninghams. William Grey had had a little hint from his mother to be very good friends with him, so he asked him before dinner, as they stood together over the fire, if he did not think Miss Cunningham very ugly, and having received an affirmative shrug in reply, he thought he had done his duty—looked triumphantly at his mother, and seated himself in an arm chair, wondering what on earth the Cunninghams could ask people to their house for!

During the evening Lord Stoketon was very agreeable; at least so thought Sophy and Mrs. Grey; so thought Mrs. Cunningham and several others. He was in high spirits and talked and rattled away, and as conversation was general, he had no opportunity to devote himself exclusively to Sophy. His time was well employed in talking to Mrs. Grey, and to Mrs. Cunningham, taking bets from Sir Arthur Vincent, and looking at Sophy every minute that he

could be spared from listening to Mrs. Cunningham's speeches (which he did not hear), or attending to Mrs. Grey's happy, chatty talk, of which he only knew the end and the beginning. He said "beautiful," to a drawing of Miss Cunningham's; declared he had never heard any thing so charming as a song from Miss Arabella; and actually turned over the leaves of Miss Mary's music book, as she waded through her air 'con variazioni.' It was not quite at the right moment, it is true, but Sophy saved him from turning over in the middle of a difficult passage. He had stood ten minutes listening to a new story of Sir Henry Poynton's; he had wondered how James John Cunningham, Esq., could get through all the business he had on his hands,—looked seriously aware that a member for a county was a great and responsible character; and in short—Lord Stoketon was very agreeable!

Still no happy recess, no whist or écarté party, no lively talkers ensured the quiet, private conversation. The room was a large square room—furnished in a large square style; no one could retire to a quiet unobtrusive sofa or table, and hope to escape observation. A lamp was stuck in every corner: a table scrupulously pushed as near as possible to the wall; a *chaise longue* before it; a round table in the middle of the room, and a piano forte with its length against the wall, well lighted and conspicuous. Lord Stoketon watched Sophy out of the room at night, and wondered why people went to bed so early, for he was still manœuvring for a little private conversation; and Sophy went up stairs, thinking she need not have been so much alarmed at the idea of his coming to Hilton, for after all there was nothing so very particular in his manner.

The next day was not more propitious to Lord Stoketon. The ladies were all expected to be very desirous of paying their respects to two or three neighbours of the Cunninghams, who were rather nearer to them than to the Greys. It seemed quite unthought of that any gentleman should make one of the heavy coach and civility party; so the ladies were to be pleased, and anxious to see their acquaintance, and quite satisfied that nothing was so charming as making the agreeable to one another all the morning in a carriage. The gentlemen of the party were expected to be very desirous of the advantage of an excellent day's shooting, and it could have scarcely been believed that any one of the number who was neither

old, rheumatic, nor gouty, could fail to think it the only possible occupation for the morning.

So Sophy, with a little frown, put on her pretty bonnet at the glass, resigned to the long female drive, to call on people she could see any day she pleased, and never cared to see; and Lord Stoketon put on his shooting jacket, and, against all etiquette, brought his gun into the drawing-room, just to see whether Miss Grey looked sorry he was going—to say a few last words, and to keep all the party waiting and wondering where he was.

However, he consoled himself by thinking he would get back in time for that delightful hour for conversation, that proverbial moment for a coze, the dusky, fire-light hour before the dressing bell has sounded.

Lord Stoketon did get back in excellent time; he hurried into the drawing-room in the happy anticipation of finding Sophy there, of seeing her blush and look surprised and pleased at his early return; but alas! Lord Stoketon did not calculate on the at-homeness and agreeableness of Mrs. Cunningham's neighbours; and the slow pace of Mr. Cunningham's horses. When he entered the drawing-room in eager expectation, nothing met his eye but a forlorn deserted looking room! the fire almost extinct—the window open. It was quite evident that the party were not returned.

A door was heard. Lord Stoketon listened. "Perhaps they are come," thought he.

The door opened, and enter, not Miss Grey, not Mrs. Cunningham—but the footman, having recollected at last that there was, or ought to be, a fire.

"Are the ladies come back?" asked Lord Stoketon.

"No, my Lord."

"Do you think they will be back soon?"

"I don't know, my Lord, but they're seldom back till dressing-time;"—and the footman, relinquishing the hope of making the fire burn without a candle, sticks, and brown paper, left the room.

"How provoking!" ejaculated Lord Stoketon. "Hang that old woman! Did she think I came here to be sent out shooting all the morning, and to talk to her all the evening!"

If any of you have ever been in love—have walked home from shooting at twice your usual pace—have outwitted master of the house, dogs, and game-keepers, all for one particular object—have

come home and found yourself outwitted—your object lost—then you will not think that Lord Stoketon was an ill-tempered man, because his good-humour failed him when he found a cold deserted drawing-room, and no Sophy Grey, on his return from shooting at Hilton.

The footman's prediction was verified.—The ladies did not come home till dressing-time. Lord Stoketon met them in the hall—looked as cross as he could at Mrs. Cunningham—and said to Sophy,—“How late you are! I have been back this hour!”

Sophy ought to have been flattered, and gone into a rage with Mrs. Cunningham too, but I don't know whether she did or not.

Equally unpropitious was the evening.—Lord Stoketon, poor man! was actually forced to play at whist. His good-nature was so forcibly worked upon that he could not refuse, and, giving a despairing look towards Sophy, who was laughing and talking to Sir Arthur Vincent with provoking happiness, he sat down, ruined his partner, and made the fortune of his opponents.

Anne and George Foley had been more fortunate than Sophy and Lord Stoketon. They had, it is true, been separated as irrevocably during the day; but they had sat together at dinner, and Anne had begun to think Mr. Foley very agreeable and sensible, and to look on it as a matter of course that he should come and talk to her whenever there was an opportunity. Next to Edward Temple she thought him the pleasantest person of her acquaintance. She hardly knew, indeed, how to compare the two—for she felt so differently towards them. She felt perfectly at her ease with George Foley—so much as she might have felt with a brother, or a cousin; and she talked to him whenever there was time for it, smiled when she found him by her at dinner, and never thought that he or any one else could draw any inference from her doing so—never thought that Mrs. Grey had already calculated the length of time that would elapse before his proposal—speculated whether she and Sophy should be married on the same day—and doubted whether it would be better not, as there was an idea of its being unlucky!—Never thought that the Miss Cunninghams said “what a flirt Miss Anne Grey is! Mama would never let us behave as she does. So quiet, too, with it! as if she did not know what she was doing.”—Never thought that George Foley himself believed she could not be quite unconscious of his admiration—never thought he had owned to himself that he loved her.

No, Anne Grey! how was it possible you should think this? How was it possible you should see that his eyes were always upon you—that the colour sometimes rose when you spoke to him—that delight was in his face when you smiled as he drew near—that he was negligent to all the world but you—that he listened to the sound of your voice—that he tried to solve your opinions—to find out your sentiments—to tell you his own—to be delighted if they concurred with yours—to listen with his eyes fixed on you when you sang—to look sad when you spoke to any but him? In short, Anne Grey, we all know you have no acuteness in discovering your own powers of attraction!

So Anne Grey sat, happily self-deceived, that evening with George Foley by her side, never dreaming that the Miss Cunninghams were watching her—that Mrs. Grey was peeping at her, from behind her “four by honours,” or that any one could be thinking about her.

They had been talking (an appropriate subject) of agreeableness.

“Do you know Edward Temple?” said George Foley.

Anne assented, but with a little start.

“He is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable people one knows,” continued George Foley. “He has promised to come to us at Chatterton this month. He is often with us,” added he.

“Indeed!” said Anne.

It was just that joyous happy “indeed” which follows the intelligence of something unexpected, yet pleasant. It made George Foley look at her; but he gained nothing by the scrutiny.

“I should think they would ask us to meet him sometimes, or he will come to see us,” thought she; and she smiled before she knew that George Foley was observing her. She looked up and caught his eye. He quickly withdrew it. Anne coloured. He wished he could have asked why she had smiled?

The next morning ‘good bys’ were uttered, and Lord Stoketon had said to Sophy—“Miss Grey, you must expect to see me at Weston—Mr. and Mrs. Grey have both been so kind as to invite me. You will not make me repent my impatience to come?” added he—“You will not look cold and distant?”

There was no time for more to be said; the good bys were all uttered and Sophy must follow her mother, who had lingered as long as she possibly could, and one more ‘good by,’ and again Sophy Grey was separated from Lord Stoketon.

And now must we pause here? In the generality of novels, when a hero is separated from a heroine, it calls forth a long train of retrospect and reflection. Many new ideas are started—many original sentiments expressed—much that is very instructive is drawn from that interesting fact, that the hero has parted from the heroine. Much of his former life and character is then exposed to our view. We find that he has been unfortunate; that he has formed a lasting and heart-harrowing attachment before his admission to school; that he is a disappointed man; that he has a father whom no one knows whether he is to be heir to or not; that he is handsome, clever, agreeable, fastidious, generous, brave, open-hearted, a poet, a genius, a saviour of the life of unfortunate children who fall into the water, an owner of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, a passionate admirer of Byron, a *roué*, *blasé* with the world—and, in short, a hero.

All this we learn on the first separation from our heroine, to whom we are led to believe he is not indifferent. Much, too, do we learn of her; that she is lovely as she is amiable—sensitive as she is lovely, and, like the gentle flower, shrinking and retiring from all—but from the eye of our *roué* of a hero.

They are separated a second time, and then we find that fondest hopes decay—that the life of man is short at the longest—that every thing in this world is uncertain—that our expectations are never realized—that our hopes are always disappointed—and a great deal more, which is all so interesting and true, that the reader never attempts to doubt or deny it, but sighs, and wipes away a tear, and thinks ‘what a charming book it is!’

Lord Stoketon is separated from Sophy Grey! Must I then pause? This would be *selon des règles*, but even a separation between a hero and a heroine is too common-place a circumstance to call for any pause in my unromantic every-day-life story. I cannot moralize on so slight an occasion. I must take my heroine quietly home, and leave Lord Stoketon to think with rational, calculating soberness, how many weeks will elapse before he sees her again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLOTTE Daventry returned home a short time before the rest of the party. She was ready to receive them, to look, and to say how glad she was to see them again, to make them feel what an affectionate warm-hearted girl she was, and to give to each the impression that she was peculiarly happy in their own peculiar return;—to make even William say to himself, “She certainly has the finest eyes I ever saw.”

Charlotte had liked her visit, as she said, “very well. Oh! quite as well as she could like it! They were very kind. Dear Lady Downton was so kind! but still she did not feel happy without them. She had wished for them so often! She had thought of Sophy all the day of the ball. She had wondered whether Anne’s singing had been as much admired as it ought to be!” and then, when alone with Sophy, she was ready to hear all about Lord Stoketon; to ask with eagerness whether she had met him, and to get up and dance round the room when she heard that he had actually been there. To listen, and laugh, and half cry; and call her dear, dear Sophy—her dear beautiful Lady Stoketon!

Charlotte was ready also to listen to Anne, as they sat alone together in her room in the twilight hour—that hour of confidence and unreserve, which has seen the unfolding of many a tale, the revealing of many a secret, which, as it came to light, made bright and cheerful even the duskiess and dulness of that hour! She was ready to sympathize with her, to forestal the expression of those feelings of sorrow that mingled with her joy.

“Dear Anne,” said she, as she pressed her hand, “how well I can enter into your more serious feelings. Sophy is too light and volatile—too heartless”—she checked herself, “too light hearted to feel seriously—to know those strong regrets, which others perhaps might feel, when she is probably about to leave you;—to leave a sister whose love has been perfect, so much greater than was called for than could be reciprocated!—that is,”—she blushed and checked herself once more; but it was but for

a moment, and then again, as if carried on by her feelings, she continued: "And yet, dear Anne, there is one reason for joy in the prospect of Sophy's marriage! one reason which few perhaps will feel—none perhaps but I alone! *you* never could! *you*, I am sure, would not!—but I—forgive me Anne! I know that *your* forgiveness must be asked, though not with most others placed in your situation would it be necessary to seek forgiveness. But who are like you? No, dearest Anne," said she, her voice becoming more clear and expressive; each word dropping out marked, clear, distinct, yet low; "no, dearest Anne! none but you would need to be asked forgiveness for speaking to them of their own merits! none but you at this moment would not rejoice, *selfishly* rejoice, that the sister for whom she, the superior, the forbearing, the high-minded had been neglected, should be removed! that that sister should no longer remain a blind before her merits! and that Anne Grey should not for ever be forgotten! that she might at least have a chance no longer to be coldly loved, because a gay, thoughtless, selfish—yes, the truth will out—a vain, presuming, yet good-hearted girl, was her elder sister—was placed in every thing above her, and was by her, so unselfishly, so purely loved, that she could not see her fault—could not believe that this sister was too highly appreciated, while she herself was not appreciated at all! Anne Grey I know will still be blind. Then must her friends—then must those who truly love her, rejoice, that she will be no longer undervalued. Then must I, the poor forlorn and ignorant orphan girl! I alone—the dependent on their bounty!—I alone must then rejoice!"

She stopped, her voice had become faltering and trembling with agitation. It had risen as she had spoken the last words. It had risen with her feelings—and at length those feelings had overpowered her utterance—they had overpowered herself.

She stopped almost abruptly. She seemed half-alarmed at what she had said. She looked at Anne, whose surprise and emotion had kept her silent. Her eyes, which had sparkled, almost flashed, with animation as she spoke, now sunk into quietness—into an expression of contrition—of almost childish shame and bashfulness as she looked at her cousin. The colour came to her face, and she sat for a moment silent and ashamed, looking more like the frightened child who knows it has been naughty, than the grown-

up responsible being, who had just been uttering thoughts and emotions in such a voice, and with such an expression as hers.

Anne could not speak. A tumult of mingled feelings took away all power of utterance. But Charlotte Daventry was silent but for an instant; and when she spoke again, the Charlotte Daventry who had just been declaiming as it were with such eloquent enthusiasm—that Charlotte Daventry was gone! the simple, youthful, childish Charlotte Daventry alone was there.

She looked up at Anne; half smiled; yet still looked ashamed. “Oh! what must you think of me!” said she, “Oh! what must you think of me! Indeed I did not know what I was saying. Perhaps I felt all I said; that you know,” and she sighed—“one cannot always help; but—I would not have said—and yet after all I do not remember! I don’t know what there was. I don’t know why I should not!—But I see you are angry, dear, dear Anne!” and she put her hand on her shoulder, “I see you are; you look so grave—so sorry!”

“No, indeed,” said Anne, “I have no right to be angry; but I was surprised. Indeed, dear Charlotte,” said she after a moment’s pause, “I think we had better not talk any more on this subject. I do not wish it: but I am not angry.”

“Thank you,” said Charlotte, quietly, “you are very kind;” and she said no more, for she saw that Anne was in earnest in her wish, and that she looked grave and distressed.

For a moment Charlotte turned her head away. The smile—the dark peculiar smile was on her lips. **“Does the serpent sting? Father! you see, you know it does!”* and the smile was brighter for a moment, and then her face was once more turned towards her cousin, and the smile was gone; the simple, childish girl, half sorry, half afraid, alone was there.

“Can it be,” thought Anne, as she mused that night over what had passed. “Can it be that there are moments when her imagination is too much excited? When her intellects—but no! Oh no! It cannot be! It is too horrible! I cannot understand it. I will not try. Sophy perhaps is vain—a little vain,” thought she, as she mused again a short time after, “she is perhaps a little selfish—and perhaps they do not love me—they do not understand me.” She struggled to repress her feelings, as she half groaned with a pang—a new and bitter sensation she had never known but once

before, and then not in all its bitterness; but once before when Charlotte Daventry had so spoken, had hinted "what perhaps," thought Anne, "should not have been spoken—should not have been hinted. But why do I think of it? Why not remain unconscious and happy" (and never had the word happiness given her such a pang as at that moment). "Why not remain unconscious and happy as I used to be? No, she should not—she ought not to have spoken thus: and yet," thought she, checking herself, "why do I blame her? How can I? She is so simple, I should almost say ignorant. She knows so little what she is doing—the harm—the misery she is causing! She is so carried away by her warmth of heart—her impulses! or by some childish fancy, I dare say she forgets it as soon as it is spoken; and why should I then remember and allow to weigh upon my mind, that which was uttered alone from caprice, or by accident, which the person herself forgets to feel as soon as uttered, or which perhaps she never feels. But her manner, her voice, her eloquence to-day—what was it? What could it have been?—Oh! that I had never heard it! Oh! that it would not keep recurring to my mind, and sounding in my ears! Oh! that I could forget it! Forget! Oh yes! and why should I not? Do not they all love me? Do I not have all the affection bestowed to make me happy? And my dear father! can she say that *he* does not love me sufficiently: that Henry does not! She cannot mean that: no, it is impossible!—And yet perhaps before her—perhaps in speaking of me." She sighed heavily. "But no, I do not think it!—and Sophy, dear, dear Sophy: she said that she could not feel, that she was selfish! Do not I know that she does feel—that she *did*?—Yes, yes!" her eyes brightening with the thought, "yes, yes, Charlotte did not see her; Charlotte did not know that Sophy wept with me, that she shed tears because she thought of leaving me, of leaving home. Yes, dear Sophy! when you took my hand and raised it to your lips—when I felt your warm kiss upon it—do you think that then I did not know that you could feel—that you *did* feel? Did I not know that you loved me? and when she cried that night, was it not because she thought of leaving us—was not her emotion caused by affection—by right feeling? Yes, yes, dearest sister, dearest Sophy, she wrongs you. And yet," thought she, after a moment's reflection, "how soundly she slept—how soon forgotten—and once,"—Anne blushed to remember such a thing—yet she did remember it—"once that next morning,

she must have forgotten, for how angrily she spoke!" Yes, Charlotte Daventry, it is enough! The serpent has stung! Your work is begun.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE had been a small party at Westhorpe (the Dowton's), during Charlotte Daventry's stay there, and it had been, what she probably might call an agreeable visit. She had liked the Foleys, who, as we already know, were there, and had been liked by them, for liking, of course, is mutual. She had liked Mr. Crawford, Mr. Foley's nephew, who was also of the party.

"Oh! yes," said she to Sophy, "he is very agreeable indeed! He would be just suited to you. He is very clever, and satirical, and tells such droll stories of people."

Frank Crawford was eldest son and heir to Lord Gledton. He was, as Charlotte Daventry said, very clever, but he would have been more generally thought agreeable, had not his sarcasms, and his ill-natured stories of his best friends, given a feeling of alarm and insecurity to those who listened to him. He was not an amiable character. Vanity, selfishness, and ill-nature were the prevailing qualities of his mind. It was vanity which made him love his cousin, Isabella Foley. She was a pretty, accomplished, and pleasing girl. She would have a good fortune, and it had always been thought natural by his father that he should marry her. Frank Crawford did not particularly agree in the propriety of this arrangement; but vanity told him that Isabella must wish for the alliance: and though he was not in love with her, vanity would not allow him to believe that she could love any but him, or that any should dare to seek to marry her without his permission.

Isabella Foley, a quiet, amiable girl, did love Frank Crawford; but it was as a cousin. She never thought of him in the light of a lover. Frank Crawford was not sufficiently attached to his cousin to perceive the nature of her feelings towards him, and he was

satisfied so long as she preferred no other; but he would have hated the man whom she could love better than himself.

This, then, is Frank Crawford, whom Charlotte Daventry, good, simple girl, thought so agreeable—to whom she talked a great deal at Westhorpe, and who talked a great deal to her.

Mrs. and Miss Dashwoods were also there, and one or two others. But the Foleys were the subjects of Charlotte's eulogiums. She loved them all. Mrs. Foley had been so good-natured, and called her 'dear Charlotte,' and had had the tears in her eyes—had actually cried for her, when she said how unhappy she felt the morning they all went to Hilton, and left her. Mr. Foley was so handsome, so polite, so clever, so agreeable!—but as to Isabella!—"she lets me call her Isabella, do you know, already—as to her! no words can express how very charming and delightful she is! She is almost—and indeed I often thought of it when I was there—she is almost like you, Sophy—and Anne."

Anne almost started as this was said so *naively* and innocently. She thought of the words that had fallen from her lips on the preceding day. "Yes," thought she, "she is thoughtless, and changing in feeling, and swayed by the childish impulse of the moment."

The Foleys had all liked Charlotte Daventry. Mr. Foley had been flattered by her evident admiration, for she was a handsome girl: but Mrs. and Miss Foley had been actuated by a better motive. Mrs. Foley knew that she was an orphan, and felt she must be unhappy, because all orphans were; and that she must be amiable, because all people in affliction were, and especially orphans. So she loved her, and her eyes were often filled with tears for her, and she told Isabella to make a friend of her.

Isabella was very ready to follow her mother's advice. She pitied Charlotte Daventry, for who would not pity the child who has lost the care and affection which none but a parent can give? Moreover, every now and then, in the midst of her gaiety—there was a touch of sadness—a trace of deep emotion—a tone—a look, that went to the heart;—that bespoke that simple, childish, as her manner was, she felt, and felt deeply.

Isabella sought her friendship, and thought herself more than rewarded by the warmth, the gratitude, and the emotion with which it was received. She found with surprise that Charlotte Daventry had known the want of a friend. She found with surprise that her cousins, too gay and happy themselves, had failed in this office—

that they were not the thoughtful, kind, and pitying friends, whom Charlotte had hoped to find in cousins of her own age and sex.

Charlotte Daventry did not complain—she seemed afraid of uttering a word that would give any one the impression of their want of consideration and affectionate care for her. She seemed grieved if she let fall any thing that could be construed into such an idea; but it was very easy, in spite of her caution, with an artless, unreserved character such as hers, to discover the truth.

It grieved Isabella Foley to think it was so. She had expected to find pleasant companions, and desirable friends in the Miss Greys. She had liked what she had seen of them, especially what she had seen of Anne. She could more easily believe that Sophy might be heartless—too gay, and devoted to society, to feel or think for others: but of Anne it was less easy to believe such a thing—to believe that she was not good-tempered, that she was envious and jealous. Yet it was impossible not to see that this was the case, from those little things which dropped from Charlotte, and for which she immediately checked herself, as though aware that what she had said might be interpreted by Miss Foley to her cousin's disadvantage.

For example—Miss Foley remembered perfectly that both Sophy and Anne had said that Charlotte could not play well, and that she disliked music. She perfectly remembered on one occasion, that Anne had prevented her being asked to play, and she had thought at the time her motive was kind; for Charlotte had sat almost within hearing, blushing, and looking distressed, and she had then supposed she was alarmed at the idea of being made to perform; but she could now guess that her embarrassment arose from a different feeling, for it appeared that Charlotte not only loved music, but could play beautifully.

Once or twice when Miss Foley and her cousin were alone in the room with her at Westhorpe, she had sat down to the instrument, and played with so much expression, brilliancy, and taste, that both Isabella and Frank Crawford were surprized and enraptured.

Charlotte had often exclaimed, after she had been playing, "How I love music! How I love playing—when I am not afraid of being heard," she added with a sigh. "Do you mind my playing, Miss Foley?"

"Indeed, I am delighted with it," said Isabella.

“ Oh! but then I had better stop perhaps,” looking alarmed and distressed, “ unless you will promise not to mention it. Will you promise not to mention it at Weston?” she said very eagerly.

“ Certainly, if it is your wish,” said Miss Foley.

“ Oh! thank you, thank you,” with delight, and then seeming to recollect herself, she added, “ You know I have no particular reason—I do not know that they would mind”—and getting confused, “ You know there is no reason to be jealous—that is—” getting more and more confused, “ I only think, you know, that it is better you should not praise my playing before them—they are so good-natured—so very kind—”

Isabella saw her confusion—her amiable desire to conceal the truth—to unsay or soften it when it had dropped unintentionally. She understood perfectly what Charlotte had tried she should not. She saw that at Weston she was not *allowed* to play well; and she determined to do as Charlotte wished, for peace at home was better than the reputation for accomplishments abroad.

“ Go on, dear Miss Daventry,” said she. “ You need not be afraid either of Frank or me. We will be very discreet.”

“ How very kind you are,” said Charlotte, as though she felt it from her heart, and the tear that glistened in her eye showed that she did.

Isabella was touched, and with all her gentleness she was indignant—“ How one may be deceived!” thought she, “ so simple and quiet in appearance!”

Of the excellent Mr. Grey, also, there was much to be learnt. Charlotte Daventry spoke of her gratitude to him—of his goodness in allowing her to live in his family, and seemed to think it so astonishing an act of kindness: yet Isabella saw that the astonishment arose, not from his kindness being so great, but from there being any kindness from *him*. She saw that she wished to feel all the gratitude she expressed, and to make others think it due, but she perceived that she could not.

In short, from the various things which fell from her in the unguardedness and simplicity of her nature, Isabella found that there was but little cause for gratitude. She learnt that Mr. Grey had actually refused to take the guardianship—had refused the dying father’s last request, till a larger sum of money had been named—till it had been written down and witnessed. She heard also of his indifference—his want of affection and attention to Charlotte;

his hurrying her away from her home—her father's resting-place—because he wanted to attend the sale of some cattle at Weston! All this had been gathered from what Charlotte had accidentally disclosed. It was distressing to think of so much worldliness, yet she had before heard the Greys slightly taxed with that failing.

William was the only one of the family of whom she heard only praise. He who professed so little—who at times was almost too blunt in his manner—of him Charlotte spoke with the warmest gratitude. *It seemed as though her heart, longing to have something to love and to be grateful to, having hoped and been disappointed, relieved itself in showering all its affection and gratitude where alone it was possible to bestow it.

Isabella Foley's heart fluttered as she heard Charlotte Daventry's expressions of grateful fondness to William, and she thought her still more amiable, and more to be pitied and loved. Isabella Foley was gifted with a warm heart—a little romance—a little of the softness and tenderness of her mother's character. William Grey had already touched that heart, and had awakened a sentiment in her romantic and tender imagination.

Young ladies should certainly never surrender their affections, never be in love till the time when the good, honest, wealthy suitor, has made the offer of his house, hand, and heart!—when 'papas' have said "yes;" and 'mamas' agreed:—when the settlements are drawn up—the wedding-ring procured—the wedding-cake prepared and the favours ready made. Then—sensible, discreet, prudent young lady, at that moment surrender your heart—then try to fall in love—and in the attempt find out whether you do or do not like the man who, in a short time, you will swear to love, honour, and obey. Then too, you—good, honest, wealthy suitor, look to find the devoted, affectionate, confiding wife—Yes, look; and if, perchance, in her, the dread, the fear, the knowledge of other men's deceit, has made you fail to find all this, then do not blame her, the prudent, rational young lady, now your wife; but if you will blame any, blame alone those of your own sex who have taught her these cold lessons of wisdom!

Isabella Foley certainly should not have fallen in love, and yet, poor foolish girl, so very nearly had she done so, that she loved to hear the praises of William Grey, and pitied Charlotte Daventry ten times as much, because she praised, and was grateful to him. Perhaps Charlotte Daventry perceived that, as his name was men-

tioned, Isabella became more intent, and listened more eagerly. Perhaps, too, she perceived, that when Isabella had blushed at the name of William Grey, Frank Crawford had looked proud and indignant, and said an angry word to his cousin. Perhaps she did perceive this; but it matters not to know.

CHAPTER XX.

“So, then, at last, Maria Pemberton is to be married to Frederic Berton!” said Lady Downton, one morning during Charlotte Daventry’s stay at Westhorpe. “Poor thing! Miss Barker says it is supposed it will take place in about two months’ time. No one knows why they wait so long. I suppose, my dear,” said she, addressing herself to Charlotte Daventry, “the marriage of another young friend of mine will soon take place. Mr. Barton’s and his friend Lord Stoketon’s marriage will probably not be far distant? Yes, my dear girl! You need not look so unconscious, for we all know that Lord Stoketon is violently in love with our dear Sophy! Do not attempt to deny it.”

“Ah! but, Lady Downton,” said Charlotte, looking very innocent and childish, “that cannot be true, for I heard Sophy laughing at him the other day. She said—oh yes! how she did laugh at him! she was so droll!” and Charlotte laughed at the recollection. “To be sure it is true about his being in love with her. Oh yes! I remember that!” and she laughed again as if with an irrepressible merriment at the idea of the ludicrous picture Sophy had drawn of him.

“My charming girl,” said Lady Downton, quite excited, “do tell us all about it? Here are only the Miss Dashwoods and Mr. Crawford, so you need not mind.”

“Oh! dear, I have nothing to tell!” said Charlotte. “But she said he was such a blundering, good-humoured, simpleton, so very dull, and so confident that she must like him! She had such fun humouring him! I do quite long to see him!”

“My dear girl!” said Lady Downton, “let me see,” thought she, sinking back,—“so she laughed at him, did she?” to Charlotte.

“Oh yes,” said Charlotte.

“Let me see—there will be time to write before dinner—to save the post—I can contradict that report then. He, it seems, is in love, and ridiculed by her. Very shameful, and I had just said it was to be.”

“But then,” continued Charlotte, “I remember once I said to her that I hoped she would never marry Lord Stoketon (because you know people had talked about it), and she was so amusing! pretended to cut me short—said she did not see why I should hope that—for though Lord Stoketon was a goose, he was rich, and would be a very good match. Was it not droll of her?” said she to Miss Dashwood.

Miss Dashwood did think it droll, not of Sophy Grey to hold such an opinion, but that Charlotte Daventry should not be aware that she was repeating what her cousin could not easily forgive her for having said. “A new hint,” thought Lady Dowton. “Sophy tells me,” said Charlotte, “that that Mr. Barton you were speaking of was forced into marrying Miss Pemberton; that they were so anxious, that I believe she quite asked him, and he is very good natured, so he did not mind. What an odd way that is of making a person marry one, is not it?” said she, thoughtfully, yet innocently. Frank Crawford smiled and looked at her; and it seemed that Charlotte returned the smile. “Sophy says,” continued she, “that Mrs. Pemberton’s temper is so bad! Oh! it is so shocking! and that is the reason that her daughter is so anxious to marry, and though I thought it was strange, Sophy assured me that Miss Pemberton positively does not at all like Mr. Barton?”

“Indeed! my dear Charlotte, how entertaining you are!” Lady Dowton got out her writing paper. She could resist no longer. She must put it all down for the edification of her dear friend, whilst it was fresh on her mind—but to write in company was difficult, and, retiring with her letter to her room, she there wrote all the scandal she could to wile away the ennui of her dearest friend’s long day.

Miss Dashwoods thought it time to retire with their work, and thus were Frank Crawford and Charlotte Daventry left alone.

“Excellent, Miss Daventry, you have done it well! Lady Dowton is a happily deceived woman!”

“Yes,” said Charlotte, laughing. “I saw you smile; I was so near laughing too. It would have spoilt it all; it was very amusing

to give her own story back again—all that Sophy had told me was Lady Downton's absurd scandal. It will all be written in that letter to her dear friend as Sophy's own—the intimate friend of the parties! undoubted authority! and how they will laugh at poor Lady Downton! About Lord Stoketon too—I did exaggerate a little—but you know that will soon be set right; so it don't matter if the Dashwoods did take it for truth. It is so pleasant to have some one to enter into the fun of such a thing: but Mr. Crawford, do not expose me to your cousin.—I believe I am an odd person, am I not?" said she, throwing up her dark sparkling eyes at him, with an expression that had never yet been seen at Weston.

"Yes," said Frank Crawford, "you are very odd, and it is for that I like you. Yours is not an ordinary character," and Crawford looked at her with admiration: Charlotte turned away, blushed, and then, sitting down to the piano-forte, sung a lively French song, with such grace, such naïveté, such fascinating coqueterie, that Frank Crawford could not resist the charm.

"What a finished coquette," thought he; and he was going to speak to her—but she was again the demure, uninteresting Charlotte Daventry—she ceased to play—rose from her seat, and walked out of the room.

We have all of us heard a good deal of circulating libraries—of the circulation of books—the circulation of opinions, and the circulation of knowledge. Doctors talk of irregular circulation, and of sluggish circulation—monied men talk of the circulating medium—statesmen talk of the circulation of sedition,—but more wonderful than all is the circulation of scandal! Its surprising velocity—its additions it gains in its cause—the variety of channels through which it passes—the impossibility of impeding its progress surpasses belief! No one has told a scandalous tale—no one ever repeats an ill-natured story—every one makes a point of avoiding all gossip—yet, once afloat, it spreads—it circulates—nothing can conceal it, till all that many thousand-eared monster, the world, have heard and known, and wondered, and been satisfied; and then it falls into a lethargy and dies a natural death. We talk of steam-carriages and rail-ways—and will no one wonder at the power—the velocity of gossip? Will no one write the natural history of gossip?

We must now return to Weston. "My dear Anne," said Mrs. Grey, at the bottom of the stairs, in a very happy tone, "here is a letter just come; one for me, and one for you, which I have opened.

Make haste and come down to answer it. It is from that charming woman Lady Hadley, asking you to go there quite alone—to-morrow, or any day, and to stay as long as you can."

"How very kind," said Anne, quietly as she descended the stairs. "Do you and papa wish me to go?"

"Wish you to go! certainly my dear; to-morrow by all means. But you know, my dear," added Mrs. Grey, considerately, as if accounting for Anne's calmness; "you will be back in time for the Foleys; we will take care of that."

"Oh! thank you, mama, I was not afraid of that," said Anne; and she was so quiet that Mrs. Grey was obliged to believe her. "If it was any where but Hadley," thought Anne, "I should be very sorry to go from home. But Lady Hadley is so kind, and I love her so much;" and she smiled sufficiently to please Mrs. Grey, as she sat down to answer the note.

On the morrow Anne went to Hadley: Sophy felt a little envious; "I dare say it will be very pleasant," said she; "I wish she had asked me too. I dare say," after a little pause, "that Mr. Temple will be there!"

"Do you think so?" said Anne, in a very animated tone.

Mrs. Grey was in the room, and she wondered she had not before remembered the barouche-box.

"He might do as well as George Foley, only Chatterton is so near," thought Mrs. Grey; "and he is not a marrying man! No," thought she, "she must come back for Chatterton, even if they are very anxious to keep her, and she can go again perhaps."

CHAPTER XXI.

ANNE arrived at Hadley about ten minutes before the dressing-bell had rung. The door was opened for her, and as she walked across the large echoing hall, through the large drawing-room, and saw the tall footman stand with the door held open for her at Lady Hadley's morning-room, she felt that even Hadley was a very formidable place, and that Lady Hadley was a very tremendous person: she thought, perhaps, with a sigh, of her snug room at home, and

then walked in. Sophy's predictions were verified; Mr. Temple was at Hadley, and he was in the room as Anne entered.

I do not know whether Anne looked pleased or not through her blush: I only know that she did blush. She was not sure whether to shake hands, and when Edward Temple held out his, it was held a little time in vain; however, at last, the hands were shaken, and Edward Temple looked animated, and certainly (as Sir Henry Poynton would have said) 'in a very good-humour.' Anne thought that there was something very delightful in his expression of countenance, and probably her eyes sparkled and her colour brightened, for Edward Temple thought she was certainly very pretty.

"I am glad to see you here again, Miss Grey," said he. He saw that Anne was shy. "I am delighted to see you here. You know," said he, "that I must, for the present, take the character of Lady Hadley. You must endeavour to fancy, for five minutes at least, that you are sitting by Lady Hadley—that she is saying all the civil things on your arrival at her house, and you must say all the proper things in return. You have not yet told me that you are delighted to find yourself here again—that you were afraid you should be too late—that Mrs. Grey desires—what is it? remembrances? love? no, regards is the best word—desires her kind regards, and tells me to thank you for taking me away from her. There, Miss Grey! Is not that exactly what you will have to say to Lady Hadley when she appears? Suppose we rehearse, and then you will be quite perfect? Here am I to personify Lady Hadley! Ah! but here she is herself! Just five minutes too soon. Lady Hadley, Miss Grey," said he, making a bow as Lady Hadley entered. "Here have Miss Grey and I, for the last half hour, been rehearsing all she is to say to you on your entrance."

"What nonsense he talks, Miss Grey, does not he?" said Lady Hadley; and then she far exceeded Mr. Temple's ideas of the cordiality of greeting, for she gave her a kiss, and said, with all that warmth of affection and manner that Anne felt was so charming, how happy she was to have her at Hadley once more.

"There, Lady Hadley!" said Edward Temple, "you dared to say what nonsense I talked and now, Miss Grey can tell you that the words I used were exactly the same as your own."

As Lady Hadley took Anne up to her room, Anne felt that she was the very dearest woman in the world, and that the visit to

Hadley would be very delightful. Perhaps her thoughts extended a little farther, but we have no right to tell ~~her~~. Her eyes, it is true, were rather more bright, and the delicate colour on her cheeks a little more decided than usual; and when she was dressed for dinner, and had given herself the last, lingering, 'is all right' look in the glass; she might have said, with perfect truth, that she never saw a more lovely face, a form so light, and so charming a mixture of grace and simplicity.

But Anne Grey said and thought none of this: she only thought as she gave her last look in the glass, as her maid held her gloves for her, and gave an approving glance at her handy-works, "suppose I should be too late for dinner! I wish I was safely in the room, or that I had Sophy or mama to go down with me!" and her colour heightened as she walked down stairs and passed through the hall.

Her hand was on the drawing-room door—she heard the sound of many voices within, and waited one moment to take breath, till, convinced that courage would not come if she waited an hour, she opened the door. Edward Temple looked up one moment as she entered, and the next was busily talking again to a pretty, as Anne thought (very beautiful girl), seeming perfectly unconscious of the presence of the quiet Anne Grey, whom he had flattered before dinner; and very conscious of the presence, agreeableness, and beauty of the young lady to whom he was talking with such animation.

Lady Hadley was in the room, and to Anne's delight, she saw Miss Trevor—the constant visitor, dear old Miss Trevor! by her she was warmly welcomed, and Lady Hadley instantly made room for her on the sofa, and introduced her to Lady Denham, who sat next her.

Lord and Lady Denham and their daughter (the young lady to whom Edward Temple was devoting himself as Anne entered), Miss Trevor, Mr. Oswald, a hunting friend of Lord Hadley's, Mr. and Mrs. Dormer, and a Mr. Hutchinson formed the party at Hadley; not to take into account the dinner visitors who came and went and were forgotten!

Lord and Lady Denham were people of fashion, if I may use that term: 'They were very fine,' as Mrs. Dodson would have said: 'They were very worldly,' as the melancholy half starving country curate would have said: 'They were very entertaining and

charming,' as the world would have said of them. Miss Denham, their daughter, was just as exclusive (if that is not an obsolete word) as were her father and mother: very pretty, very brilliant, very accomplished, a little ill-natured, and, as she thought, very clever; perhaps the world would have said, very clever too; for to sum up all, she was very much the fashion!

The rest of the party were ordinary kind of people, whom one meets every day, and never cares whether one meets again or not. Mr. Dormer, prosy, Mrs. Dormer blue, Mr. Oswald a thorough fox-hunter, Mr. Hutchinson a quiet good sort of young man, who had just left college, and tried to be civil and attentive to the ladies, still looking like a boy, and evidently *géné* by the feeling that he did so. But he was heir to a title and fortune; so he put forth his small pretensions in a small voice, and was tolerated by young ladies when no one preferable was present. He was allowed to engross a little of Miss Denham's attention at odd moments, but was never perceived by her when Mr. Temple was willing to speak, or even sitting within talking distance of her. Such was the party at Hadley.

Anne felt shy, and was very near thinking that even an evening at Hadley could be disagreeable, as she saw Edward Temple devoting himself to the amusement of Miss Denham, talking, laughing with her, and listening to her *exclusive* talking, persuading her to sing, and attending to her song. As this continued during the whole of the first part of the evening, and she never saw him once approaching herself, she actually began to think that even Hadley could be disagreeable.

She saw that she had expected too much, and, I believe, said to herself something very moral, and sensible, though perhaps not very original, about brightest hopes decaying, and the fairest expectations being soonest disappointed; but she was a good quiet girl, and sat so very composedly attending to Miss Trevor, that no one would have supposed, who looked at her placid face, that she was not as happy and contented as she appeared.

She had just given up all idea that Mr. Temple would speak to her that evening, when she found that he had left Miss Denham to be amused by Mr. Hutchinson, as well as she could, and had placed himself near the table at which she was sitting.

She was intent on a new sort of knitting just taught her by Miss Trevor, and became doubly intent as he drew near. But he would not allow the knitting to go on uninterrupted.

“You are very industrious,” said he in a quiet voice; and as Anne raised her head she probably looked pleased, that, at last, he had spoken to her.

“Yes,” said she. “I am learning a new kind of work,” and she blushed as she thought “what a foolish thing to have said! How silly to tell him that I am learning a new kind of work!”

“Miss Trevor has taught you then, I am sure,” said he in a lower voice, for Miss Trevor was near.

“Yes,” said Anne smiling.

“I dare say it is very pretty, or very useful then,” continued he. “All ladies’ work is, of course, pretty or useful. One is always assured that it is useful, though it is sometimes difficult to believe it. I hope, Miss Grey,” said he after a pause, “that you will sing this evening?” and he looked at her for an answer.

“I don’t know,” said Anne, and she felt embarrassed, for she saw that Mr. Temple was still looking at her. It was very strange, but she felt so much less at ease with him than she had formerly done.

“I hope you will sing,” continued he, heedless of the confusion he was making in the knitting. “I have often thought of that song—that one beautiful song! and perhaps,” said he, lowering his voice, and looking at her, “I have often thought of the person who sung it.” He stopped. Anne almost started with surprise and delight. Was this really said to her—was it really meant? or rather, did it mean any thing? and a moment’s reflection suggested that he meant to ridicule her. The thought aroused a little indignation, which gave her courage to look up and attempt an answer; she had begun to say, “I am afraid you are laughing at my song,” when she was checked by observing Edward Temple with his eyes still fixed on her face with an expression of earnestness.

She stopped—blushed deeply—said something about being very glad to sing, and turned to Miss Trevor to ask her how her knitting should go on.

Edward Temple remained a few minutes by her side—withdrew his eyes—took up a book, and looked at it, to allow Anne time to recover the alarm which he saw he had excited, but it could not be overcome—the knitting was not so soon to be at an end, so he put down the book, got up, and walked away to join Lady Denham in cheating Lord Hadley at double Patience, to attract Miss Denham to watch ‘mama’s’ Patience, and to be laughing and making others

laugh as if the merriest thing in the world were a game at Patience; and Anne finished her work.

But whilst the knitting went on, and in spite of M. Oswald's animated description of 'a find,' and an 'in at the death,' she thought and wondered, and wondered and thought; "was it really true? was it a dream that he had said it?" she asked herself, over and over again; but he really had said it; she could not misunderstand. It was spoken, though in so low a voice (and Anne thought there never was one so agreeable), yet so distinct and clear that she could not have been mistaken as to the words. No, he certainly had used those words; but then he might have been in jest; perhaps he had, but then his look! no, Anne did not think he could have been, and she would be happy—she would be delighted. She was, in fact, in a flutter of surprise and joy; yet she scarce knew why, as she again saw Mr. Temple talking and laughing with Miss Denham.

They were seated together on a sofa, rather apart from the players at Patience: Miss Denham had just finished an Italian song which he had admired. "I wonder whether he says the same thing to her?" thought Anne; and she sighed a very little.

CHAPTER XXII.

The next day was agreeably spent at Hadley. The Denhams discovered that Anne, though a country girl,—a person whom no one knew, was still a great favourite with Lady Hadley. She was '*distinguée*' and pretty—there was something naïve and interesting about her, and Edward Temple talked to her.

In short, she was just the kind of girl to take up—to rave about. So Miss Denham asked her to practise duets with her: Lady Denham found out a likeness for her to Lady *something somebody*; made room for her on the sofa, and talked to her in her most agreeable manner for ten minutes at a time; admired her singing and her gown; told Lady Hadley within her hearing that she never saw such beautiful hair! such eyes! such a skin!—asked Anne if

she did not draw as well as she played, and was quite sure she did.

Anne found Miss Denham agreeable and lively, and really enjoyed playing duets with her, for she played well, though she was perhaps more indebted to art than to nature for her musical powers. She had learnt a good style, and that supplied the place of natural feeling and expression. There was no charm in her performance, but it was brilliant and showy; *she kept her time*, and the duets went on very pleasantly.

Then Anne was made to sing, and Lady Denham and Miss Denham were in raptures; Edward Temple came into the room at the moment. He seated himself very quietly in an arm-chair—took up a book; and whether he read or listened, or did both, Anne could not say; but he did not speak.

When her song was over, Miss Denham asked him to come and sing: she said that she remembered a song of his that she liked so much! It had haunted her ever since.

"I have had it in my head," said she, "and yet not in enough; and I can not get it out or in. Do you know that feeling, Miss Grey? You must come and sing it. Mr. Temple, in pity to my head. I shall certainly die of a tune if you do not. Did you ever hear of the poor woman who went into a low nervous fever about a country dance? No, never! How strange! Morning and night the country-dance was hopping, and skipping, and buzzing in her head. To a certain point it always went, over and over again; the same country-dance! But when it came to a certain difficult passage it always stopped. Nothing could make it go on, fingering—counting—nothing would do. That was the melancholy part of it! the doctors tried in vain: if they could only have got over that difficult passage, all would have been well! and she would have been cured! But the doctors could not manage it—the difficult passage was not to be overcome, and into a low nervous fever she went. Poor soul! I believe she is dead now! A sad story, Miss Grey," said she, joining in Anne's laugh, "but it is all for the sake of arousing Mr. Temple's pity. Who knows but that I may go into a nervous fever about his song?"

"I shall be very sorry!" said Mr. Temple; in a melancholy voice, and not stirring; "but like the old woman's head with the country dance, I can't get over it! My song and her difficult passage are never to be heard. I deeply regret . . ."

"No, no, Mr. Temple," said Miss Denham, interrupting him—"don't talk of regret; you are very disobliging; is not he, Miss Grey?"

"I suppose I ought to say so," said Anne, "though I am rather inclined to take Mr. Temple's part, as I should like so much to follow his example, and never sing but when I like. The example is so good a one," said she, laughing, "that I think I shall follow it."

"It will be sufficient punishment for my indolence, if you do," said Edward Temple. "Pray do not put your plan in effect," continued he, getting up. "Miss Denham, I am ready to sing a whole music-book full if you like;" and he began to sing, looking at Anne as he did so; then seeming tired of it, he left the instrument, and walked away to the other end of the room, leaving Miss Denham a little mortified, and a little cross.

However it was all lost upon him, for he was soon too eager in a political discussion with Lord Denham to bestow any more attention on either her or Anne.

"Mr. Temple is very agreeable when he likes," said she, to Anne.

"Yes, very," was the reply, and Anne turned away her head as she spoke.

Nothing remarkable occurred that evening or the next morning. Who has not known the monotony of a country-house? Who has not known that the more comfortable, the more happy, it may be, the fewer events there will be to relate?

But alas!—who has not known its dulness? Who has not known the long morning—the expectation of hearing one o'clock strike, and finding it only twelve? Who has not known the sight of the interminable piece of work, regularly brought down by the lady of the house, the paucity of ideas conveyed with the work—the question "what shall we do to-day? do you like a drive? I am afraid it is rather cold!" which shows you that the hope suggested by the offer is not to be realized—that you are expected not to wish to drive. "You will prefer walking, I dare say: I should like to show you my poultry-house."

It was unluckily a cold, dull day. There has been a copious fall of rain: the leafless trees are dripping—pools of water are standing in the walks, and you must think with delight of the sight of dripping bantams and dirty poultry houses. But you are saved:

the yawning soberness of your morning talk is likely to have no end, for lo! another shower.

“Ah, it rains, I see—we shall not stir to-day. There is nothing so comfortable as sitting in doors at one’s work all the morning.”

How does the interminableness of that *all morning* strike on your fancy! You are very cold: you look at the fire-place: comfort there, at least, you think: but the fire is scarcely blazing. The lady of the house sees you cast a longing look towards the grate; she obligingly hopes you are not too warm.

“I don’t think we have too much fire, have we? It was so hot this morning, I ordered them not to make such large fires;” and you resign yourself to the knowledge that the care all day will be to keep the room at freezing point. Oh! who has not known all this and many more of the charms of a long day in a country house!

Anne Grey felt none of these annoyances. Hadley was proverbially pleasant. There was always plenty to do—to think of—to talk of, and to see:—the day was always too short—the clock struck one when twelve was expected.

One so often hears that such and such a house is ‘so pleasant,’ and such and such another ‘so dull.’ From what does this proceed? Can no one tell? The same people are met with at both the dull and the pleasant house:—the owners may not be peculiarly agreeable:—the house may not be particularly good, or pretty, or well-furnished—no peculiar beauty out of doors, no peculiar beauty within. In short, no one knows why it is; yet such and such houses always are pleasant, and this was the case with Hadley, and it certainly was not the house or the place, the visitors, or even the owner that made it so. Lord Hadley, though an excellent man, was not particularly entertaining; and though, it is true, that Lady Hadley was a charming woman, yet how many charming women there are who have dull houses!

There must, we suppose, exist a peculiar art for parties at home. We wish that those few who possess it, who have studied (if they do study it, and have been successful, would give their knowledge to the world. It would be an act of praiseworthy benevolence. How grateful should we feel towards those who had saved us from the long tedium of the dull days in our excellent neighbours’ houses! A monument would be raised to their memory when dead, or a statue erected to their praise when living; inscribed with the warm-

est gratitude and veneration, from the distressed ladies and gentlemen of country life, to the greatest benefactors of any age or time.

But we must return to Anne Grey, and her enjoyment of the pleasant house at Hadley; and so much did she enjoy it that she felt she should even be sorry to return home.

Mr. Temple had been very agreeable. They had had a great deal of conversation together, and Anne always forgot her shyness in talking to him. He seemed interested in hearing her opinions, and anxious to draw them forth, and he never but once again said any thing which made her consider whether he could be speaking seriously, or secretly ridiculing her.

Once more only did he make her start, and feel happy, and fearful, and doubtful. One evening he had left Miss Denham, after she had been exerting her best powers for his amusement,—he left her to come and sit by Anne. They had talked for long on various subjects, and at length they spoke of memory—of the power of recollecting faces—of identifying in the grown-up person the child that had been known at school,—of remembering those who had been seen but once.

“There are some people I feel it would be impossible to forget,” said Edward Temple. “I do not mean those whom one remembers merely for amusement; who strike one only from their absurdity; I mean those whom one remembers to love.—Yes,” said he, after a slight pause, and looking towards Anne, “there are some people whom I never could forget. Do not flatter yourself, Miss Grey, that you will ever be forgotten.”

The colour came into Anne’s face—her heart beat fast as she quickly withdrew her eyes. She felt that those words would never be forgotten. Perhaps they never were.

It was only this once more that any thing was said to cause her, in the retirement of her chamber, to wonder, and be delighted—and to think “it really was” and then “it never could be”—nothing but this to make her stand for minutes over the fire, wondering why her maid delayed so long, and to find at last that it was she who had kept her maid in waiting and suspense:—nothing to make her look all round the room for her gloves, to find that they were both on her hands:—nothing to make her ask if Mr. Temple was gone down instead of Lady Hadley. No—there were but two slight occasions to make Anne do all this; to make her sometimes go into

a reverie—sometimes smile in the middle of her reverie—sometimes give a little joyous bound in her light, noiseless step across the room. But there was daily just enough to make her late in coming up to dress, early in going down to breakfast, and to make her say to herself, “how very early we come to bed at Hadley!” Yes—there was just enough for this in Edward Temple’s manner.

“He is certainly more agreeable than ever,” thought Anne. “He talks more seriously to me; as if he thought my opinions worth hearing, and considered me worthy to be told his own! He certainly talks a great deal to Miss Denham,”—Anne sighed a little; “but I do not think as he does to me. He always seems amused with her, and as if he were willing to amuse her: but it is different! I should not wish his manner to be the same with me! Yes—I think, after all, that he does like me the best! „But how conceited!” thought she: “how presumptuous! No, I dare say he prefers her, and the difference of manner is a proof in her favour. He would probably wish to put forth all his powers of entertainment for me, as he does for her, if he did not think me too dull to understand him. I was very conceited,” thought Anne. “I wonder whether he says he never could forget her? I dare say he does.” And she went down stairs, looking very sedate and diffident; but the moment she entered, Edward Temple left Miss Denham to come and talk to her, and at the end of half-an-hour’s serious conversation, Anne Grey entertained once more those same conceited opinions.

“It is a pity how the world spoils people!” says the country cousin, who longs to go to town. “It is a pity how worldly people are!” says the discontented, philosophical fellow of a college, as he throws on one side my book, which Heaven knows how he had ever been deluded into opening!

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANNE could not think of leaving Hadley without regret, and though she had stayed two days longer than was at first intended, yet the five days seemed to have passed as quickly as if they had only been three.

Anne regretted the loss of Lady Hadley's society. She had been peculiarly kind; she had talked to her with such affectionate interest, and seemed anxious that Anne should regard her as a friend.

"I hope you will often come to Hadley," said she one day. "Now we are got so far in our intimacy, we must not stop here and have to begin again. As long as you remain at Weston, you must remember how near it is to Hadley; and afterwards, when my little friend is no longer Anne Grey, you must not forget that you had some friends before you changed your name," said she, smiling, and looking affectionately at her.

Anne blushed, looked grateful, and said all that was natural and proper, about her never forgetting Lady Hadley—and never being likely to change her name.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Hadley, "all girls form a virtuous resolution to be old maids, from sixteen to five-and-twenty; it is all very right: nevertheless I hope to see you married before a great many years have passed. There is even a person," continued she, "whom I should have almost liked for you—but then, alas! he is unfortunately not a marrying man! If he could once make up his mind to seriously attach himself, he would make an excellent husband. However, it is out of the question, so I would say to all my young lady friends 'beware of Edward Temple!' I think I must give a little advice to Miss Denham. But what a long lecture on marriage I have been giving you!" said she, smiling and rising as she spoke. "I must make haste and show that I have respect enough for its *convenances* by attending my own husband who is waiting for me all this time!"

Anne had been rather surprised, and a little vexed, by what Lady Hadley had said of Mr. Temple. Still she believed it was partly said in jest, and that no particular allusion to her had been intended. She hoped Lady Hadley could not fancy her so conceited as to suppose Mr. Temple in love with her. She hoped she did not think her manner with him had been forward. One thing however was certain—Mr. Temple was not a marrying man; and she left Hadley with this conviction on her mind, but with a conviction, no less strong, that another so agreeable a person did not exist in the world.

The visit to Chatterton was to take place the day after Anne's return, and she had some anticipations of pleasure, though leaving home again so soon, for Mr. Temple was to be there, but there

were still warmer anticipations of happiness in returning home even after so short an absence. Yet in that solitary drive from Hadley, Charlotte Daventry's words often came across her mind. She thought of Lady Hadley and of Edward Temple—of Sophy and of her mother: she felt that Charlotte might be right: there were different appreciations of her character; but she checked the thought, and when the carriage door was opened and she found herself again at home—felt her mother's fond kiss—her father's affectionate embrace—saw Sophy's glad look—heard William's hearty, "Well, Miss Anne! we are all very glad to have you again," she forgot Charlotte Daventry, and if she remembered her words, it was only to say they were false.

"I am, and I ought to be satisfied—more than satisfied, with such love! only a few days absent, and welcomed as if I had been away for months!"

"Dear, dear home! How I love you!" ejaculated she to herself, as she put off her bonnet and shawl. She had forgotten all in that warm and pure delight—that love for those who made her home! She who added a charm to her father's house; she whose gentle voice, whose never failing cheerfulness, contentment, elegance, and sense lent to domestic hours their peace and joy—she forgot all but her home: forgot that she had a wish, a hope, on earth beyond. She forgot the world—its troubles—its joys—she forgot even Edward Temple; and not till she had sat half an hour alone with Charlotte Daventry the next morning, did she remember that even at home there were sorrows and cares, and that reasons might exist to seek pleasure and forgetfulness elsewhere; and, as she prepared for Chatterton, she found that she could leave home with less of fond regret than she would perhaps have wished to feel.

But she would not allow herself to repine: she turned her thoughts to the contemplation of enjoyment now in her power. She thought that society had its pleasures, and that it was right to appreciate and enjoy them; and if the knowledge that Edward Temple was to be at Chatterton added not a little to her amiable spirit of contentment, do not let us think that she deserved no praise, because pleasure mingled with her duty. The path of duty need not always be painful and rugged; yet though it is sometimes spread with flowers—though gleams of sunshine sometimes gild its gloom, yet even from this flowery path we often turn aside with disgust and

negligence, because we are unwilling to tread in the steps pointed out to us. This should not be—nor should we deem the duties of others always light and easy, because they are not devoid of every thing pleasing to recommend them. We may admire the being whom we see struggling in the narrow path of duty with no ray of gladness to cheer him on—let us admire, reverence, respect! but, let us not for this refuse all admiration to the being who continues in the same path of duty with more of joy to cheer his steps. He likewise deserves our praise; and even so may we look with approbation on the quiet contentedness of Anne Grey. We may praise her that she determined to find happiness in every event, and in every situation in which Providence had placed her.

There is, it is true, and how gladly do we feel that there is, a real pleasure arising from the consciousness that we are performing our duty. Yes! though the brightness of Anne's smile had faded, though there was almost a touch of sadness in the calmness of her countenance, yet when the confidential conversation ended, she and Charlotte Daventry quitted the room together, who would not rather have been that unrepining being, more sad, it is true, than she had hitherto been, than her whose lip was curled in triumph, on whose face a smile dwelt for a moment? Who would not rather at that moment, as they saw the victim and the deceiver—as they gazed on the proud smile, which curled the lip, and lighted up the dark expressive eyes of the one—and saw the tear which filled the clear blue eye of the other—who would not rather so have wept with Anne, than so have smiled with Charlotte?

Sophy was in high spirits at the thoughts of going to Chatterton. She loved society, and society returned the compliment. Contrary to all rules of etiquette, Mr. and Mrs. Grey were taking out three young ladies at once; nothing could be so wrong, and Mrs. Grey would never have ventured on the display of so much beauty and agreeableness at once, had not Mr. Foley rode over on purpose to beg that it might be so.

“Chatterton would be so highly honoured! Chatterton was quite large enough! a perfect desert in size! Really it was impossible to fill it! Mrs. Grey must grant his little request.” Mrs. Grey was exceedingly shocked, quite distressed, and quite delighted. Mr. Foley went away quite satisfied that every one of the family would come, though it would be so distressing to poor Mrs. Grey's

feelings; and Mrs. Grey said, when he left the room, "Mr. Foley is a particularly agreeable gentlemanlike person!" and as she saw the three young ladies in the carriage with her, she bore her sufferings so well, that she actually looked nearly as happy as when she saw Lord Stoketon at the ball, or had completed her largest piece of tent-stitch.

"It would have been so hard to have left poor Charlotte at home," thought she; "and yet I would not have left Anne, for I am sure George Foley admires her, and Chatterton is such a very nice place! Mr. Foley said it was so large it really could not be filled; but however with a large young family, and Sophy's children, who might stay there whilst she came to Weston; and William perhaps,—in a little time I hope, though I don't know yet who he may have fixed upon; and Charlotte, Mrs. Robert Dobsón—Yes! Mr. Foley would find it would not be at all too large—but then he would be dead, poor man!" And Mrs. Grey comfortably reposed in the corner of the carriage on her way to Chatterton, looking, worthy woman, to future happiness, in the delightful contemplation of her charming host's decease, to whom she wished no ill on earth—merely that he should make room for his son.

Mrs. Grey never thought of wishing beyond the common course of nature, but she certainly forgot that Mr. Foley was a little younger than herself!

Amongst the party at Chatterton, were Frank Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. Arthur Dalton, Mr. Temple, Lady Dowton—(Sir John was in Leicestershire for a happy fortnight), and Sir Henry Poynton, who was always every where.

How is it some people always are every where? Every body meets them—every body is surprised to meet them themselves. Every body met Sir Henry Poynton, and no one started or looked surprised when they walked into the drawing-room before dinner to see Sir Henry's hale, hearty figure, ready with his extended hand to greet them.

There were others at Chatterton not amongst our old acquaintances, and justice to Mr. Foley demands that we mention a Duchess Dowager, and an Ex-minister among the number; but we have so often gone through the labelling process, that it is time to follow the example of those authors of more interesting books, who dare not touch on the inexpressive feelings of the

hero or heroine. Such feelings, as our novelists tells us, are more easily imagined than described. We doubt the assertion, but we adopt his plan, with regard to the Chatterton visitors, and leave them all to the brilliant fancy of the reader.

Whether the presence of any of these visitors added to the agreeableness of the first evening, I cannot say; but it certainly did not diminish the pleasure George Foley experienced in the society of Anne, nor that which Anne felt in the conversation of Edward Temple.

“He is perfect!” whispered Charlotte Daventry to Anne, as they separated at the top of the stairs; “and perhaps he thinks Anne Grey perfect!” added she, with an arch smile as she pressed the small white fingers that were reposing in happy confidence in hers. Anne could only smile and say ‘good night,’ as with a light step she followed Sophy to her room.

“Yes,” thought she, “he is perfect.”

“What a cold mannered girl Miss Foley is!” said Sophy, interrupting Anne’s charitable train of thought.

“No,” said she, at length, as if she had been deliberating on the question of Miss Foley’s coldness.

“No?” said Sophy, looking up surprised, and pausing, as she unclasped her bracelets. “No? why, Anne, you are half asleep!”

“Oh! am I?” said Anne, recollecting herself. “No, I am not sleepy—but I forgot—what was it you asked?”

“Ah! just so,” said Sophy, laughing: “that *no*, I was quite sure, was the answer to a question in your own mind—‘Is Mr. George Foley handsome or not?’ and ‘no,’ says Miss Anne Grey!”

“Mr. George Foley!” said Anne, with a tone of surprise; “no, indeed, Sophy, I was not thinking of him.”

“Oh then, I know! It was sir Henry Poynton?”

“No, not even of him,” said Anne. “How pretty Charlotte looked this evening,” added she, after a moment’s pause. “Once I looked at her, when she was talking to Mr. Crawford, and I never saw any thing more striking than her expression. She has beautiful eyes!”

“She is ‘*belle comme le jour*,’” said Sophy, “and, to speak the truth, with all her childishness, a little bit of a flirt.”

“No, no, that is not fair, Sophy: Charlotte has no idea of flirting; she is perfectly simple!”

“And so naïve and simple,” said Sophy, “that she has won the

admiration of Mr. Crawford, who, by the way, I do not quite like.”

Anne did not continue the conversation—she was thinking of Charlotte Daventry’s manner at that moment; of a smile that she had seen given and returned between her and Mr. Crawford.

“After all, I do not think Mr. Temple is so very agreeable,” said Sophy, after a little silence.

Anne’s attention was not so far absent as on a former occasion; it was immediately aroused by Sophy’s remark. It called forth no reply; but there succeeded a quick rush of colour to her face, and a diligent search for a ring which she had not dropped.

The morrow was one of those bright and sunny days, which always betoken in a work of fiction either some heavy calamity to the hero and heroine, or a sympathetic piece of brilliant fortune. I can scarcely say which of the two it betokened to Anne and Sophy Grey. It seemed unmarked by any peculiar event, whether of joy or sorrow, to them! Yet through the world did not both exist—was there not joy and sorrow on that day? In every hour, in every moment, joy and sorrow to millions?

Yes! on each day that calls us back to life and light, all around us the mingled web is wove. The many rise, like us—the many weep, or smile, or laugh, and feel. Could we but see and know, what a mass of varied misery and joy would meet our scrutiny! What feelings in those many hearts! What fear, what joy, what hope! What bright realities! What dark forebodings! What fluttering hearts! What fond, gay visions! There are tears for those departed; there are watchings round the dying man—there are last words spoken—there are death struggles—there are murders—there are treacheries fulfilled—there are words spoken—like daggers to the heart—there are secrets told that blight—there are young hearts awoke to grief.

Yes, but there are smiles called forth—there are hopes fulfilled, sweet words whispered, sweet sounds heard; there are parents’ smiles, and parents’ tears of joy; there are children’s grateful hearts poured forth; there are children who have watched, and loved, and been rewarded; there are suspicions quelled—doubts that are hushed—mysteries unravelled; there are those who enter upon life, blessed, welcomed, and caressed; there are calm and holy deaths. Yes, all around us, joy and sorrow, are busy in their work!

But let us turn again to our homely scene. Let us turn to the

minutiæ, the servile copyism of our Dutch school of portraiture. Let us dip our brush in gay and vivid hues, and paint with careful hand the little world of social life around us. Let us be clear, minute, distinct; and now, with steady touch, and watchful eye, we prepare our colours; then select and blend.

The morning sun has brought to light the leafless trees of Chatterton—the frost has disappeared—the air breathes mild and soft—a touch of spring is there—the rooks are up—they are spread abroad, now hovering over the open lawn, now uttering their busy notes—then resting on the ground, walking with strutting industry along the grass; now up and away again, with a cheerful caw. The mist is gone:—the sun streams forth; and the bare branches glitter with the dew drops still hanging on the trees. The sun shines forth: it streams in through the latticed cottage window: it streams in through the curtained window of the rich. It streams in to the large spacious rooms at Chatterton, and wakes Sophy and Anne Grey to the sweet consciousness of being.

“What a lovely day!” said Anne, as she put aside the curtain. “It is almost like spring! It will be a beautiful day for our drive,” and her face brightened with a happy smile.

Why was Anne so happy? Was it the lovely day alone? No, not quite; for though a spring-like day will sometimes give a spring-like feeling to the heart; though a bright sun will give a sunshiny feeling to the mind; yet it was not this alone. Anne thought, as she saw the sun so bright, that the open carriage would be put in requisition:—that there would be a place in it for herself, and (shall we say it?) for Edward Temple!

Anne heard the cawing of the rooks, saw the clear blue sky, the light grey, purple, and yellow tints of the clouds all blending, intermingling, and gently moving forward in the soft mild breeze; and the sun-light brightness was reflected on her cheek—the softness and the gladness was repeated in her eyes; and the beating of her heart! was that as gentle as the whispering freshness of the morning breeze?

Oh! Anne Grey, how is it that I write this of you? “What nonsense!” you would have said; and your pretty rosy lips would have looked “what nonsense!” and even your soft blue eyes would have expressed with a quiet contempt, “what nonsense!”—and perhaps it is nonsense for an every day common-place story like mine.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Miss Anne Grey, here is a place, Sir Henry Poynton has been religiously preserving for you,” said Mr. Temple, showing her a vacant seat between himself and Sir Henry at breakfast. Anne took the offered seat, and for one second at least was unable to reply to Sir Henry Poynton’s “Good morning.”

“You have been very idle this morning,” said Sir Henry, with a good-humoured smile on his weather-beaten face. “I have had great difficulty to keep a chair for you. I could not have managed it, had not Temple helped me :—“ Ah! Temple,” added he, speaking across Anne to Mr. Temple, “I was telling Miss Grey how cleverly you managed. I am telling her that I am indebted to you for the honour of having her here by me.”

“Miss Grey, perhaps, is not indebted to me for one part of the manœuvre,” said he, turning quickly round, and looking at Anne. “She might have been placed between two people who were agreeable to her, instead of one; but it is difficult to be unselfish at all times.” The sentence was finished in a low voice to Anne: she alone heard it.

“But I was saying,” continued Sir Henry to Anne, “how idle you were this morning. There was Miss Daventry up with the lark.”

“Yes, I see she is blushing,” said he, looking jocose and nodding to her across the table. We must lay it to the infirmity of his vision, that he spoke of blushes which had no existence.

“Ah! I see she is blushing: and well she may. She will not hear, so I may say what I like,” continued he, in a particularly audible, confidential voice. “There I found her actually having a *tête-à-tête* with a young gentleman when I came down, thinking myself an excellent man because I was so early; there I found her already seated in an arm-chair, and Mr. Crawford in another. Ah! Miss Daventry,” smiling and nodding at her, as at last he caught her eye, “I am telling tales. I am telling a little story of you!”

“Not a short one, I should suppose,” said Frank Crawford, half aloud, to Charlotte Daventry who sat by him.

“Yes! it’s very true; Miss Grey can tell you all about it!”

Sir Henry chuckled, Charlotte laughed, looked very innocent, said, “Oh! what is it?” and then the joke was over, and Anne could listen to a voice on the other side of her.

“Your cousin is a very natural character,” said Mr. Temple, with a scrutinizing look, as she answered,

“Yes, perfectly?”

“I see you think so!” was his reply. Anne did not like his tone as he uttered these words: but he immediately turned the subject from Charlotte Daventry; and as Anne listened and replied, she soon forgot Charlotte, Mr. Crawford, Sir Henry Poynton, every thing but—Anne Grey, I must not be so unkind towards you—no—not by me shall that modest shrinking delicacy be wounded, by having its thoughts, its feelings, and its weaknesses displayed to the cold, unfriendly eye of the world. No, let the modest retirement of character remain unexposed. Let it lie hidden and beautiful in its retirement—shrinking like the violet amidst its leaves from the notice, the pollution, and the contamination of the world.

“Who is for a drive this morning?” said Mr. Foley. “Or rather is any not for one on such a day? Quite the sort of day,” said he, turning to the Dowager Duchess of ———, who sat contentedly on his right hand, “to make one hate the sight of Ottomans and sofas, and regret one has been at the expense of heated flues—new invented stoves, &c. ‘*La belle nature*,’ is every thing to-day! one is quite disgusted with stoves, and rugs, and Axminster carpets.”

“Are you, really!” said the good simple Duchess. “I think they are very comfortable; but, I dare say, it will be very pleasant for a drive.”

“Oh! then we will certainly have one:” then raising his voice and making a general appeal to the company, said, “the Duchess and I are engaged for a drive. Who will join our party? Temple,” continued he, addressing him across the table, “I have something to show you. I have a carriage that will amuse you! and to tell you the truth, I have a design upon you; you are to drive in it to-day—it is a whim of Mrs. Foley’s. She fell in love with it at—where was it?—oh, Cheltenham—she thought it would be exactly

the thing for her charitable expeditions. I believe, good enthusiastic woman, she would have bought one out of the stand if I would have let her—but that would not do! so I sent to the fellow in Long-acre that builds me my carriages, and he took the pattern;—and this is the carriage you must all admire.”

Temple looked amused and acquiescent, and then turning to Anne, “Will you make my duties light,” he said in a low voice; “will you promise to drive with me? Miss Anne Grey,” said he, raising his voice and addressing Mr. Foley, “has promised to be miserable for a whole morning’s drive with me. We are both victims: you must collect your others as you can. I leave that to your powers of persuasion, Foley.”

“Oh! I am quite a willing victim!” said Mrs. Cartwright, “and is there room for another person?”

“Yes, actually,” said Mr. Foley with mock gravity, “there is room for four in Mrs. Foley’s fly.”

“Oh! then there must be another victim!” cried Mrs. Cartwright, “who must it be?”

“I am another most willing victim—most humble slave!” said Mr. Arthur Dalton, trying to look comic and insinuating at once. “Most humble slave!” Who ever saw Arthur Dalton, but felt how thoroughly those words belonged to him? Edward Temple smiled, looked at Anne, and saw she understood him.

“How easily the chain sits on some people!” said he. “Surely, some English were born un-English! Happy, humble man! Do not you envy him?”

The drive was to take place. Every body was to go, and it was to be charming, “a real gipsy expedition,” as Mr. Foley said. Every one was to be happy, and they were to see the ruins of a castle, and a Roman *something*—no one knew what; but it was decidedly Roman, though it looked like a real English heap of soil and the remains of a real English wall. Still it was quite worth going to see.

“Do not you feel quite inspired, Miss Foley?” said Mr. Temple. “Do not you feel a noble enthusiasm rising, and the spirit of improving coming upon you? Cannot you fancy some one of the party—Mr. Dalton, perhaps—a Roman patriot?—look at him, Miss Foley!”

Miss Foley and others who stood near smiled as the eyes fol-

lowed the form of the Roman patriot reclining in an arm-chair, fondling Mrs. Foley's lap-dog, and looking sweet and laughing in affected merriment with Mrs. Cartwright.

Mr. Foley had arranged the party. Edward Temple was, after all, not to go in the fly. George must take his place—the joke was over, and Mr. Temple must go with Lady Emily Harville and the Duchess. Mr. Foley had made up his mind that it should be so, and no one could rebel against his decisions in his own house. George Foley thought it much the best arrangement, and when Mr. Foley appealed to her, Anne said so also, whilst George Foley listened to hear how willing she was to have him for a companion.

Perhaps Anne did not know that Mr. Temple was within hearing when she agreed with Mr. Foley, and looked as much pleased as George Foley wished. "He was very willing to give it up," thought she, "after having asked me to go with him!"

Some people might have said that Edward Temple was out of humour. Perhaps he was; but he was a good-tempered man. "What airs that man gives himself!" thought Mr. Arthur Dalton. "I wish I could get his tone and manner."

"Parties of pleasure are proverbially parties of pain," said Edward Temple a few minutes afterwards to Mr. Grey, who was near him. "I am sure you must agree in thinking that no bore is equal to that of being forced to be delighted for a whole day together with nothing to make one so, except doing the very thing one don't like."

"I agree so perfectly," said Mr. Grey, "that I shall beg off. I am old, you know," smiling; "so I can get out of these difficulties easily—that is one privilege of being an old married man!"

"I cannot claim your privilege, but I intend to follow your example. But perhaps you will do a good-natured thing, and take my place at the side of Lady Emily? She is a charming person, as Foley will tell you."

"Oh! I thought," said Mr. Grey, smiling, "that you were of the Foley fly party?"

"Oh, no! that is at an end. Miss Anne Grey would not accept of me as a companion, so I am doomed to make the disagreeable to the Duchess and Lady Emily. They must suffer for my mortified vanity."

"Anne," said Mr. Grey, as she passed near him to look for a book, "do you know what Mr. Temple says of you? I hear you

refused to drive with him;" said he laughing, and gently drawing his daughter towards him.

"Oh, no!" said Anne, a little embarrassed, "I did not refuse; I believe it was Mr. Temple who refused to drive with me;" and she blushed for having said what she felt.

Some people profess to say whatever comes into their heads, and to be so natural that they cannot help it; and from those we may always expect to hear either many rude and ill-natured things, or a great deal of nonsense: we may be quite sure that the regular professor of this charming *naïveté* is either very silly, or very malicious.

Anne Grey made no professions of being under the dreadful necessity of uttering her thoughts aloud. She had neither the artifice of being unnatural, nor of striving to seem natural. She was perfectly without artifice: her heart was filled with truth, sincerity, charity, and kindness: she had no disguise; and if she sometimes said that which etiquette might have blushed at for etiquette's sake, she never breathed one single word which good taste or good feeling would have shunk from expressing. She, in fact, said all which those who profess to be natural have heard, and thought so beautiful that they would imitate it. Fatal mistake! to try to imitate the most inimitable of all graces! But to Anne nature had given this artless charm, and nature, like a kind mother, had blinded her alone to the knowledge of its possession. Some will say, 'where is the envied charm of those few words which fell from her lips?' Yet had any one seen and heard her at the moment I describe, when, as she uttered those words she leant against her father's chair, and put her hand upon his shoulder, they would have acknowledged that a peculiar charm did exist.

"Then you will not refuse to accept my services once more?" said Edward Temple, looking at her with animation. "You will let me be useful to the best of my abilities in driving away the dullness of a long drive? in putting on your cloak for you when it is slipping off—in opening gates if we have no half dozen grooms on curveting steeds behind us, which Heaven knows whether Foley would ever forgive me for supposing there would not be?" Anne smiled, and the pleasure betrayed in her smile satisfied Edward Temple without waiting for any other reply.

"Then I will arrange it all!" said he, his ill-humour gone. "Mr. Grey, what do you say to Lady Emily and the Duchess? any wish?"

It is the last time of asking, remember, for I am going to decide their fates irrevocably in a few minutes. No? Ah, Mr. Grey! can you also resist such charms? Rank, beauty, and fashion! Well then, Miss Grey, I have your consent? may I say?"

"Yes," said Anne.

"Then, George Foley, you are doomed to a Duchess and Lady Emily for a drive, or for life!"

Edward Temple had soon arranged it, and as poor George Foley looked at the happy radiant face of Anne when Edward Temple returned to her, he could only confess to himself how little happy he felt! At that moment he would have liked the privilege of hating Edward Temple. But he forbade the thought. He had strong feelings, but he had a strong control over them. He might be grieved, but he need not be unamiable; and as he saw Anne's look of pleasure, he only felt the chill of disappointment; and if he envied Edward Temple's powers of fascination, shall we blame him?

No: let the young lady who wishes she possessed the beauty of her preferred rival—let the starving artist who wishes himself gifted with the talent of his distinguished fellow labourer—let the poor neglected child, who wishes that on herself were bestowed some of the caresses lavished on her more favoured brother or sister—let this plead for him, and let us also acquit him for coveting Edward Temple's power of captivating the heart of Anne Grey.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE drive took place: Mrs. Foley's fly was pronounced to be the most charming fly that ever came out of coachmaker's hands: The Roman remains were admired and apostrophised: Mr. Arthur Dalton looked as like a Roman patriot as he was expected to look; and the day, though in scarcely a spring month, was yet exactly like spring, and exactly suited for a gipsy party;—the carriages that might have been closed were thrown open; and no one pitied the 'poor wretches,' in Mrs. Foley's open fly.

No! every one might have envied them. Some perhaps did! and did Anne Grey think she deserved to be envied? Did she think it such a very charming drive? Oh yes! and Mrs. Cartwright and Mr. Arthur Dalton! they liked it also. Edward Temple perhaps thought it charming too—Yes! and perhaps in that drive much interesting conversation passed between himself and Anne. But we must rest on conjecture alone : it may have been nothing new or entertaining.

Perhaps Edward Temple spoke of the world—of his dislike of worldly people—his admiration of those who were not? Perhaps he insinuated, that he never saw a being so unworldly as Anne Grey! never knew one whose slightest contamination by the world it would grieve him so deeply to see. Perhaps he said how easily the world would spoil, and harden, and sully even the purest, the most simple-minded. Perhaps he warned Anne to beware—perhaps for *his sake* to beware; and (flattering reason) because she *was* the purest, the most simple-minded, and because of the grief it would cause him to see the slightest change in such a character. Perhaps Anne felt that the world might easily spoil—that it might change many—that it might change her in many things; still in one thing it never could change her! She never could forget Edward Temple.

But will he who mingles in this wicked, spoiling world—who *has* long mingled in it—will he forget—will he have said, and looked, and insinuated all this, merely for the amusement of the moment? Will he in a few short days be saying the self-same words—looking with the self-same looks at some other poor deluded, flattered girl? Will he perhaps remember her merely to think “hers was a pretty interesting character—an amusing study for an idle half hour?” Yes, perhaps it will be so; perhaps all this was said and felt, and thought. But I do not say that it was, or that it will be.

All I dare tell is that when the party safely returned to Chatterton, just in time for dressing, Anne Grey looked very happy. She said it had been a very delightful drive, and the most charming carriage in the world. Edward Temple handed her out with almost more than necessary care, hoped she was not tired, in an anxious (perhaps, we may say) in a tender voice; and said, when the expedition was spoken of that evening, that it had been very pleasant, and that nothing would be so delightful as another drive,—“if any more Roman ruins could be found—any Roman pig-styes: the Romans certainly must have had pigs—and they must have built them styes.”

“Certainly,” said Lady Dowton, who sat next him, “certainly. I wish my health would allow; but I am such a poor, weak creature, that I lose all these pleasures!”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mr. Temple, compassionately. “You cannot, I fear, look at Roman pig-styes.”

“Ah no!” said Lady Dowton. She was not quite sure whether Mr. Temple pitied her or not. Poor Lady Dowton! she was quite right not to be too certain.

“Does not Lady Dowton rather amuse you?” said Edward Temple to Anne, one evening at Chatterton.

“I have known her so long,” said Anne, “that the amusement is almost at an end.”

“I can easily imagine that. To me it is all new; dear, good Mrs. Foley’s unavoidable, and Lady Dowton’s avoidable, bad health, and interesting delicacy of mind and body go on so well together—they clash delightfully.”

And so it was. It may be supposed that the characteristics of Lady Dowton and Mrs. Foley bore so great a similitude that it was impossible they should agree; but in justice to Mrs. Foley it must be said, that all unpleasant feelings arising from their too great sympathy, were felt only by Lady Dowton. Mrs. Foley was exceedingly sorry for poor Lady Dowton, and I verily believe had often the tears in her eyes for her. But still they could not help clashing, for in the one there was the affectation of delicate health and sensibility; in the other the reality. To be ill, weak, nervous, and sensitive, was Lady Dowton’s ambition—her delight. To be sensitive and weak in mind and body was poor Mrs. Foley’s misfortune, and upon this she was so far from congratulating or priding herself, that she never could have imagined any other person doing so; and with all the heart that could be spared from the claims of her hundred cousins, she really pitied poor Lady Dowton.

No wonder that Lady Dowton should dislike her, in spite of her pity, when she saw that she really possessed all the enviable delicacy and sensibility to which she aspired. Her affected maladies, and Mrs. Foley’s real ones, were at endless variance; so in spite of Mrs. Foley’s ready tear, and though she always called her poor Lady Dowton, and ‘poor thing,’ Lady Dowton talked of Mrs. Foley’s indolence; wished, with many a sigh, that she possessed her good health, and said how shocking it was when people gave way so terribly to fancied evils.

“My dear Lady Downton,” said Mrs. Foley, that evening, as her ladyship was eagerly listening to a quite new, very scandalous story, with all the freshest *on dits* detailed by Lady Caroline Fullerton, “my dear Lady Downton, I am sure you must be tired to death by all this talking. Your health, I know, is so much like mine—I am sure this noise is quite too much for us. Do come with me into my little snuggerly, where we shall be quite quiet, and you must really lie down a little.”

It was said in such a kind, compassionate voice, that Lady Downton was obliged to seem languid, to leave the delightful piece of scandal, and to follow Mrs. Foley.

“You are quite right, Mrs. Foley,” said Edward Temple, “to take Lady Downton away. You are quite right, Lady Downton,” said he in a confidential tone. “When once Lady Caroline begins to tell little stories of her dear friends, there is really no end of it; none but the *strongest* nerves could bear it.”

Lady Downton tried not to frown, and to walk away with a relieved and contented air from the possibility of hearing what she would have given every thing in the world to hear.

“Poor woman!” said Edward Temple, smiling at Anne, and seating himself by her as Lady Downton withdrew. “It was almost too cruel! I half repented when I saw her look of agony, as I mentioned the interminable gossip.”

“It was very cruel,” said Anne, laughing. “Would it not be kind to call her back again?”

“No, no! that is a very charitable idea!” said he, “but my fit of remorse is over. I am much too happy here to allow of its continuance. A hundred Lady Downtons should not take me away!” and then, as he saw Anne look embarrassed by something too impressive in his manner, he added, “no! a hundred Lady Downtons should not take me away from Lady Caroline’s newest scandal!” and he was so eager to hear it, that he talked to Anne the whole time it was going on.

The next day was showery. No drives could be thought of on such a day. Towards evening it altered; the sun shone out before it set, but the ground was so wet that few of the party thought of stirring from the house. Two, however, of the number did venture forth together, and their voices might be heard as they turned the angle of the fir grove, and emerged in the long wide gravel walk some distance from the house.

These two adventurous people were Charlotte Daventry and Frank Crawford. They walked slowly; perhaps Charlotte Daventry, a young and timid girl, such as we know her to be, wished to shake off her companion's attendance, and purposely chilled herself to make him feel that it would be more for his comfort to walk alone. As they turned the corner of the dark avenue of pines, and walked farther from the house, a part of their conversation might be heard. Charlotte Daventry was speaking. It was not in her usual voice—her usual childish lively tone—her almost foolish manner. It was a new and different tone and manner.

“Yes! Isabella Foley is in love with William Grey—you may start, Mr. Crawford, but so it is!” turning towards him for an instant with a half comic look of enquiry.

“From any other person but you, I would not have borne such an assertion,” said Crawford.

“And why from me?” rejoined Charlotte.

“Look at me, and I will tell you,” was the reply. It was made in a voice that could scarcely be misunderstood.

“When a man bids a woman look at him in so grave a voice as yours, his request is seldom granted,” said she. “If I were like the generality of my sex, I should turn my head the other way—I should blush—perhaps I should sigh,” added she, with almost a laugh. “But I do neither. Yes, I will look at you.”

Charlotte turned her head towards him. Their eyes met—there was a pause. “Yes,” continued she, after some minutes' silence, “I repeat what I said; Isabella is already attached to William Grey, and therefore you hate him—I know it.”

“He is *your* cousin,” said Crawford. “You must love him. Can I hate him, then?”

“My cousin!” said Charlotte, “yes, he is my cousin!” she added in a tone of irony. “Yes, I *must* love him—that name is a passport certainly; *my cousin*—it is a name to love!” the tone of contempt and irony was dropped. Her voice became serious and earnest. “You think, then, that Charlotte Daventry loves her cousin—loves him—loves any thing! You think that she has love to bestow! Yes, yes! she did love once!” Frank Crawford started. “She has loved. Mr. Crawford, once she had a father, and to that father she gave fond, adoring, dutiful love. She gave it—she received it. Once—” she paused—“once she had a father; he

died. He is dead now!"—there was another pause.—Those words had been spoken slowly, calmly, impressively: they expressed the full meaning those words could convey. They expressed not only that the father was dead, but that the consciousness of his death lay heavy on the child. He was dead, and the cold, dead sense of desolation still lay chilling round her heart. "He is dead now," she repeated again in that same low, still voice. "You think that I can love once more? Aye, think so! They all may think—they all do think I can!—and you believe it too. I know that you believe—"

"Say any thing—suppose any thing, rather than that you cannot love!" exclaimed Crawford with vehemence. "Say any thing but that Charlotte Daventry cannot love once more!"

"Women have loved," said Charlotte gently, almost tenderly. "Women have loved, even where the power of affection seemed extinct." She sighed; her voice was soft, she turned her eyes on Crawford. Did a tear glisten there? Her hand was seized—it was not withdrawn: it was pressed—it was carried to his lips.

In a few minutes, the careless, childish voice of Charlotte Daventry, the good-hearted, simple girl, might have been heard; talking gaily and at random, wondering, pleased, and sorry. She was again the Charlotte Daventry of Weston and the Greys, as they returned to the house.

"Oh dear! we have had such a charming walk, Mrs. Foley," said Charlotte, as she entered, her face glowing with pleasure. "I was so sorry you did not all come out! It was really quite beautiful. But it is just dressing-time I see, and I must go and change my wet shoes."

"What a nice artless girl she is," said Mrs. Foley, as Charlotte bounded out of the room with a light and joyous step. "So cheerful and good-tempered!"

"Yes, remarkably so," said the Dowager Duchess.

"Dear Charlotte," said Sophy Grey that night as they sat together before going to bed; "in a few more days, perhaps I shall see Lord Stoketon!"

"Yes, perhaps you will," said Charlotte, giving her a kiss; "and in a few more days Miss Grey will be engaged to marry Lord Stoketon, and then in a few more, and a few more—what will happen then, Sophy?"

"Oh dear! though," sighed Charlotte, after a moment's pause,

“ what shall we do without you ? I am sure it must be very good-natured in me to be so glad ! for what shall I do when you are gone ? ”

“ Oh ! you will do very well,” said Sophy, “ and you know you must come and see me. I shall often have you with me.”

“ You good, kind girl ! ” exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes sparkling with joy. “ Will you indeed ? ”

“ Yes, surely,” said Sophy, eagerly. “ But Charlotte,” she added, “ I am not married yet ! and, after all, I may not be even likely to be married ! ”

“ Oh ! we shall see,” said Charlotte, archly, “ a few more days will settle that—(if I was selfish, I should say)—I am afraid. I shall not have you to come and coze with before bed-time then ; ” and Charlotte sighed a little. “ But good night,” said she, rousing herself. “ I am keeping you up, and your beauty will not be so bright as usual. Good night,” and Sophy left the room.

“ Aye, good night ! ” said Charlotte Daventry to herself, and she smiled. “ Go and dream of him. Chance may befriend you, it is true ! but if not—then dream in vain ! Yes ! a little time,” she looked at herself in the glass—“ this face—there is no peculiar beauty here. And yet—these eyes,” they flashed with the thought, “ have these no power ? Has this wild head no bright imaginings to bless it ! ” she smiled as her eyes rested on her mirrored reflection—“ to illumine this ordinary face, to lend a fascination—an attraction—aye, a power that guides—that leads those who think they lead ? Can this tongue utter no false, insinuating, flattering words ? Yes, here I behold myself—a simple, ordinary girl—and yet gifted with power to sooth and win all hearts. That enamoured fool, Frank Crawford ! with all his selfish caution”—she half laughed. “ He little knows that he is made a tool of Charlotte Daventry’s ! He thinks I love ! I meant he should, for love is blind : and if he speaks, who would believe the story of a rejected lover ? No, I am safe ; his ill-nature—his want of truth are too well known. One is gained ! and all shall be ! All ? Yes, alas ! but one”—the bright glow faded from her cheek, the flashing of her eyes was quenched—they turned mournfully from the glass, on which they had rested with proud and scornful exultation—her arms fell listless by her side—“ Yes, yes,” muttered she in a sad and bitter tone, “ all but one, whom I could love. Aye,

shame to say it ! and he loves another ! and I—I must look on—despair.

“But no, no !” and her eyes flashed again, as she proudly gazed on the form imaged in the glass. “Does Charlotte Daventry speak of despair ? no, no ! I will not despair ! He shall leave—forget—despise her—and she ! yes—there shall the serpent sting—she *shall*—she *will* love still ; and day by day she shall pine and pine ; and the fire shall be kept alive—a skilful hand shall stir and feed the half expiring flame, when religion—aye religion, duty, pride—a woman’s pride, has almost quenched that flame, the skilful hand shall raise it once more—shall revive—shall feed it. The pale cheek—the failing step—the tear—the would-be smile—the faint heart-broken smile—” She paused : the image was before her in all its life, and sad reality : she saw it, and a smile was on her lips.

“Yes,” continued she, “revenge is sweet—Father, for you it is sweet ! Yet, father”—and the smile was gone, “when the serpent stung—when he was nursed, caressed, and loved, and he prepared to sting—say, did the venom never recoil ? Did he never sting himself ?—Oh, father, yes—it must be so—there is a serpent here”—she pressed her hand upon her heart ; her eyes were wild—“there is a serpent, stinging, curling, gnawing here !” she screamed—“again, again, I feel it ! *Her* eyes could not have stung me so—*her* kiss”—she shuddered—“No, no ! it was the serpent’s sting !” But enough of this ; we will no farther undraw the veil of privacy. Let us return with the morning light to the breakfast table at Chatterton.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was Sunday—the day was just remembered by one or two of the party, besides the Greys, some of the Foleys, and Mr. Temple.

“By the by, what’s the day ?” said Mr. Cartwright. “Oh Sunday ; very true, I thought it was.”

It was just remembered to find an excuse for not going to church. Some little ailment that had never been heard or thought of be-

fore, rendered it out of the question that they could go to a church a quarter of a mile from the house.

“Oh I would not have you think of it !” said Mr. Foley, in a civil manner, as if he were persuading them not to stand upon form with himself. “The carriages are always ready on Sunday morning for any who choose to go : but I never make a point of it. I alwas make a rule that the servants should go. I am very strict in that respect. I hope you think we are right ?” said he, to the Duchess.

“Perfectly,” said her grace, hurrying over her breakfast, for she heard the hour for church was eleven.

Mrs. Foley and Isabella always go. Mrs. Foley thinks it right to go, as an example to the lower orders. It is highly proper they should attend. It keeps them from the ale-house, and from theft and murder, and all those horrible crimes incidental to the canaille.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Temple, “that is a truly discriminating view of our religious duties ! You know to make distinctions, Foley.”

Mr. Foley was almost preparing to bow, delighted at a proof that the great Mr. Temple approved of what he said. He was silent, expecting more would follow, and with the blissful certainty that all the party were listening.

“That is quite a new idea,” continued Edward Temple. “It is certainly singular that it never should have occurred to me before, that the rich have nothing to do with prayer and praise. Now, I suppose,” said he looking towards Mr. Foley, who seemed rather puzzled, and not quite prepared for what had been said ; “I should imagine,” continued he, with a modest, inquiring look, “that any great man, a king for instance, or a prime minister, or a commander in chief, can have no sins to be forgiven ? I should suppose they would never say their prayers, not even private ones, nor offer up praise and thanksgiving ? Yes, I see you think so,” making a sort of acknowledgment to Mr. Foley. “You hold out a high premium on exertion and talent : it is an interesting consideration, indeed, and may be useful.”

He stopped. No one spoke. Mr. Foley was not quite sure whether to be angry or not ; but he thought it better to let it pass ; so he turned to the Duchess, and talked about Mrs. Foley’s new school.

“Do not you wish,” said Edward Temple, turning to Anne, “that you were a king or a prime minister ? You will not an-

swer ;” and then lowering his voice so that she alone could hear, “ you look grave. I fear you think me wrong. You think, perhaps,” continued he, anxiously, “ that I ought not to have shown my indignation ? Yes—then I fear I must have been wrong. I should have restrained myself. But yet,” continued he, “ to hear any human being, and above all any educated person, professing to regard religion as made for the poor alone ! To imagine himself raised above the want of improvement ! The self-complacency, the presumption, of supposing he needs neither instruction nor forgiveness ; that he owes no gratitude for the very blessings he boasts. No, I could not let it pass as if I concurred. But I see,” said he, checking himself, “ that you think perhaps it is I who am most wanting in humility. I am sorry,” he added in a half mortified tone, “ that I did not let it pass.” Anne was silent whilst Mr. Temple spoke. It had been delightful to her that he should seek her opinion ; but she felt afraid of answering such an appeal, and of appearing to think that he could really desire its expression. She saw, however, he expected an answer.

“ I hope you were not wrong,” said she, “ for if you were, I fear I must have been so also. I believe, my only reason for looking grave, if I did so, was my dread that you should say less than you did. I felt eager that you should turn such opinions into ridicule, as I knew you could—that you should make them appear in their true light.” Anne checked herself, and the blush of eagerness turned to one of timidity, as she found she had been carried on by her feelings, and she added with some degree of confusion : “ I suppose it was this which made me look grave.”

Edward Temple’s eyes had been fixed on her as she spoke, and he thought, as the glow of animation lighted up her face, that he never had beheld a being more lovely and intelligent.

Edward Temple had not spoken in vain. Many, who had not thought of church before, or who had spoken doubtfully of slight colds, slight head-aches, &c., now found that there was nothing to prevent their attendance, and nearly all the party went. Charlotte Daventry had complained of a cold the evening before, and Mrs. Grey would not allow her to go. Frank Crawford seldom went, and he did not go this morning. Lady Dowton could not go—she was too ill ; but alas ! poor soul ! she might as well have been at church, for not a word of gossip did she obtain, even from Lady Caroline Fullerton.

"No," said Charlotte Daventry to Frank Crawford, as they sat together in the drawing-room, "I will promise that William Grey shall not marry her."

"And how must I rely on your promise, or even your power?" said Crawford. Charlotte Daventry turned her eyes upon him. They were not at that moment wild and sparkling as they had often been: but full of softness.

"Can you doubt my wish?" said she, in a half-upbraiding voice; and then in an instant changing her look, her eyes once more flashing with animation, "can you doubt my power?"

"No, no!" said Crawford, as he gazed on her with eager admiration,— "no, no! How could I doubt it?"

"Power! what a pretty thing it is!" said Charlotte after a moment's pause, in her natural childish voice, and with her ordinary half silly manner. "How I wish I was a queen! Oh! Mr. Cartwright," said she, as he entered, "I have been wishing I were a queen. Should not you like it so much?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," said Mr. Cartwright, "certainly if you were queen, I should wish to be king;" with a gay, gallant air, making a bow to Miss Daventry and her perfections.

"Oh! should you?" said Charlotte, good simple girl, quite innocent of the compliment implied. "Oh yes! I suppose so," added she, after a moment's thought of why he did not rather wish to be a queen. "Certainly; you would wish to be a king and I a queen. Well," said she, with a bounding step out of the room; "I must go and look for Lady Downton, and see whether she has quite killed Lady Caroline with talking. Good-by, Mr. Crawford." She cast a comic half-despairing look at him as she left the room. Mr. Cartwright had turned the other way.

"Miss Daventry," said Crawford, following her. "Miss Daventry,"—she hesitated: he followed her out of the room. "Miss Daventry, you will walk with me?" said he, in an imploring tone and manner. "Do not refuse. I cannot bear to be refused by you. I cannot bear to be away from you. Say you will walk with me, as it seems that in the house we are to be interrupted every minute by some officious simpleton or other."

"Mr. Crawford," said Charlotte, in a very quiet voice, and with a very demure look, "I told you and Mr. Cartwright that I was going to Lady Downton. I do not know why you should doubt my word;" and she almost ran away, humming the air of a song Lady

Emily Harville had sung the evening before. Crawford looked after her as she went.

"That girl has a power to torment," thought he, "but then what a heaven to be certain of her love!—to know she loved one, as such a being might love! Can she know how her careless manner torments? Yes, yes, she knows her power!" and Crawford returned to the room.

"Why, what's the matter, Crawford?" said Mr. Cartwright. "Ten thousand furies are in your face—the true reflection of a woman's frowns! So the girl frowned at you, did she, and bid you go back? Ay! she can smile, though!" added he, with a complacent look at himself, as he adjusted his cravat by the glass.

"Furies!" said Crawford, "do you mean to insinuate that she smiles on such——" he checked himself: he thought of the madness of exposing his feelings to a man like Mr. Cartwright. He compressed his lips firmly together, as if to prevent the rage that boiled within from bursting forth. He threw himself on a chair, and was silent.

"Come, my dear fellow," said Mr. Cartwright, rather alarmed by the effect of his words, and not wishing to have a quarrel with a man like Frank Crawford, "come, my dear fellow, you know my little jokes. Well, I am going out for a walk," said he, as he received no answer, and trying to look careless, he walked out of the room.

"The safest course;" said he to himself. "I meant nothing. The girl *has* smiles—it's true enough; and smiles for me too, let Crawford think what he pleases; and who was to know that he was smitten? Who indeed would ever have thought that Crawford could be smitten—it's astonishing! However, no one heard him, and he did not finish the sentence. There was no occasion for me to guess what he meant to say!" and Mr. Cartwright walked away his sense of the affront in a pleasant ramble round the grounds at Chatterton, till the church bells ringing told him the party would be returned from church, and then he also bent his steps toward the house, for there was safety in numbers.

This was the last evening to be spent at Chatterton. On the morrow the party was going to break up. How many were sorry, or how many were glad, it would be difficult to say! for who can judge what feeling lurks under those civil words of leave-taking, those hopes with smiles of meeting again, those regrets with sighs

at parting? Some may ask themselves "when shall we meet again?" to say and think "I do not care how long it may be;" some to hope that meeting may be soon, to sigh that it may be long delayed—aye, perhaps, for ever! Some may ask "when shall we meet again?" and the answer will sound like a knell, "perhaps never more!" that 'good-by' may press mournfully on the heart, that parting cause the inward groan; and the blood rushes swiftly to the face in the struggle to repress the tears so ready to burst forth. Some may ask "when shall we meet again?" and, as they look their last on those gentle sorrowful eyes, and hear the soft good-by, to some it says, "when those eyes will no longer look kindly, when that soft voice will no longer speak in fondness, when time will have changed that heart—then shall we meet again!" Some may ask "when shall we meet again?" to answer with melancholy foreboding, "when sorrow has been—when happiness, the careless joy of heart, is gone—when those whom now we see and hear, whom we have loved from the days of childhood even till now—when the young, the beautiful, the glad—when they are cold and still, are lost to us for ever—when we are grown old in feeling—when the ties that bound us to earth are gone—then shall we meet again!"

"When shall we meet again?" Yes, there is sadness in those words, even in gay careless partings when spoken in gaiety and happiness. There is something that may make us think and moralize, and ask ourselves shall we ever meet again? for the grave lies near us, and the hand of death may now be upon us, upon them; and another day—another hour may not be ours, or theirs; and we may never meet again!

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON that last evening at Chatterton, and on the following morning, Edward Temple conversed with Charlotte Daventry.

"She has either better sense, and better feelings, or greater artifice and power of dissimulation than I gave her credit for," thought he, when it was over. When alone that night in his

room, he remained deep in thought for some time. "I wish it were otherwise," said he, half aloud. "If it is not so, how dangerous to her disposition—to her happiness!"

Anne wished Mr. Temple good-by in the pleasing hope that ere long she might see him again. The preceding evening she heard her father invite him to Weston. Mr. Weston accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and turned, for an instant, to look at her as he did so. If Anne did not feel happy, she ought to have done so; and if her pleased, her almost grateful look at her father, when a few minutes after he approached and laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder, may be accepted as a proof, it is certain that she did feel happy.

As she drove home the next day, and heard her father speaking in the highest terms of Mr. Temple, she felt that it was almost worth while to be separated from him for the satisfaction of listening to his praises, and for the pleasure of looking forward to meeting him again.

And what were the feelings of some of those left at Chatterton? George Foley had seen that Anne Grey preferred Edward Temple. He was not sure of Mr. Temple's feelings towards her, and he believed that however much he might admire her, it was probable that, as a fastidious self-adoring man of the world, he would regard matrimony in the light of a sacrifice. He thought highly of Edward Temple in many respects; not only of his talents, but of his feelings and principles. Still, as he was a man of the world, he thought that self might triumph even over Anne Grey in the heart of Edward Temple. With such an opinion, independent of all selfish sorrow, he watched with pain the growth of her affection for him; he feared that she might hereafter have cause to grieve that she had ever become acquainted with Edward Temple. He longed for the privilege of putting her on her guard, for whilst he acquitted Temple of premeditated deceit, he knew the power of self, he knew the many excuses too easy to be found for all that is pleasing, amusing, or interesting, where selfishness is at hand to prompt.

In this view of Edward Temple's probable conduct, there was much that might have been gratifying to George Foley; but if it did encourage him in a hope that, with steady perseverance and patience on his part, he might one day secure for himself the affections of Anne; he was too amiable not to grieve most sincerely,

for any thing which could occasion distress to her feelings. It would, perhaps, be uncharitable to pry too far into his heart, or to define too exactly the degrees of sorrow or joy he experienced. Suffice it to say that, whilst he felt sorrow for her, he almost dared to trust with a fond, pleasing, yet uncertain hope to the happiness of one day calling her his own.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Grey to Anne, that evening at Weston, “what a very nice young man Mr. George Foley is. I like him better than ever!”

“He is a very sensible good sort of fellow!” said William, and this was high praise from him,

“Yes, I thought so,” said Mrs. Grey, looking with delight at him. “I always thought so. You see, my dear,” turning to Anne with her very happiest smile, “that William says he is a very sensible man—a very good sort of young man.”

“I said ‘fellow,’ ma’am,” interrupted William.

“Ah, yes,” said Mrs. Grey, unchecked by the interruption. “He is indeed a very delightful young man, and Mr. Grey always says so. He talked a good deal to you, Anne!”

“Yes,” said Anne, “and he is one to whom I always like to talk;” she even added a few words more in his praise, and Mrs. Grey was so pleased at her warmth of approval, that she sat smiling at her as she spoke, and said, “Very true, my dear Anne, that’s very sensible;” when she had done.

William laughed and said, “Very judicious praise you give your daughters, ma’am! I hope you will praise me whenever I make a spirited éloge of any young lady of my acquaintance. Come Anne, you shall be Mrs. George Foley, if you’ll be a good girl!”

“My dear William!” said Anne, looking at him with surprise, and a little annoyed. “My dear William, what nonsense you are talking!”

“Yes, yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Grey, looking delighted at the nonsense, but rather alarmed lest it should have a bad effect, and put Anne too much on her guard with Mr. George Foley. “Yes, yes, my dear, it is only his little joke. Come, William, we will have no more of this nonsense: you know it’s all a joke!”

“I never thought it was any thing else ma’am,” said William; “and after all there is no joke equal to two people falling in love and marrying.”

“Your mother and I thought so, William, thirty years ago,” said Mr. Grey, smiling.

“Seven-and-twenty, my dear!” said Mrs. Grey, “Seven-and-twenty this day three weeks.”

“Well then, I’ll have another cup of tea if you please, ma’am,” said William, “in honour of what is to be commemorated this day three weeks, and a little stronger than the last if you can afford it. Did you read ——’s speech in the paper to-day, Sir?” said he to his father, whilst Mrs. Grey was murmuring to herself about nerves and “actually as strong as coffee,” and endeavouring to make weak tea look strong by filling William’s cup quite full.

But here we must leave the domestic circle at Weston, to turn to one small comfortable sitting-room of Isabella Foley’s in the large rambling house at Chatterton. There we find George Foley and herself seated for a fire-side coze, neither of them quite so much at ease as usual in their confidential fire-side talks, when all thoughts and feelings were usually avowed and discussed between the brother and sister.

They were neither of them quite at ease, for each had something they wished to confess, yet each scarce knew how to begin.

“The Greys are very agreeable people,” said George, looking at his boots.

“Charlotte Daventry is a very nice girl,” said Isabella, reaching a hand-screen; whether to shade her face from the fire, or from observation, I do not know.

“How pretty Miss Grey is,” said George, just looking at Isabella to see what she thought of that; but Isabella did not look that way, and her face was so screened that he could gather nothing from it. “I think some people might call her prettier than her sister.”

George Foley was touching delicate ground: he paused, hoping to have gained something.

“Yes, certainly,” said Isabella, not exactly knowing what she was saying, “yes certainly, much prettier!”

“Do you think so?” said George, his caution all gone at hearing her assent to such an opinion.

“Oh! I fancied you thought so,” said Isabella, finding she had not answered quite right, yet knew not why. “Miss Grey is rather,”—hesitating a little and putting her screen still nearer to her face, “Miss Grey is rather—I think she is a little—perhaps like her brother.”

“Yes, very,” said George, returning Isabella’s compliment by answering something to which he had not attended.

“No, do you think so?” said Isabella, roused at last, as George had been. “I cannot say, I think so very like—scarcely indeed,” she added, getting animated in defence of William Grey’s good or bad looks, “scarcely indeed, I should say, any likeness at all.”

“Oh! I beg your pardon,” said George, recollecting himself. “I misunderstood you: I thought you were saying how like William Grey was to his sister. I only agreed with you. I really never thought much about it.”

“William Grey is a very agreeable person,” said Isabella, turning away.

“Yes, he is a good rattling sort of fellow, rather blunt and and bearish, I think; but clever, and I dare say good-hearted.”

“Do you think he is so very blunt and bearish, George?” asked Isabella. “Blunt, to be sure he is, and I like that sort of bluntness. One sees there is no deceit: but I do not think he is bearish! It is unjust to call him bearish,” added she rather warmly.

“Well, my dear Bell, I did not mean to say any thing against him. I think he is a good, manly, open-hearted fellow, with a great deal of shrewdness and good sense, some quiet humour, and appreciation of humour in others, with rather too little consideration for the feelings of others, and rather too fond of self.”

“No, not quite that,” murmured Isabella very softly, and not meaning it to be quite audible.

“But I did not know, Bell, that you would care whether I praised William Grey or not?”

“No, indeed,” said Isabella, with a determined effort to avail herself of this opening. “No, indeed, I dare say you did not. Indeed I don’t know why I should care,” and poor Isabella got very much confused, sighed, and looked from behind her screen at the fire, saw nothing in the fire to help her, and at last made one more desperate effort to tell her brother at once, how much she was interested in William Grey’s character; and how she feared he did not care for her; and how Charlotte Daventry, who was such a dear good girl, was so fond of him and praised him so much!

George listened with great seriousness, and with great interest, just as a brother should listen to such a confession from a sister.

“I know I ought not to love him,” said Isabella, “for I have no reason to suppose it reciprocal—if he even likes me, it is but as

a mere acquaintance—a pleasing girl, perhaps,” said she blushing as she spoke, and hesitating.

George was grave as he listened to Isabella : to own the truth, he was sincerely sorry to hear her confession. He saw that she was more seriously attached to William Grey than he had wished to believe; for, with a character such as hers, attachment could not be that light, changeable sentiment it might be with others. He had heard of William Grey’s admiration for Jane Graham, which rendered it peculiarly unlikely that he should return his sister’s affection. George thought it right to tell his sister what he knew on this subject. It was a disagreeable task to dispel any pleasing illusion that might have dwelt in her mind. Still it was right so to do and Isabella bore the intelligence better than her brother had expected; she had had so little hope, that it was less disappointment to hear that he already loved another than it might otherwise have proved. Besides, it was not quite certain; and might she not still allow herself to look forward to time to effect what she desired?

It now became George’s turn to confess; and he had soon acquainted Isabella of his love for Anne Grey, and of her apparent preference for Edward Temple. Isabella in her turn listened and looked grave.

“ Yes,” said George Foley, “ I love Anne Grey !”

“ I am sorry for it,” said Isabella sadly, looking down with a discomposed air. George fixed his eyes upon her inquiringly, as if to see whether there were any other reason for this regret than that which he himself had mentioned.

“ Yes, indeed, dear Bella, I thought you would pity me. I knew you must be sorry because there is so much hopelessness in the case.”

“ But, George,” said Isabella gravely, “ it is not for that only, but I am sorry on every account that you should love Anne Grey.” George looked at her in surprise. “ I shall distress you, dear George,” she said looking at him sorrowfully : “ it seems we are fated to-day to say unpleasant things to one another.”

George reddened with alarm as Isabella spoke. He looked anxiously at her, begged her to go on, and Isabella then told him all that she had learned from Charlotte Daventry concerning the disposition of Anne, and her own reasons for believing that it was true. She described Charlotte Daventry’s manner about the music

—all that had dropped from her at various times, both with regard to Anne, to Mr. Grey, and to all the family—and her praises of William were not forgotten.

George listened : he leant his head on his hand ; he was painfully intent on what his sister said. When she told him that Charlotte Daventry had betrayed that Anne was jealous of her doing any thing better than herself, he interrupted her by exclaiming, “ Jealous ! jealous of another’s accomplishments ! No, that is a mistake ! That is not true ! ” When she told him of Anne’s temper—of her want of feeling and consideration for her,—of her dissimulation, he again exclaimed, “ No, no, ” then again was quiet, and by a sign bid Isabella continue. But when she had done—when she had said all—had expressed her detestation of such a character as Anne Grey’s—had implied her conviction that her brother must soon, if not at once, look with equal detestation on such a deceitful character—when she spoke of her love and pity for Charlotte Daventry, he no longer restrained himself—he was no longer silent.

He started up, and bursting forth in a tone of mingled anger and agitation, exclaimed, “ Do not say that again, Isabella ! Do not repeat that you love, that you admire Charlotte Daventry ! You are not to blame—I do not blame you—you have been deceived ; but never talk to me again of loving the person who could speak ill of Anne Grey ! Whoever breathed a word against her has uttered a falsehood ! I would stake my life that it is false ; and Isabella, I bid you beware of the person who could defame such a character ! ” He walked out of the room unable to repress his indignation.

“ He is gone ! ” said Isabella sadly. I have grieved—offended him ! and yet if Charlotte Daventry should be right ! what else could I have done ? And yet if Charlotte Daventry is deceitful ? ” the colour rushed to her face, “ I have trusted her ! Oh ! if George is right ? It may be so ! ” she sighed. “ How unhappy either way ! Dear George ! He was angry. I never saw him angry with me before. Oh ! how I wish I had never known Charlotte Daventry ! ” and Isabella Foley leant her head on her hand, and burst into tears.

“ Isabella, ” said George, as he came into her room before they separated for the night, “ I am afraid I was cross with you. I was angry at the time. Will you forgive me ? ” laying his hand on hers.

“ Dear George, ” said Isabella, her face brightening with pleasure,

“how glad I am to hear you speak so to me again! Indeed there is nothing for me to forgive! But I have been very unhappy. I wish we had never come to Chatterton, George! Do not you? I wish we had never known any of them!” looking up at him, with the tears standing in her eyes.

“No, dear Bella,” said George, “I cannot wish that. We shall find yet much happiness here, I dare say; and as to the Greys—” after a pause—“that perhaps will all be well in time. But I want to speak to you about that, Isabella. I was unjust to you before, but I was not quite myself. I could not be calm to hear Anne Grey traduced. I firmly believe that it is false—there is some mistake. I will not blame any one till I know where it is deserved. I have been suffering the last few hours in thinking of my injustice to you. You may have misunderstood Miss Daventry’s words, or there may be something we do not understand. I do not wish to judge harshly of any one; still there is something I do not quite like about her. Of course you are aware that Frank is in love with her. Every one must remark that; and I know it is so, not only from what he said himself, but from something Cartwright told me: however, that is less to the purpose. But there is something strange in her manner about this: in short, Ben, dear, I do not wish you should place too much confidence in her. I had doubts before, and all you have told me has but helped to confirm them. It is utterly impossible that Anne Grey should be what she would represent; and I do not believe that Mr. Grey would ever be guilty of the faults of which she accuses him.”

“She did not exactly accuse,” interposed Isabella. “She only let fall things.”

“It is the same thing,” said George: “you must either have heard wrongly, interpreted wrongly, or she could not have been aware what she was saying; or, Isabella, I fear there is another alternative. Consider a little. Is it not rather strange, that, short as your acquaintance with Miss Daventry has been, she should have already contrived to let fall so many things by accident, against the characters and dispositions of those with whom she lives? That, with all the cleverness, the sensibility, the feeling, of which you tell me she is possessed, she should still have been so weak, unguarded and I should say, so ungenerous, as to let out to you, in the course of a four days’ visit, so many circumstances to the disadvantage of her nearest relatives? Would not any girl with a particle of com-

mon sense, or of good feeling, have contrived to keep them to herself? You say her manner, when she talked to you alone, was so different from her usual one, that you do not believe her to be childish and thoughtless, as she appears. What then does this prove? If she is really light and thoughtless, where is her excuse? Do you see nothing suspicious—nothing contradictory in this?"

Isabella considered—looked doubtful, and at length said, "Certainly it is strange: it never struck me so before—but then, George, Charlotte Daventry is unlike other people. She is so natural! She does not consider what she is saying."

"That is a good excuse with some people," said George, "for saying every thing that is most ill-natured, and for concealing nothing that, for the sake of others, ought to be concealed."

"But she never professed to be natural," said Isabella.

"No, she had no occasion to profess. She left no one in doubt of her being what is called a 'natural character.' A natural character, Isabella, sometimes is but another word for an artificial one. I will not as yet say positively it is so with her. There may be some mistake; but I have my doubts. Her manner is very variable: she may be an excellent actress. I sometimes almost feel that she is constantly acting a part."

"Acting a part!" said Isabella, looking astonished. "Oh no! that cannot be!"

"If you had seen her one morning as I did," said George, "perhaps you would not be so surprised. I happened to come into the room when she and Frank were sitting together. They did not observe me enter. Her manner—her look then, Isabella, was different to what you have ever seen it—in short"—he paused a moment—"in short, Bella, do not make a friend of Charlotte Daventry. I have noticed the coldness of your manner to the Miss Greys, and they noticed it, I am sure. I was surprised and sorry to perceive it. Try to think differently about them. Try to find out for yourself: that is the best way after all. A character may generally be discovered by study. I will try too. I will not be blinded to the faults even of Anne Grey, if she has any: it has distressed me much to hear even an imputation cast on her, of the falsehood of which I can obtain no immediate proof: yet I could almost stake my life that it is false. Let us, however, both be on our guard. We need not trust too implicitly, nor blame too easily;

—and now, good-night, dear Bella.” You have forgiven me, I hope?”

“Forgiven you! It is I who have to be forgiven;” and they separated with their wonted kindness and affection.

George Foley retired to rest, to think whether there could be a fault in Anne Grey, and to come to the happy conclusion that there was not one; and Isabella retired to rest to think whether, if Charlotte Daventry had spoken untruly of all the rest of the Greys, she might not still have spoken the truth of William; and to convince herself that all that had been uttered in his praise must be true. Thus did George and Isabella both fall asleep, having mentally settled their mutual question in the way people always settle all questions for or against their wishes—the way most pleasing to themselves.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE once more return to Weston, just as the Miss Greys and Charlotte Daventry have retired to their rooms. “I am glad you are come,” said Charlotte to Anne, as she entered her room, and they seated themselves over the fire, “for I have not had a coze with you for such an age! and I have a great deal I want to say to you. I want to speak to you of *him*,” looking archly at Anne. “Yes, of him—you know who?”

“No,” said Anne, belying her assertion by a deep blush.

“No!” said Charlotte; “but that blush, my own Anne, says ‘yes.’ Yes! I want to talk to you about Mr. Temple.”

“Ah!” said Anne, not looking very much surprised notwithstanding her ‘no;’ “I thought no one would have found that out!”

“I have only found out one thing,” said Charlotte; “that Mr. Temple is in love with you: farther I do not know.”

“Nor so far, indeed,” said Anne, looking very happy, “for it is probably not the case.”

“Not the case!” said Charlotte, with a tone of astonishment. “Do you mean to be so *very* modest as to doubt the truth of that? No, Anne, he loves you—that is certain, and what I wish to say is, that I congratulate you upon your conquest! I longed to tell you

what I thought of him.—I longed to tell you that you were sometimes so cold in your manner to him, I feared you would frighten him away; and I would not have you lose him for the world! No, Anne, I think him so perfect that I have set my heart on seeing you married to him. Yes, it would, so grieve me if he should go away mortified by your coldness, and perhaps marry some other person whose manner was less indifferent.”

“Charlotte,” said Anne, looking half alarmed, yet half pleased, “you forget what every one says, or perhaps you have never heard it—that Mr. Temple is not a marrying man.”

“Oh! but he is—he must be! No man, so good as he is, could behave so ill as to fall in love—”

“Nay, Charlotte,” said Anne, laughing, “you may allow a person to fall in love if he cannot help it?”

“No, I will not,” said Charlotte. “No man like him would behave so ill as to let himself fall in love, and make love to a girl, and be so attentive to her, without meaning to marry. No, Mr. Temple is superior to this! I cannot think so ill of him as you would do, Anne.”

“I think ill of him!” exclaimed Anne: “but, indeed,” continued she, after a moment’s pause; “I should have no reason—no particular reason, for blaming him if he had never meant any thing—if he married any one else to-morrow,” sighing. “He never said any thing you know, Charlotte, to bind me—never asked—never—”

“Oh yes! I know what you mean, Anne. He never said ‘Will you marry me?’ no; but he said a great deal that meant the same, and in sifort, Anne, I do hope you will marry him some day. You think me careless and foolish, and so I am sometimes,—I know I am; but I *can* feel and think seriously, and I have not seen you and Mr. Temple together without very great interest, and when none of the others saw it—no, not even Sophy, for you know she said once she believed Mr. Temple rather admired her—”

“Did she?” said Anne, starting. Charlotte took no notice and went on.

“When none of them saw it, I found it out; and I have watched him, and tried to study his character, and I see that he loves you,—that he is worthy of you—that he could understand and appreciate you, as few others can, and my whole heart is set upon your marrying him. Yes! though I seem such a careless, giddy girl,

when I really love people I can find out things that others do not—perhaps, because they do not care so much.”

“ Dear Charlotte,” said Anne, affectionately, how warm-hearted and kind you are ! But you think too highly of me, I fear, and too much of Mr. Temple’s preference for me. **Indeed**, it is not likely to be more than merely a slight preference. He is never likely to think seriously of me, and instead of encouraging myself to become more attached to him, I should try all I can to resist the feeling. But I must go, Charlotte. I must not let an interesting subject make me keep you up all night. So good night, dear.”

“ Breathes there the girl with heart so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,

this is the very person I should prefer to all others if he would only fall in love with me? No, no, there is not such a person,” said Charlotte to herself, as Anne left the room; “ No—even the meek, retiring Anne Grey is caught ; aye, fairly caught ! and she may struggle and struggle, and never will she get that little constant heart out of the web in which it is so nicely entangled ! Never whilst Charlotte Daventry lives. No, my pretty fly, let the spider run round and round you, and drop a sugared word—a sugared tone now and then to amuse you, whilst it makes each thread the tighter : yes—the spider shall draw it each day tighter—harder—and the venom meanwhile shall drop into its veins—drop by drop. It shall be carefully instilled, and there the poor struggling heart shall remain, and the spider shall entwine and triumph :” the picture was too delightful. Charlotte Daventry smiled,—that peculiar smile gleamed through her eyes. “ And there it shall remain,” she continued, “ till its struggling is over—till it is broken—till it is cold and still. Yes—pretty, gay and gladsome thing—flutter awhile—you know not what is in store for you ! What ! does she think that Charlotte Daventry will rejoice to see him marry *her* ? To see him love her ? No ! I can prize that love, and I claim it ! It shall be mine—it shall never be Anne Grey’s”.

She clasped her hands together, as she uttered these words : she stood firm, erect. Proudly she drew herself up : determination, and fixed resolve were painted in her countenance—her very form—her very attitude. She stood for a moment thus, but then a mournful thought passed through her mind, and all was changed ; her figure no longer retained its firm erectness ; her head was no

longer proudly raised in triumph ; her hands no longer clasped. No—one moment and all was gone.

“He loves her,” murmured she. He loves me not. He scorns me!” and she rested her head mournfully on her hand, whilst the tears slowly and silently streamed down her cheek.

Anne had quitted her cousin that night with the thought so strongly impressed on her mind that if ever she should marry, she would like to marry exactly such a person as Mr. Temple, that, for once in her life, she behaved like a heroine and dreamt of the hero. She dreamt she was sitting in the library at Weston, that Edward Temple walked in—that he was going to put out his hand—that he looked delighted to see her. She felt the glow of pleasure through her heart, at his look and manner, when suddenly Charlotte Daventry appeared—she snatched away his hand just as she was extending her own : his face and manner was changed—he frowned on her—he looked at Charlotte with kindness—with that look with which he had so often regarded her : he again turned towards herself : it was with dislike ; Charlotte looked at her too, and her look was one of scorn and hatred. She was going to speak—to ask her why she so regarded her : she made an effort and awoke.

“What a horrid dream!” thought Anne, and she could scarcely shake it from her mind : it still kept recurring, and she actually started when she heard Charlotte Daventry’s voice, and felt her hand on her shoulder. She almost expected to behold the same horrid face that she had witnessed in her dream.

And what were Edward Temple’s thoughts during this time ? Had he any terrible dreams ? Not one ; but, as he found himself alone that evening at Temple-court—had walked across the pillared hall, had passed through the spacious drawing-room, entered the large gallery-like library, and brought out of it the book he wanted, and looked, as he returned, at the deserted drawing-room, observed the melancholy appearance of the tables without work, drawings, or any female occupations to give the room its air of comfort ; returned to his own snug room, seated himself in his comfortable arm-chair, opened his book, stirred the fire, and settled himself to the intellectual delights of solitary reading ; what shall we say to a sensible, clever, intellectual hero, when we know that, instead of going steadily with mind and eye through the first page of his book, he actually let the one wander to the fire—the other still farther ?

As he sat there in his own large splendid house, with every thing indicative of wealth about him, all to be enjoyed alone, for a moment a vision passed across his mind; a gentle being presented herself to his imagination—a gentle being with a low-toned voice, soft blue eyes, and graceful figure; he thought of a light and noiseless tread, a joyous laugh, a ready smile, a ready tear, quick intelligence, conversational powers, a cultivated mind, and elegance of thought; he thought of a being to look to him with fond affection, to be ever near him, to become attentive as he spoke, to warm into enthusiasm as she listened, to reveal to him the rich stores of her mind—to infuse her charm, her taste, her cheerfulness into every thing around him—to give to the lonely house a look of comfort and of occupation—to sing, to laugh, to talk, to be sad with him, and to love him: yes—to love as she alone could love: and in return to be prized—beloved—adored. The vision for a moment passed across his mind—a gentle, affectionate being—a wife. It was a vision of Anne Grey. Only for a moment—and then—the leaf of the book was turned—another, and another—and Edward Temple was once more deep in his intellectual delights.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“Who can that be, come so early?” said Mrs. Grey, as she heard the door bell ring!

“Oh! some one on business to papa, I suppose,” said Sophy; and on she went with a difficult passage in her music, which she had vainly tried three times to conquer. One finger always came in that brilliant run where the other finger ought to have come, and that one little finger set all the others wrong. Might we not moralize on this, and say how one little fault sometimes sets a whole character wrong—sets all our actions wrong—causes the misfortunes of our future life? One slight fault fires the train of our misfortunes; and then, in quick succession, one calamity causes another—all from one slight error in the outset.

But we leave the reader to moralize farther if he likes, whilst we

usher in the early visitor to Mr. Grey, and introduce him as Lord Stoketon.

“ Lord Stoketon !” exclaimed Mr. Grey.

“ Yes,” said Lord Stoketon in a hurried, agitated manner, half turning his head away, as he received Mr. Grey’s hearty shake of the hand—“ Yes, you could not expect me ; I did not expect to find myself here ;” and he seated himself without seeming to know what he was doing. Mr. Grey was alarmed—he saw that Lord Stoketon was in great agitation. A thought of his son rushed through his mind. He waited almost breathless, for him to speak.

“ Would to God I had no cause for coming so ;” said Lord Stoketon, “ for coming with such a different motive to that to which I had so fondly looked forward ; Mr. Grey, I am going to distress you.

Mr. Grey laid hold of a chair. He looked eagerly at Lord Stoketon ; “ Any illness ?” he murmured, scarcely audible.

“ No, no,” nothing of that kind. Good God ! what a fool I have been ;” as he saw Mr. Grey turn pale. “ No—no, no illness—no death.”

“ Thank God !” uttered Mr. Grey, as he looked at Lord Stoketon, and tried to smile, saying “ I was foolish to be so much alarmed—but a father—” continued he, half smiling, “ a father always dreads some calamity to his children when they are not all around him. I thought of my boy. It was a father’s folly.”

Lord Stoketon buried his face in his hands, and for a minute he was unable to speak. “ Mr. Grey,” said he at length, raising his head, “ you spoke of a father’s feelings. I am come to wound those feelings—and yet I have a hope—but I must not speak of that. I come on the part of a friend, to accuse Miss Grey of spreading malicious reports against his character, and that of those most dear to him—for the purpose of breaking off his union, and—” speaking with great effort—“ because she herself was attached to him. I come to ask you to make Miss Grey retract these unfortunate assertions”—he paused in strong emotion. “ I did think to come for a very different purpose,” he added mournfully—“ to ask your permission—but—I must not think of what I had hoped to come for ! Mr. Grey, if you can say that all that is alleged is false, you will indeed make me happy.”

Mr. Grey changed colour as Lord Stoketon spoke : when first he mentioned his daughter’s name he had looked indignant, and was

inclined to interrupt him ; but he checked himself, and allowed him to continue ; but when Lord Stoketon stopped, and appealed to him, he replied with evident emotion :

“ Lord Stoketon, you have brought an accusation against my daughter, which, if made lightly—if made unjustly—I warn you candidly, it had been better you should never have made. It had been better for any man to have deliberated before he came to accuse a daughter to her father,” said he, proudly. “ But I do not believe that you mean to speak unkindly. I believe that it grieves you to say this to me—that you think there is reason for believing it. God knows how you came to believe such a thing.”

Lord Stoketon suddenly raised his head as Mr. Grey uttered these last words. “ Lord Stoketon,” continued he, “ here is my hand, in token that towards you I feel no anger,—that my indignation is not against you.” Lord Stoketon took the hand, as it was given, with emotion. He almost sobbed as he unclasped it, turned away his head, and again concealed his face.

“ But,” continued Mr. Grey, “ that I do feel indignation—the greatest indignation, I will not deny. I believe that my daughter is innocent of all she is accused. If there has been malice, it has been from some other quarter. Sophy never harboured a malicious—an ungenerous feeling in her heart. She is quite innocent—utterly so.”

Lord Stoketon turned towards Mr. Grey as he spoke thus firmly and proudly. He looked at him for a moment, then seizing his hand, exclaimed “ Thank you—thank you for that. Heaven bless you, Sir ! I knew it was false—I knew it must be—I knew Sophy Grey was innocent.”

Mr. Grey was affected, and he could only thank Lord Stoketon, at the moment, by the cordial pressure of his hand. There was a pause, for both parties were affected, and for a few minutes unable to speak. Mr. Grey was the first to break the silence, and it was to ask Lord Stoketon for further information.

I need not repeat all that passed ; but briefly relaté the circumstances which had caused this abrupt and painful interview. It may be remembered that a marriage was talked of between Maria Pemberton and Frederick Barton. The reader may also remember the ill-natured remarks of Lady Dowton at which Sophy had laughed ; and which were afterwards repeated by Charlotte Davenport with some addition concerning Lord Stoketon, just to amuse her-

self and Mr. Crawford, one morning at Lady Dowton's expense. At the time, Charlotte Daventry could have had little idea of the serious results which would arise from what she probably viewed as an innocent amusement.

Frederic Barton was a friend of Lord Stoketon's. He was a young man of good principles, with warm and steady feelings : a mutual attachment existed between himself and Maria Pemberton. Maria Pemberton was plain, but agreeable, clever, accomplished, and amiable, with as much good sense as a large share of romance would allow. She had a mother who loved, and almost idolized her, and Maria Pemberton loved and idolized in return. Had she been a beauty, every one would have raved of her enthusiasm ; but she was plain, and people found out that her romance was rather silly.

When Frederic Barton proposed to her, she thought of her mother : she loved him, but she could not bear to leave her fond mother ; and she made some excuse to delay the marriage for a year or two. The world meantime had nothing to do but to talk and wonder, and such reasons were invented for the delay as we have already heard from Lady Dowton.

These reasons had been refuted by Sophy Grey, but again repeated by Charlotte Daventry, as proceeding from Sophy, and again circulated by Lady Dowton, not only with the additions regarding Lord Stoketon, but with another, of Sophy's supposed attachment to Mr. Barton.

The calumny against her mother and herself, came to the ears of Maria Pemberton. She was indignant, for her mother's sake. With a character such as hers, where high-wrought feeling was apt to take the place of sounder judgment, her course may be conceived. She concealed the truth from her mother, but immediately resolved to break off her engagement as the surest means of contradicting these reports. To none but Mr. Barton did she allege her reason. *In vain he tried to dissuade her from such a cruel and useless measure.* She was determined, and the greater the sacrifice, the more did she glory in it for the sake of her mother, on whom she thus inflicted pain by her efforts to defend her.

It was at this time, and shortly after the visit to Hilton, that Frederic Barton had seen Lord Stoketon, and had confided to him the cause of his unhappiness. Lord Stoketon's distress may be conceived, as he listened to the more circumstantial details of the

unamiable character of the woman he loved ; but he immediately resolved to restore the happiness of his friend, though his own was gone. He told Mr. Barton of his intentions, received his hearty expressions of gratitude, and set off to Weston in a pitiable state of agitation and distress.

He travelled all night, and reached Weston the next morning. Worn out with the tumult of his feelings, he was unable to be calm and composed as he had intended ; but he concealed nothing from Mr. Grey : he actually sobbed with joy as Mr. Grey repeated his assurance, with a manner, in which there was no deceit, that he believed the accusation against Sophy to be altogether false. But Mr. Grey would not allow it to rest on his conviction alone. Sophy must be questioned, and the origin of the report, if possible, discovered.

Lord Stoketon left Weston after a two hours' conversation with Mr. Grey, and was to remain at the neighbouring town till he heard again from him. He would not trust himself to remain in the house and to see Miss Grey, till he knew on what footing he might meet her ; but he left Weston in a state of comparative bliss to that in which he had entered it. He believed, lover-like, almost before a word had been said in her favour, that Sophy must be innocent. He was convinced, the moment he saw Mr. Grey, and heard him speak of a father's feelings. Yes, Mr. Grey could not have spoken so, had not his daughter been as amiable as Lord Stoketon fondly imagined.

What followed his departure at Weston will be imagined. Mr. Grey sent for Sophy, told her all that had passed, and her unfeigned astonishment, no less than her assurances of innocence, were sufficient to convince her father, had he needed to be convinced, that it was as he hoped. Then followed the indignation, the sorrow, the dismay, and the surmises of how her name could have been connected with these calumnies. Sophy remembered Lady Downton's story—remembered repeating it some time after to Charlotte as a proof of the absurd gossip of Lady Downton. Sophy was farther questioned as to what she had ever said about Lord Stoketon, and was no less surprised at finding how much she had been misrepresented ; earnestly affirmed it was utterly untrue, was very unhappy, cried a great deal, and when her father told her she had brought some of this upon herself by her inclination to gossip, she cried still more, and expressed her contrition—then asked what was to be done, looked at her father for assistance, and with

bitter tears and sobs anxiously inquired whether Lord Stoketon was really gone—gone in anger, believing her capable of such wickedness.

Anne pitied Sophy to her heart—heard with indignation the charge against her—and, till she heard her father speak of his distress, she was even indignant with Lord Stoketon himself for having believed it.

We will not dwell on all that followed—suffice it to say, that, in a short time from his first painful visit at Weston, Lord Stoketon had the joy of seeing Maria Pemberton and Frederic Barton once more engaged to each other, and of finding himself again on his road to Weston.

Lord Stoketon arrived; Sophy saw him for a moment, left her mother and Anne to amuse one another, and then walked out alone whilst he and Mr. Grey were engaged in conversation. Perhaps Lord Stoketon began to grow inattentive, for Mr. Grey smiled, and said, “Perhaps you will like to walk?”

Lord Stoketon’s answer was not quite audible; he was out of the room before Mr. Grey had even time to apologize for not accompanying him. Mrs. Grey’s eyes wandered towards the window, and she had the comfort of seeing that Sophy was no longer alone, and she looked so happy that Mr. Grey caught the infection, smiled most good-humouredly, gave Anne a kiss, and said, as he patted her cheek, “Sad work this, Miss Anne!” and the work was so sad that he smiled again as he said, “Take care of yourself, Anne. I cannot afford to part with you too.”

We will leave it to the reader’s imagination to discover all that was said in that *tête-à-tête* walk between Sophy and Lord Stoketon. It is sufficient to say that Lord Stoketon was proposed, and was accepted.

And what had become of Sophy’s predilection for Captain Herbert? Had she quite forgotten him? It seems she had, for when Charlotte Daventry, after expressing over and over again her delight at dear Sophy’s prospects, suddenly looked a little sad, and said with a sigh, “poor Captain Herbert,” Sophy neither blushed nor sighed. Charlotte withdrew her eyes, as she saw the smile brightening on Sophy’s face at the distant sound of Lord Stoketon’s voice—saw her little blush of joy as he entered, and perceived Lord Stoketon’s animated glance at Sophy as he opened the door. She turned away her head, and in another moment left the room.

“Yes,” said she to herself, as she ascended the stairs, “baffled for once! Such a blundering, good-hearted fool! What other man would have come over post-haste to accuse his mistress to her father, of telling a lie of his friend and ridiculing himself? Well, I have learnt one thing, never to trust again to what a simpleton may not do!”

“My dear Mrs. Grey, I do congratulate you with all my heart,” said Lady Downton, in the kindest, most affectionate manner, as she was shown into the drawing-room at Weston about a week after Lord Stoketon’s proposal.

Mrs. Grey knew that Lady Downton had done some mischief by spreading disagreeable reports of Sophy, and she had declared, in the virtuous indignation of the moment, that she had no patience with her, and she did not care if she saw it. However, when Lady Downton walked into the room and congratulated so kindly, and looked so very much pleased (as every one was indeed) that Sophy was going to be married, Mrs. Grey quite forgot her want of patience—extended her hand with the most cordial, happy smile on her face—beggd Lady Downton to sit on the sofa, for she was sure she must be tired; and overcame her displeasure so much, as to say, “You are very kind,” and to tell her all, from the first hour of acquaintance down to that of his proposing, not forgetting the very doubts whether the wedding should be on a Monday or a Thursday.

Lady Downton listened as never woman listened before, when the subject related neither to themselves nor their own concerns: and when she had farther ascertained that Lord Stoketon was gone from Weston to see his mother and sister, and hasten the lawyers, and that Sophy employed for the trousseau the same milliner she had always employed; she took her leave without being much fatigued, or a ‘sad invalid,’ for more than once during the visit. Mrs. Grey said, “After all, she really is a good, kind creature, so very fond of us all, and particularly of our dear Sophy.”

“Mr. George Foley, ma’am,” said the servant, and in walked Mr. George Foley. He congratulated Mrs. Grey, as she expected he would, and she smiled so much and so often that there was no doubt whether condolences or congratulations were due. Mrs. Grey then inquired after Miss Foley, and remembered that Anne had some message for her, and Anne was sent for and obliged to come.

“Who could dare to say she was unamiable?” thought George Foley, as Anne entered. He was come on a visit of discovery of character, and who will give much for his assurances that his love should not blind him, when we find that one look was sufficient to make him say to himself, “She is little less than an angel!”

Yes! Mr. Foley, it is an easy thing for any happy deluded lover to say, ‘I will not be blind!’ But when the very thing you love comes before you—when the very voice you love to hear speaks to you—the very eyes you love to look on are turned upon you—then it is not easy to remember such high resolves; and, if George Foley in that morning visit forgot every thing but that Anne Grey was the most perfect being he had ever seen, who will blame him? or dare to say, that with all his good sense he was unpardonably weak!

“Yes,” thought he, as he rode home from Weston, “it would be happiness indeed to win her affection!” and he spurred his horse in the eagerness of the thought, and the horse curveted and capered to remind him for a moment he was on horseback; but he was an excellent horseman, and he soon forgot it again, and once more provoked his horse to caper and plunge, as he thought, “It may be won! Time and perseverance may touch the heart of Anne Grey!” and he galloped home, for he was very late. Anne Grey had kept him too long!

CHAPTER XXX.

“Did you give the note?” said Charlotte Daventry to her maid.

“I did, Mam’selle.” Charlotte Daventry smiled.

At length the wedding day arrived. That day which many have looked for, longed for, sighed for, and repented of. All the due quantity of love had been made by Lord Stoketon and Sophy Grey: the due number of lovers’ walks taken, and the due number of delays gone through, from the dilatoriness and the precision of lawyers; all lawyers had been duly sent (we will not say where, for it does not matter) by Lord Stoketon, and Sophy had made all the

proper number of excuses for them. The trousseau had been ordered, and the trousseau arrived; and there were pretty gowns, and pelisses, and bonnets, and canezoons sufficient to make any young lady, from the age of seventeen to five-and-twenty, ardently wish to be married, and most sincerely envy Sophy Grey! There was white—bridal white—nothing so becoming! There was beautiful, rich black velvet! There was pretty, lively pink; soft, sentimental blue: vapour—most becoming of all becoming colours! There were all these, and there were more. Oh! happy bride elect! Why do young ladies ever answer 'No?'

The trousseau had been duly looked at and admired by all the ladies in the house, and the neighbourhood. Every ladies' maid within a walk had just at that crisis been moved with the spirit of friendship for Mrs. Watson, or Mrs. Hickman, at Weston; and all had seen the trousseau, and all had admired.

The favours were ready: white and silver: pretty emblems of love, where love is simple, unchanging, and poor. Why are there not golden favours? Surely there should be this distinction made for the prudent, sensible marriages, which are planned on the wisest deliberations of chaperons—which are formed on considerations of rent-rolls, jointures, houses in town, and houses in the country—which have nothing to do with hearts. Surely, for such as these, this glittering and appropriate distinction might be made. It would be a true emblem of the sensible and praiseworthy principles on which the marriage was planned. Let those who foolishly and rashly marry on love and esteem, retain the common badge of simple white; but let not merit go unrewarded. Let golden principles have golden badges. Let them gain all possible advantage from their wisdom. Let their gold be displayed, for its merit is in display. It will not, like affection, make a peaceful home; it was never meant to give quiet happiness; it aspires to distinction, and must be blazoned forth. English justice will surely see the propriety of granting a peculiar badge for the weddings of the prudent, who, with praiseworthy zeal, sacrifice every feeling on the shrine of wealth. I am digressing from Sophy Grey, even though the wedding ring had been procured, and Lord Stoketon had declared that never was such a little finger in want of a wedding ring before.

Anne had wept and smiled, with that mixture of feelings which all perhaps have known on such occasions. She was very glad,

and very sorry, and smiles and tears were the consequence: but smiles predominated, for Anne Grey was not selfish: and she had listened to all Sophy had to say and to feel on the occasion: she had praised Lord Stoketon, and he had praised her, and they had both praised Sophy; and with delight she had heard him say how happy he was and ought to be. Charlotte Daventry had been glad and sorry too. She had said how dear and pretty she thought Sophy! how charming! how much in love Lord Stoketon was! and Lord Stoketon had thought her a dear, good, affectionate girl, who was devotedly fond of Sophy.

At length, on a fine Thursday morning the bells of the church at Weston were set merrily ringing—the clergyman was in readiness—the party of friends were dressed in all bridal elegance—the brides-maids, simply and becomingly attired, were ready; and the bride appeared, lovely, as brides should appear, and the bridegroom, poor man! happy, awkward, and annoyed in his orthodox blue coat.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last, had just the right quantity of bright, becoming colour, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away; the bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled round the altar: ‘I will,’ was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name written, and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more; and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than even Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered, and the house was reached. Sophy walked into her father’s house—her childhood’s home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brothers—all crowded round her to say good-by—to look and look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one; to think that she was going away—away from them—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces—and a father’s mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek, and the sister’s tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother’s sobs; and Sophy Grey left her father’s house—left it with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow—and

another moment, the carriage door was closed; the last good-by uttered—and Sophy was gone.

Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all had been interest and hurry. Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those whom we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest of parting is over. The forlorn empty look of the room—the stillness—the work-box, the drawing materials, the music, all gone; or perhaps one single thing left to remind us how all was—a flower, perhaps, that had been gathered and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.

Yes! that was a melancholy, *happy* day for those who remained at Weston. To none, perhaps, so melancholy as to Anne. She had lost more than any. To all but her, Sophy Stoketon would be much the same as Sophy Grey had been, whenever she was again amongst them; but to Anne it was not so. There is a degree of intimacy and communion of thought and feeling existing between sisters that cannot remain unbroken after marriage. Pure and beautiful as is the tie of sisterhood, it is not right that it should continue in all its strictness and exclusiveness when marriage has divided them; for the husband has still stronger claims upon his wife, and it is impossible this can exist uninjured if the tie of sisterhood is retained in all its former power.

Anne Grey felt all this as she returned to the deserted room at Weston;—her's and Sophy's joint room, where Sophy had so lately been, and had kissed her, and asked her so often to write, and said that she felt as if Weston would always be her home—as if she should always love that room. Anne returned to it. How melancholy it looked! How different! how changed her whole life would be now. How changed Sophy's would be—perhaps not changed for greater happiness; could it indeed be changed for greater? No, Anne's long suppressed tears might now be allowed to flow, as she thought with fond regret of the days gone by—the happy childish days with Sophy ever near her—Sophy's ready laugh—her joyous voice—Anne Grey wept, nor could she compose herself till a gentle knock at the door announced the entrance of Charlotte Daventry, and recalled her to the necessity of self-control.

The sight of Charlotte checked her tears, she scarce knew why; but she had been dwelling fondly upon days of happy childhood, of

opening womanhood with Sophy, and she was at once re-called from her pleasing yet mournful vision by the sight of Charlotte.

“Dear Anne,” said Charlotte, “I thought how it would be. But you must not cry. Yet I know it is difficult to prevent it. Even I—I, who have so much less cause, am almost as foolish. But then you should think of Sophy’s happiness—we all should. We should try to follow her example; she behaved so well! You see *she* did not cry—not even when she wished us all good-by.”

Anne dried her tears. “No,” said she sadly, “I ought not to cry; but we will go down, Charlotte. We must be in good spirits this evening, and all our party will wonder if we are not—so let us go down.”

“Never was a prettier bridesmaid to a prettier bride,” said Charlotte, smiling at Anne, as they descended the stairs arm-in-arm. So thought George Foley, who was at the wedding. So thought Robert Dodson, who was also there.

Poor Robert Dodson! How did he bear the loss of his cousin Sophy?—Remarkably well, and Mrs. Dodson only looked grave and cross for one minute, when she heard that Sophy was going to marry Lord Stoketon.

“Anne will do just as well, and better indeed,” said she to herself, “and I have always thought that Bob rather preferred her: ‘My wife’s sister, ‘Lady Stoketon!’ ‘Viscountess Stoketon!’ sounds very well. Yes. I really am heartily glad;” and Mrs. Dodson went over to Weston to tell Mrs. Grey how heartily glad she was; to give Mr. Grey a hearty shake of the hand, and wish Anne, with all her heart, as good a husband in a little time.

Mrs. Dodson told Bob, when she went home, that she thought Anne Grey grew prettier every time she saw her, and Bob looked so happy, and coloured so deeply, as she said so, that Mrs. Dodson was quite satisfied, and thought the Greys were really excellent people—as nice a family as she knew any where—and as highly thought of in the world—Mrs. Dodson’s world of fashion!

“Yes, I have failed,” said Charlotte to herself that night as she retired to bed. “Yet, how could it be otherwise? no eyes, no ears, no attention for any other being. Fond, devoted simpleton! it was impossible. But still”—she paused an instant—“still, father, do not blame me yet. Do not say that I am guilty—that I am careless. Is there not married felicity? Yes, father, you know it: there is married felicity. A vain conceited coxcomb still lives,

and a vain conceited girl still lives, **not the less that she is married.** Yes, there is married felicity, heavenly boon! **Father, wait awhile, for there is married bliss.**" Charlotte Daventry smiled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ANNE was no longer the one of two Miss Greys; she wrote Miss Grey on her mother's cards, and sighed as she did so; and when Henry, who came home on the happy occasion, and had declared he thought a wedding a monstrous dull thing,—not half the fun he had expected—said "Well, Anne, so you are Miss Grey now? Only think of that—Miss Grey:" as if he imagined the height of power and felicity lay in those words; she only gave a sigh, and looked towards the empty table where Sophy's drawing-book was wont to lie.

For the first few days and weeks, time passed heavily with her. She tried to say 'how selfish,' 'how wrong it was to regret her loss so much.' But how very easy it is to say how selfish we are, and to feel quite sure we will be so no more; and yet how very easy it is to go on being quite as selfish as ever. When we are crying and sighing over the absence of a friend who has gone away to be ten times as happy as if they were enjoying our society, it is so easy to say that 'we ought to be glad'; that 'we are very wrong not to rejoice': yet still, as with other things that are the easiest in the world to say, it is the most difficult to practise.

There stands the empty chair; there stands the round table, *minus* the figure of our pleasant companion; there is the long gravel walk which we pace up and down, without our friend to pace up and down with us, and beguile the tedium of wholesome exercise. Still worse does it seem if our friend has been a *useful* friend—a sort of domestic toady! there lies our book on the table at the other end of the room; we would give all we possess to have it in our hands; but where is the useful friend to give it us? There is our work! we would give a good deal to go on with it, having no other employment; but we got into a scrape in the morning: two immense knots, hard, involved, tight, and firm, as Gordian knots,

must be unpicked before we can go on; and where is the useful friend to unpick them? We sigh bitterly—perhaps we groan in the anguish of our hearts; we know that our good, dear, useful friend and toady is exceedingly happy all this time—much happier than ever she dreamt of being when with us. How easy it is to say in such a case, “that we ought to be very glad?” Yet who can help regretting? who ever thought of not being selfish? who would not resolve, even at that very moment, never, if possible, to let our useful friend leave us again?

Anne Grey said how wrong it was to regret Sophy's loss; but still she could not help regretting; and when Sophy, in about a month after her marriage, returned to Weston for a week, she found that week the shortest that ever was spent. Oh! it was delightful to see dear Sophy so happy! to have her once more amongst them: she almost felt that she never had loved her so much before. Anne felt the quick and easy flight of time. To the happy indeed, it flies swifter than the swallow; but not so to the listless ennuyé: time to the ennuyé is like the high and insurmountable wall up which the snail lingers and dawdles in his toilsome progress; and should he get to the top! what then! why he must toil down again; and away he goes, creeping, slipping, sliding, slowly as ever; till some mischance befalls him!—he looses his hold—and down he falls, to the river that flows dark, cold, and deep below. Snail and ennuyé!—they both get their falls—the one in the water—the other in the grave. In vain they turn with regret, the one to his wall,—the other to his time, despised, mis-spent and lost!

Anne Grey had experienced the quick and the slow progress of time. When Sophy was absent it had passed heavily; but Sophy was come, and never did a week fly so rapidly. She and her husband departed, and Anne was left again to muse on time past and present, and to feel more lonely than ever, after the short, happy week spent in their society.

A little vexation occurred to vary the monotony of existence, and if, as a wise man avers, “the greatest pleasure in life consists in being beloved,” how supremely happy might she have been.

One morning, Mr. Robert Dodson walked into the drawing-room at Weston: Mrs. Grey not being there, he proceeded to his cousin's morning-room; the comfortable busy looking room where Anne and Sophy sat in the morning, working, drawing, playing, or reading;—where stood Anne's harp—where stood the small piano-

forte, Mr. Grey's present to them one happy new-year's-day (when the rents had paid well), for their own private room and morning practice: and there stood the table, covered with pretty and useful things—there stood the drawing-table with the half-finished drawing, and the open port-folio leaning against the light chair by its side: there stood, on another table, the flower rising from the moss in a pyramid of rosy blossoms; and on the ground was set the basket filled with gaudy coloured worsteds: there, drawn to the fire, stood the comfortable arm-chair, and still more the comfortable one with long back and no arms; there the small, neat book-case, filled with books both useful and ornamental: against the walls hung the framed drawings; the chef-d'œuvres of Anne and Sophy. There too hung the likenesses of all the family of Greys in small gold frames, which half concealed the miniatures they were meant to adorn. There from that comfortable busy room the sun was visible, gaily streaming over the smooth short grass, the bright clumps of flowers, the sloping lawn, the graceful trees, the verdant shrubs, the distant hills, and the river which roamed through the farther valley.

It was into this happy looking room that Mr. Dodson was ushered. He was infected with the matrimonial contagion. He saw Sophy Grey turned into a happy wife. He saw Lord Stoketon looking happier than any one ever looked before; and if Robert Dodson was not a sensible man, he at least felt and behaved like one at present, for he thought such happiness was not to be despised. As he entered, he found not his cousin Anne, but Charlotte Daventry.

“I thought Anne had been here,” said he, after greeting her.

“No,” said Charlotte; “here am I in solitary blessedness! but Anne is only gone to look for a book, and she will be here again in a moment. Yes!” said she, smiling archly at him, “and perhaps she would come directly, even without her book, if she knew who was here. Poor Anne!” and Charlotte smiled again, and looked significant. Robert Dodson smiled, coloured, sat down—got up again, and said, “Do you think she would? I don't know—I wish I knew—” And again he seated himself.

“Faint heart never won fair lady,” said Charlotte Daventry, in a quiet, half laughing, little voice. “But, I will go and look for her.”

“Miss Daventry!” said he, getting up and trying to call her back—“Miss Daventry!” but Charlotte was gone—and in a few mi-

minutes Anne and Charlotte entered. Anne had no book in her hand; she looked pleased, and said she was glad to see her cousin, and then sat down to her drawing. In a few minutes Charlotte said she must search for a letter she had to answer, and giving a little comic look at Mr. Robert Dodson, left the room.

In a few minutes more, Mr. Robert Dodson was just peering over Anne's drawing—then he seated himself in a chair close to her's, and said he wished he had one of her drawings—was very readily promised one when it was finished—"This very one, if he liked." He should like that—any thing of hers; and turned away his head—coloured—got up—went and looked out of the window—came and sat down again, and said, "How pretty Sophy looked when she was married!"

Considering that Sophy had been married more than two months, and that he had seen Anne several times since, that was rather a stale remark. Anne smiled a little, said she certainly did look very pretty, and very composedly went on with her drawing; but as nothing followed the remark, she looked up at Mr. Robert Dodson in some little surprise, and still more was she surprised to see him looking confused, and at length, saying, "Yes, she looked very pretty, and very happy, I thought."

"Yes," said Anne, suspecting her good cousin Bob must have lost his intellects. "Yes, that she certainly was."

"And, I dare say, she *will* be very happy," said he, again looking wistfully at Anne's drawing, or at the little white hand employed upon it. "I dare say people are very happy when they marry," said he, raising his eyes to her face, and as quickly withdrawing them again, as Anne turned to see what he could be meaning.

"Yes," said Anne, "some people, I should hope, are very happy when they marry; and Sophy, I trust," added she laughing, "will be one of these happy ones. I should think that she and Lord Stoketon had an excellent chance."

"Lord Stoketon is a happy man!" said Robert Dodson, not looking at Anne, and heaving a deep sigh. "What," thought Anne, beginning at last to fancy she understood him: "is cousin Bob going to be sentimental? Is he actually wearing the willow for Sophy?" There was something so nearly ludicrous in the idea of Bob Dodson's being sentimental, that Anne found it difficult not to laugh,—this difficulty made her blush. "Can it be," thought she, "that he was in love with her? But I ought not to laugh—for I pity him if

it was so. Still I hope he is not going to make me his confidante;” and she continued her drawing, feeling a little embarrassed; and tried to turn the conversation away from Sophy, and Lord Stoketon, and the willowed heart.

But he was bent on proceeding. He looked up and saw her blush—it gave him courage. “Lord Stoketon is a happy man!” and he sighed again. “I envied him at the wedding. I thought the bride very pretty—very lovely indeed,” added he with a sigh, “and so they all said; but do you know,” and he looked on the ground for a minute, “do you know, Anne, what I thought?”

Anne’s face grew still hotter: she thought it was really coming, and she should have to listen to a confession of love for a married woman from Robert Dodson.

“Do you know,” said he, looking up at her with a very tender expression, “I thought somebody else much prettier.”

“Did you?” said Anne, raising her head, pleased to find herself out of the expected scrape. “Did you?” said she, looking at him and half laughing; but quite astonished when she saw his look of confusion—his delight as she turned towards him.

“Why, what can it be?” thought she. “Oh, perhaps another confidence: perhaps,” and she wondered she never had thought of it before, “perhaps he is in love with Charlotte.” She had not long to wait.

“I thought some one much prettier—much prettier than every body else, indeed; and I always do, at all times. Yes, I see you understand what I mean. I thought you were ten times prettier than Sophy, and I wished that you were going to be married too,” he continued with increasing courage, and not to be mistaken emprovement of manner and look, as Anne turned away and blushed deeply in utter dismay and vexation as that ‘*you*’ revealed the secret. She was vexed, thoroughly mortified, and deceived.

“Yes,” said he looking at her, “I envied Lord Stoketon. I wished that I was in his place then, and you in Sophy’s. I never dare tell you before—I never dare ask you,” continued he, growing more energetic every minute as Anne’s continued silence and blushes seemed to assure him of her approbation. “But you must have seen it long ago. You were so kind—but I never should have spoken had not——”

Anne stopped him. She had at first been too much surprised and confused to think what to say. But she now recollected her-

self, and quietly and calmly she begged him not to proceed. She said, she feared she could not misunderstand him : that she wished it had not been so. Robert Dodson put in a word about his love—his ardent love—his hope she would return it.

“No, no,” said Anne, “do not say any more, cousin Robert. It is all a mistake. Indeed you are mistaken in thinking what you do. Let me hope you do not mean all you are saying. You love me, I hope, as a cousin—as I have always loved you; let us go on loving one another in this way.”

She put out her hand to him. He hesitated for a moment; but then his better nature prevailed. He took her hand.

“Yes,” said she gently, and with a kind, yet firm voice, “let us go on loving one another as cousins. I shall try to forget what you have said to-day, and you will forget it too—you will soon forget that you ever thought of me but as a cousin.”

“No, no,” said Robert Dodson, dropping her hand. “I shall never forget!” and he leant his head on the table. “I am very wretched,” said he looking up. “I have been a fool! but you have made me very miserable!—No! I never shall forget to love you. I always shall! I always have!”

Anne was very sorry—very much perplexed to know what to do, or say; and just then, when she despaired of making Mr. Robert Dodson less miserable, without giving him false hopes, the door opened and Mrs. Grey walked in.

“Robert,” said she. “I did not know you were here. I’m very glad to see you.” But poor Robert Dodson was not in a state to speak, much less to be glad of any thing at that moment.

Mrs. Grey perceived it. “Why, Anne, is any thing the matter?” said she, looking at her inquisitively. Anne blushed; just muttered in reply, “I don’t know;” and walked out of the room. Mrs. Grey began to guess: she put one or two apposite questions, and she soon obtained the truth from Robert.

Mrs. Grey was a kind-hearted woman. She could not bear to see Robert Dodson unhappy, and she tried to comfort him. She said he must not despair: it was only a little nonsense of Anne’s: he must wait a little, and try again;—he must wait till she was a little older, in other words wiser, and knew her own mind better: and poor Robert at last went home a much less miserable man than he expected. He still hoped that his cousin Anne would learn to like

him, and that it would end happily by her becoming Mrs. Robert Dodson.

Mrs. Grey and hope had whispered kind words to him, and, if they were delusive, still they were pleasant. Let us all hope and believe as Robert Dodson did. Disappointment is scarcely so bitter as hopelessness; and if our wishes should not be fulfilled, after all have we not gained? We only come at last to the melancholy truth which we might have known long before. We have been enjoying days, or years of happiness to which we had no right. But are they less charming on that account? Oh no! Let us then when 'Hope tells a flattering tale,' believe its enchanting whispers. Let us, with Robert Dodson, contentedly submit to something disagreeable, because we hope for something very agreeable; and let us envy him as he rode home that day from Weston, a rejected yet a hopeful lover.

When Robert Dodson was gone, Anne was severely lectured by Mrs. Grey, as if it had been her, and not Robert Dodson who had just done a foolish thing: she was asked "Why she had been so unkind to poor Robert? Why she did not wish to marry him?"

Anne said how sorry she was that she could not like him sufficiently; but that so it was. Mrs. Grey begged her not to be foolish, and always throw away her chances of happiness in this way—begged she would be kind in her manner to poor Robert, and let him perceive no difference: he had promised, she said, very good-naturedly, that it should make no difference in his feelings. If no such person as Mr. George Foley had existed, Mrs. Grey might have been still more severe upon her; but Robert Dodson was certainly less desirable for a son-in-law than George Foley, and Mrs. Grey was therefore less displeased than might have been expected, considering the serious nature of her daughter's offence.

Poor Anne was much annoyed by what had passed. She was sorry on Robert Dodson's account: she had always liked him as a good-hearted youth, whose stupidity she could easily overlook for the sake of his kind disposition; and it was disagreeable to her to cause him pain, or to view him in any other light than as their affectionate cousin.

But she was still more mortified by her mother's manner. She saw with surprise that Mrs. Grey blamed her for not accepting him, and that even now she had scarcely given up the idea that she cer-

tainly ought to marry him, and that in course of time she probably would. She was annoyed at it; but Anne was never meant for a heroine; and instead therefore of fretting herself and the family into a fever by fine bursts of sentiment, indignation, and ill-humour, she went on contentedly and cheerfully, although she had refused a wealthy lover—although she feared his proposing a second time—and although she dreaded that her mother, and perhaps both her parents, would be very angry if she did not accept him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERHAPS it will be supposed that Anne Grey was alike insensible to pleasure and to pain. That she was one of those excellent stupid people, who really are so very good, that we find it the hardest thing in the world to love them: whom, in fact, we never do love with our heart, only with our reason: whom we even find it the hardest thing not to dislike, if they are much thrown in our way. Could we but discover some little weakness—some one little point which could make either their eyes sparkle, their cheeks redden, or their tongues utter an involuntary exclamation—we could then forgive them all the rest—we should be saved at once from dislike, and, perhaps, might even begin to love them.

Anne Grey never put any one to this test. Though she could cheerfully submit to unavoidable evils, she was perfectly alive to the sensation of pleasure—was quite capable of uttering hasty exclamations of delight—of having her heart beat with joy, and her eyes sparkle with happiness. She really had emotions, in proof of which, she was actually in a flutter of pleasure one morning on the arrival of a letter to Mr. Grey.

This animating letter was merely from Mr. Temple, and its contents nothing more than a proposal to come to Weston, if convenient to Mr. and Mrs. Grey.

Nothing could be so convenient as Mr. Temple's coming. Mrs. Grey had been longing to have the house filled with company;—there really were so many people they ought to ask; it was quite shameful they had not been asked long ago: She only wanted an

excuse to make this evident to Mr. Grey, for she was not quite certain that it would be so clear to him; but now Mr. Temple had invited himself. He could not come to a family party. Some one must meet him, and she easily gained Mr. Grey's consent to invite as many of their acquaintance as the house would hold.

Will it be believed that Edward Temple, who could condescend to talk so much and so agreeably to little simple Anne Grey, was really a great personage? The world of fashion would hardly have denied his claim to that distinction. Napoleon had been a greater man, certainly—Walter Scott had, perhaps, been a greater man—Beau Brummel, no doubt, in his day had been by some considered a greater man—but still Edward Temple was a great man, and Mrs. Grey was so delighted that the all-admired Mr. Temple should have proposed to come to Weston, that she ordered the carriage, and drove over to see her dear cousin, Mrs. Dodson.

Perhaps she mentioned his name in that visit! Be that as it may, Mrs. Dodson and she talked a good deal about Robert Dodson and Anne. They said it was a foolish affair. Mrs. Grey apologized for Anne—said she was young and did not know her own mind, *but no doubt in a little time would be wiser*; she was rather more discreet than she otherwise might have been, as she thought of Mr. George Foley, and of Edward Temple's visit; but still she ventured to say, that she hoped poor dear Robert would not take it much to heart, and would not despair.

Mrs. Dodson said, that poor dear Robert certainly did rather take it to heart, but she thought he would soon get up a better spirit, and she had no doubt it would all be well, and Anne would know her own interest better in a little time; and Mrs. Dodson's forbearance and friendliness on the subject did her great credit.

Mr. Temple came to Weston. A party was invited on the occasion. The Foleys unluckily were gone from home for a fortnight. It was very unfortunate. Poor Mrs. Grey had relied upon them. She was, to tell the truth, with all her delight, a little nervous about Mr. Temple's visit. She was afraid of not having lords and ladies, and fashionable people enough to meet him. I am sure any good kind of country gentleman's wife will sympathize with her at this moment. They all may have felt the strange mixture of pleasure and pain combating in their minds when some great man or woman of society—some one a little superior to themselves, has deigned to offer himself as their guest. What good kind of woman has not felt in

a *fidget*, and wished that the honour and the pleasure were more synonymous ?

Just so felt Mrs. Grey! It was a great honour to have Mr. Temple, but still, what were her exclamations and remarks beginning with 'I wish,' which means, 'I have something to fear,'—what were her remarks to Mr. Grey on the subject? "Oh, Mr. Grey! I wish we had got a party to meet Mr. Temple! I wish, my dear, we had got those new chairs in the drawing-room. I wish, my dear, I knew whether Mr. Temple ever eats veal, because Fowler says there is nothing to be had for the top dish the first day but veal. I wish, Mr. Grey, we had a man cook! I wish we could know whom he would like to meet. I wish, my dear, those lamps would burn better in the dining-room. The last time we had company they gave no light at all; a pair of tallow candles would have done as much." And many, many more, were Mrs. Grey's wishes, hopes, and fears, on the subject. Mr. Grey listened to them with a patient, enduring face, and whether he attended to them or not is a matter of no importance.

"I wish to goodness that the Foleys had come," added Mrs. Grey. She had thought of the Foleys directly, as suitable people to meet him, and it was so unlucky that they were gone out. "Really gone! Are you quite sure, Mr. Grey, that he says not to be back before Wednesday?—Yes, I see," said she, with a heavy sigh, as she looked over Mr. Foley's note, and saw that there was no possibility of reading it with a different meaning.

"Well, we can have Lady Dowton, and Sir John, if he is at home. Mr. Temple knows Lady Dowton, and I saw he talked to her a little at Chatterton."

"My dear, what does it signify," said Mr. Grey, "whom we have? Mr. Temple is coming to see us—not to see people he can meet every day of his life if he chooses. Ask those whom it is our turn to ask. You told me there were several people whom we ought to invite, so now is your time. As we are going to have the bore of company, let us get off all the civilites at once."

"Well, my dear Mr. Grey, I am sure I am very anxious to do so. I did not think you would have been so cross about it."

Mr. Grey's placid smile showed how *very* cross he was liable to be.

"I wish to get a pleasant party to meet Mr. Temple, if I can," continued she. "He is used to such smart people."

“I am afraid you will not find many in this neighbourhood,” said Mr. Grey, smiling. “But settle it yourself. I leave it to you, my dear. I shall be quite satisfied, and so will Mr. Temple, I dare say, with whoever you choose to ask.”

Poor Mrs. Grey did settle it as well as she could. The day arrived, and Anne wondered why she felt so particularly shy at the thought of a party at home;—she told herself it must be because Sophy was not there to be ‘Miss Grey.’ Mr. Temple came, and she blushed so deeply when he arrived, that, as she ascended the stairs to her own room, she said to herself, “How foolish! how provoking! What might he not have thought of it?” She remembered what Charlotte had said concerning his preference for her, and her coldness of manner to him. She wished that Charlotte had never uttered a word on the subject, for she felt so awkward. She was sure he did not care for her, and if that were the case, he could not care how cold her manner was.

Whilst these thoughts were passing in her mind, her toilet was completed, and she descended to the drawing-room with the persuasion that nothing was so awful as walking into a room before dinner.

As she entered, she saw Mr. Temple talking to her cousin. Charlotte looked better than Anne had ever seen her before. It was strange, but even her manner seemed improved—her complexion brightened—her eyes more beautiful.—Then her dress was perfect, and her figure, which was always good, but not always shown to the best advantage, from her negligence of dress, was now displayed to the greatest advantage. Anne was quite struck with her appearance, and she could scarcely keep her eyes from her. Perhaps it was because she had no longer Sophy to compare her with, but Charlotte certainly looked decidedly handsome. Her manner likewise, quiet, and lady-like, yet filled with animation and grace, as she sat smiling, talking, or listening to Mr. Temple.

Anne saw that he was struck with her. He never moved when she entered; he seemed perfectly engrossed, and went on conversing with evident interest and animation. Anne felt for a moment a little pang—a strange sensation—but it was soon subdued, and she turned away her eyes, and devoted herself to Mrs. Cunningham, who, with Mr. Cunningham, and two out of the three ‘very different,’ or as some one said, ‘very indifferent Miss Cunninghams, were staying in the house. It was unlucky that Anne asked

Miss Cunningham after herself, and talked to Miss Mary Cunningham about her younger sisters: it was a strange mistake, as they were so 'very different.'

Dinner over, the ladies quitted the dining-room, and in about half an hour after, the approach of the gentlemen was heard.

Anne wondered whether Mr. Temple would come and talk to her, or whether he would again devote himself to Charlotte. She tried, as the door opened at the other end of the room, to talk to Miss Mary Cunningham, and not to care whether M. Temple spoke to her or not. She sat with her back to the door, so that she could see no one as they entered, and there was a long room to be crossed before the procession of gentlemen could reach her, if any were even so inclined. Charlotte Daventry sat behind her, more in the middle of the room. Anne tried not to listen to Mr. Temple's voice, and to talk very steadily to Miss Mary Cunningham. She was kept some time in suspense. She heard some one ask Charlotte what her work was, and wonder how ladies could work! That was not Mr. Temple. Then she heard the beginnings of various talkings. Heard an arm-chair wheeled a little nearer to the fire, or to the table, or to some one's seat. "That is Mr. Temple," thought she; and she asked Miss Mary Cunningham, for the second time that evening, whether she had ridden much lately.

Yes—Anne gave it up! He would not talk to her, it seemed. That had evidently been his arm-chair, perhaps drawn comfortably towards the fire, with the intention of remaining there for the evening, in a silent mood—a practice, she had heard, was not very uncommon with him when not well pleased with the company. She began to think how foolish she had been to believe a word that Charlotte had said; when Miss Mary Cunningham, whose head was turned towards the door, began to bridle up. Anne read in that movement that some one was coming. Yes, a chair was drawn near her own.

"You have forgotten your promise, Miss Grey," was said in a voice she did not mistake. She turned her head. It was Mr. Temple. "You have forgotten your promise, Miss Grey."

"What promise?" said Anne, bending over her work.

"I had hoped," said he, "you would not have required to be reminded of it. No," he continued, "I cannot tell you. I have

no right to remind you. I only can see and *feel*," he added, lowering his voice, "that you have forgotten it."

The colour rushed to Anne's face as he said this. She remembered the promise; at least, she remembered his asking her to promise never to meet him again as if he were a mere acquaintance — to meet him in future as a friend. In a moment she forgot Charlotte Daventry.

He went on; but, who would suppose that he would not go on — that he would do otherwise than draw his chair towards her with the intention of conversing?

I am not going to repeat a word more of his conversation, though it lasted some time. Charlotte Daventry looked at them once or twice during its continuance. Once there was a peculiar expression on her countenance as she looked. Could that be a frown from dear good Charlotte Daventry? Oh, no! it could not have been; for when Anne moved from her seat to sing, and Mr. Temple, after sitting some time listening to Anne's singing, seated himself by her side, she showed how difficult it would be for her to frown. She sat in smiling, quiet gracefulness, as she spoke and listened. There was a gentleness, mingled with animation, about her manner that had never before been discernible. Anne's thoughts were not intent on her as they had been at first that evening, and, when at length her attention was attracted, she only felt pleasure at seeing her cousin, apparently liked by one whose judgment she valued.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"GRATITUDE is an overpowering feeling," said Charlotte Daventry, in continuation of a conversation with Mr. Temple, during one of the Miss Cunningham's performance on the piano-forte. "Gratitude is an overpowering feeling. It must either exist intensely, or not at all. It must engross all other feelings or it cannot exist."

"Do you think then," said he, "that gratitude would render us blind to the faults of those towards whom it is due?"

Charlotte hesitated—at length she said, with some emotion, “We must wish it should; yes. I should say it ought to do so. Are we not guilty of a *crime*?” she said, eagerly looking at him, as if anxious, *very* anxious for his opinion. “Are we not guilty of a *crime* even, if we do not blind ourselves to the faults of those who have a claim on our gratitude?”

“I cannot think so,” said he, regarding her calmly, perhaps with scrutiny.

“You think not,” said she, eagerly, as she actually bent forward to listen for his answer. “You think not!” Her eyes expressed pleasure, but that expression soon faded.

“No! but it cannot be so. You have never considered the subject seriously, anxiously. You never have had occasion to consider it—as—” she checked herself—“as some may have had,” she added, “I was mistaken in thinking”—she stopped herself again. “Yes,” said she, “I know it is right to feel gratitude so strongly as to preclude the exercise of every other feeling. It is a *crime*—and she put her hand before her eyes, as she uttered this word, and a slight shudder was just perceptible. “It is a crime not to be blind to every failing in those who have a right to expect our gratitude.” She paused for a moment, as if occupied with painful emotions, and then continued, “Oh! it is easy for those who have never lain under a sense of obligation to speak lightly of it—to say it is not a duty! But it is an overpowering duty. Easy, perhaps, to those who begin by love—who can esteem—admire—who are not reminded”—she stopped and then said in a lighter tone, “It must, I should think, be easy in such cases to be grateful. It cannot be such an overpowering feeling as I should suppose it to be in others,” she added, laying a stress on the word ‘suppose,’ and just glancing at Mr. Temple, as if she were anxious he should perceive she only spoke of an imaginary case—“and yet,” continued she, as she saw his face betokened no signs of applying what she had said, as she feared it might be applied, “and yet the duty is as great in one case as in the other. The faults, numerous though they may be, should not be discovered—even though the favour was bestowed grudgingly, unwillingly—though it is continued from necessity alone—still the obligation for gratitude is the same. What a sin it is! how terribly self-upbraiding must that person’s feelings be who could not blind herself to the faults and failings of those who bestow the favour!”

She stopped—emotion betrayed itself as she finished, and for a while she seemed completely occupied and abstracted by the thoughts she had conjured up. She put her hand before her eyes—then slightly starting, as if recollecting herself, she looked up, tried to laugh, said something about the way in which a subject carried her on, saw Edward Temple look at her rather inquisitively, and blushed deeply.!

“You will think,” said she, trying to be gay, “that I have some person in my head—but you know, it is easy to conjure up imaginary cases. It is very easy. I am, I believe, given to do so. I often conjure up cases, and on this very subject—it was odd that we should have been speaking of this subject.”

“Perhaps not,” said Edward Temple, “as you say it is one you often think of, and you began it yourself.” Charlotte coloured still more violently, and turned away her head, as she saw him look at her with an intelligent smile on his face.

Perhaps she was hurt by his manner. She might have thought him wanting in consideration for her evident confusion; for, heedless of her embarrassment, he continued for a few minutes regarding her attentively; and he added, as he withdrew his gaze, “Yes, I think it was a subject you yourself began. It is one indeed that I have little reason to think or talk about,” said he carelessly, “for I have no one to be grateful to, thank goodness!—Except,” he added, turning with an air of gallantry towards her, “it is to Miss Daventry at this moment for allowing me the pleasure of talking to her.”

“That is a pleasure,” said Charlotte Daventry, without the slightest coquetry of manner, “that is a pleasure which it seems I have bestowed so willingly that it lays claim to no gratitude. So Mr. Temple,” said she, smiling, “according to your own confession, you are relieved from the necessity of gratitude to any one.”

“And you would regard that, Miss Daventry, as a happy exemption?” said he, smiling and looking inquisitively at her.

A flush passed across Charlotte’s face, as he spoke and looked at her with a kind of privileged scrutinizing ease. Her answer was made quietly, and, though free from anger, was such as seemed to rebuke the freedom, if not heartlessness of the question. “Few people,” said she, lowering her voice, and averting her eyes as she spoke, “few people would have asked such a question of me.”

Edward Temple felt it—he was struck for an instant with the consciousness of having been unjust. He was grieved, to have

asked the poor dependent orphan whether she thought the exemption from gratitude a happiness! It was indeed cruel, if undeserved; and, deserved or not, he saw that it was felt. It had been rebuked calmly, pointedly, and with dignity—some proof that it had not been deserved.

Edward Temple was staggered in his preconceived opinion, and his voice and manner showed his consciousness that he had been unkind: when next he spoke, it was with something almost of kindness in his voice. Charlotte Daventry looked up, and at that moment, if not before, Edward Temple must have felt his injustice, for he saw the tear standing in her eye, as she thanked him by her look for the change of his manner.

But the wound had been given—the feelings had been hurt. And in vain did Mr. Temple exert his powers of conversation. In vain did he try by his lively endeavours to amuse, to dispel the recollection of his unkindness. She was apparently making an effort to seem attentive, and to conceal the depression of spirits which those few words of his had caused, but evidently unable to overcome the painful recollections they had recalled. She remained serious and almost silent. Edward Temple saw that she wished to be left—that she wished at least that he should not continue to talk to her; and he left her, with a strong feeling of self-upbraiding, which was not a little increased by perceiving shortly after that she had quitted the room.

“How unaccountable!” thought he, “and yet even now may it not all be deceit? A mere finished piece of acting! No,” thought he, as he looked at Anne Grey’s calm and lovely countenance, as she sat listening to Miss Cunningham’s bad playing, without one gesture of impatience, or one look of ridicule to account for her patient attention, “there cannot be falsehood there. Truth and kindness are too plainly written! I have been duped,” he continued, after a minute’s thought, whilst intently studying the countenance of Anne; “I have been completely duped! after all my caution!” He half smiled. “Duped by a finished piece of acting!” and the next moment he was by the side of Anne Grey.

“Your cousin has left us,” said he; “Miss Daventry has disappeared.”

“Disappeared!” said Anne, looking round.

“Yes,” replied he, “I heard her say ‘Good night.’ She was tired, or not well, or something, I believe.” Anne’s face of con-

cern was just what Edward Temple expected, and, be it known, what he wished to see.

“I hope she is not ill,” said Anne; and she left the piano-forte, the Miss Cunninghams—and Mr. Temple—looked the fear she felt, that Charlotte Daventry was ill, and left the room.

“I knew it!” thought Edward Temple, and he seated himself with his back to Miss Cunningham, not the least aware that she was in the finale of her first-rate song.

“I knew how it would be! There was proof in that kind pitying look; and I have done well, if she has any feeling—any touch of remorse; I have sent the best tormentor to her.”

“Mr. Temple,” said Mrs. Grey, “I beg your pardon—but I think Miss Cunningham is looking for the book you have there.”

Mr. Temple started at the sound of Mrs. Grey’s civil apologetic voice. He got up and gave the book to Miss Cunningham, and then remembered to turn his face towards the instrument and the performer.

Anne returned in about a quarter of an hour. He looked at her as she entered. She was grave, and there was something of sorrow and of pity in her look.

“I hope Miss Daventry is not ill?” said he, as she returned to the music party.

“No, she is not ill, thank you,” said Anne, “but she was a little overcome. Charlotte, though she appears so lively and thoughtless,” said she, after a few minutes’ pause, “has a great deal of feeling. Unhappily, perhaps, for her, little things affect her at times—one scarcely knows why—except, indeed,” added she, “that it is easy to believe under such a melancholy situation as her’s how readily every little thing may affect her.”

“I who am so happy,” she continued, half smiling through the sadder expression which rested on her countenance, “have so little reason to understand her feelings that I am often fearful of wounding them from ignorance or inadvertence—not that I cannot sympathize with her, for my own happiness makes me more alive to the sense of what it must be to be deprived of it. It appeared, from what she let fall, that something had occurred to agitate her this evening. — Poor thing!” said she, with a compassionate voice: “she is indeed to be pitied! No affection, no care, no kindness can supply the place of that she is deprived of.”

“I believe you did not know her father?” said Edward Temple

“I see you think,” said Anne, looking at him as he spoke, “that my cousin is not to be pitied for the loss of such a father. But he was devotedly fond of her, and she was probably blind to his faults. She had no occasion to know them; for they were not faults against her. She, I know, was attached to him with no common devotion. She had only him to love, for she lost her mother when almost an infant. A child is indeed to be pitied who has no parent.” She sighed, and was silent for a moment. Edward Temple read with delight in her expressive countenance the feelings which had made her pause, and of which he had just before been almost deceived into believing her incapable.

Miss Cunningham’s performance was at an end; and Anne was to say something civil, to ask for another song, and to be refused with becoming diffidence; and thus closed the scene.

And now what shall we say, when we hear that Anne actually remained awake that night, to ask herself, what we all know by this time, ‘whether she was in love with Mr. Temple?’ ‘Whether, if she were in love with him, it was wrong in her to be so?’ and lastly, ‘whether, after all, Edward Temple was a marrying man?’ If Edward Temple had been asked that question, what would he have answered? “Let me wait,” he would perhaps have said, “till I am safe away from Weston, and then I will tell you.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHARLOTTE Daventry’s manner, the next morning, showed no traces of the agitation which Anne had witnessed with sorrow on the preceding evening. When she had then gone up to her room, she had found her in evident emotion, and as Anne kindly questioned her as to the cause, she let fall some allusions to her desolate situation in the loss of her father, which revealed at once what had affected her.

Anne had often witnessed such emotion before, caused, as she believed, by some slight allusion to her situation, something which had touched on the chord of feeling—unconsciously perhaps to all but herself.

Charlotte kissed her cousin, and the tears, which had probably been suppressed before, began to flow as she leant on her neck, and thanked her over and over again for her kindness; and then, with considerate eagerness, begged her not to remain with her.

“Do not I know,” said she, “that *he* is here,” smiling through her tears. “Yes, yes, Anne, you must go, and leave me:” and as she was beginning to refuse, “yes, you *must* go. I had rather be left—indeed I had—it is better for me;” and she urged her so much to return to the drawing-room, that Anne saw it was better to comply.

If Anne had been a real heroine, she would have been delighted to have her duty and her pleasure so little at variance. She would as she entered the drawing-room, and saw the hero's eyes still fondly resting on the door, the very door where last he had caught a glimpse of her receding figure;—she would, as she saw those eyes flash with animated joy on her return—as he advanced in eager delight one step to meet her;—she would, as she saw all this, have completely forgotten every thing but the delight—the rapture of again beholding him—she would have completely forgotten that she left a poor unhappy cousin weeping up stairs.

But, though Anne, as she entered, saw Mr. Temple turn anxiously round, and though he spoke to her the moment she drew near, and had evidently been watching for her return—yet she did not, on this account, forget her sorrow for Charlotte Daventry, nor did she feel the true heroine-delight as she descended the stairs, but wished most sincerely that she might have been allowed to remain to comfort Charlotte, instead of returning to the drawing-room, even though Edward Temple was there.

However, on the morrow, Charlotte appeared with her usual cheerful, lively manner, and Mr. Temple hardly refrained from asking her whether the weight of gratitude was become more burdensome since the preceding evening? but he did refrain, and turned to talk to Anne.

During the day, Lady Downton was happy enough to engage his attention. The Greys and Charlotte Daventry were all out of the room, and Mr. Temple actually sat down by her, to the amazement of Mrs. Cunningham and the two Miss Cunninghams, who all three would have given the world to have been even spoken to by him. Edward Temple and Lady Downton had a long conversation, and in such a low confidential tone of voice, that it was some-

times almost hushed into a whisper. What could it have been about? Neither more nor less than Charlotte Daventry and the Greys.

“She plays most beautifully, I can assure you—but poor thing, she never plays here.—No—that would not be quite allowed. It would interfere, you know. The Greys—I really am very fond of them.”

“Yes, I see,” said Mr. Temple.

“But you know they have their little failings,” continued Lady Downton, “who has not? and perhaps, with regard to this poor girl—who is undoubtedly attached to them from gratitude—there is evidently a little jealousy.”

“Mr. Grey, I suppose?” said Mr. Temple. “He and Miss Daventry would certainly clash.”

“Yes, exactly,” said Lady Downton, not understanding, but going on. “There is a little jealousy, and Charlotte Daventry is not allowed by any of the family to do any thing well. Her music—they all say, as you know, that she cannot play at all, and does not like it; but the poor girl is passionately fond of it, and really plays beautifully.”

“You have heard her?” said Mr. Temple.

“No, not exactly, but Miss Foley—”

“Miss Foley!” said he, in a different manner, and with a little start.

“Yes, Miss Foley was very sorry for her.”—

“And she heard her play, Lady Downton?”

“Yes, often at my house,” was the reply. “Often—and she is very fond of the poor girl, and very sorry for her. These little jealousies are very disagreeable in a family, Mr. Temple. You would scarcely suspect Anne Grey of such a thing—but a little sulkiness of temper, and this jealousy of others’ accomplishments go together in her—and she looks so quiet, and is so kind in her manner—such a very gentle manner—and I dare say she *may* feel a little,—but still for a poor thing in Charlotte Daventry’s situation, it is hard to bear.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Temple. “Miss Grey certainly has all the appearance of a person with whom it would be difficult to live.”

“Exactly,” said Lady Downton, thinking Mr. Temple, who was such a superior-minded person, must be right; “Exactly.”

“You have often seen her sulky, I suppose, Lady Dowton, as you live so near, and have known her from a child?” said Edward Temple.

“No, indeed,” said Lady Dowton; “but my delicate health you know—” and she was sinking back in interesting languor. Mr. Temple saw it.

“Perhaps you have heard, Lady Dowton—”

Lady Dowton was roused, ‘you have heard, perhaps,’ betokened something to be heard.

“Perhaps you have heard the story about Mr. Grey and the poodle dog?”

“No, indeed! never!” said Lady Dowton, in an animated voice. “No, indeed.”

“Ah, well I thought you had known it. It is highly to Mr. Grey’s credit, I assure you, and to Miss Grey’s too. It proves most completely that the Greys are every thing most kind and attentive to Miss Daventry, and that Miss Anne Grey has not the smallest particle of sulkiness or jealousy. I cannot tell you the story. I thought, as a friend of the family, you might have known it, otherwise I would not have named it. It was told me in confidence, and I must ask Lady Dowton, as a favour, that you do not mention the poodle dog — *that* is the particular thing which must not be named—besides which, you perceive that to those who do not know the whole story, it would sound ridiculous. Of course the fact may be mentioned, that there are well-grounded proofs that the Greys are free from all jealousy and want of kindness to Miss Daventry: and that Miss Anne Grey is not sulky—but has the sweetest temper in Christendom. *This* you must be at liberty to repeat, and there can be no harm in adding the very strong grounds of your own personal experience of her disposition. In short, these reports are stale now. This of the poodle dog is the new version. I wish I was at liberty to relate the whole to you. But the inference is sufficient.”

“Well, indeed,” said Lady Dowton, “I always said and thought it must be so. I felt so sure Anne Grey was the sweetest tempered being in the world. I never had seen the slightest symptom of sulkiness or jealousy in her, though I have known her all my life; and towards Charlotte Daventry in particular, I have always seen every mark of consideration.”

“You must take care to let the world know this, Lady Dowton,

for I can assure you, you have been named as circulating a story that was not quite correct. People were rather amused—excuse my saying so—you know what I mean.”

“Oh, certainly,” said her ladyship, colouring and biting her lip.

“People were rather amused,” he continued, “at your having been duped by such a story. With all your opportunities of judging for yourself, that you should have been so completely deceived.”

“Ah! thank you, Mr. Temple, you are very kind. Indeed, I hated to think such a thing was true. Indeed I never believed it, and it was rather unjust to suppose I did.”

“Very unjust, indeed,” rejoined he. “But the world you know, Lady Downton—the world is so scandalous! and you must take care to refute all that it believed you to have said. But I quite forgot that I was to walk with Mr. Grey,” said he, jumping up. “I have been so agreeably led into forgetfulness,”—bowing to Lady Downton, and Lady Downton never felt quite so happy before as at such a compliment from Mr. Temple; and he left the room.

“Yes! bravo, Mr. Temple,” said he to himself. “You are a clever fellow, let the world say what it will. But I must know more! If Miss Foley said true, and she never would say what was not true! But Lady Downton repeated it. Pshaw! why believe it for a moment? but it shall be proved, now or presently.”

“Mr. Grey,” said he, approaching Mr. Grey, “I have been looking every where for you. Lady Downton’s agreeableness,”—he smiled, and Mr. Grey smiled,—“Lady Downton’s agreeableness must be my excuse.”

“A very lame one, I fear,” said Mr. Grey.

“Ah! well, never mind. Excuses are always good for nothing—never supposed to be worth any thing. There would be no such word in our language if they were.”

That evening Edward Temple devoted himself to Charlotte Daventry. He showed less attention than usual to her cousin. Yes, he was very attentive to Charlotte, and Anne thought there was something very *empresé* in his manner to her. Charlotte never looked so well, so nearly beautiful. Nay, Anne thought there was something so much superior even to beauty in her appearance.

“Can it be?” thought she. “He spoke very strangely about her; he expresses such interest, and—” she thought for a moment—“and yet at times, he speaks almost slightly of her. Perhaps

he wishes to blind me by his manner." She felt a little twinge, and tried, as she had done the first evening of his arrival at Weston, not to care about it, and not to look at Charlotte and him.

It was true that his manner was peculiarly attentive to Charlotte Daventry. A vain girl might even have read something more in it; but Charlotte Daventry we know was not vain. She believed he loved her cousin, and this must have saved her from any flattering allusions; though she might well have been justified for entertaining such. Yes—we grieve to say it! Edward Temple, by his manner that evening, laid himself open to the charge of fickleness. But do not let us censure him too hastily. We will not blame him yet; we are only sorry that Anne Grey should have felt that it was so necessary for her peace of mind not to look that way oftener than she could avoid.

"He is gained!" said Charlotte Daventry to herself in her own room, as her eyes sparkled with triumph and delight. "He is gained!—that tear—that meek, touching rebuke!—that little self-denying retirement, have effected what there was cause to despair of!—Yes—it was but a chance! It required the nicest exercise of skill—but it has succeeded. Anne Grey,—sigh, blush, and pine!" She smiled proudly, and then she sighed again with a softer emotion.

"What a charm there is in music!" said Edward Temple to Charlotte Daventry, the next morning after listening to a song of Anne's.

Charlotte looked at him, and saw the enthusiasm of his admiration beaming in his countenance. Was it the song or the singer, music or the performer which called forth that enthusiasm? the next minute was calculated to satisfy any one that although it was the song, and not the singer—music, and not the performer, which caused the enthusiasm, it would be easy for the song and the music to transfer the enthusiasm to the singer and the performer.

"Music is quite a passion with me," said he. "I could love any one let them be old and ugly and disagreeable as—what shall I say, Miss Daventry?—the oldest and the ugliest and most disagreeable person you know—I could love them with all my heart if they played and sung well. My first question would be, if I were thinking of inquiring for a wife—is she a good musician? and that question satisfactorily answered, all the others would follow of course. She might have beauty, agreeableness—all those

thousand and one charms every unmarried woman is possessed of as a matter of course. They would be pleasant additions, certainly; but I should care very little about them. Do not you agree with me? Do not you feel that you never could fall in love with a woman who could not charm you by her voice or fingers? Ah! I forgot, you cannot fancy yourself in love with a woman at all—and a man! *we* only listen to music. We seldom give proof of our talent and souls for music but in listening—I am sure you play and sing to perfection, Miss Daventry,” added he.

“What shall I say after hearing such an opinion on the subject,” said Charlotte, looking archly at him. “I will neither say yes, nor no,” continued she, after pretending to think for a moment. *I dare* not say no, and I *must* not say yes.”

“The only thing left for you then,” said he, “is to allow me to decide for myself—but, meantime, I will venture to say ‘Yes’ for you without any proof.”

“Thank you,” said Charlotte, laughing.

“You consent then,” said he. “You will let me hear you?”

“No—not now—perhaps some time: not now.”

She looked at Anne and Mrs. Grey, who were in the room; and said, with some confusion, and rather eagerly, “This is all nonsense. You know it was all nonsense, I was only in joke about my playing. You know, my aunt and cousin will tell you I cannot play at all. Yes, indeed, Mr. Temple,” getting anxious, as she saw him look incredulous—“Yes, indeed, if you will ask they will tell you—but I had rather you should not say any thing about it.”

“Your cousin and Mrs. Grey will say,” said he, “but will you let me ask yourself? I know you cannot say what is not true?”

“Oh well, never mind,” said Charlotte, hurriedly, and seeming really alarmed. “Never mind asking any one. You shall hear me some time—only not now. I never play,” she added quickly, “before my cousin, or——, it is so difficult—so foolish for that”—she seemed confused—got up,—and, as if vexed and annoyed at herself, walked away to another part of the room, took up a book, and, seating herself on a sofa, began to read very intently, whilst concealing her face with the book. Edward Temple smiled. “Pretty piece of acting! She will *not* play.”

“How delightful it is,” said he, turning to a clever, entertaining Mrs. Fuller, who was of the party at Weston. “How delightful it

do not deny that Mr. Temple has certainly shown me great attention—his manner has at times—but still,” said she, after a slight pause, “he may not mean any thing. He is a man of the world. I am so unused to the manners of the world, that I may be deceived by a manner which would be looked on as meaning nothing to those who are accustomed to it.”

“Nay, Anne, excuse me for laughing at such a serious, pretty, modest speech,” said Charlotte, gaily; “but I must hope that Mr. Temple does not accustom many of the young ladies of his acquaintance to such a manner and such attentions, as those he bestows on you. No, no! I am no judge of the manners of the world, but even I can judge so far as this—that no man *of* the world, or *not* of the world can pay such attentions to any woman, as Mr. Temple does to you, without meaning something, or its being evident he *ought* to mean something by them.”

“You are a good comforter and flatterer,” said Anne. “But there is Watson come to put a stop to the chance of my being laughed at or flattered any more;” and Anne turned with a sigh to the contemplation of the gown in Watson’s hand, and the duties of the toilette, and her sigh might be supposed to arise from a reflection on the vanities of life. No one could tell whether she sighed because she saw an image of vanity in a pretty gown, and a smart lady’s-maid, or because she did not see very clearly whether the attentions of a man of the world meant the same thing as those of other men.

Mr. Temple’s visit at Weston was at length at an end, and if Anne ever asked herself that question, she could never satisfactorily reply to it. Mr. Temple left Weston; and if he had not been a man of the world, Anne would have said he left it with a heart not untouched: he left Weston with evident regret, and even Anne Grey, diffident as she was, would have been forced to believe, had he not been a man of the world, that that regret was caused by bidding her adieu.

She found the first days after his departure hang very heavy. She had to scold herself, to be really very angry with herself, to form many very good resolutions, more excellent each time they were broken. She firmly resolved never to think of Mr. Temple; steadily determined not to let him engross too much of her thoughts; but Anne felt guilty of being in love. She owned to herself that she liked Mr. Temple,—that the fact of his liking her or not was

no longer one of indifference to her. She certainly might, with very little vanity, believe that he liked her. He had shown every symptom of it. He had said every thing to make her suppose so. The only reason for doubting it was the very simple and self-evident fact of his being Edward Temple! It seems strange that this, of which no one could be ignorant, should be a reason for doubting—yet so it was! ‘Edward Temple,’ stood in Anne’s mind for something so superior to all others, that her diffidence took alarm when she thought that it was he whom she believed capable of entertaining a preference for her. His manner to her, said ‘I love you, Anne Grey;’ but his name, his reputation in the world,—in Anne’s own estimation,—his talents,—all that was expressed and understood by those words, ‘Edward Temple’ said, you must be flattering yourself with false and presumptuous hopes.

It was thus the matter stood in Anne’s heart, and she felt guilty of being in love—positively *guilty*, for Anne Grey was not conceited; so she determined to think of him only as a motive to improvement. Improvement! for the sake of rendering herself worthy to be loved by him! Amiable deceit! Anne Grey, you are a heroine after all! Forget Edward Temple when you are more than perfect. Forget him when you think yourself perfect; and then, Mr. Temple, do not fear that you will ever be forgotten!

CHAPTER XXXV.

LET any one, who can, decide whether it is more a proof of being amiable to love or to be loved? We all have said of many of our acquaintance, they must be amiable for they are so much loved; and we all have said of many others, they must be amiable for they love so warmly. In both there seems a proof of merit, but who shall decide which is the greater? Still more, who can decide which is most agreeable?

Perhaps they are closely united; for to be loved and not to love! where is the charm of that? and to love and not to be loved!—Oh, who may not guess or know that misery? To love, with the fond clinging love of a child, and to meet a parent’s cold and

careless eye! To love with the warmth and sympathy of a sister, and to meet no tenderness, no confidence in return! To love with a parent's watchful, anxious, undying love, and to meet ingratitude, carelessness, contempt! To love with a woman's fond, devoted, trembling, constant love, and to read in the look and tone of him beloved, that worse than serpent's sting—indifference! To love and to be loved, are indeed intimately blended; the pleasure of one consists in the pleasure of the other; but not so the merit. The merit of the one consists perhaps in the absence of the other. It is easy to love when we are loved; but where there is coldness and indifference to meet our affection—*then* to love is indeed a merit.

Anne's affection for Charlotte had very much increased of late. She had always pitied and wished to love her; but now she had no longer occasion to think of doing so as a duty. She really regarded her with sincere affection. She saw with pleasure the gradual improvement in her mind and manners. She was no longer the awkward, ignorant, wondering girl, whose warm affections and lively intellectual powers had lain half dormant for want of culture. She had learnt to think as well as to feel. She had learnt, or rather she was beginning to learn, to sometimes deliberate before she acted or spoke. She could not always quite controul her lively imagination, her warm impetuous feelings; but still there was *some* controul; before, there had been none.

Anne saw how much she must have been neglected from the rapid improvement she made. She was astonished at the powers of her mind as they were gradually developed, and still more charmed with the simplicity, the modesty, the naiveté, and ingenuousness of feeling, manner, and sentiment allied to such powers. Charlotte Daventry was the most teachable person that ever existed. She was both eager and able to learn. She felt her own ignorance, and she seemed grateful to any who would give her instruction. She was only too desponding and diffident of her own abilities. She looked up to her cousins as immeasurably superior to herself, and if Anne had been vain, she might easily have been flattered by Charlotte Daventry's admiration of her talents and attainments. As it was, she only thought that Charlotte's warm affection made her considerably overrate her merits, and whilst her vanity was unflattered, her heart was touched, and she loved Charlotte the better, for the warmth of attachment which her flattering view of her character displayed.

She was indeed an object of the most heartfelt interest to Anne; and her pity, her interest and affection were daily increased as she saw what Charlotte might have been, but for the mismanagement and neglect of a fond, but selfish and unamiable father. Since Sophy's marriage she had become more intimate with her real character than before, when Charlotte, with characteristic amiability, had hesitated to advance her claims on the regard and affection of either. Whilst the two sisters remained together, they were all-sufficient to each other. With the sensitive intelligence of a generous mind, she probably feared to impair that intimate communion of thought and feeling which existed between them, and which the interference of a third person could not fail to interrupt.

Anne saw that Charlotte was still reserved and diffident about herself, and that, excepting to those she really loved, and whom she felt really loved her, she had the same light, careless manner as heretofore. But to Anne she revealed her feelings; and, perhaps, without being aware that she had any stores of mind to unfold, she did gradually unfold them to Anne. Yet there was something that Anne could scarcely understand in her character. She was still wild and foolish at times, displaying strange bursts of emotion, and then a most heartless levity. She was always right and sensible when she had time to consider; but it seemed that, from the long want of control, her impulses were often too strong for her reason: her mind, too uncultivated, at times ran riot, and she indulged in folly, for which her more sober judgment must afterwards have reproved her. She was at one time like a child—at another like a woman of sense and judgment.

Anne watched her with almost painful interest: her character seemed like a difficult enigma. Sometimes she believed that she had read it; that she thoroughly understood it: and then some trifling circumstance occurred, and she was thrown completely wrong once more. The enigma was more dark than ever.

Anne felt that Charlotte confided every thought and feeling to her, and she gave her, in return, sincere confiding affection. No wonder Charlotte Daventry improved! none but Anne Grey could be ignorant why she should be likely to do so. None but her could think so lightly of that sense and judgment which were given for her use; given as the writer of valuable books gives his wisdom and his knowledge to the world: a free gift, to be used by all, and

profited by—neither forced, nor bestowed against the will ; but freely and unreservedly : to be looked to and consulted when inclination prompts, or necessity calls for their assistance ; laying none under a sense of obligation ; but writing, as he could not but write, what was wisdom and knowledg. It was thus with the sense, the judgment, and good principles of Anne Grey. They lay in the book of her heart and mind ; and those who chose to read that book might read instruction there.

And did Charlotte Daventry read that book ? Did she turn the pages, and with anxious care search for profit, and instruction, and riches to be found in them ? Yes, she did look into that book ! She searched with eager, watchful scrutiny. She read each page—pondered—read and read again. She knew that unpretending open book ; each line, and word, and letter ; it was simple—easy to be read. Was it so easy to profit by it ? to apply the lessons inculcated there ? or was it more easy to turn those lessons to evil ? to turn them to their own and others' destruction ? The improvement in Charlotte Daventry, which Anne watched with delight and interest, would have seemed to prove that she at least had read them aright, and that she had profited by her intimate knowledge of the heart and feelings and sentiments of Anne Grey.

Soon after the period of Mr. Temple's first visit to Weston, William Grey, who had been absent for about a fortnight, returned home.

William Grey was not apt to make confidences. He was not perhaps reserved in disposition. He did not keep facts and feelings to himself, because he thought it good policy to do so, but he seldom mentioned any thing about his own feelings or affairs, because it was a trouble to do so, and he did not consider any one much worth taking the trouble for.

According to this sensible view of the use and advantages of unreserve, William Grey never told any of his family that he had been in love with Jane Graham, and that he had been vexed at hearing from Lady Downton that she was going to be married. This however was really the case, but what could he have gained had he mentioned it ? Only the bore of hearing them say " how sorry," or " how glad" they were. They would not have prevented Jane Graham from falling in love with any other person, or have made her fall in love with him : so he said nothing about it, and this wise reserve obliges us to recapitulate for him all that other-

wise might have been learned in the more agreeable mode of conversation.

The fact was, he had met Miss Jane Graham in Cheshire about two years before, during a visit to some of his friends in that county. He admired her, and I suppose I may say she admired him—that is, by mutual consent they sat together, talked together, walked together, rode together, and made love together: in short, it was a flirtation. When William Grey was safely out of the house, he said to himself, “What a pretty girl Jane Graham is! and when Jane Graham began to flirt with the next admirer that fell in her way, she said, “He is not so agreeable as Mr. William Grey.”

William Grey just thought enough of Jane Graham to make him consider Cheshire a very pleasant county, and he resolved to visit it again the next year, having seen her in town during the spring. Jane Graham was still unmarried—still pretty, still agreeable, and still ready to flirt with William Grey; and at last, by dint of remaining several days in the same house together in the morning, and sitting together in the evening; by dint of William’s listening to Jane’s singing, and Jane’s listening to the hints of her female friends, that “Mr. Grey was certainly a great admirer of her’s;” it so happened that William Grey and Jane Graham did fall in love with one another. She was a pretty, lively, and accomplished girl, one of the acknowledged belles of the county, good-tempered, well-disposed, and, in the language of some of her admirers, had “plenty of spirit and no nonsense about her!” would have no idea of not taking her own part, yet not in the least masculine, and, though she believed that no girl could possibly be so foolish as to fall in love with any man who was not twice as much in love with her, still she thought it very possible to be in love, supposing the person for whom she was to entertain ‘la belle passion’ was sufficiently enamoured and agreeable, had a good fortune, and was approved of by all the county, as well as her father and mother.

William Grey left Cheshire all but the acknowledged lover of Jane Graham, and with a tolerably positive assurance on her part that whatever love he chose to bestow was reciprocated in the proper degree by her.

The next thing William heard of her was from Lady Dowton—that she was going to be married. His indignation at such a report for some time kept him *very sensibly* from making any effort to

ascertain its truth. The papers were silent on the subject, and at last he felt a curiosity to visit Cheshire once more. He went; the story of Jane Graham was untrue—he proposed—was accepted—meant to write and tell his father every day, but every day delayed doing so—fortunately, as it happened, for it would have been a great deal of trouble for nothing.

For some days after his proposal, William thought himself very happy. But William was accustomed to consider self as the first object, and he could not exactly understand why a woman who was in love with him should expect to be more considered and attended to than him. He was careless—she was angry—a quarrel ensued. It was made up once, and William, who really loved her, thought he had been to blame, and tried to be more attentive and think less of self.

But though Jane loved William, as she was a girl of spirit, she felt persuaded from his former carelessness that she ought to keep him in order, and make him properly attentive to her; consequently she became very *exigeante* and very tiresome—was ready to quarrel at the smallest appearance of negligence or indifference, though she might have known, by this time, that it was in appearance only. She tried William too much; he could not completely overcome his usual character; he thought she could not really love him, or she would not be so punctilious about trifles—he was hurt and offended: she thought it right to show her dignity and be offended too. A more serious quarrel than the last ensued. To assert her independence she began to flirt with an old admirer. William's indignation knew no bounds. His feelings were wounded. He declared that she could never have loved him, to be thus guilty of flirting with another person. All his good and bad feelings were roused. He really loved her, and she really loved him, but neither could give way—neither could confess that they were in the wrong; and they parted, proudly intimating to one another that the engagement must be considered at an end, and William Grey returned home, for the first time in his life, fairly out of spirits.

Anne quickly perceived it, and Charlotte Daventry, kind-hearted girl, no less quickly.

“Poor William is sadly out of spirits,” said she to Anne. “He is so cross, which is a sure sign.”

“He is certainly out of spirits,” said Anne.

“He is more sarcastic than usual in his invective against our

sex," rejoined Charlotte. "He never thought us such a set of simpletons before," continued she.

"I do not think William is a likely person to be in love," said Anne doubtfully.

"*Nous verrons!*" thought Charlotte Daventry, and she said, "Oh, no!" Anne was silent, and Charlotte Daventry formed a resolution and adhered to it.

In a few days William Grey entrusted his griefs to her. Charlotte's kind, considerate manner, and unobtrusive attention, won confidence even from him. Charlotte saved him the trouble of any effort to tell what he felt. It all came naturally. He really could not help telling her. In short he never before had had the same occasion to make a confidante: he never had suffered so much before. William Grey had a warm heart—he had strong affections, and if self had not interfered, he would have been a particularly amiable person; had it not been for self, he would have been the kindest, warmest, most affectionate friend—the most constant and devoted lover. For a time, he suffered a great deal from Jane Graham's conduct towards him, but he found so much comfort in talking to Charlotte Daventry about the affair, that he almost began to forget why he wanted comforting. At length the papers reminded him.

One morning Mrs. Grey having duly looked at the newspaper, began, by way of amusement to herself and others, a doubtful one, perhaps, to read a part of it aloud. "The lady of the Rev. James Richards of a son." "At the Rectory, Westwood, the lady of the Rev. Timothy Hopkins, of twins, a son and a daughter."

"Bless me! how people do go on!" interlarded Mrs. Grey.

"The lady of Josiah Parkins, of a daughter still-born." "By the Rev. Joseph Wood, Mark Anthony, eldest son of Mark Anthony Peter Giles, Esq., of Braywood, Co. Kent, to Sarah Amelia Jane, eldest daughter of John Jones, Esq., of Rose-bower Cottage, near Bristol."

"Oh, yes! marriages, I see," observed Mrs. Grey again. "On Wednesday last at St. George's, Hanover Square, Frederic John Goldby, Esq., eldest son of Sir Frederic John Goldby, Bart., to Jane Caroline, second daughter of Arthur Graham, Esq." William suddenly got up and left the room.

"Is any thing the matter with William?" said Mr. Grey.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Grey.

“ Oh ! dear, no,” said Charlotte, “ I dare say not. I know he was going to look at a dog that was coming for him this morning, and I dare say, he only just remembered it.” Mr. Grey resumed his book. Anne was not in the room. Mrs. Grey finished the list of marriages and hurried through the deaths. These she read to herself, except when she came to that of a very old friend, and then, in an animated voice, as if cheered and excited by the intelligence she read it aloud for the benefit of Mr. Grey.

“ Ah ! only think ! I have known him as long as I have known any thing ; but I have not seen him these twenty years. Well, my dear, perhaps you will like to look at the paper,” laying it near Mr. Grey. “ That’s a very amusing paper, Mr. Grey—always full of news :” and Mrs. Grey settled herself, more comfortably than usual, to her work.

Charlotte shortly after left the room. She found William in his study. He was pacing backwards and forwards. He stopped as she entered—he expected to see her.

“ Did you hear it ?” said he. “ Oh, I am a miserable fellow ! It was too bad—too cold—too heartless!—so soon !” and William leaned against the mantel-piece and shaded his face to conceal his emotion. “ Well, it is all over now !” said he, rousing himself after some minutes’ silence. “ It can’t be helped, and I have had a good escape :—but Jane Graham ! Can it be—so heartless—so deceitful !—I did not think it ! Aye, you pity me, Charlotte,” said he, looking at her whilst the tear glistened in his eye. “ You are very kind to me, Charlotte. I knew you would feel for me ;” and Charlotte showed by her kind, compassionate voice and manner, that she did so.

“ I was obliged to run away, to prevent their seeing my distress,” continued William, “ when my mother read out that odious paragraph, spelling it word by word ; and I knew the next thing would be, “ You know Miss Graham, do not you, William ?” so I got away before it came to that ! But they did not perceive, I hope—they did not remark any thing ?” looking at Charlotte.

“ Oh ! my uncle said something, but I soon turned it off—I said, I thought you were gone to look at a dog, and he was satisfied.”

“ Aye, thank you—you are a good soul, Charlotte : you never tattle. I would not have all the world knowing this—and all of them coming and plaguing one to death with their pity, or their ill-natured remarks. No, not even one of my own family. It is ten to one if

they did not run daggers through one every day by their blundering compassion. From Anne, to be sure, there is little danger of that : she is the least of a blunderer I ever saw. But one is enough—you know all—I would have told her, as I have told you, but she never asked me, and it is all as well! You know how to do one good, but I never should have told you if you had not half found it out yourself, and saved me the trouble. You are a good girl, Charlotte—and God knows!” said he, remembering himself and Jane Graham *‘that was’* again; “God knows, I want comfort now!” and Charlotte administered the comfort so well, that in a short time he was again in danger of forgetting why he wanted comforting.

In short, William was not a sort of man to fret very long over the loss of a mistress whom he had loved ever so much. Had it interfered with his every-day comfort—had her being married to another involved the loss of his breakfast, dinner, or supper—the loss of his arm-chair, or the absence of the book he wanted to read; had it made any one about him disobliging, or too silent, or too talkative, or too grave, or too gay—then William would never have recovered his disappointment—he would have worn the willow to this day, and might have gone into an atrophy, or a decline, or a nervous fever on the strength of it; but as Jane Graham’s marriage did not materially interfere with the continuance of all his personal comforts, his health was unimpaired. Had the affliction under which he suffered been a scolding, disagreeable wife, instead of the loss of a wife, he would never have got over it. That would have spoken forcibly to his feelings every day of his life. It would have been *bore interminable*, and William hated to be bored; but the loss of the affections of a girl with whom he was in love was a very different thing, and he soon forgot to care much whether Jane Graham were married or single.

However, he did not so easily forget Charlotte Daventry’s kindness. She had begun by comforting him when he was unhappy. He now found that she was just as essential to his comfort when he was happy.

He liked her, and not unfrequently said to Anne, “What a nice girl Charlotte was,” and “how amazingly she was improved.” He often asked Anne whether she did not think Charlotte looked exceedingly handsome. He sometimes asked her whether she had ever made a simpleton of herself and been in love. He often said to

Anne, "You don't do that half so well as Charlotte does," when others might have seen but little difference, and that little in Anne's favour.

In short (is any one prepared for what is to follow?) William Grey at the end of a few weeks after Jane Graham's marriage found himself in the pleasant, or unpleasant, condition of falling in love, and with no other than his good cousin Charlotte Daventry. Every one will say "Nothing more natural! more common-place!" for love, or hate, is a necessary consequence of that blessed tie of cousinhood, where from childhood we have not been brought up together; cutting teeth, holiday visits, and school-boy jokes, may prove unfailing safeguards; but William Grey had none of these, and he chose, or rather he did not choose, for he could not help it, he *chanced* to fix upon love.

He became seriously in love with Charlotte Daventry. Anne saw the rise of the passion. She saw Charlotte totally unconscious of it—feeling and speaking of William with fond affection, but with a sister's love.

No! Charlotte Daventry was certainly not in love, nor the least aware that William Grey was in love with her. There was no one she was so fond of as William, no one for whom she had such ready smiles, but alas! she had always smiles—she had no frowns—acme of a lover's wishes—frowns! She had no grave looks, half averted eyes, no blushes. No! William Grey, unhappy man! could not call a single frown his own, and he was in despair. He was desperately in love: Charlotte Daventry had a power over his heart that no other woman had ever yet attained. Anne saw with sorrow the real state of the case, but was unwilling to reveal to Charlotte, who remained in happy ignorance, the real nature of William's feelings towards her. Anne loved her the better for it: still, it was very vexations, for Charlotte unconsciously did all she could to increase his passion. *Unconsciously*, for it was merely by her show of fondness, of sisterly affection and attention to William, and the unreserved display of all the graces and charms of her mind and heart.

Oh, it was a sad thing! a provoking thing! It would have given her such real pleasure, such delight, to have William and Charlotte so fond of one another, if there had not been love in the case, but she knew that love could not be a happy one; she thought it unlikely that Charlotte should return his passion, and it would

never be approved by her parents. It was very annoying: Anne sighed over it very often, when she saw poor William looking so miserable, and jealous, and so much in love; and Charlotte looking so innocent, and fascinating, and smiling.

What was to be done? Anne did not know. She was very sorry, but, indeed, it could not be helped.

It could not be helped! Comfortable words! The Italian “dolce far niente” expresses but the counterpart of the comfortable quiescence conveyed in those English words “It can’t be helped.” How many idle hearts have been lulled into repose, after a gentle shove from the spirit of activity and trouble, by those soothing words “It can’t be helped!” How many a twinging conscience touched by the troublesome spirit of remorse, as it views the poor victim hurrying on to the destruction that might have been averted, is soothed by that quieting sentence “It can’t be helped!” How many an awkward footman who throws the contents of the soup-plate on the silky coat of the favourite lap-dog, consoles himself with those words, “It can’t be helped!” How many a pretty coquette, whose bright eyes have caused a duel and loss of limb to some unfortunate hero, consoles herself with those cheering words “It can’t be helped!” How many—but who does not know how many—who has not said to himself in an indolent, a self-consoling, or a self-upbraiding mood, with a comfortable shrug, a conscience-quieting pull of the chair to the cheering vicinity of the fire—who has not said to himself at such moments “It can’t be helped?”

What sensible man, or woman, will fret about that which cannot be helped? Whether it might have been helped is not the question. It cannot, or we wish to believe it cannot be helped now, and we bless our English ingenuity for devising such a balm to wounded consciences or hearts as those few, simple, inelegant words. So Anne Grey tried to comfort herself, as all the world have comforted themselves before her, by saying “It can’t be helped!”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL the party from Weston were invited to Chatterton, and Anne thought with pleasure of the visit. It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every different person. Pleasure to a country Miss just ‘come out,’ means ‘a race ball, and so many partners that she is danced till she can hardly stand.’ Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion means ‘a card for Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady——.’ Pleasure to a school-boy means ‘tying a string to his school-fellow’s toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till he awakes him.’ Pleasure to a man of an enquiring mind means ‘a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off.’ Pleasure to a man of taste means ‘a first rate *artiste*, and a good dinner.’ Pleasure to a labouring man means ‘doing nothing.’ Pleasure to a fine lady means ‘having something to do to drive away the time.’ Pleasure to an antiquarian means ‘an illegible inscription.’ Pleasure to a connoisseur means ‘a dark, invisible, very fine picture.’ Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means, ‘liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton except himself.’ Pleasure to a beggar means ‘a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling.’ Pleasure to a sailor ‘a fresh breeze and a sight of land.’ Pleasure to the afflicted ‘a tear.’ Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers ‘the last word in an argument.’ Pleasure to the social, ‘the human face divine.’ Pleasure to the morose, ‘I shan’t see a soul for the next six months.’ Pleasure to an author ‘the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—Finis.’ Pleasure to all, to every one, in their own way, and that way a different one.

How then define pleasure? It is indefinable! Who can say where it is? what it is? A whole college of wise men will not define it. They all may say, ‘I am pleased, I have been pleased;’ but alas! their pleasure is not the same as others’ pleasure. “Is *that* pleasure?” the ninety-and-nine say to the one exception, “*That* is not pleasure;” and the ninety-and-nine all say what

pleasure is; and the ninety-and-nine all hold up their hands in astonishment at the pleasure of the other ninety-and-eight. In the multitude of hearts, and souls, and feelings, in the world there are not two hearts, and souls, and feelings, which will confess pleasure to be one and the same thing. There may be broad resemblances, but there are shades of difference in all.

What then was Anne Grey's pleasure? How dare we speak of it! write of it! It is a dangerous word. If it even existed, how momentary! how passing! before it is yet well written—before the ink is dry—it is vanished! Like the lightning's flash, or the rainbow's tints, or the April shower, or the infant's tear, or the meteor in the sky, or the bubble in the stream—it is gone! What then were the ingredients of pleasure held out to Anne Grey in a visit to Chatterton? She did not dislike Mrs. Foley, she was anxious to be liked by Miss Foley, and she already liked Mr. George Foley; and more than all these, she was not sorry to leave home on account of William and Charlotte, as she hoped some little change might be of advantage to them. These were her prospects of pleasure in a visit to Chatterton. Perhaps they implied rather more negative, than positive enjoyment; and this alas! is too often the meaning of the term. It is pleasure to escape from pain.

Anne then looked forward with pleasure to the visit to Chatterton, for she had not great faith in William's constancy, when less boldly defended by circumstances than in the present instance. Circumstances now had befriended it: like the warm and delicate bed of cotton wool, guarding the brittle trinket which safely travels through the jars and tumults of the road, enveloped in its nurturing and concealing folds, circumstances had guarded William Grey's constancy from the chance of injury.

Anne hoped the visit to Chatterton might give the wished-for collision. Some very pretty face, she hoped, might there be seen, or some more languishing softness than Charlotte's—but no! that would not do for William. It must be some pretty, lively, clever person. Anne had her exactly in her mind. Isabella Foley was too quiet, and a little too sentimental. William certainly liked her—he *endured* her, and never left his comfortable chair when she went near. Still Anne feared she would not do, and she anxiously looked round the drawing-room at Chatterton, the first evening, to see if there was any one who might do better.

Yes, exactly; the very beau ideal of Anne's imagination was there. A Miss Ferrars, who was pretty, lively and sensible. A girl whom every one knew, and William had heard of, but never before seen; he had once said, 'I should like to know that girl;' 'I am sure I should like her.' Anne's eyes brightened as she perceived her. She glanced at William as Miss Ferrars' name was mentioned, within his hearing. But no: William was eagerly watching Charlotte Daventry.

Charlotte was seated at a table; Frank Crawford, who had returned to Chatterton that morning, was standing by her, half leaning over her chair; and Charlotte was half smiling; one moment throwing up her large expressive eyes at him, filled with intelligence and animation, then letting them fall again, as the blush slightly tinged her face. It was radiant animation—it was pretty, touching confusion. William Grey *might* bear Miss Ferrars' name: he *might* be aware that she was in the room, but Anne saw it was of no importance to him if he did. She turned away with a sigh. She feared that the visit to Chatterton from which she hoped so much would be worse than useless; for there was Charlotte Daventry with a lover, to excite William's jealousy, and thus keep up his passion for her.

Anne wondered, with even a little vexation, what could have made Frank Crawford come to Chatterton so very soon again. To be sure it was tolerably evident why he had. His admiration for Charlotte could scarcely be unobserved. Charlotte herself was partly aware of it. She had mentioned it to Anne—said he was agreeable, but a sort of person no woman would ever think of marrying, should be even he inclined to put her thoughts in that way to the test; she liked talking to him, and she should go on talking to him.

Anne said, "For shame, Charlotte! Don't you know you are encouraging him by that; that you are indulging a little spirit of flirtation?"

"Oh, no indeed!" said Charlotte: "it would seem absurd that I should give up talking to him, if you knew how very little there is in it! It would be giving him encouragement, to change my manner. But I will try not to talk *very* much to him. You shall see, when we go to Chatterton, Anne. But somehow, I do not know how—I always do what is natural. If I am inclined to talk to any one, I never think about it. I cannot feel all those reserves.

I know I should be looking awkward, and constrained all day, if I thought about my manner."

"Well then," said Anne, "do not think about it, Charlotte dear. I believe you are right, and never was there a girl with less of the spirit of coquetry than you."

"Very well, then I will not think about Mr. Frank Crawford," said Charlotte. "I will just talk to him if he talks to me, or if I happen to sit near him, or if I happen to think of any thing I wished to say to him. I am glad you say it does not signify, because I know I should have felt so awkward when he spoke to me, if I had fancied I ought not to talk to him."

"Yes, that would never have done," said Anne, "so do not 'fash' yourself about Mr. Frank Crawford," added she laughing. "Let him take his chance, he is pretty well able to take care of himself."

"Yes, indeed!" said Charlotte, joining in her laugh; and she darted out of the room humming the air of a song.

"Happy girl!" thought Anne. "I never saw any one so free from nonsense and affectation. I do not wonder at William's liking her!"

In vain was Miss Ferrars every thing that was agreeable during that visit. William would not see or feel it. He said she was—he believed, he knew that she was 'a very nice girl'—'very agreeable'—but it was evident that he knew nothing about it. He was intent on Charlotte Daventry. He was very low—very jealous of Frank Crawford. "He hated the fellow!" and he said so once before Charlotte.

"Hate Mr. Crawford!" said she, with a look of surprise. "My dear William!"

William coloured up. There was a mixture of feelings about the "Hate Frank Crawford," and the "My dear William;" but the "Hate Frank Crawford," predominated.

"Nay, you need not tell me *you* do not hate him," said he pettishly, and he got up and walked out of the room.

Charlotte Daventry was seated with her back towards Anne, and her eyes followed William. She smiled as the door closed—it was a bright triumphant smile, but she turned to Anne with a vexed, sorrowful look.

"What is the matter with William, Anne?"

"I don't know," said Anne. She *did* know, and perhaps she

should not have said she did not; but 'I don't know' is easily said, and means nothing.

"Well, nor I," said Charlotte, "nor why he hates Mr. Crawford."

"Oh! but I do," said she, after a pause.

Anne started.

"But I do. Mr. Foley, said Frank Crawford, had killed more birds on the moors last year than William. He said he was a better shot. I don't understand these things, but I remember William looked angry at the time, and that's it! so it is!" and Charlotte, with a satisfied, merry air, ran off to look for a book of drawings that Mrs. Foley wanted to see, leaving Anne to be annoyed and to think by herself.

"Jealous of Frank Crawford's address! of Frank Crawford's success! Yes, indeed," said Charlotte Daventry to herself, with a bright smile, as she found the book she wanted. "Jealous of his success in something more important than the death of a bird. Not less light and airy, and difficult to attain—not less ready to fly away than the poor little downy bird, is the possession of which he is jealous. No! light, deluding, fluttering thing! 'Tis this you are jealous of. The pretty phantom—the pretty nothing, a woman's love. It may be yours—theirs—any one's. It is *worth* having."

Charlotte Daventry walked off with her book, with a light and bounding step: she went to look for Mrs. Foley in her morning sitting-room.

"All gone but you, Mr. Crawford!" said she, as she entered the room, and saw no one but Frank Crawford sitting there. "All gone but you!" as she shut the door and seated herself on the low chair by the fire-side.

"Yes, and if you had known it, I suppose, I should not have been honoured by your company," said Frank Crawford, in a slight tone of pique, getting up and placing himself near her.

"That is a very pretty indignant tone, Mr. Crawford. It is a pity you do not reserve it for Miss Ferrars, or your cousin," said she, with an arch smile.

"I wish to heaven!"—began Frank Crawford with vehemence.

"Do not wish any thing to heaven, Mr. Crawford, in so loud a voice," said Charlotte interrupting him. "Moreover, do not wish any thing to heaven, till you know what you have to wish for."

She paused—her eyes were turned half-reproachfully, half-sadly, towards him for an instant, then cast on the ground. Frank Crawford started up, and came and leant over the back of her chair.

Charlotte looked at him,—one short look; then averting her face to conceal the blush which was stealing over it, she half covered it with one hand, and extended the other towards him.

Crawford seized the hand, and she allowed it to be retained for a few minutes; but then, as he fondly urged its detention, she, with more firmness, drew it away, and said, in a gentle voice, “This is folly, Mr. Crawford—but I will excuse it. I have but too much need!” and her eyes were once more averted; she sighed, and added in a scarce audible voice, “but too much need, where the folly is mutual.”

Low as that voice was, Frank Crawford heard its gentlest tones. He listened with rapture.

“You say it is mutual,” said he, eagerly. “Now, have I any thing to fear—any thing to wish, but for *one* thing?” and he intently gazed on her face. “Let me hope that I may claim this hand,” and he once more seized her hand; “let me hope I may claim it as my own. You have said, once at least, that the love was mutual.”

Charlotte Daventry looked proudly towards him for a moment, and snatched away her hand.

“Do not torture me thus, Miss Daventry! Is there to be no end to this suspense? Will you never let me hope? Let me but look forward to the day when I may call you mine! Dispose of me as you will; but say that you will acknowledge me as your lover!”—

“Mr. Crawford,” said Charlotte, interrupting him, “you will make me afraid of *ever* being kind to you in future. You forget to whom you are speaking. Do you think that Charlotte Daventry is a woman to acknowledge any man for her lover! To be bound to any man, for a day—or for life!” She looked coldly towards him.

“No, no! I will not be bound; not even by the silken tie of *public* engagement—not even by the more airy bond of *private* engagement. I will not be bound to any man; and if I were, do you think it would be on so short a trial? Do you think, because, for these few short months, you have seemed, what it is so easy for any one to *seem*—that your reward is so soon to be gained? I will

not bid you despair, Mr. Crawford——” she turned her eyes for a moment with all their touching tenderness towards him—

“ No! time, perseverance—I will own that I may be won in time; but do not think that it may be the easy work of a day. That a few sighs, a few tender words, can so easily work the effect they do on most women. No, Mr. Crawford, you have deceived yourself. I am not one of the herd of credulous, simple girls to whom you have been accustomed. An easy dupe to fond words, and sighs, and lovers’ follies. I am not so easily won. I love my liberty. I am young. Yes, Mr. Crawford, I am young—some think I have attractions, though heaven knows what they are; and I am not going to throw away such advantages, real or imaginary, before the teens are well passed, in making the good, neglected, patient wife:—No! time and perseverance *may* work wonders. Yes, even on Charlotte Daventry, where”—she paused for a moment, “ where there is already,” she turned with soft expressive eyes once more towards him, “ where there is already much,” she paused again—“ to encourage hope, I would say. But——” and the low deep tenderness of her voice was changed—she resumed her lively tone, her lively look:—“ Good by, Mr. Crawford,” said she, and quickly rising, walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Does love—does constancy exist among men? Any young lady may ask that question, and every young lady may answer it in her own way—we will not promise that it will be the right one. If she has beauty, she will answer, “ Certainly! How could any one doubt it?” If she has no beauty, she will say, “ I have heard it does. I have read of it; but I do not believe it.” Mamas and papas say it is all nonsense, there is no such thing. They are older and wiser—they ought to know; moreover they have had experience.

Be that as it may, George Foley’s love for Anne Grey certainly increased each time he saw her. Perhaps he was singular in not growing tired of a pretty face by seeing it often. He certainly was

very singular for loving one and the same for more than a month together: more especially when that one neither frowned, quarrelled, nor coquetted with him, to keep alive his interest; seemed to like him just as well one minute as another; and, wonderful to say, never changed from a smile to a frown in the space of a whole second; but was always ready to talk, and to accost him with a cheerful air of welcome when they met. She never amused him with varieties of manner, and still George Foley continued to love the sight of Anne Grey, and her quiet happy smile, better than any other sight in the world.

Strange anomaly! Were I not writing of common-place, good kind of people, every one would say, "How unnatural!" But so it was, and he felt more and more convinced that all accusations against her were totally unfounded. Every conversation he held with her displayed some new proof of amiable feeling, justness of thought and opinion, integrity and candour, united to the most engaging refinement of mind.

We are all, more or less, the dupes of appearances. None more so than those who profess never to be so duped. Those who, once deceived, resolve with surly disgust never again to be taken in, and wisely determine to believe the very contrary of what they behold, are no less egregiously duped than are we; but it is by themselves. It is true they gain one advantage; they behold beauties of mind and heart in those in whom no one ever beheld beauties before, and who, truth to say, never possessed any. All their flints are diamonds—but then, all their diamonds are flints; they are dupes—so perhaps are we; but *we* sometimes stumble on the truth—*they* never do.

Appearances might have duped George Foley; but he trusted to them, and, as it chanced, he was not deceived. He looked at Anne, and he believed that she was faultless. If a sensible man is led away by his feelings, we are always glad when we find that they happened to lead him right; that, though he blundered forward with a blind guide, chance befriended him; and he and his blind guide did not stumble over any stones in the way.

George Foley entrusted his opinions to Isabella, and Isabella, who could not help being captivated by the sweetness of Anne's manner, and whose feelings in all instances were apt to run away with her judgment, was now inclined to agree with him, and to readily allow there must be some mistake. Anne and Charlotte

not bid you despair, Mr. Crawford——” she turned her eyes for a moment with all their touching tenderness towards him——

“No! time, perseverance—I will own that I may be won in time; but do not think that it may be the easy work of a day. That a few sighs, a few tender words, can so easily work the effect they do on most women. No, Mr. Crawford, you have deceived yourself. I am not one of the herd of credulous, simple girls to whom you have been accustomed. An easy dupe to fond words, and sighs, and lovers’ follies. I am not so easily won. I love my liberty. I am young. Yes, Mr. Crawford, I am young—some think I have attractions, though heaven knows what they are; and I am not going to throw away such advantages, real or imaginary, before the teens are well passed, in making the good, neglected, patient wife:—No! time and perseverance *may* work wonders. Yes, even on Charlotte Daventry, where”——she paused for a moment, “where there is already,” she turned with soft expressive eyes once more towards him, “where there is already much,” she paused again—“to encourage hope, I would say. But——” and the low deep tenderness of her voice was changed—she resumed her lively tone, her lively look:—“Good by, Mr. Crawford,” said she, and quickly rising, walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Does love—does constancy exist among men? Any young lady may ask that question, and every young lady may answer it in her own way—we will not promise that it will be the right one. If she has beauty, she will answer, “Certainly! How could any one doubt it?” If she has no beauty, she will say, “I have heard it does. I have read of it; but I do not believe it.” Mamas and papas say it is all nonsense; there is no such thing. They are older and wiser—they ought to know; moreover they have had experience.

Be that as it may, George Foley’s love for Anne Grey certainly increased each time he saw her. Perhaps he was singular in not growing tired of a pretty face by seeing it often. He certainly was

very singular for loving one and the same for more than a month together: more especially when that one neither frowned, quarrelled, nor coquetted with him, to keep alive his interest; seemed to like him just as well one minute as another; and, wonderful to say, never changed from a smile to a frown in the space of a whole second; but was always ready to talk, and to accost him with a cheerful air of welcome when they met. She never amused him with varieties of manner, and still George Foley continued to love the sight of Anne Grey, and her quiet happy smile, better than any other sight in the world.

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George Foley entrusted his opinions to Isabella, and Isabella, who could not help being captivated by the sweetness of Anne's manner, and whose feelings in all instances were apt to run away with her judgment, was now inclined to agree with him, and to readily allow there must be some mistake. Anne and Charlotte

must both be in the right. Both must be amiable. She could not allow either to be in the wrong; and when her brother saw the affectionate manner of Charlotte Daventry to Anne, and heard Anne's warm praises of her, he forgot much of what he had thought before, especially as there was no repetition of the cause. He was too busily engaged in loving Anne Grey to have much time to bestow in a scrutiny of another's character, and he was unwilling to believe any ill of so near a relation of the person he loved. So he tacitly chimed in with Isabella's view of the case. There must have been some mistake; both were certainly amiable—both were delightful, and charming, and almost perfect. The '*almost*' in his mind belonged to Charlotte Daventry. The '*perfect*' stood alone for Anne Grey.

Anne, meantime, gave a tacit encouragement to his love, by her unconsciousness of its existence. She liked him—thought very highly of him—found him agreeable and sensible: she felt a great regard and esteem for him: was perfectly at ease with him—considered him in the light of a sincere friend, and one to whom she loved to talk better than to most other people. There was in all this much that approached to love—and, if her affections had not been pre-engaged, who knows how it might have been?

George Foley, encouraged by the frank cordiality of her manner, by the pleasure so unreservedly displayed in conversing with him, began to hope that his affection was returned. He was not aware of Mr. Temple's visit to Weston. He had heard and seen nothing of him lately; and he forgot his fears about him—forgot his prudence—his promised self-controul;—what man in love ever remembered any thing he ought to have done?—and in a short time from Anne's visit to Chatterton, he proposed. As might be expected, he was rejected—firmly and decidedly, but with much to soften the disappointment of such a refusal, in the manner by which it was conveyed, in the expressions of friendship and interest, which were mingled with Anne's firm rejection of his addresses.

George Foley was ready enough, now it was too late, to see and bewail his own folly and rashness, and to wonder at his presumptuous hope. He saw that Anne had never thought of him as a lover, and he could scarcely credit his own blindness in fancying that she had—in mistaking mere friendly liking for a warmer passion—in forgetting his pre-conceived opinion, with regard

to her preference for Edward Temple. He would not ask Anne for a reason for her refusal—a reason which could be of no other use than to soothe his wounded vanity. He did not ask her, as many inquisitive lovers would have done, whether her affections were pre-engaged? for he felt he had no right to do so. Yet he would have given much to know whether her preference for Edward Temple was the real cause of her indifference towards himself.

Anne promised him her friendship, and she did it, not as the mere matter of course promise which young ladies think fit to make by way of bon-bon, to sugar over the mortification of a rejection, but with undoubted sincerity and truth. Anne could not dissemble; but fortunately, in her heart, and feeling, and mind there existed such goodness, and candour, and benevolence that none could feel the want of dissembling. Who would not have preferred truths from Anne Grey to flattering falsehoods from others? There was a charm in Anne's manner, which even if it could have existed uninfluenced by feeling, would have been delightful in itself; but, flowing as it did from warmth and sensibility of heart, what could equal its fascination? George Foley felt its influence, and he quitted Weston less unhappy than he had believed it possible he could have been under the disappointment of all his fondest hopes, and his admiration for Anne Grey still increased by the calm and dignified, yet modest gentleness of her manner towards him.

And his love!—where was that? Alas, love was not so easily turned into friendship! George Foley had good sense, and he did not fancy that it could. He never hoped that a few words and a few assurances that friendship was the preferable sentiment of the two, could immediately change its nature. He felt that his love for Anne Grey would remain unchanged, and he would not wish it otherwise till all hope was extinguished by her marriage to another. Then, duty, principle, every thing would teach him to exchange it for friendship; but now, George Foley, with the perversity of a sensible, serious, steady-minded man in love, would not relinquish his passion—would not relinquish hoping almost against hope; and he fondly hoped that Time—Time the destroyer, the preserver, the friend, the enemy, would befriend him—that Time would bring him, in the affection of Anne Grey, his dearest reward. And with this hope George Foley left England,

and sought, amongst the ruins of Rome, lessons on the transforming powers of Time.

When Anne Grey told her mother that she had refused Mr. George Foley, nothing could exceed Mrs. Grey's astonishment, indignation, and dismay. Anne had never seen her so really angry before. She asked what she could be thinking of, in thus throwing away her happiness? she told her that she never would be happy, and nearly said she *hoped* she never would. She could scarcely believe that Anne was not in jest; and was inclined to send a servant after Mr. George Foley, to tell him it was all a mistake.

Anne was very sorry—but what could be done? She could not say that she repented.

Mrs. Grey told Mr. Grey, and Anne had to listen to his questions as to her reason for refusing Mr. George Foley, and to answer, as she felt, with very little appearance of wisdom. She could not say that she did not like him. She thought him superior to almost any other person she knew—very agreeable—peculiarly amiable; and this, poor Anne with a sinking heart, and a feeling of conscious folly, candidly confessed in answer to her father's questions. She began to think, as he looked more and more grave, and put questions to her which candour and justice obliged her to answer so much in favour of the man she had rejected, that she must have behaved very foolishly; and yet something at her heart told her it was impossible she could have done otherwise. She stood before her father self-convicted of nothing more sensible to urge in her defence than that unanswerable rhyme used against the unhappy Dr. Fell:

" I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

Mr. Grey was displeased with Anne: he told her that he had expected to meet with better sense from her; and that she had disappointed him, for he thought very highly of George Foley, and had looked with pleasure to their probable union. Perhaps, Mr. Grey was a little unreasonable, but he was not often so, and in this instance many will acquit him, as he left poor Anne to cry and to feel unhappy; to feel guilty of *something*; she was sure she must be guilty, or her dear, kind, indulgent father would never have been angry with her; yet she could not discover of what she was guilty,

and her earnest hope was that Mr. George Foley might be so thoroughly disgusted with her conduct that he would never again wish to ascertain the state of her feelings towards him. She felt very miserable as she saw her mother's reproachful looks, heard the sharp, angry tone of her voice, and felt the absence of her father's kind, approving smile. He soon however seemed to relent, as he saw how patiently and meekly she bore her mother's sharp reproofs, and he kissed her with a greater degree of affection as she wished him good-night; and the next morning, as he saw the traces of tears on her face, he patted her cheek with his usual affection, and said—(blessed words to Anne!) “Well, never mind, Anne! It cannot be helped now—so do not fret any more about it:” and Anne was obliged to leave the room to conceal the tears which delight had called forth at such a return of kindness.

After the first unhappy day was over, she heard but little more on the subject from Mr. Grey, and she hoped that he had nearly forgotten his displeasure; but when the intelligence reached Weston that Mr. George Foley had quitted Chatterton, and was gone abroad, Anne had to endure one more reproving look from him, and a renewal of more open and violent upbraidings from her mother.

One trouble often chases away another! So it happened at this time. Robert Dodson, who, since his ill-fated proposal to Anne, had been absent from home, returned into the neighbourhood, and returned, as it seemed, with revived hopes. His was the very ever-green of love, and he became very assiduous in his visits to Weston.

Mrs. Grey was a cheerful-minded woman. She never fretted long about what could not be helped; if (which was not always easy), that conviction would ever force itself upon her mind. Mr. Robert Dodson's renewed attentions, in the present instance, helped to convince her; and she began again to feel in good humour with Anne: she delicately hinted to her that the best way of repairing an error in one instance was by behaving well in another; in short, that Robert Dodson would do almost as well as George Foley. Anne understood the hints; understood them too well for her comfort—saw Mr. Robert Dodson's almost daily entrance into the sitting-room at Weston, and felt all her vexation return, as she saw that her father and mother smiled in kind welcome on his appearance, and asked him each time on his departure to come again.

Robert Dodson did come again, and Anne tried to be kind and to behave as usual to him, and yet every time she had succeeded, she feared that she had perhaps succeeded only to do the very thing which would ensure her own unhappiness.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE are moments when we feel the want of a comforter—of some one to whom we can confide our feelings, our sorrows, our hopes. Yes; our *hopes!* for hope will intrude even in the midst of sorrow. It is scarcely in human nature to despair. We cling to life even when misery is darkly spread around; when it hangs like a gloomy cloud over the past, the present, and the future. Yet we cling to life, for one ray of sun-shine pierces through the cloud: that ray is hope! and when hope thus whispers, we seek for a comforter to turn those scarcely audible whispers into the louder, clearer voice of certainty.

A flattering comforter! Oh, dangerous, delusive, and therefore, earthly bliss! But who has not gladly submitted to be deceived, where the deception is of so delightful a nature? We all love to be comforted, whether it be by cold realities, or by warmer and more enchanting fictions. All who have griefs need comfort: and what happy being is there in this world of sin and trouble who has never known that hour which made it welcome? Who is there, amongst us all, young or old, from the child who sobs because it cannot spell the difficult word of three letters, to the mature baby who frets over nobler trifles, and grieves because the fruits of to-day do not repay the cares of yesterday, who has never stood in need of comfort; and never gladly received the blessed gift, let it be the mere gilded bauble, bright and beautiful to the eye, or the pure and refined gold whose worth and beauty is intrinsic?

At this time Anne Grey, harassed, grieved, and annoyed, stood in need of a comforter—and she found one. Was it a false, a flattering, a deceitful one? Nay, never mind. What does that signify? Have I not said how little it matters, so that comfort be administered, whether it is false or real.

In Charlotte Daventry she found one, the most considerate and the most flattering. Charlotte applauded her conduct, and advised her to pursue her course, though indeed she foresaw many difficulties in it. She foresaw that her mother would not easily relinquish the idea of her marrying some one, if not Robert Dodson. It would require great firmness on Anne's part to elude this evil—this almost sin. Yes: Charlotte Daventry placed before her the *sin* of marrying one person, with heart and affections engaged to another. She painted, in glowing colours, the deficiencies of Robert Dodson,—the chance of happiness for one like Anne, united to such a husband. Anne recoiled from the idea. But Charlotte then sketched a more charming picture. A union with one such as Edward Temple—with every thought in unison with hers—with sentiments, knowledge, tastes, pursuits, such as she could respect, admire, and love. She painted a fascinating picture of felicity in such a union.

Anne's check glowed; the tear and the smile trembled together in her downcast eye. Was not happiness like this worth a struggle?

"It is well," thought Charlotte, as she looked on her. "It is well. She loves—she *shall* love, and she shall have her reward." and then again she spoke, and with tearful eyes, and burning cheeks, Anne listened to her flattering words.

But there were times in which she examined *herself*. In sober moods she reflected on the course to be pursued. Charlotte had opened her eyes to the strength of her attachment to Edward Temple, and, as she anxiously questioned herself whether she were indeed acting right, whether she, perhaps, ought not to sacrifice her own fancied happiness to the wishes of her parents, she could only answer, as perhaps a secret hope might make her desire to answer; she could only agree with Charlotte in believing her line of conduct the proper one.

To less sensitive minds than Anne's there would have been little cause of distress; but it was not so with her. She saw no way of getting out of her distresses. She was most unhappy in the idea of displeasing her parents; and yet, by nothing but her patient and gentle submission to every unkind look and word that fell from her father or her mother on the subject, could she hope to mitigate their displeasure. Another cause for distress existed in William's increasing love for Charlotte, and on this subject again she felt some

difficulty in knowing what course to pursue; and this added to her own cause of uneasiness, gave her a greater feeling of depression and unhappiness than she had ever yet experienced.

She really stood in need of a comforter, and nothing could equal the attention, the consideration, the affectionate sympathy which was bestowed on her by Charlotte: forgetting self, she seemed to think only of her.

The gratitude and love which conduct like this called forth may be imagined, and all the affection, the warmth of gratitude that a heart such as Anne Grey's was capable of giving, were bestowed and lavished on Charlotte Daventry.

Yes, they were bestowed, and Charlotte Daventry smiled as she saw their bestowal. Was it the happy smile of self-approving virtue? The smile of conscious benevolence? Oh, yes! if we had listened to Anne Grey—"Oh, yes! if Charlotte Daventry smiled it might well be such a smile as this! Well may she smile if the well-earned love of grateful hearts can make her smile!" Yes! Anne Grey! Such would have been your answer.

There are few people, *very* few, I should hope, who are so thoroughly unhappy as to have no one ray of comfort to which to turn—no one bright spark to shine out amidst the darkness—no one happy thought amidst a crowd of un-happy ones.

Anne Grey was not without a happy thought to turn to, and this one was of her sister, of her dear sister Sophy! Sophy had now been married some time, and the accounts from her had always been most pleasing. In all her letters, from the period of her marriage till the present time, she spoke warmly of her happiness—of the devotedness of her husband—of her increasing love for him—her grateful sense of the blessing of such a husband's ardent affection.

Sophy Stoketon was right in considering it such. Let all who have experienced that blessing, or who have more sadly learnt its value by its reverse, say whether indeed the devoted, constant love of a husband is not a blessing worthy to be prized and cherished. All who have known this happiness will agree with me; but still more will they, the forlorn, the wretched, the broken-hearted! who pine alone— who sit and weep over times gone by:—when the cold, neglectful husband, breathed to them of nought but love and constancy: when he, who once watched her every look and motion, and listened to each word in eager fondness, now leaves

her, lonely, deserted,—weeping, perhaps to cast his eyes of love on others,—when he now leaves the once adored and happy wife. As the tears fall silently down her care-worn face, does she not think with bitter envy of the lost possession of that treasure—the devoted love of a husband? Yes, yes! it once was her's, and she repaid it, by the full gift of all the strength, the depth of woman's calm, unchanging love! She gave her heart—her affections—her whole soul—ah! too much perhaps, forgetful of her God! and that gift which had been sought for and won, where is it now? It is despised—neglected—cast aside!* She tries to smile against hope; she tries to hide a bursting heart under a placid brow; to seem happy, that thus she may chance to win back that wavering heart. But no! He comes—he speaks in careless displeasure—in cutting sarcasm, or perhaps, still worse to bear, he scarcely speaks—he scarcely heeds her! It is too much! He sees her weep—he has seen her smile; in angry impatience he turns away muttering ‘what folly!’ and again she is left to weep alone in the bitter earnestness of a bursting heart! Yes, let those who have known the bright reverse be thankful. Let them acknowledge their blessedness. Let them cherish and guard the precious possession, so soon, so easily lost.

But why have I digressed so long from Sophy and her happiness? She spoke with delight of Alford Abbey, Lord Stoketon's place; her new home. It was the most charming place that ever was seen. She was very impatient that they all should see it, and so was her dear George.

She was charmed with Lord Stoketon's mother and sisters. Nothing could be so kind and delightful as they were; so amiable, and so fond of him! They had been staying at Alford, and now she and Lord Stoketon were going to see them at Lady Stoketon's pretty house. In short, Sophy was perfectly happy.

“By the by,” she added in one of her letters, “I forgot to tell you that I had met an old flame of mine here, Captain Herbert. It is odd enough that he should happen to live in this neighbourhood;” and she added in her letter to Anne, “I wonder, Anne, how I could ever have had any penchant for him.—So inferior to my own dear husband! But you know I never did think much about him. What a different fate mine would have been, had I been foolish enough to have preferred him! George is so infinitely superior, so infinitely better calculated to make me happy.”

In another part of the letter she again mentioned Captain Herbert. "He is certainly good-looking and agreeable, and has rather a taking manner. I cannot help thinking how fortunate I was to escape being captivated by him. I never was so happy, dearest Anne, as I am now. Depend upon it there is no happiness like a married life. How I wish you were married: give my love to Charlotte and tell her she must make haste and marry too, and let me know the names of all your admirers."

Then for the postscript, in the same letter there was this, which I insert as a hint to those who are married, or who are not married; and for the amusement of all those of the opposite sex who love to talk and think of woman's folly.

"I have just got a crimson velvet gown from London. I believe I look very well in it. You cannot think how many compliments I get on my beauty from all the good people hereabouts. That is all owing to being a married woman. I never had half so many before. George says he likes to see me well dressed, so I am very particular."

"Fortune, I thank you!" said Charlotte to herself as she finished reading this letter. "Fortune! I thank you that there are Captain Herberts and velvet gowns in the world!"

"Sophy writes in excellent spirits," said Anne.

"Yes, excellent. She is very happy. How I long to see her," said Charlotte; and the contemplation of Sophy's happiness, and the hope of seeing her before long, was a comforting subject to which Anne could turn from her own troubles and annoyances.

As the length and strength of her mother's lectures increased as to the propriety of girls marrying when they were asked so to do, their wickedness in refusing good offers—the heinous sin of ingratitude it involved—the wisdom of trusting to the judgment of their parents in all matters, but especially in the choice of the partner whom they, not their parents, were to live with, and love all the rest of their lives—as Robert Dodson's visits increased in duration and frequency, Anne found it very essential to have one pleasing thought to which she could turn, and she thought with pleasure of the promised visit to Sophy, which would at once remove her so many miles from Mr. Robert Dodson and her troubles at home.

Anne felt that the cares of the world had wonderfully increased within the last few months. She felt, as many have felt before her, that life was truly not the splendid, happy thing she had imagined

it as a child. If each year troubles were to increase as they had done in the last—if the prophecy of kind old gouty friends, great aunts and uncles, grandmothers, and grandfathers, were realized, that promised her every year with considerate kindness, “that she would never be so happy again”—“that she must never expect to be so happy as she was now;” Anne felt that in life there was much to suffer, much to make her turn away from its troubles and vexations with an aching heart and tearful eyes.

“Yes,” she thought, “life at last is revealed to me in its real colours. I was unwilling to believe what I was told, but it is too true! There is indeed no happiness in the world! I saw and felt as a child. I now can see and feel as a woman. If this life were all,” thought Anne, and the tears started to her eyes, “it would indeed be little worth desiring.”

The tears rolled down her cheeks: they fell fast for a while: it was the thorough awakening from the childish dream of hope and joy—of hope and joy on earth. It was this which caused them to flow.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not!

Coleridge.

But her tears were checked. A brighter hope soon chased them away. A subdued, yet radiant smile took their place. The dream was gone! but she woke to a brighter reality! Hope and joy were not extinct! their nature alone was changed. They rested on certain, not on transitory things!

Oh! thou who dry’st the mourner’s tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

When joy no longer soothes, or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment’s sparkle o’er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh, who would bear life’s stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

Moor

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WILL it be supposed that Anne Grey's view of life was always gloomy? Will it not be supposed that, though there was truth in her feelings, there was likewise some exaggeration?

The young are apt to exaggerate: they run into those extremes either of misery, or of happiness, from which calmer and more experienced minds are free. Having once felt disappointment, they expect always to feel it; having once experienced sorrow, they expect always to experience it. Whilst their hearts are bleeding under the bitter wound, they cannot look forward; they have not learnt to raise their hearts beyond the storm; they cannot lift their eyes to a farther prospect, or submit in quiet cheerfulness. But another moment—joy returns! unexpected welcome joy! and where is the gloom? Like the morning mist which fades away under the bright, dispersing rays of the sun, all is vanished. All now is joy; there is no unhappiness in the world. It was a phantom—all is, all must be sunshine; and so youth feels, despairs, and trusts again; by turns all joy—all misery—all hope.

And yet there *is* an awakening to life, from the bright childlike dream of bliss. There is—there **must** be! for life is not that enchanting thing that in childhood we believe it to be; that life of summer sunshine and song which we behold in youth. We know it is a life of struggles, of tears, of endless toils. Yet let the young awake from their dream and look with steady eyes upon reality. Life is there before them! It has its bitter griefs; but, shrink not—it has more! it has its calm content, its hope beyond this life—its heavenly hope. All is not wo! and, with a heavenly hope before us, we still may turn with thankfulness to earth, and say with gratitude, that there is happiness even here.

Shall we then believe that Anne Grey's view of life always re •

mained the same as at that moment, when care and trouble seemed to surround her; when for the first time the world in its sad reality burst upon her heart—or shall we wish that it should? Must we not wish that much which then she felt should remain; but that still whilst the heavenly view is fixed, the earthly one should be softened from the cold loneliness which *then* she depicted it? There was exaggeration in her view; and Anne soon perceived there was. She acknowledged that life was not so entirely a scene of suffering; that the duty of cheerfulness would not be always a task.

And what, it will be asked, opened her eyes to the conviction of her exaggeration? Like other things of greater import it was effected by a trifle! Mr. Grey returned from a ride to Chatterton, and on his entrance into the room where Mrs. Grey and Anne were seated, he said, “I found Mr. Temple just arrived at the Foleys’: they have a few friends coming to-morrow, and they wish us all to go and meet them. What do you say, my dear? I gave no positive answer.”

“Oh, certainly we will go,” was Mrs. Grey’s answer.

“Anne went out of the room as soon as she was satisfied that the invitation would be accepted, to conceal a little flutter of pleasure.

The party went to Chatterton. Anne was met by Mr. Temple with undoubted pleasure. He shook hands most cordially with her father; he was very gracious to her mother, and listened patiently to her remarks of “how glad she was to have the pleasure of seeing him,” “how much she had feared it would have rained in the morning,” and “how much pleasanter a drive was without rain.”

He then turned to Anne—the happy smile on his face seemed to say for his reward. Never had his manner expressed so fully that she could reward him, and Anne forgot her melancholy view of life, as she listened that evening to his conversation, which was addressed almost exclusively to herself. She thought he had never been so agreeable; some of the party that he had never been less so.

William Grey might safely have accepted the Foleys’ invitation to Chatterton, for Frank Crawford was not there. William had not known this; and as he listened to Charlotte Daventry’s animated expressions of pleasure at the prospect of the visit, he suddenly remembered he could not be of the party; as he owed a visit to an old college friend who had always been pressing him to come and

see his parsonage. He refused the offer of Charlotte's hand as she said 'good-by,' in getting into the carriage; walked into the house;—scolded the servant for not bringing his gig to the door an hour sooner than he had ordered it;—declared the horse looked as rough as if it had been out at grass all winter; and drove nearly at a gallop the whole way to his friend's new parsonage.

When there, he thought he never had seen a more ugly, uncomfortable place in his life, or ever known so rapid a change, as that in his old friend, from an agreeable companion to one of the greatest bores on earth.

The next day he thought the house and his friend more bearable; and on the next he heard that Frank Crawford was not at Chatterton: he thought he never had seen a more charming picture of a parsonage, and of clerical comfort; or ever known a more sensible agreeable companion than in his old friend. He trotted his horse steadily but briskly home on the third day, and as his father and mother, Anne and Charlotte drove up to the door, he was walking before the house ready to welcome them. He let his mother nearly fall, by taking away his hand just as she was depending on its assistance up the steps, to help Charlotte Daventry to descend from the carriage. He forgot to say 'how do you do' to Anne, till he had followed Charlotte into the house; carrying her shawl for her, which Charlotte had thrown over his arm, with laughing familiarity, and a playful command to be useful. It seemed that the shawl must be very useful to William, for he was not inclined to return it. Charlotte had to ask twice for it, and to take it herself from his arm, before it was restored.

"Well, Anne," said William at last to her, "you look better again. I am glad to be able to compliment you on your appearance. You looked wretchedly before you left home. Chatterton air, eh! Anne! Come, we'll have you a good girl after all;" and Anne was in danger of relapsing into her wretched looks again, if this was to be the subject to greet her at home.

She looked imploringly at William, and began endeavouring to open the newspaper which lay untouched on the table, but without success.

"You have learnt one precious art since you left home, Anne," said William, after looking at her for a few minutes. "You have learnt the least easy way of opening a paper. Come, try again! or shall I help you?"

Anne said, "William!" in an imploring tone, and William laughed and said "Well, it is too bad, and we will wish them all a safe journey to Rome, and may they never come back again! There is a toast for you, Anne."

"Thank you," said she, hiding her face behind the newspaper which at length was opened, and glancing apprehensively towards her father to see if he were listening. It was a satisfactory glance. Mr. Grey was deep in a business letter. Anne had changed her mind about the newspaper; after all her trouble, she thought it not worth looking at, and laid it quietly on the table.

"I am charmed with Miss Foley, William," said she, to her brother. "She improves so much on acquaintance."

"Yes, I told you that, long ago," said William; "before I had seen her three times I told you she improved on acquaintance. That is a borrowed opinion of yours, Anne. Try again."

"Well, then, Miss Foley is very unaffected, and has a great deal of information. Will that do, William?" said Anne, laughing.

"If you mean it as something new, certainly not. But never mind, there is nothing new under the sun."

William saw Charlotte Daventry out of doors, amusing herself with the gambols of a favourite spaniel; he left the room, and was presently thinking nothing so interesting as the exuberant joy of a black and white spaniel.

The next day Anne was sitting with her mother in the drawing-room, when the door opened, and Mr. Foley and Mr. Temple were announced.

Anne's blush of pleasure could not be concealed: Mr. Temple perhaps thought it much to be preferred that it should not. She had just hoped that no visitors would come that morning, and Mrs. Grey had just agreed to the hope: but Mr. Temple was very agreeable, and Anne might be excused for changing her opinion.

Soon after their arrival Mr. Grey came in. He invited Mr. Temple to Weston for a few days, he left Chatterton, and Anne thought at the moment that no virtue was comparable to that of hospitality. Soon afterwards M. Temple turned to her.

"I am so determined," said he, "to see how you will get out of the difficulty of washing over that old woman's white cap in your drawing, Miss Grey, that I am coming here next week—thanks to Mr. Grey's kindness. Nay, do not tell me," added he, seating himself once more by her, as Anne was beginning to exculpate herself

and her old woman. "Do not pretend to say that you are not in a difficulty. At any rate, do not tell me. Let me have the pleasure of uncertainty—at least when it is upon nothing more than an old woman's cap. Uncertainty," continued he, after a slight pause and looking at Anne, "Uncertainty is not so pleasant, or endurable in all things."

Anne smiled, but felt a little confused by Mr. Temple's look and manner, as he uttered the last words. She said something about the charms of uncertainty, which she certainly did not feel. Something, no doubt, very new and very sensible, only unluckily it was not quite intelligible. Uncertainty had insinuated itself into her meaning.

"I cannot feel the pleasure of uncertainty," said Mr. Temple, in reply to her confused éloge on its charms, "in any thing more serious than the fate of a drawing. But if certainty is denied me, do not deny me the pleasure of anticipation. Let me at least anticipate a friendly welcome, Miss Grey," he continued, lowering his voice, and eagerly looking at her as he spoke.

Anne's blush was her only, perhaps her best, reply; Mr. Foley was taking leave, and Mr. Temple was obliged to take leave also, not without showing that he did it with regret; and Anne was left to the pleasures of anticipation. How often does the pleasure of anticipation exceed the delights of reality! How often do we turn from the long-expected event, which in anticipation has filled our hearts with gladness, and say, Is this then all? Was this worth the fluttering hope which made us neglect present happiness? The childish visions of pleasure to come which have caused the cheek to flush, the eyes to sparkle, and the heart to beat tumultuously—we all know, we all prophecy with demure wisdom to be vain and certain of disappointment. We can see for *others*, but we choose to shut our eyes for *ourselves*. Why is the present always the thing least charming, least enviable in life? Why, that which *is*, so inferior to that which *is to be*? Is it not because we are but travellers through life? The pilgrim looks forward in the land through which he is passing: his looks cannot rest on the road, which is but the passage to his home: the present is not for him, nor is it with us. We look onward—we anticipate. It is a feeling implanted in our nature. For ever disappointed, yet still untaught, we again look onward. And let us do so—let us not dwell in stupid indolence on the present. We may cast our hopes forward, for true

it is that our home is not here—that we have no abiding place on earth—that we are passing forward to a land of promise—to the home of Eternity.

CHAPTER XL.

At the expected time Mr. Temple came to Weston, and satisfied himself about the old woman's cap; and he admired the cap, and the old woman so much, that he longed to call them his own.

Miss Grey could not refuse to give him a drawing about which he had felt such a lively interest!

But Anne did refuse, and the drawing became very valuable to her; probably as a memento of her firmness, because she had refused to part with it; for it had no particular value to her before.

However that might be, it was carefully preserved; and when, some time afterwards, Mrs. Foley selected it, as the very drawing to suit her Album, Anne blushed very deeply; said something about keeping it to copy, and substituted another in its place.

Anne found that each day spent in the society of Edward Temple increased the danger of loving him too much. She found that his agreeableness was not of a kind to decrease on more intimate acquaintance; that his powers of conversation only seemed to increase, as time gave greater opportunity of judging of them. His sentiments remained the same. *They* were steady as they should be: but there was a continued charm of novelty in his manner of expressing them.

He talked much to Anne; and she felt, that to hear him converse, was the most delightful thing that imagination could picture. He instructed—he amused; he was gay or grave, lively or serious; yet never was either at the wrong moment. To the world he was the clever and fastidious Mr. Temple; but to Anne he revealed himself in a superior character; as the man whose feelings, tastes and principles would ensure the happiness and form the charm of domestic life. Edward Temple, dropping the light tone of the mere conversation of society, had often talked to her of feelings, and opinions; and Anne felt, as she listened to him, that she needed no

excuse for having bestowed her affections on an object so worthy. She felt no longer any shame in owning to herself that she loved him; yet it seemed to her modest, unassuming nature too presumptuous to believe that she could really have gained the affections of one so perfect as Edward Temple.

There is a shrinking modesty in some minds which will scarcely allow them to believe what vanity long before, in most, would have magnified into certainty. Had Anne Grey possessed any of that little, flattering, womanly quality, she would have been certain, long ago, that Edward Temple loved her. But now, though word and look, and manner told that tale, because she wanted that self-consoling gift, she doubted: though at last even she could doubt no more.

Ah, Anne Grey! why believe what he wishes you to believe? Had it been soothed and flattered vanity alone that was touched and confided; then it would have little signified; then you might safely have believed, and you would have escaped unhurt. But it was not vanity. It was your heart that was touched! and where confiding vanity is safe, the confiding heart escapes not so unscathed.

Mr. Temple was now often at Weston. He always met Anne with an appearance of pleasure which she could not believe to be feigned. He entered with interest into every thing which appeared to interest her. He took evident delight in her pursuits, and loved to talk with her of the books she was reading, and to mark the impression which they made on her mind. He was solicitous to hear her opinions, and to find that they coincided with his own. In her music, and drawing, there might be a selfish pleasure mingled with his interest; for he was passionately fond of both; but still it was not on that account the less delightful to Anne. He had so much to say and to remark on them, that she felt that there were new and hidden subjects of pleasure, belonging to both, which she had never before imagined. He had always something new and entertaining to say on every subject. Anne, whose quick perceptions, and refined and intelligent mind, had long been without any one to call forth its powers and sensibilities, experienced the full delight arising from the society and conversation of such a person. Not only her heart, but her understanding, was captivated; and when the time drew near for her to leave the neighbourhood, and she knew that she could not then see Edward Temple again for some length of

time, she was forced to allow that she felt sorrow even in the prospect of a visit to her sister.

In his last parting with her, there had been so much beyond mere friendly regret in his manner of alluding to the longer separation which was about to take place, that Anne might well flatter herself that it could only proceed from a still warmer feeling than that of friendship. Still he left her without any explanation, and perhaps none was intended before her departure. He had, 'tis true, half asked her not to forget him. He had said, or rather he had insinuated, that, however a few months might change *her* feelings, *his* could never change—the absence of years, or of months, could alike effect no change in him. He had spoken of his fears—Anne's heart whispered that he might have spoken of his hopes; but she only blushed and turned away her head as he spoke, or looked at her.

Edward Temple had said much that Anne could not forget: much to remember, and think of, and treasure up in her heart during the separation from him; much to make her hope that on his last visit to Weston, before her departure, all might be explained.

He came at the appointed time. There was a party staying in the house, consisting of the Foleys, Lord and Lady Hadley, Lady Emily Harville, Sir Henry Poynton, Anne's still constant friend and admirer, and a few other gentlemen.

Anne did not see Mr. Temple on his first arrival, for he had been late. She had vainly lingered in the drawing-room till the dressing bell had rung too long to allow her any more excuse either of work, drawing, music, or book, to engross her attention or to be put away, to delay her toilet. She had but just got to the top of the stairs, when she heard the door bell ring, and Mr. Temple was certainly come.

“How provoking!” thought Anne. “If I had only stayed a moment longer!” and then, as she opened her door she blushed at her folly; and her heart beat rather quickly, as the task of dressing proceeded. She thought no half-hour was ever before so long—no operation so tedious as that of adorning her person! And yet, when it was time for her to go down—when she was dressed the last curl arranged, the last pin placed, the rings, the bracelets put on, the gloves in the hand—then Anne felt that a little more

time would not have been unacceptable to gain composure before she went down and met Edward Temple.

Courage, however, never came with passively waiting for it! and so Anne perceived, and she walked down, and entered the drawing-room, not looking the less lovely for the delicate colour of agitation which tinged her cheek.

Mr. Temple was in the room. He had been talking to Mr. Foley, and was telling a good story for the entertainment of him, of Lady Hadley, and of Lady Emily Harville, who were all three listening, and evidently with great amusement.

As Anne opened the door, she saw his quick glance to ascertain who entered; she saw his smile of pleasure—she heard him say in a hasty manner to Lady Hadley, as they were all eagerly listening for the finale of his story, “Lady Hadley, I am sorry to disappoint you! But I make a point never to finish a story. It would be doing the greatest injustice to the imagination of my auditors, to suppose they could not finish it themselves;” and then turning away from the exclamations of “Pray go on!” “How provoking!” from all three, he was in a moment at Anne’s side, and having shaken hands with her, and seen her half bashful, half delighted look, as he addressed her, he seated himself by her.

Anne was separated from Mr. Temple at dinner, and could only see, from the opposite side of the table, that Lady Emily Harville made many attempts to call forth his agreeableness, and failed. Edward Temple chose rather to watch Anne Grey, who, conscious of being observed, could seldom withdraw her attention from Sir Henry Poynton, who sat by her. He never before had so fully possessed her apparent attention to his interesting stories; and never possessed so little of it in reality. But a suspicion of the truth sometimes flashed, even across the rather obtuse mind of Sir Henry, when a ‘yes’ instead of a ‘no’ fell from the pretty lips of his sweet ‘Miss Anne Grey,’ and a bright smile lighted up her eyes, when, having reached the climax of misfortune, he almost hoped that a sympathetic tear might have been trembling there.

In the evening, Edward Temple devoted himself to Anne; and whilst listening to his entertaining conversation when others were near, his more serious, expressive tone when apart with her, that evening glided quickly and happily away. He had all but confessed his love. He had all but asked her for a return! and Anne was left

in the delightful conviction, that the looked for avowal must shortly follow.

Fate, or Robert Dodson, the next morning seemed perverse. Soon after breakfast Robert Dodson arrived. He was merely come for a morning visit, but Robert Dodson carried his ideas of a morning visit to the full extent of the term, and generally remained the whole morning. Unfortunately a chair happened to be vacant at the side of Anne. There he seated himself, and was so persevering in his civility, that Anne could only think with a sigh of the different manner in which that morning might have been passed, as she resigned herself to her fate, and tried not to think of Mr. Temple.

Mr. Temple was not so forbearing as Anne. He evidently considered Robert Dodson a bore, and that it required a large share of self-command not to be out of temper with him.

“How impossible it is always to be in a good humour!” said Edward Temple, to Lady Emily Harville, as he threw himself into a chair with something like a groan, as, in despair, he relinquished Anne to the surveillance of Robert Dodson.

Charlotte Daventry was seated near, and had been talking to, Lady Emily. Mr. Temple had seldom spoken much to her of late. He might, perhaps, be too much engrossed with Anne! She looked at him for a moment as he spoke. She had been watching with anxiety as he talked to Anne, and now as he addressed Lady Emily she gazed upon him intently for an instant, whilst a bright flush passed across her brow: a heavy sigh burst from her lips, and she bent over her work the instant after, as if she strove to conceal some strange and painful emotion.

But Edward Temple did not observe it. He seemed more occupied with his own thoughts, and with watching Anne Grey, as she listened to Sir Henry Poynton's never-ending adventures. At length he seemed to rouse himself, and began to talk to Lady Emily Harville. Charlotte Daventry once more raised her head from her work, and fixed her eyes upon his countenance. It seemed as though she were endeavouring to read his thoughts. What was there in her gaze? It was singular. There was a mournful tenderness, an intensity of interest expressed in her large dark eyes that any who forgot her affection for Anne might have interpreted into a different feeling than that of friendly interest. Surely love dwelt in that gaze! Edward Temple chanced to turn towards her

their eyes met :— he looked for an instant :—the look that met his was not to be mistaken : he turned away with a half scornful, contemptuous, and disgusted air. Charlotte Daventry abruptly rose ; the colour mounted to her face—to her temples : she rose and quitted the room.

There was something in Edward Temple's manner to Charlotte, at various times, which surprised and puzzled Anne. She could not understand it, and, at last, she had ceased to try. We know that once his attentions to Charlotte had caused a little feeling of jealousy. At other times his inattention, his almost rudeness, his unkindness of manner had vexed her in a different way : on one or two occasions he had begun to speak to her of Charlotte, had seemed as if anxious to warn her of something—Anne scarcely knew what ! he had almost insinuated that she ought not to trust her—to love her so confidently and unreservedly. Charlotte seemed perfectly unconscious of any thing. She praised Mr. Temple warmly, and appeared to feel all, if not more than all, the natural interest in him, as one beloved by her cousin.

Anne could not fathom the kind of mystery that seemed to hang over Mr. Temple's conduct with respect to her. She felt at times inclined to accuse him of caprice and of unkindness—but then it was Edward Temple ! *He* could not be capricious or unkind !

The evening passed. There were no opportunities of private conversation, and Anne retired to rest without any explanation having ensued, but comforted by the feeling that it had probably been desired. She had now only one morning more. However anxious Edward Temple might have been to prolong his stay at Weston, Anne knew that he was obliged to leave on the morrow. He was summoned to Paris on business relating to a friend, which admitted of no delay, and which, he had told her, would keep him absent for a month and probably even for a still longer period. He meant to stay till after luncheon, and Anne could not conceal a little smile of pleasure as she heard him asking her mother's permission, at breakfast, "to annoy her so long."

Anne had just wished good-by to the Hadleys, and to Lady Emily Harville who had come with them ; she had seated herself to a table in the drawing-room to finish some music she had been copying, and she had left Sir Henry Poynton busily occupied in a conversation with Charlotte Daventry, which she felt sure would last till luncheon time. Edward Temple could not resist the at-

traction into the inner drawing-room where Anne was seated. He followed her seated himself by her—began to speak on indifferent subjects, but soon returned to one more interesting; he began to speak of love—of hope—of fear. Anne's heart beat quick, she half-averted her head to conceal her confusion and happiness, but she was saved—Sir Henry Poynton, provoking ~~her~~! Sir Henry Poynton actually had the barbarity to leave Charlotte Daventry, and to come and interrupt the conversation.

He came with his usual perseverance, drew a chair close to Anne, and, looking at Mr. Temple, begged to know what he was talking of. Edward Temple left it to Anne to answer. With an ill-concealed air of mortification he turned away, took up a book, and pretended to be engaged in reading.

Anne tried to reply, to understand Sir Henry Poynton's questions, but she completely failed! She had not the slightest idea of the meaning of any thing he uttered; at length she got up, said she thought of walking: Sir Henry offered to accompany her—she thought she would not, and then, as she saw Edward Temple looking anxiously at her, blushed deeply at her seeming fickleness.

However we all know that 'second thoughts are best,' and so she adhered to her resolution of not walking, and met with her reward. Sir Henry Poynton soon left her to speak to Mr. Foley in the adjoining room, and she was once more left alone with Edward Temple.

The book was dropped. His eyes were turned towards her. He spoke, but it was in a hurried manner, for it seemed that Sir Henry was about to leave Mr. Foley and join them again.

"Miss Grey," said he, in a low agitated voice. "I have much I would say to you, but there is no time. I find I am scarcely to be allowed a moment—I cannot say what I wish—I cannot explain my feelings. But I must not speak of it now—it is too late—I am again to be interrupted.—But you understand me? You will forgive me my abruptness? One word to tell me I need not despair—that when I meet you again I may be allowed to explain! I ask but one word," he continued in increasing earnestness and tenderness of tone and manner, whilst Anne, too much agitated to speak, continued silent. "One look, one word! if you will not bid me despair! Dearest Miss Grey, will you refuse me all hope?"

“No, no,” said Anne, in a low and hurried voice, as for an instant she turned towards him.

Her hand was taken; silently pressed in his. There was time for no more—Sir Henry Poynton had uttered his last words to Mr. Foley, and was close to them. But Edward Temple was satisfied: the word—the look of Anne as she turned was sufficient.

And Anne likewise, she felt that she had indeed heard enough to ensure her happiness. She felt that she stood engaged to Temple; that he had engaged himself to her almost as certainly as if a longer explanation had taken place. There had been time for no more than those few words, but those were sufficient; Anne was assured of his love: she could not doubt it; and he was assured of hers.

As Edward Temple took leave, he pressed her hand, and said in a low voice, as he earnestly looked at her, “I have dared to hope. You will not forget me then, Miss Grey?”

Anne’s look was the reply—the promise that he should not be forgotten. It was read—fondly watched, and ardently returned. But the hand was obliged to be relinquished. He could linger no longer; and in a few minutes more Edward Temple was gone.

In the first moments after his departure, Anne was too much agitated with delightful recollection to allow even sorrow for his departure to find a place in her mind. There was a confusion in her happiness which rendered her for a time incapable of thinking and feeling any thing, but that one delightful conviction that he loved her.

CHAPTER XLII.

“WHERE is Charlotte?” said Mrs. Grey, when the door was closed after Mr. Temple’s departure. “Where is Charlotte? She was not in the room when Mr. Temple went, I think. What can have become of her?”

“I will go and look for her,” said Anne, who was not sorry to leave the room, at a moment when her thoughts and feelings were

so overpoweringly occupied; moreover she longed to confide to Charlotte the happiness which was swelling in her breast. Charlotte had been her confidante throughout, and had appeared to sympathise warmly in her feelings.

Anne went to her room. She knocked at the door; but no one answered, and she went in to see if Charlotte were there; and as she entered she saw her standing at the opposite window. Charlotte was roused on hearing the door open, and hastily turned round.

As she saw Anne, she looked wildly at her; lifted her hand and advanced a step with an attitude of defiance, whilst her eyes flashed, and she half screamed out "Must I hear this—this too! I cannot—will not!—You are come to see—to look—to—" but she suddenly stopped: looked on the ground, and then again at Anne; but it was with an altered expression to that which had the moment before struck with surprise and horror upon the heart of Anne; it had faded, and she looked up with a smile on her face.

"Well, Anne," said she gaily, "What do you think of my bit of acting? You must have thought," and she took up a bottle which was on the table by which she stood—it was a thick glass bottle which had contained some perfume—"You must have thought that I had been indulging in some private potations from such as this!" holding up the bottle and laughing.

She had scarcely uttered the words when the bottle which she held broke in her hand. The colour fled from her cheeks: Anne hastened towards her, to ask whether she had hurt herself, was assured she had not, and then stooped to pick up the scattered pieces of glass, whilst Charlotte, pale as death, muttered to herself in a low deep voice, inaudible to Anne; "That was a rude grasp—it was a rude grasp!" and she gave a convulsive shudder as she twice repeated the words, whilst her eyes were steadily, yet vacantly, fixed on the ground.

Anne looked up as she saw the shudder. "I am sure you are hurt," said she in alarm to Charlotte. "Dear Charlotte, you look pale," added she, with increasing alarm, as she saw Charlotte's face pale as death. "It must have hurt you."

"No, indeed," said Charlotte, "only a scratch. There is no blood *yet!*" she said, as she seated herself on the foot of the bed, whilst Anne went to a table for water.

"A scratch, indeed! The wound lies deeper—deeper than this!" and the convulsive tremor again shook her whole frame.

“Yes,” said she aloud to Anne. “I find I am a little hurt—a little scratch! But I would not allow it at first, for fear of alarming you. There, it bleeds now, you see:” and there was a wound in the inside of the hand, which began to bleed, as Charlotte stretched it out to Anne. Charlotte shuddered again as she saw the blood.

“I am a fool about blood, Anne!—look, it did not bleed till you came near. I shall say, Anne,” trying to overcome her fright, and smiling gaily, “I shall say that you are my murderess, as the blood only flows on your approach! You know the old superstitious test of a murderer? If the real murderer was brought into the presence of his victim, the dead body paid him the compliment of bleeding. Now you see, Anne, the blood has flowed only on your approach. How will you be punished? decapitated! or hanged! or—shall I stab you to the heart?”

Charlotte did not look at Anne as she finished her sentence. She was stooping to look at the hand which Anne was bathing. The last words were uttered after a moment’s pause, in a lower voice, and Anne feared she must be suffering, from the marked difference of her tone, and the expression of pain, and almost anguish, with which they were half inaudibly muttered.

“I will bear to be decapitated, hanged, or stabbed to the heart—”

“Will you?” said Charlotte, raising her head quickly, and looking at Anne who was still speaking,—

“Or stabbed to the heart by *you*, Charlotte,” continued Anne, half gaily, “if you will only confess how much you are hurt, and let me have Hickman to doctor your wound.”

“*Confess!*” said Charlotte, looking up wildly: but as Anne mentioned Hickman she smiled. “Ah, very well! If you like. But really I have no great hurt to confess; only I told you I was foolish about blood.”

Anne rung the bell. “It was extraordinary,” said she, “how it could have happened. It must have been a very brittle bottle.”

“My piece of acting has ended ill,” observed Charlotte, “for it has frightened you, and frightened me too. But I shall soon be better, and ready to hear—all about it—about *him!*” She slightly shuddered as she uttered the last words. “Ah! a twinge again,—this provoking hand!” and she started up and almost stamped upon the ground, as if overcome with pain into all loss of patience.

“Anne, what a child I am! am not I?” she said, as she again quietly seated herself. “Was that colour brought by me or by *him*”

Anne?" smiling at her. "Ah! both I see! we must talk about that by and by."

"No, no, Charlotte," said Anne, colouring still more. "Never mind that! I can only think of you now; and her face and manner expressed as much as she said."

Charlotte looked at her for a moment; and admiration or some other powerful emotion, was strongly expressed in her countenance.

At this moment the housekeeper entered. The hand was looked at, properly pitied, wondered over, doctored, and carefully bound up by Mrs. Hickman.

Then Charlotte turned gaily to her cousin, and said, "I am better and braver now, Anne. I was a sad simpleton, to make so much fuss about a scratch. I was quite upset by it; but I believe I was not very well before. And now Anne, go down again, and I will come presently. You may say I hurt my hand a little, which detained you so long. But" she added "do not say a word of how impatient I have been! Do not expose my want of courage. No, do not stay," continued she, as Anne seemed unwilling to leave her. "I really am quite well, and will come down presently myself." Anne left the room, and returned to the drawing-room.

Shortly after, Charlotte entered; looking rather pale and her hand tied up. Mrs. Grey and the Foleys were there, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident. She only laughed, and said it was a mere trifle. Her usual colour shortly returned; she seemed in excellent spirits, and was soon amusing the party by her lively account of her own cowardice and Anne's alarm in seeing it. Anne felt satisfied, and she had time to think once more of herself and—of Edward Temple.

The Foleys left Weston the next day. Anne was glad of the relief of being alone again. Her thoughts, as may be imagined, were deeply occupied in the consideration of the events of the last few days. She felt that her future happiness was dependent upon what had just occurred, and yet, that happiness was perhaps depending on a chance. She had parted from Edward Temple—how could she say that she should ever meet him again, or if she did, that it might be with unchanged feelings?

Love will always doubt and be fearful, even when reason speaks most decidedly against its doubts and fears; and Anne was not free from the usual failings and weakness of the passion. She, with

others, allowed the sway of fear and doubt to trouble the calm serenity of her love; but reason and her calmer judgment always reproved her. They told her that her fears of Edward Temple's intentions and constancy were needless; and, whilst reason held its influence, she trusted in undoubting confidence to his return to claim her for his bride.

Still he was absent: and how could she help feeling melancholy and timid about the future? She thought that many evils might arise beyond the power of any human being to foresee or avert. It was not necessary to tax Edward Temple with inconstancy to find a reason for never seeing him again—or never seeing him again in happiness. What mortal can ever say that when we part, in fond, and almost certain anticipation of a happy re-union, that that meeting will ever again take place; or if it should, that it will be in happiness? What need have we to look around for causes of fear! Is there not one ever near us? Is not Death ever beside us—ever ready to set at once its cold chill hand on our fondest, warmest hopes: to say 'you meet not again—the farewell has been uttered, but the meeting none shall ever witness more.'

Yet Anne had other causes for fear; though they should escape the grasping hand of death; though they should meet again, yet it was not certain how they should meet. In her mother's solicitude for her speedy marriage, she saw reason for alarm. She was not aware of the motives which actuated her mother's conduct. If she had, perhaps she might not have hesitated to declare her love for Edward Temple. She would not then have feared that any other pretensions would have interfered with his claims: for he was rich as Robert Dodson or George Foley. He was still more—he was fashionable, and distinguished.

But Anne, in the innocence of her heart, never viewed her mother's projects in this light—never thought of her lover as the 'bon parti.' She only thought of him as the Edward Temple whom she loved, and who had bestowed his love on her.

Perhaps, could she have entered into the probable effect of her communication on her mother, she might still have been almost equally unwilling, from a different motive, to have confided to her, her feelings and hopes. Edward Temple had not yet decidedly proposed: had she known Mrs. Grey's views on the subject, she would have feared that there would have been such overpowering civility and empressment in her mother's manner towards him, as

delicacy would have shuddered to think of. Should he return when she was once more settled at home, and declare himself openly, it would then be necessary to make the avowal to both her parents, and she must endeavour to obtain their consent to what she almost feared they might not approve.

But the time was not yet come which required the avowal. Alas! was it certain ever to come? and yet why did Anne entertain a doubt? How could she do so consistently with her good opinion of her lover's character? She repelled the idea. Yes, the time must come, if unhappy and unavoidable circumstances did not interpose. But should Edward Temple remain abroad, should George Foley return to England, should either his or Robert Dodson's acceptance again be urged by her father and mother, how could she resist? She had once before felt the misery of disobliging them, and she could scarcely bear the idea of subjecting herself to their displeasure a second time.

With such thoughts and fears she vainly tried to struggle, as day after day Robert Dodson appeared at Weston; whilst Edward Temple was still absent, with the certainty of not seeing him again for the space of two months at least.

CHAPTER XLII.

At this time, and for some months past, Anne's thoughts had been more and more engaged on a subject of great and painful interest. She had occasionally observed in Charlotte Daventry a strangeness of manner: for a while it recurred but seldom, and was therefore, at first, soon forgotten; it was not till it gained strength and certainty by repetition, that Anne allowed herself to think so seriously of it as to believe it a matter for anxiety.

It has been said how much Anne's affection for Charlotte had increased, and that she loved her with all the warmth of her affectionate heart. Any one may imagine the horror of that moment in which a suspicion first flashes across the mind of the existence of mental derangement in those we love! Any one may imagine the added horror of finding the suspicion gradually gaining ground, and at length assuming the appearance of certainty. Anne Grey

experienced this horror when, for the first time, the suspicion forced itself upon her mind with regard to Charlotte Daventry. She would scarcely allow herself to believe it. She combated the idea; it was too horrible—it could not be! and for a time she was satisfied.

During a period Charlotte betrayed no symptoms of insanity. She was the same affectionate, cheerful, and intelligent girl as ever. Anne forgot her fears. There had been moments of strangeness, perhaps a word, a look; but, why should this dwell on her mind?

Then came a recurrence, and with it Anne's fears returned; and again, and again, within the last two months, this strangeness had happened. It had escaped the observation of her family, and Anne tried to believe that it must be her own imagination. She felt that it would be kinder not to mention her suspicions to any one, whilst she herself watched Charlotte with the most painful interest.

William's love for Charlotte still continued a source of annoyance to Anne. Charlotte retained her unconscious manner, and her total ignorance of the nature of his feelings. "She is quite blinded by the sisterly character of her own affection for him," thought Anne.

Yet a little circumstance occurred about this time, which, for a while, created doubts on this subject. One day she went to William's sitting-room in quest of something she wanted. She opened the door rather gently, for she was thinking. Does any one know the difference between the brisk, rattling, noisy way of doing things, when we are not thinking; and the quiet way of performing all such things as moving a chair, poking a fire, opening or shutting a door, when we are busily engaged in thought? Anne Grey was deep in thought when she opened the door of William's room, and she opened it so gently that those within were not aware of her approach. She stood for an instant, then quietly shut the door and withdrew.

But what, or who, had she seen to make her abandon her wish for what she sought? Merely her brother, and her cousin?

The room was a long one, opening at the farthest end into a larger part where the fire was placed; and at this end, standing over the fire, were her brother William and Charlotte Daventry. The instant Anne saw them, she said to herself, "William has proposed, and been accepted:" she quickly withdrew, and closed the door with even less noise than she had opened it.

She expected, as a matter of course, that when alone with Char-

lotte, she should have to receive an avowal of the mutual love between William and herself. But no such avowal ensued. Charlotte did not seem disposed to make any disclosure, nor did it appear that she had any to make.

Anne was surprised. Why should Charlotte conceal the truth from her? She could not have been deceived in what she saw. Charlotte and William were standing as lovers together. It was strange then that she should not tell her of William's proposal, and of her acceptance of him; but as no intelligence was likely to be gained in a direct way, she determined to lead to the subject by talking of William.

The next morning, as they sat alone together, she began rather abruptly to speak of her brother.

"I wish William would marry," said she. "Do you think it is likely?" She turned to Charlotte, and examined her countenance as she spoke; but there was no confusion; nothing indicative of consciousness: quite the reverse.

"I do not know indeed," she replied with much more carelessness than Anne, and as if she were scarcely thinking of what she said. "I suppose he will—all men do:" and then after a slight pause, as if arousing herself to attend, she added, "but as to William, I really think that he loves you and me so well that he is in no want of a wife to make him happy! But, perhaps, the day will come when he will think differently, and I hope it will—he ought to marry."

This was decisive. Anne saw there must be some mistake: it was evident that Charlotte was ignorant of William's love for her, and still farther from returning the feeling.

But a few more days were to elapse before Anne quitted Weston for her visit to her sister and Lord Stoketon at Alford; but these few days were not suffered to pass without distress once more in the unromantic shape of Mr. Robert Dodson.

Certainly some good kind of stupid people do contrive to cause just as much and more uneasiness than if they were very clever and intellectual. Robert Dodson had proposed to Anne once. *That*, surely, was making his powers of annoyance sufficiently important. He had been a constant source of alarm and uneasiness to her ever since. Surely this might have been sufficient for any good sort of man. But, no! He put forth greater claims to distinction. He proposed a second time! only the day before her departure for Al-

ford; and this time he was prudent, he spoke not to Anne herself, but to Mrs. Grey for her.

Mrs. Grey gave him very kind encouragement; she said, she was certain that Anne must be touched with such a proof of constancy, gave him her best wishes, and sent him home with the happy expectation of receiving a favourable reception and a favourable answer from Anne on the morrow.

The morrow came, and Mr. Robert Dodson came with the morrow, but alas, he came only to be disappointed.

Mrs. Grey met him with the very kindest, and the very longest, face that it was possible to conceive. She was full of affectionate pity, condolences, and hopes. But she grieved to say it, Anne was obstinate. In short, she would not accept his very obliging offer of presenting her with his name, wealth, and heart.

Still Mrs. Grey advised him not to be distressed, for Anne was sure to change her mind in a little time; she was sure to see her error: Mr. Robert Dodson had only to persevere, and to do him credit, he thought Anne Grey's love was worth perseverance; so he took Mrs. Grey's advice, and rode quietly home to sit quietly musing over the fire at home that evening.

But not so quietly was Anne allowed to enjoy her home fire-side. The Robert Dodson matrimony, and George Foley question, was duly discussed, and Anne was again doomed to a repetition of all the indignation, reproaches, and wonderings of her mother, and the grave looks and serious questions of her father.

She was again and again assured by her mother that she must inevitably be an old maid (whether there was any thing very frightful and alarming in that assurance I cannot say); she was reminded of her mother's kindness and generosity in saying that if she had accepted George Foley she never would have said a word more about Robert Dodson, and there were many more unanswerable reasons urged over and over again.

But Anne felt that she had now a reason to give for her refusal, though she hardly knew whether it would be acknowledged as such. However, in a private conference with her father, she ventured to confess her attachment to Edward Temple, and to relate all that had passed between them during his last visit at Weston. She spoke with trembling limbs, burning cheeks, and faltering tongue; but she was fully rewarded for all it had cost her to make the confession, as she saw her father's delighted look, and heard his candid ac-

knowledgment, that nothing had ever before given him so much pleasure.

“Well, Anne,” said he, “you need not fear ever to have Robert Dodson’s claims urged again. From what has passed, I should look upon you as engaged to Mr. Temple, and quite unauthorised, had you even a *very* decided inclination” smiling and patting Anne’s cheek, “to engage yourself to any other person—to your cousin, for instance,” added he. “With Mr. Temple’s consent, Anne, I dare say you might be allowed; but I am sorry to say that without it, it would be quite impossible that I could give you mine.”

Anne smiled, and kissed her father with delight and gratitude, as he playfully watched her blushing face; and then Mr. Grey continued more seriously to speak of Mr. Temple, and to speak of him in the highest terms—to speak with satisfaction at the prospect of having such a son-in-law, to speak with certainty of his intentions. The proposal was only delayed, but he could not doubt that it would be made when she again saw him. It would be absurd to suppose otherwise. Anne listened with delight to what her father said—to hear his approval—to hear his praises of Edward Temple—to hear him assure her that there could be no cause for doubt, was indeed delightful to her.

“You are a most reasonable girl, Anne,” said Mr. Grey, as he kissed her once more; “but I don’t know what I should have said of you, if you had not been satisfied with one such lover as Edward Temple.”

Anne could laugh, and blush, and be very well pleased to be called reasonable in the way most agreeable to her own feelings.

Mr. Grey reproached himself, in good earnest, for having distressed his good little Anne, but he playfully scolded her for keeping him in ignorance of what had given him so much pleasure.

“If you wish to prove your forgiveness, Anne, you must ask me to Temple-court. I hear it is a beautiful place, and I shall be satisfied with forgiveness in that way.”

Another kiss, and an “Oh, papa!” was her answer, as she half concealed her face by laying it against that of her father.

“Well, then, I may look forward to a visit to Temple-court?” said Mr. Grey, as she shortly after quitted the room with a lightened heart, and prepared for her journey to Alford the next day with that very comfortable assurance of happiness to come, which in real life, as well as in novels, is the almost certain forerunner of evils!

CHAPTER XLIII.

ANNE, perhaps, had sufficient present trouble to avert the calamities promised to her by her comfortable, yet dangerous, confidence in happiness to come; for her carriage neither broke down with her on the road, nor, on her arrival at Alford that night, did she find her sister Sophy, as might have been expected, calling in agony on sister Anne, whilst her blue-beard of a husband was threatening her life or her furniture in one of his customary paroxysms of rage. Nor, less immediately appalling, did she find Sophy with altered looks and forced gaiety; Lord Stoketon in gloomy silence; both starting as the clock struck twelve in a peculiarly deep and solemn manner. Sophy hurrying Anne in breathless speed to her apartment, locking her in, and telling her **not** to be frightened if she heard sounds during the night. Anne seeing her shudder and pale with haste and fright as she left the room; then dropping asleep for a few minutes, awake again with the sound of incessant groans and heavy steps pacing backwards and forwards in a room above, below, or on one side of her!

No! Anne had none of these evils to befall her, but, on her safe arrival, was only met in the hall by her dear sister Sophy, more blooming, pretty and lively than ever, who ran out with eager joy to welcome her to her new home; and Lord Stoketon, with a face of pleasure, watching the meeting and putting in a word when Sophy could give him time, or Anne attend or think of any thing but dear Sophy, and her blooming joyous looks.

Oh! it was a happy moment for Anne! She forgot all her anxieties, even all her joys; and love, and Edward Temple was forgotten in the new delight of seeing Sophy once more, and seeing her so happy!

“What do you think of us, Anne?” said Sophy, as they seated themselves in the drawing-room. “Don’t you think that George is looking better than ever he did before?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Anne, “and you too, Sophy. I never saw you both looking so well.”

“And happy as the day is long, dearest Anne!” said Sophy, giving her a kiss that betokened happiness; and then, looking at her husband and putting her hand on his arm, “I can assure you, Anne, that he is the very best husband in the world; I hate praising him to his face, but it is so true that I cannot help it! And now, George, you must know what I am bound to expect in return!”

“I suppose I must tell Anne that you are the best wife in the world, and make me happier than ever husband was made before!” said Lord Stoketon, giving her a delighted and affectionate look that told its own story, and vouched for the truth of the words. “But what will Anne say to us, if she thinks that love-making is begun again! I am sure, Anne, you thought we had enough of it before, and you hated me with all your heart for taking up Sophy’s time. Now, did not you? You have never forgiven me, I fear!”

“If I had not before,” said Anne smiling, whilst her hand lay contentedly in that of her sister, “I should begin to do so now. Love-making after marriage is the best way of reconciling me to love-making before.”

“Well, then,” said Lord Stoketon, looking again at his pretty, blooming wife, “we have plenty of that, have not we, Sophy?”

“Nay, George!” said Sophy. “Do not expose our folly to Anne, already. I intended to have passed myself off for a dignified, demure, married woman: a sort of mixture of lady Bountiful, house-keeper, and good wife. But you have just destroyed my plan, George; a lady Bountiful, or a good wife, never allowed any childish love-making in her life.”

“Do not fancy you would have succeeded, Sophy,” said Anne, “if Lord Stoketon had not told tales of you. You must have hid your face, put on a huge cap, and a great-grandmother’s hoop and stiff gown, or some very excellent disguise, or you would never have succeeded.”

“Well, then, George shall be saved the scolding I intended for him! But, Anne, you have never admired my house.”

Anne admired it to the full extent of Sophy’s and Lord Stoketon’s wishes. Alford Abbey was a beautiful place; the house was large, the rooms handsomely furnished, and laying well together, and it had a thoroughly inhabited look. No one ever felt a lurking idea, as they sat in the spacious rooms at Alford, that their size was not quite concomitant with comfort.

The next morning showed Anne how well the beauty outside

the house agreed with the favourable impression of the preceding evening's view of the interior. A handsome conservatory was attached to it. The grounds were very pretty. A flower-garden, filled with the gayest flowers, interspersed with vases and statues, spread its beauty before the windows, extending to a length of shrubbery walks and lawns, and forming, from the windows, a foreground to the fine park beyond; the park adorned with clumps of beech, and oak, on rising hills, or sheltered dingles, whilst the blue hills peeped forth still farther in the view, bounding the horizon with their undulating line. It was a delightful place, and Anne could praise as much as she wished, without any dereliction from truth.

It was such a happy visit to Anne, the two months flew quickly by. She had told Sophy every thing about herself, and Edward Temple, and George Foley, and Robert Dodson. Every thing but what concerned Charlotte and her brother William; and that, she thought it more advisable to conceal.

She was listened to by Sophy with twice as much interest as she would have been before her marriage. Sophy was certainly improved. Happiness—the devotion of her husband, and her love for him, had certainly improved and softened her. We may talk of the softener of adversity, but domestic happiness is still more efficacious.

As Anne saw the improvement, she discovered that Sophy had perhaps needed it. She never would have thought of it before, or rather, she would never have allowed it till the improvement had actually taken place.

Sophy listened with attention to Anne's relation about Edward Temple. She thought that nothing would be so charming as her marrying him, and was perfectly convinced that he would come to Weston, and make a decided proposal, the moment she returned. She was certain it would all end well, and as a proof, she reminded Anne how well her own affair had ended with Lord Stoketon.

Sophy's powers of reasoning might not be very good, or her reason a very wise one, but she was not the less comforting on that account. She went so far as to advise her to persuade her father to have the marriage in town, instead of at Weston: no wonder that Anne laughed, and smiled, and blushed, and felt a great deal of delight in Sophy's society: no wonder that she should feel a great deal of regret in leaving her, as the last weeks, the last days,

the last minutes, and at length the last seconds, flew away and were gone, which remained to her of the visit to Alford.

She quitted it thinking of the mutual happiness of Sophy and her husband; inclined to look with a favourable view on the advantages of married life, and to wonder whether Temple-court were at all like Alford Abbey, and whether Edward Temple might, or might not, make as good a husband as Lord Stoketon.

As Anne had William for a companion, she had less time for these reflections. He had come to Alford to take her back, and had been a week with them there. She had much to say and to hear, and a journey alone with him gave her opportunities of talking and listening which were not to be found at Alford, when she was enjoying to the full, the last moments of Sophy's society.

During Anne's absence a cause for distress had occurred in the family, of which her mother and Charlotte had given some account, and of which she now received farther particulars from William.

This was the death of Charlotte's maid, who after a very short illness had expired in the house. She was a foreigner and a Catholic—consequently not a favourite with the other servants: but she had lived with Charlotte for many years; almost from a child, and was much attached to her mistress.

Charlotte felt her death severely, and its suddenness increased the shock to her feelings. She felt her loss more deeply perhaps than she might otherwise have done; for she was the last link which remained to her of her father's home—the only being whom she had known in childhood, and who had recollections in common with herself, of her father and her home.

But there was besides an added circumstance which increased her distress. The poor woman had eagerly desired that a Catholic priest should be sent for. Her wish was readily and most willingly complied with. Charlotte, in her anxiety, had herself given the orders to the servant. Unluckily she or the servant made some mistake in these orders, and the message never reached the priest till too late. He came, but all was over, and the poor woman had died without the consolation she so ardently desired.

Charlotte bitterly blamed herself for having caused the delay; and it was time alone which could restore her spirits.

William had much to say upon this subject; his thoughts were evidently full of Charlotte; and, in the long day's journey with

Anne, the forced tête-a-tête was so tempting to confidence, that William found it almost irresistible, and nearly confessed his love. Very nearly, but not quite! A sudden jolt in the carriage—changing horses—or a drunken post-boy—something checked him, and Anne expected in vain.

He had begun—he had dropped a few expressions—something which she interpreted as implying his love, and a consciousness of its being returned; but then he stopped—his intention was changed, and he either relapsed into silence, spoke on indifferent matters, or returned to the subject of Sophy and her happiness.

Anne expected, on her return, to hear an avowal from Charlotte; but none was made. Anne saw with sorrow that she looked ill, and that her spirits seemed depressed. When alone with her, she spoke with emotion of the death of her maid, with a feeling that in losing her she had lost the last tie that bound her to her happy childhood—to her father's memory. Anne saw it was that tie which affected her so strongly. When we have once known real affliction, the mind becomes sensitive to the touch of every minor sorrow. Widows and orphans have tears to shed, where the happy can see but little cause for grief. The rain-drop, touching the colourless pebble brings forth the form and colours which had lain hidden in the sunshine: even so, a trifling sorrow recalls the memory of grief lying dormant, but not extinct, in the heart: it bids the forms and images of affliction rise again in all their fresh reality. Had Charlotte Daventry never experienced grief, she perhaps would have been less deeply affected at present: but Anne saw that the feelings of *the orphan* had been touched and revived.

Anne was formed to bestow comfort. She could rejoice with those who rejoiced—no smile so bright—no sympathy so true as hers; but she could weep with those who wept: none knew so well how to soothe.

No wonder then, that after her return to Weston, when all her fondest care and attention were bestowed in affording comfort to Charlotte Daventry, Charlotte should rapidly recover her spirits, and become ere long gay and animated as ever. It was a pleasant sight to Anne to see her returning to her former cheerful looks, and a pleasant sound to hear her lively, laughing voice once more.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE families at Weston and at Chatterton often met, and Isabella Foley and Anne Grey at length became friends,

It has been said that we are apt to hate those whom we have injured. With the unamiable this is true, but with the amiable to injure is to love. Such was the case with Isabella: she felt that she had been unjust to Anne, and by way of reparation she began to love her with all her heart. Anne was not a person coldly to receive such a gift, and she loved Isabella in return.

Whether people choose to love or hate one another in a country neighbourhood, or at a watering place, it is equally sure to call forth remark, and to give rise to a whole army of ideas, and whispers, and conjectures, and certainties. We shall see that Miss Foley and Miss Grey could not be friends with impunity.

“Ah! my dear,” said Lady Downton to Anne, one morning; “it is quite charming to see you with that sweet girl, Isabella Foley. Quite like sisters! nothing can be so fortunate! She is a very nice girl, and I am so delighted to see it so. Quite like *sisters!* that is a pretty little blush, my dear Anne! and when does he come home?”

“Who?” said Anne, with an innocent tone of inquiry.

“Ah! very well. I see you *must* not understand; but when does Mr. George Foley come home?”

“I don’t know,” said Anne, really blushing a little.

“Oh! you are discreet, I see!” said Lady Downton: “well, it is all very pretty, and very proper; but, my dear love, I am so tired! I am almost afraid that I never can support the fatigue of this visit to the Dashwoods’. I have been sadly suffering this morning, sadly indeed! and so he is, not coming back at present? Well, I had hoped—but I must not talk.”

Anne looked uncommunicative: Lady Downton saw it, and became so tired and languid that Anne thought it time to take leave.

Upon her departure, Lady Downton sat down to write to her dear friend Miss Lightfoot, and to inform her that Anne Grey’s marriage

to George Foley was to be delayed still longer : probably to an indefinite period, owing to Mr. Foley's objection to his son's marrying so early ; that it was a profound secret, and that George Foley remained abroad on this account.

The next day's post conveyed this very correct and interesting intelligence to Miss Lightfoot, and the next day it was communicated more agreeably perhaps, *viva voce*, to Mrs. and Miss Dashwoods by Lady Dowton herself.

Robert Dodson, indefatigable man, still continued his visits to Weston. Twice refused, and still persevering ! Ye bashful, despairing swains, take courage from the example of Mr. Robert Dodson ! persevere as he did, and perhaps,—nay no doubt—you will be rewarded as he was. If the lady of your affections has a sister, a cousin, or a friend : lively, good humoured, and unmarried—do not despair ! Persevere ! and, with Robert Dodson, you will be rewarded at last by finding that your love is transferred from one object to another.

Yes ! Robert Dodson had slipped, slided, or stumbled out of love with Anne Grey, and into love with Charlotte Daventry. Charlotte had been so kind to him—had pitied him so much—was always so good-humoured (so was Anne, but not so lively in her good-humour) that Robert Dodson found it the easiest thing in the world to be in love with her.

Whether either Anne or Charlotte were aware of it, it was impossible to say. Mrs. Grey certainly was not : William Grey certainly was : but then had Robert Dodson not been in love with Charlotte, William would have been just as certain that he was, for he thought every one must be in love with her : but he said nothing, and for a time, at least, Robert Dodson's transferred affection remained a secret at Weston. It was neither whispered nor uttered, nor were its accents caught as they fell, unless Robert Dodson's impressive " Good morning, Miss Daventry. I hope I shall see you again before long," as he quitted the room at Weston each day, or each alternate day, might be taken as an indication.

" Lovers' hearts, what pretty things !" said Charlotte Daventry to herself one morning, as she sat alone in the small sitting-room at Weston Mrs. Grey and Anne were out ; Mr. Grey at a parish meeting, or something equally delightful ; and Charlotte Daventry was left alone.

" Pretty baubles," said Charlotte Daventry, smiling to herself,

“to be played with—trifled with—sought—won—and thrown aside!” She paused. “Yes, these gay balls,” playfully holding up some balls of coloured worsted which lay by her; “yes, these shall be my lovers’ hearts—appropriate emblems!” smiling as she looked at them: “soft, warm—there the comparison holds! and here this fiery red one! this shall personify the flaming fiery lover: this is Frank Crawford. Here this purple; this, the more sober, more controllable, yet ardent lover! my good cousin! my *almost brother*”—she laughed, “my very dear cousin, William Grey. And here, this dull, unlively brown! what can this be but my honest, stupid lover, Robert Dodson! And this bright blue—” she sighed—“yes! this bright blue, emblem of constancy! would I could say that this was claimed—that this was an emblem of *his* love! But no—rather let it be an emblem of mine!”—she paused and sighed; the tear was in her eye: but it was but for a moment, and, starting from her reverie, she smiled once more. “What! my lovers’ hearts, dangling forgotten! here whilst they hang at the bar, waiting for a decision! Here, Frank Crawford, what is your plea? A ready wit—a cunning heart—a handsome face—a deceiving tongue, that utters bitter things, and merry things, and wise things: a fund of knowledge, sense, and talent—all, alas! a little misapplied! a love of self pride, strong passions, ardent love. And this! Is this all, Mr. Crawford? All you have to say? Come, my pretty, brilliant ball! speak once more: or shall I tell you what to say? shall I speak for you? You will have a title, fortune, influence, and a name. *These* are your claims; and I, your judge, will not slight them. No! they shall be attended to. And you, more sober lover! what are your claims? Shall I speak for you, and tell you what you have? You have a fortune—a devoted heart, but that is nothing, and,—you are a *cousin*! There are your claims, and I—I will not say they shall not be attended to! And you, good, dull, and heavy brown, what say you? Not a word? No, nothing. But I will speak one word for you in pity! You are *rich*! riches may be useful: even your claims shall not be entirely despised. You shall be played with and amused—No more! He comes! Lie still, these smiles—lie still, my pretty hearts,” and William Grey entered the room and found Charlotte Daventry apparently busily engaged with her worsted work.

CHAPTER XLV.

SOPHY Stoketon was not a true prophetess! Edward Temple did not come and propose to Anne as soon as she returned to Weston.

Anne might, and did feel both disappointment and uneasiness, and yet she could hardly allow herself to acknowledge that she felt either; she knew that circumstances alone could keep him away. She could not doubt his constancy! A woman where she truly loves confides implicitly in the object of her love; and there is a beauty in the undoubting, unsuspecting purity of her affection; a beauty that we would not wish away, even though it exists only to be trampled on, and betrayed.

Anne Grey thus loved! and she would not doubt! but timidity bade her fear, and she anxiously watched each day for tidings of her lover. She anxiously expected the arrival of a letter, to announce his coming; but, alas! none appeared! and when Sophy and her husband arrived at Weston, about a month after Anne had quitted Alford, she had neither seen nor heard any thing about him.

Yes! I forgot—she had indeed seen one thing. She had seen his name in the paper! Amongst the list of distinguished visitors staying at the Duke of ——'s, enumerated in the Morning Post, and Court Journal, stood one name—one name that she had a strange facility of descrying amongst a hundred others.

“What a pretty blush, my dear Anne!” said Charlotte Daventry to her, after watching her a few minutes in her agreeable task of reading the newspaper. “That pretty blush announces something. I suppose he is dead or married? No—not quite unhappy enough for that; but still not quite pleased! ‘A proposed matrimonial alliance between the daughter of a noble Earl, and the wealthy and fashionable Mr. Temple!’ What not that, Anne?” as Anne blushed still more deeply, and shook her head. “Well, what is it?” said Charlotte, getting up and looking over her shoulder.

Anne laughed, tried to push Charlotte playfully away, and put her hand over the tell-tale paragraph

“Ah! thank you, Anne, dear! you have just shown me the place, and now”—taking hold of her hand, and peeping under it, “let me see what it is! Ah, ha! exactly,” said she, with playful exultation, giving Anne a kiss.

“Exactly as I thought!” “Mr. Temple? ‘Distinguished party of fashionables!’ Well, I hope he enjoys his distinguished party of fashionables, and I hope he will come soon, and try what a distinguished party of *un-fashionables* will say to him!” “Ah, Anne! never think to deceive me!” said Charlotte, half seriously, “I read *Edward Temple* in that face as plain as I could read any thing. But, Anne, why did you look so grave? Why did the sight of his name in that paper make you feel sad? Do not deny that this is a weakness, Anne! Why should he not be gay? why should he not enter into society, and enjoy society—be agreeable and lively as ever? If he believes that you love him, this should only add to his power of enjoyment. You perhaps feel differently. You feel that *you* could not enjoy any thing so much when he is absent. But, Anne, you must remember that this is a woman’s feeling. Men do not resemble us in the steadiness—the absorbing nature of our love. Love is merely a plaything to them! it is put off and on, and does not affect their whole thoughts and feelings and conduct and happiness, as it does with us. We cannot smile and be gay, and seek admiration whilst we are doubtful of the affections of those we love: whilst we are in ignorance whether they are in health and happiness—whether they are not suffering in mind and body; suffering perhaps from doubts of our constancy! But, Anne, it is different with men. It is no proof that Mr. Temple is not attached to you because he can be entering into gaiety; whilst he is uncertain of your constancy, your health, happiness, existence even (for he may not be quite sure of that certainly)—of which he might assure himself immediately by coming to see you! But this is no proof that he does not love you, Anne, as much as ever! No proof that he will not come in due course of time and make his proposals—just as he should do” said she, playfully turning to her. “Nay, Anne, grave still! Still graver than when I first saw you pondering and blushing over that name. Foolish child!”

“Yes, it is foolish, Charlotte,” said Anne, “but I cannot help it:” and she turned away her head to hide the tears that filled her eyes. Charlotte perceived it, and said, with a softened kindness in her voice and manner, “My poor Anne! I did not expect this!” and

Anne turned towards her again, and made an effort to overcome the weakness of which she was ashamed.

"It is foolish indeed, Charlotte," said she, trying to smile: "but it is over now. There, you see, I can smile," as she wiped her tears away. "And now I will say one word, Charlotte, whilst we are on the subject, and then, no more to-day—no more till—Well, never mind that!" she said, slightly smiling. "But, Charlotte, I must do him the justice to say that, whatever a momentary weakness may cause me to feel, or *look* (as you read my looks), I have not in my heart the least doubt of Mr. Temple's constancy, and affection for me. I feel certain that he will return to make me the offer of his hand, whenever circumstances will allow him to do so. If I were not—if I believed that he had forgotten to love me, or had never really loved me, his character would be very different to that I imagine it to be—very different to that which I love and esteem. I should feel that I had been mistaken in loving him, and that he was unworthy of my affection. But I do not imagine such a thing I cannot! I think too highly of him, not to trust implicitly in his constancy and affection. Now, Charlotte, I have told you what I really think on the subject; so do not watch my looks again. They are nothing! They are, it seems, very silly things! But I believe," she added, smiling, "that love, even a woman's love, Charlotte, is never very wise. There is always a touch of folly about it."

"Well, Anne, your love," said Charlotte, affectionately, "I think is as free from folly as most women's, and I admire your sentiments with regard to Mr. Temple: and now I will not say a word more, for I see that you had rather that I should not: and here is 'Mama Grey!' 'Mama!'—Ah! Anne! If you knew the feeling those words convey to me, when I say them in fun, and feel *not in fun*, that they are not real!—that they do not belong to me—that I have no one to call Mama! No mother, no father, no brother, no sister! Yes, Anne, I can envy you! even if *he* deserts and deceives you! Even then, Anne, I could envy you!" and her voice faltered with emotion as she spoke.

"Dearest Charlotte!" said Anne with emotion, laying her hand on her's. And now Mrs. Grey was within speaking distance of the cousins, and no more was said either by Anne or Charlotte. They both tried to rouse themselves, and to throw off the feeling of melancholy which had been unconsciously called forth by their conversation.

Sophy and Lord Stoketon came to Weston. Henry was at home, and the whole family were once more collected together. It was a happy reunion. Still it was not perfect happiness! Where, indeed, is this to be found on earth?

If we could look into the hearts of every apparently happy circle of smiling faces, we should, perhaps, be surprised to find in all some secret grief! To find that, beneath the smiling exterior, there lay concealed in all some sorrows, or cares, which mingled with their happiness and prevented it from being, what to the superficial observer it appeared, what it never is on earth—perfect! There are smiling faces, and beaming looks, and glad-toned voices; and there is indeed much of happiness, but it cannot be perfect!

In looking into the hearts of the members of one family, now assembled round the winter's hearth, or now watching the summer sunset, another cause for wonder strikes us. We believe that, having unveiled the secrets of one, we need look no farther: that the heart of each will probably be alike. But no! we look again! Different woes and cares dwell in each! Even in one small family circle each member, so apparently alike, is yet so different. Though the same griefs are affecting all, they are felt differently, they touch on different chords. The human heart, we say, and we know, is the same. If we read of sentiments, joys or woes described, we own alike their truth. They are *our* feelings, joys, or woes: yet, amongst the multitude of hearts that are beating in the world—that are throbbing with pain, or fluttering with joy, there are not, perhaps, two that are beating alike—whose joys and woes affect them in the same manner. The variations are numberless. Perhaps no two, at any given moment, will beat in every respect to the same emotions: there are likenesses—but this is all! there are always some slight exceptions—some differences! Even with sisters, of almost the same age, where circumstances, education, and situation are alike to each; yet, look into the hearts of both, and even there we shall see that, however great the similitude of face, manner, and tone, yet in that busy world of feeling lie things unknown and strange to each; and this, perhaps, without either perceiving that they have a thought or feeling in variance. Yet, so it is! and no less true it is that there ever lurks in human nature some secret woe, some secret alloy. We can never be perfectly happy, though, in those hours of domestic peace, in those family reunions, in those quiet homes of England, we may more nearly approach the per-

fection of earthly bliss than elsewhere. Yet, even here earth has its sway. Earth breathes on the hearts of all with her cold chill breath, and the summer flowers of joy that would have gladly bloomed, are touched and withered; their beauty is impaired even in those calm and peaceful English homes.

Must, then, the family circle, now again united at Weston, form an exception to this general rule? Oh, no! Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and their family, were by far too common-place to be different to the rest of the world. Even at Weston there was no perfect happiness. All, perhaps, had cares and troubles of their own. Anne Grey was not exempt. The continued absence of Edward Temple was no slight cause of uneasiness to her; and her avowal of perfect confidence in his constancy was fully put to the test, as week after week he remained absent, and she heard no tidings of him but those the papers brought, where his name was seen amongst the lists of the gay and the fashionable assembled together, 'to partake,' as they said, 'of the hospitalities of some noble duke,' 'distinguished marquis,' or 'hospitable earl!' This, at least, seemed to prove that he was well and happy. She would scarcely allow herself to fancy many evils, or to fear more than once or twice in every day that she would never see him again!

Anne Grey was sensible and calm, but still she could not but feel the absence of her lover for so long a time! He who had left her with the avowal of love but half uttered, with her consent but half accorded. He who had quitted her with the anxiety for meeting again, the pain at parting so visibly expressed in his countenance and manner. He who had asked her to allow him to hope, to allow him to explain when next they met. Could he willingly remain in uncertainty for the sake of enjoying the society of strangers, mere acquaintances, perhaps? What lover would so linger? What lover would not fly to obtain an assurance so dear to his wishes, to explain what want of time and opportunity before had left, unexplained and unexpressed, within his heart? Oh, no! It could not be! There was some cause to keep him away—something to which he unwillingly and impatiently submitted—he must—he would come! the moment he was at liberty to do so. Anne would not allow herself to doubt: his absence should only cast a slight shade upon her happiness. So she wished! so she resolved! Yet the shade was there, and who can say that whilst it lingered, it should not darken into a deeper gloom?

William's love for Charlotte continued, and so did Charlotte's unconscious encouragement. Anne sighed over it, but 'it could not be helped!' words on the value of which we have elsewhere remarked.

Another cause of uneasiness which existed for Anne will require a little explanation. It will be asked, was Sophy Stoketon's vanity, her selfishness, her love of gaiety, extinct? Did Sophy Stoketon retain no resemblance to Sophy Grey? When Anne saw her at Alford in the quiet of home, loving and beloved by her husband, she thought that any little faults she had ever possessed had been renounced at the altar where she had sworn to love, honour, and obey; or, if they still existed, it was in such an amiable form as scarcely to be reprehensible. Her vanity, if there at all, was only because her husband liked to see her admired; she liked society because George liked it, and appeared in it to such advantage. He was such a general favourite! and it was delightful going out with him, as she saw that he enjoyed it!

This Anne saw at Alford; but at Weston a little *souppçon* of Sophy's' less permissible vanity and selfishness threw an additional shade over the happiness of the family reunion. She observed symptoms of uneasiness in Lord Stoketon, slight, certainly, but still they existed, as Sophy displayed her love of gaiety, her fondness for admiration. 'To what will this lead in time?' 'Will it lead to domestic happiness and contentment?' were questions quite involuntary, and which Lord Stoketon scarcely allowed himself to ask; but yet they were sometimes asked, and were never satisfactorily answered. Anne asked herself the same questions. She had more time to reply, but she *hoped* instead of replying! There was yet another and a deeper cause of uneasiness to mar the happiness of that happy month of domestic reunion. This was the renewed doubt about Charlotte Daventry. Insanity—mental derangement—madness! these were words which at times rang in Anne's ears, which seemed to haunt her. She could not shake them off—she could not dispel them! but she strove once more to hope.

Hope! blessed boon! gracious gift to the meek and humble mind, to the sad and sinking spirit. Hope whispers, and the sinking heart is glad once more, the sad and tearful eyes again are raised with bright intelligence. Hope whispers! But is that whisper of earth? Is that bright beam of earth or heaven? Oh! if of earth,

how vain and fleeting : why do we listen to his words? who that has read these beautiful lines of Bishop Heber's has not felt a wish in his heart that the hope which whispers to himself may be of heaven and not of earth !

Reflected on the Lake, I love
To mark the star of evening glow.
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus, Heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN Lord and Lady Stoketon returned to Alford, they took Charlotte Daventry with them. After the happiness of a month passed in their society, it was melancholy for Anne to be left without either them or her usual companion, Charlotte. However, Henry, her dear boy Henry, was at home ; moreover she thought that Edward Temple would not always be amongst distinguished parties at dukes' houses, and that he might at last come to seek the heartfelt welcome of a simple, yet affectionate being at Weston. This was only expectation ! and, after all, expectation is a poor thing to make oneself happy upon : it was lucky Anne had something better to drive away the sadness of a separation. She had Henry's animated face, his boyish glee, and comfortable chats to cheer her.

She loved Henry with all her heart : she loved him as he loved her, and that was in no trifling, careless way. He was devotedly fond of Anne, and he thought her perfection. She was his own darling Anne, to whom he told every secret, and who was always ready to listen to him, and to feel for him, and who had, as he said, "such right notions," and "was always so sensible!" Sometimes he thought for a moment that she was wrong—for a day, or a

month, perhaps, when her opinion went against his wishes ; but it always ended in his finding she was right.

One day when he and Anne were sitting alone together, Henry put on a very grave face ; “ Anne, I have something to tell you,” said he very seriously. “ Something I want to talk to you about.” Anne was almost frightened ; she expected to hear that he had got into some difficulty, in which he required her assistance ; but she was soon relieved as he proceeded very gravely ; “ You know, Anne, that I have often talked to you about your marrying, but I always said that I could not find any one good enough for you. However, at last I have found a person who, I think, is exactly suited to you. He would be just good enough, and would make you really happy, and I meant to tell you as soon as they were all gone out of the house, and you had time to think about it, that you may consider whether it would not do very well.”

Anne smiled, and was going to say something rather in jest, but Henry looked grave ; she saw she must be serious ; so she tried to compose her features and listened.

“ You know, Anne, I have been always looking out for a husband for you : and at last I have found the very person I wanted. I have not seen him myself ; but I am told that he is a very fine, handsome-looking fellow : moreover I asked particularly, because I know what you think about that, whether he was very quiet and gentlemanlike in his manners and appearance, and he is remarkably so : and very clever, agreeable, and rich. But after all, that is not the thing. I know better of him than all this : I know a really good trait of him : I know that he is one of the finest, most generous, noble-hearted fellows in all England.”

Henry’s face glowed with the enthusiasm of his admiration as he spoke. Anne was pleased with the sentiment, and touched by it ; but still she had some difficulty to refrain from smiling. However Henry did not perceive it, but went on, whilst Anne was still left in ignorance of the name of his hero—her future husband.

He went on, and with an animated countenance related some circumstances respecting a steward, and a poor man—a farmer on the estate, who might have been ruined by the roguery of this steward, had not Anne’s destined husband interfered, and by his active exertions, his generous interference (and all against his own interest), saved the poor man. He had done it all in such a noble,

yet sensible and judicious, way. The whole school had rung with his praises. Henry had listened, he said— had asked “Is he married?” and received a satisfactory reply—“No! he was unmarried:” and then he settled at once to himself, “This is the very person for Anne.” It was not a single instance of his generosity and good sense; some of the boys at his school lived near his place, and heard him praised, and knew that he was so much beloved and respected.

Henry stopped, and then, looking at Anne, when he had related all these circumstances, said to her, “Well, Anne, is not he a fine fellow?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Anne, “he seems to be a very perfect character;” and she was in truth only saying what she thought.

“Aye, Anne, I knew you would say so?”

“And now, Henry, I want to know his name?”

“Oh! his name! yes, I forgot—but Anne, do not you think it will do? He comes into this neighbourhood, I hear, sometimes, so you will be able to see him. Perhaps you *have* seen him, by the way? His name is Temple—Edward Temple, of Temple-court.”

“Mr. Temple!” said Anne, starting, and turning away her face to conceal the pleasure which she guessed was too evidently painted there. It was so singular, so delightful to have heard such a trait, such praises of him—to discover, when she only expected to be amused by Henry’s boyish scheme, that the hero of his imagination was the very person whom she loved.

She tried to compose her features to a proper degree of pleasure, and then said “I know Mr. Temple, Henry!”

“You know him!” said Henry, with a joyful look. “You know him! Well, and Anne?” in a tone of animated inquiry, expecting Anne to tell him that she should be delighted to marry him.

“Well, Henry,” said Anne, blushing and looking down to conceal her blush. “I think you have done him justice: that is, I think—I should think he was equal to the opinion you have formed of him.”

“You should think! you think! but Anne, are you not sure?” said Henry, eagerly taking hold of her hand, and looking her full in the face. Anne could not stand the inquiring scrutiny of this look, for she knew that there was a certain consciousness depicted in her face; she determined to attempt no farther concealment, and she made Henry—her own dear boy Henry quite happy—

quite in dancing delight, with telling him that she loved Edward Temple, and that she believed Edward Temple loved her. She ended by begging him to be discreet.

“Discreet! Aye, Anne,” said Henry, proudly, “When did you ever know me fail in discretion? I am to be trusted, Anne. You may tell me every secret of your heart, and you need not fear that I shall blab;” and Henry then returned to his delight, his surprise, and his wonder when Mr. Temple would come; and why he did not come; and to ask Anne over and over again for a description of him—his looks—his conversation—whether he rode well—whether he had ever called her ‘Anne’ by mistake, instead of ‘Miss Grey?’ and Henry looked a little disappointed, and doubtful for a moment, when he found he never had. But it did not matter! It was certain he was a fine fellow, and very fond of Anne, and that she was very tolerably fond of him, and how he should like him for a brother! Henry had also more serious feelings to express. There was mingled so much right-mindedness and goodness of heart with his boyish view of things, that Anne was delighted with him.

His impatience was the only thing with which she had to find fault. His excessive impatience for Edward Temple’s proposal made Anne find that her own impatience could not be kept in such steady discipline, whilst she had to curb that of Henry; nor to help being vexed that he did not come, when she heard Henry’s wonder and vexation expressed most ardently every day. Still, it was very agreeable to have to talk to him on the subject, and the three weeks of Charlotte Daventry’s absence passed less slowly than they would otherwise have done.

Charlotte returned; and how had the time passed with her? Of course just as all time spent from home sounds in relation, when it becomes a thing of the past.

“Oh it had been so happy!” was Charlotte’s answer. “If you had only been there, Anne! I wanted you every day. We had a great deal of gaiety and visiting.”

“And Sophy?”—

“She is so well and in such spirits—and she is so much admired,” added Charlotte, in rather a different tone, but it was soon exchanged again for one more animated. “She is the reigning belle of the county, and receives her homage very prettily.”

“And Lord Stoketon?”

“ Oh, Lord Stoketon, he is so much beloved—Yes, that is the word for him. Every one loves him. How happy Sophy ought to be !”

“ Yes, she is happy, indeed !” said Anne with some little emotion and a sigh.

“ She is very fond of gaiety,” said Charlotte. Anne looked inquiringly at her, but there was nothing in her manner that betokened any peculiar meaning. Anne was satisfied.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MAN is notoriously a social animal : as if to prove it, we spend the greater part of our lives in seeing one another, hating one another, envying one another. If this is not the proof, it is at least the consequence of our sociability.

There was a great deal of visiting, receiving of visitors, and what is politely styled gaiety, going on whilst Charlotte remained with the Stoketons. Sophy Stoketon, with the rest of the world, enjoyed gaiety (commonly so called) with all her heart. She enjoyed and sought it perhaps a little too much; for it was more than her husband wished.

But then, as Charlotte Daventry said to her as they sat working together in the morning, “ my dear Sophy, you are so pretty and so nice, and Lord Stoketon loves so much to see you admired, that you ought not to be shut up at home with no one but ‘ Mrs. Gibson, ma’am ?’ or ‘ Mr. Larkin, *me* Lady to see you ;” and Charlotte gave an admirable imitation of the said Mrs. Gibson and Mr. Larkin, which makes Sophy laugh.

“ If you had not been such a good mimic, I would not have agreed with you,” said she. “ Will you do it once more : or keep it for George this evening ?”

“ With all my heart, if he will not wish to give you a full dose of Mrs. Gibson *proper*. If he will be satisfied with Mrs. Gibson *sham*, I will do any thing in the world for him. But seriously, Sophy, I could not like him if he were the sort of husband to keep you always at home. A domestic-felicity man, who never

enjoyed any domestic felicity in his life ! or if he did, singly, for I am sure he never would allow any one else to enjoy it !”

Sophy laughed and Sophy sighed.

“ George likes me to go into society,” she said in a gentle voice.

“ Yes,” said Charlotte, “ Oh yes !” after a little pause as if she remembered that her *yes* had not been sufficiently assenting.

“ Oh yes, Sophy.”

“ By the by,” she added in a different tone, and after a few minutes’ pause, “ how odd it was when you spoke of Captain Herbert before you married, that you never told me that he was good-looking.”

“ Good-looking ! did not I ?” said Sophy, “ but I am not sure now.”

“ Oh, Sophy !” interposed Charlotte. “ He is one of the handsomest people I ever saw : but then I have an interest in him, poor man.”

“ Poor man ?,” said Sophy, “ and why poor man ?”

“ For shame, Sophy ! how cruel to ask ;—but I forgot ; you probably do not see what I cannot help perceiving. With all his gaiety and assumed carelessness, is there not a sigh for a lady he once loved ? Is there not a hidden pang for a lady he once loved and *lost* ? For a lady who laughs and *forgets* ? Sophy, what do you say to that ?” said Charlotte, half seriously, half jestingly, turning her eyes full on Sophy with a look of inquiry.

“ My dear Charlotte,” said Sophy, averting her face, but just laughing a little, “ how can you fancy any thing so absurd ?”

“ Absurd !” said Charlotte. “ Well I suppose it is right for you to think so. ‘ They laugh who win,’ but, you must allow me to think for myself. I may be sorry ; I *must* indeed, when I look at my Lady Stoketon here,” turning and playfully fixing her eyes upon Sophy. “ Let me look ; Is this a form to be forgotten ? Is this a face to be looked at with impunity ? to be loved once and then—nay, nay, my dear Lady Stoketon, do not veil your beauties from my sight—do not hide the idol from its worshipper, before your graces are half told.” Charlotte laughingly continued, as Sophy interrupted her by placing her hands before her eyes. “ I should have raised you to the skies if you had not closed my vision at once, Sophy, you tyrant. But as you will not let me finish apostrophising, we will leave it to Captain Herbert to do the rest ; and he will do it from his heart ; and you—One thing however, Sophy,” said

Charlotte, dropping her mock heroic tone, and speaking seriously, almost with emotion—"You are perfect.—You have not an atom of vanity, or you would be flattered by having inspired such a sentiment in the heart of a man like Captain Herbert."

Sophy did not speak : there was a moment's silence, and then Charlotte, with a lively air as if she had forgotten the subject on which they had been talking, or wished to have no more of it, walked away, and, opening the window which led into the garden, was soon amongst the flowers, leaving Sophy to reflect alone.

Whether her reflections were pleasing or not, I cannot say. Whether they called forth a smile, or a sigh? but Charlotte Daventry, as she stooped over a cluster of blooming flowers, had a smile of triumph in her eyes.

"My lady bright!" fell softly from her lips. "As lovely and as frail as these. Your fates are alike! But a light wind blows, you are bowed to the earth, and your sweetness and beauty are then but a dream. Frail flower! frail lady! Flutter and dance alike in the breeze, and the sun, and the summer air! Gay flowers! gay lady, bloom awhile!"

"How pretty my cousin, Lady Stoketon, is!" said Charlotte Daventry to Captain Herbert, as she was dancing with him at a race ball. "Certainly she is very lovely!" exclaimed she, as she looked towards the place where Sophy was sitting. "But I suppose," she added, laughing, "it is against etiquette to praise one's cousin."

"Oh no! I think not," said Captain Herbert. "Or, at any rate, Miss Daventry may do what she pleases; only you must allow me to say in return, How lovely Lady Stoketon's cousin is," slightly bowing to her with an air as much as to say, You ought to be flattered at receiving even such a compliment from me.

"You have not yet found out that I hate compliments," said Charlotte, laughing, "and you have not yet answered my question, or rather my remark. I said, how lovely Lady Stoketon is!"

"How shall I excuse myself," said Captain Herbert carelessly, "both for paying a compliment, and not paying one? But I forgot. Lady Stoketon is very pretty;" and Captain Herbert said so as if he thought that even this was the praise which civility demanded.

"I thought you had been a great friend, consequently a great admirer, of my cousin?" said Charlotte, inquiringly, and with a little surprise. "Sophy so often speaks of you!"

Captain Herbert gave a little start; what man would not have been flattered?

"I am flattered!" said he, but he said so, as if he wished to imply that he did not care whether Lady Stoketon, beautiful, captivating, and agreeable as she was, thought or spoke about him or not. "I am flattered," said he, and he glanced at himself in a mirror, probably for the pleasure of convincing himself that it was easier for the attention of a man like him to flatter, than to be flattered by the thoughts or admiration of any man or woman in the world.

"She said the other day she thought you had forgotten her," said Charlotte, "and that you must have mistaken her for some other person."

"Did she?" said Captain Herbert, whilst a smile curled on his lip that seemed to betoken that he was not quite indifferent to the interest felt for him by a very pretty woman. "I am quite shocked—quite grieved! I must have been unpardonably rude, I am afraid," and his eye glanced towards the place where Sophy was sitting, smiling, laughing, and talking to a circle of men surrounding her, who were too idle, or too well occupied, to dance. Charlotte saw his glance."

"Do look at my cousin now," said she, "how very pretty she looks at this moment!"

"She is very lovely!" said Captain Herbert.

"She is such a dear creature!" continued Charlotte, who seemed fully bent on praising her cousin that evening. "How young she looks to be a chaperon!"

"She is very young and very beautiful," said Captain Herbert, and he sighed.

"And it is that which makes you speak so gravely, I suppose?" said Charlotte, laughing. "Are you envious of her gaiety, beauty, or happiness, Captain Herbert?"

"Of all three, if they take away so much of your attention whilst I am dancing with you," was his reply. "You do not allow me the privilege of being serious, then, Miss Daventry?" added he, shortly after.

"Certainly not, when you are speaking of the perfections of my cousin."

"At other times, then?" said he.

"If you please," said Charlotte, "you may sigh all day—groan

—shed tears if you will—look grave and moralize—only not when you are dancing with me, or speaking of Sophy Stoketon. She said of you, by the by, that she did not suppose you were troubled with much sensibility. I remember her saying it, so do not exclaim against it. It was Sophy told me so, and I must believe that she knows your character. She said, moreover, that she thought you could soon forget old friends—that you loved variety. There; you see that your real character has been displayed to me, and that I am at liberty to quarrel with your being serious because I know that it is not natural to you.”

Captain Herbert ought to have been flattered still more with Sophy than with Charlotte Daventry at that moment, and his eyes certainly did wander to the corner of the room where she was seated.

The music ceased. Charlotte was taken to her chaperon. That chaperon was Lady Stoketon. Captain Herbert lingered for a little time near her, as Sophy was busy talking. She was too much occupied to look towards Charlotte and her partner, and he withdrew with a slight accession of pride apparent in his parting bow, as he relinquished Charlotte to the care of the young and lovely Lady Stoketon, who could not find time even to remark his presence.

“A little pique,” thought Charlotte, as she seated herself; “a little flattered vanity! My gallant Captain and my pretty bride, beware! Take good care of yourselves!—Take care, if you can!”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHARLOTTE had the art of winning confidence, and she had more secrets confided to her than were ever before confided to any living being.

Will it be wondered then, that Lord Stoketon should make a confidante of her, even though he had not the slightest idea, for some time, that he had any confidences to make? yet, strange to say, he had once dropped a hint to Charlotte that he wished Sophy was not quite so fond of gaiety: he never thought of making a confidence when he said so, and yet it ended in nothing less, and he

spoke to Charlotte of his fears that Sophy was too fond of society and admiration. Till he began to talk of it, he was not quite certain whether he wished otherwise; but when he had opened his heart to her, nothing was so certain as that he felt a great deal of uneasiness, and that he had very great cause to do so; that, in short, he had not felt half so much as he might have done, and that it was not easy to be sufficiently unhappy on the occasion. It was fortunate, he thought, that he had such a sensible, kind-hearted girl, as Charlotte, to advise with. What will be said, when we venture to disagree with Lord Stoketon—when we venture to say, that it had been fortunate for him, had he been deprived of such a kind and judicious counsellor?

Charlotte Daventry left Alford in three weeks from her first arrival there. A shade had passed over the unalloyed happiness Anne had looked on with delight but a few months back. Did time dispel the shade? No, it deepened,—it was settled there!

Charlotte Daventry returned to Weston. She had found happiness: she left a blight; and she returned to Weston, gay and smiling as ever, and was warmly, fondly welcomed by Anne Grey.

“How pretty this bright sun makes every thing look!” said Anne to Charlotte, one day as the sun shone in gaily at the drawing-room window at Weston, lighting up the landscape without, and animating with its cheerful gleams the room within.

“After all, Charlotte! there is nothing like home. There is no happiness—no perfect happiness like that which home gives!”

Anne’s countenance reflected her expression. There was a contented smile on her lips; a bright yet quiet gladness in her eyes as she spoke.

“And after all what?” said Charlotte, smiling. “I must know of what that éloge on home is apropos?”

“Apropos then,” said Anne, “to our going to Dashwood next week. If I had my own way, I never would stir from home again;—provided I could keep you all happy and contented around me,” added she. “Who would ever leave the enjoyment of home? the quiet peaceful feel—the happiness of retiring to bed each night, trusting that one has passed the day innocently and profitably! the happiness of waking each morning to a sense of duties, easy and pleasant to be performed, where one is sure of affection to reward and look kindly on every slight failing in their performance! To know that one can add cheerfulness and comfort to those one loves!

Oh! surely, home is a happy place! who would ever wish to leave it?" and Anne turned her eyes, beaming with grateful happiness, to the placid scene from the window brightly touched with the rays of the setting sun.

Charlotte was silent for a few minutes. She was stooping over her embroidery frame, and her face was concealed as she bent over it.

"Yes," she said at length, "you are an enthusiast, we all know, about home. I really am very fond of it, but I cannot say that I dislike a sight of the beau-ronde too!"

In the evening the family were all assembled; some working, some drawing, some reading; Henry making a fishing net, with Anne's assistance out of hard-knot-difficulties, and long stitches.

There had been a little music; harp, piano, and singing—the merry catch of "three blind mice," in which William and Henry both joined. Then a new book had just arrived, and Mr. Grey was asked to read some of it aloud, and, like a good father, he consented; and how delightfully the work and drawing proceeded as he read!

Could any one have looked in on that happy family party, they might have said, No wonder that such a word as 'comfortable' was needed and invented by the English! What but 'comfortable' could express what is here before us? With no excitement! no alluring gaiety! no 'spectacle!' no vanity to be flattered! no well-studied graces to be displayed! It is peace and happiness, serene, and still as the fair unclouded brow of that gentle being, Anne Grey! She, who made the charm of home—who was formed to smile away displeasure—to bear reproof, to bear it herself instead of others—to be unrepining, to chase away care by cheerful looks, and cheerful words, to be pleased when others were, to laugh when others laughed—to weep when others wept!

"Well, Charlotte," said Anne, as with a happy kiss she wished her good-night; "do not you think with me, that there is 'no place like home!' as the hand organs have assured us for a few years past?"

"Yes, I do, and good-night, *mia carina!*"

"Happy! yes," said Charlotte Daventry, as she stood musing in her room after Anne had closed the door. "Yes, she has griefs and cares, yet she is contented and unrepining! she is happy in conscious goodness—unspotted—sinless in thought. Happy, happy, being! And I," she exclaimed with vehemence, "I, what am I?"

what have happiness and Charlotte Davenport to do with one another? Oh! father! father!" and she threw herself upon the bed in mental agony; "why leave this bitter curse upon your child? Why glare upon me thus?—always there! Oh, leave me—leave me!" she writhed in anguish—"leave me but one moment's peace! I would have wept upon her neck! I would have turned—fallen at her feet—said, Spurn, despise, condemn me—I would have crouched and sued for pity—for forgiveness—all—all, to have deserved one heart-felt smile like hers! That smile! did it not pierce my heart? Oh, God! I renounce it all! I will no more: I will turn, and repent, and renounce the task—the odious toil!

"But, ah! Oh, God! Hide me—hide me!" She started wildly forward, stared in horror for a moment, then, covering her face with both her hands, she exclaimed with frantic energy, half screaming in her agony: "Oh, God! t'was he! That face—father, had I forgotten? had I renounced? Oh, no, no!" she added with increasing vehemence. "Oh, no! Forgive! forgive!" She started forward, threw her arms on high, stood erect and firm: her eyes flashing with energetic resolve, looking fixedly on vacancy as if she beheld there a being she would address. "Father!" she uttered, whilst still she stood her head bent forward and her arms extended, "Father!" do not glare on me thus! I swear to persevere—to finish the work! I swear that love, nor pity, nor womanly fear, nor *womanly love*"—there was a thrilling energy as she pronounced those words—"nor remorse, shall turn me from my path. Father, I swear, your child had but for a moment forgotten!" and her attitude of determination and of energy was gone: the wild flashing of her eyes was over, her hands were folded gently on her bosom.

"Yes, but for one moment. What?" she smiled (oh, the horror of such a smile!) "What, did Charlotte Davenport think she had to do with happiness, with innocence? what strange mistake!" she smiled more bitterly again. "No, it was a momentary delusion. It is gone. Dear, happy home! Yes, that is for her, *that* was never meant for me. No, mine is hate, revenge, triumph,—and"—she shuddered,—"*despair!*"

CHAPTER XLIX.

“Miss Foley has been here, Anne,” said Mrs. Grey, one morning, “and they want us all to go to Chatterton. They have some friends coming to them.”

“Mr. Temple,” perhaps, thought Anne. She actually laid down her work to listen.

“A very pleasant party it seems,” said Mrs. Grey. “There are to be ——;” but, alas! she interrupted herself. “What *can* I have done with my scissors? Anne, are you sure you have not got them, by mistake? I am sure I had them a moment ago;” and Mrs. Grey got up—looked on the floor—turned over all the work on the table, and all the books, and all the things where they were least likely, and to tell the truth, impossible to be; would not listen to Anne’s delicate hint that they might be in her work-bag.

“Impossible.”

Anne looked, and looked, and to do her justice, partly for the sake of her mother’s work, as well as for her own unsatisfied curiosity as to *the who* were to be met at Chatterton.

“Why, I declare, how very strange,” exclaimed Mrs. Grey, after the animated search on tables, chairs, sofas, and floor, and under Anne’s work, and under her drawing, had lasted for some time, Anne’s curiosity increasing every moment to know whether Mr. Temple might not, very probably, be named amongst Chatterton guests.

“Why, I declare, how strange,” said Mrs. Grey, “here they are at last!” and the scissors, true enough, were found in the natural place—in the work-bag, after all the ingenuity expended by Mrs. Grey in supposing them possibly in impossible places.

And then when she was seated again, scissors in hand, she had time to think of what she had been saying.

“What was it I was talking of, Anne? Let me see, what was it I was saying? Oh! I remember, about our going to Chatterton. Well, my dear, your father says we must certainly go. The H&D-

leys are to be there, and the Astons—only think, Anne, the Astons! Never seen them for six—no for seven—let me see! I don't know whether it is not eight years—eight years next March! Oh! and Mr. Temple is to be there.”

Anne's heart beat twice as quick as usual, her eyes sparkled.

“What's in a name?” people say. I say, a great deal! Anne could have given her mother a kiss at that moment for nothing more or less than a name.

She contented herself with a joyous bound out of the room, saying, “I must go and tell Charlotte!”

Mrs. Grey looked after her for a moment in surprise: work and long-lost scissors actually fell from her hands as she closed the door.

“Why, what's the matter?” thought she. “If it had been Charlotte or Sophy! Well! I am glad she is learning to enjoy it so much!” and Mrs. Grey settled more comfortably than ever to her tent-stitch.

“Charlotte! he is to be there! we are to meet him!” said Anne, half out of breath, as she shut the door of the room in which Charlotte was occupied in writing.

“He is to be there! and we are to meet him! Well, Anne,” said Charlotte smiling, “that is clear and comprehensive! I wish you joy, my dear little, quiet, composed, Anne. If that had been me, what a wise reproofing look I might have earned!”

“Charlotte!” said Anne, in a deprecating tone, laughing and blushing.

“And, Anne!” rejoined Charlotte, “come! do not let us play at cross questions, or sing different words to the same tune. Let us both exclaim in grand chorus, ‘Mr. Temple!’ Yes! I know! but now for a little clearer view of the case. You said ‘*He* is to be there!’ the *he* wants no explanation, for *he* read Mr. Temple. In the lingua, Anne Grey, we turn the pages of the dictionary ‘Letter H. He,’ meaning ‘Edward Temple.’ That is clear enough. But *there!* that is doubtful! so I must say, ‘Where?’”

Anne explained.

“Now, Anne, though I laugh at you a little,” said Charlotte, “you see I can laugh *with* you too, and I never was so pleased with any news in my life, because I am sure to what it will lead directly: a pleasing event! Am I to be bridesmaid?”

“For shame, Charlotte!” but Anne was so happy, that she did

not much mind being laughed at. She bore it like a stoic, but she was grave for a moment.

“Suppose, after all, that he should not care about me? suppose that he should be changed?” was the cause, or the result of the moment’s gravity, and she stopped and looked serious.

“Suppose, my dear Anne,” said Charlotte, in an equally grave voice, whilst Anne looked anxiously at her, “suppose that this house is not Weston after all!”

“Charlotte!” said Anne, smiling once more.

“What! are we to begin our duet again?” said Charlotte, and she laughed. “Come, Anne, you must not be foolish and fanciful! You see it will not do. Go and be happy as you ought, and do not mar your happiness by doubts, and fears, and nonsense. Even I am forced to lecture you. Charlotte Daventry lecturing Anne Grey!”

“I wish you were not going away to-morrow,” said Anne, perhaps because she wished to be lectured, which was certainly very amiable.

However our wishes, amiable though they may be, or appear to be, are not always gratified; and on the next day Charlotte Daventry went for a few days on a visit to some connexions of her father’s, Lady Harriet and Mr. Bingley.

Charlotte had lived in such strict seclusion with her father that, at the time she came to Weston, there was hardly a person whom she knew; and the Bingleys had been almost entire strangers to her. They had however met her lately, and claimed the connexion and acquaintance. She was now going to visit them for a few days at their place, about twenty miles from Weston, and it was this engagement which interfered with Anne Grey’s wish for daily conversation with her, on the subject of a visit to Chatterton.

Charlotte went, and whether Anne shed tears or not at her departure I cannot say! All who think that she ought to have done so may suppose that she did; all who think that tears were not called for, may believe that with stoical indifference she uttered ‘Good by,’ with no more sorrow in the tone than lingers around the school boy’s farewell to his school-master, when holiday time releases school-boy and school-master, alike, from the burthen of each other’s society!

Soon after Charlotte’s departure, Isabella Foley called, and her opinion on the subject was audibly expressed in her entering speech:

“ I thought you would be so lonely without Miss Daventry, that I came to see you.”

Even the fragments of a broken vase are sometimes worth preserving, and even so may the fragments of a conversation be sometimes worth recording.

“ I forgot to tell you,” said Isabella, “ what, after all, my heart is full of! my brother is coming home in about a week! Do not you congratulate me?” said she, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

“ Yes, indeed!” said Anne, feeling at the same time a little unpleasant sensation, which she thought it quite unnecessary to show.

“ Oh! how I wish, Miss Grey,” said Isabella; but she checked herself, and only cast an appealing look at Anne.

Anne could not misinterpret the look, and the words.

“ I know what you wish, I believe,” said Anne, blushing; “ but it cannot be,” she added more firmly.

“ Are you so very sure, dear Miss Grey?” said Isabella. “ Will not time—may it not?—Oh! how happy dear George might be, and how happy it would make me if you could only—”

“ No, no,” said Anne, interrupting her. “ You know how much I esteem your brother: how much gratitude I feel for his favourable opinion—but it never can be any other feeling, dear Miss Grey; and indeed,” she added, smiling, “ you are supposing what may not be the case. Absence may have altered his feelings, and I cannot help hoping that it has. He may no longer desire that which he did when he left England.”

“ No, that is not the case,” said Isabella, rather sorrowfully. “ He mentions you always! and in this last letter he tells me he is not changed.”

Anne blushed; sighed, and looked sorry. It was an unfeigned sorrow—an uncoquettish blush and sigh. She wished for George Foley’s friendship, but she did not wish for his love, for she could not return it. Though there is something flattering and soothing to the feelings of most young ladies, in the idea of having a poor lover constantly sighing and sorrowing, for the sake of their ‘ beaux yeux,’ Anne Grey was insensible enough not to experience this pleasure.

The next day and again the next were spent by Anne in happy anticipation of what the following week would bring. She should certainly see Edward Temple: of that there could be no doubt, and

changed!—oh no! he could not be changed! What a weak contemptible character that would suppose him to be: it was most uncharitable! Anne Grey's benevolent heart could not allow it. It was doing him the greatest injustice to entertain a doubt! he certainly would be the same! and perhaps—her heart beat quick at the thought, “perhaps in a few more days”—the barking of Charlotte's favourite spaniel at that moment interrupted her train of thought.

It is a sad thing, what trifles can dispel the brightest visions—demolish the most beautiful castles in the air. But for this little spaniel—Sir Isaac Newton's was nothing to it—Anne might in a few more minutes have placed herself in the presence of Mr. Temple, have listened with glowing happiness to the avowal of his love.

But Fido dispelled the pleasing vision, and she returned to the house watching its gambols, and thinking whether a black or a brown dog were the prettiest; or an Italian greyhound much to be preferred to a spaniel. Certainly for placing in a sketch!

“Letters! any for me, ~~mama~~?” said Anne.

“Yes, one, my dear, from Charlotte, I think.”

“I am glad of that!” and Anne took the letter to her room. “She is a dear girl to have written!” thought she.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Anne had taken off her bonnet and shawl, she opened her letter with a comfortable feeling of pleasure, which those not accustomed to the receipt of letters on business may perhaps understand.

She broke the seal—glanced down the page—turned to the beginning, whilst her colour might have been observed to mount to her cheeks, and even spread to her temples.

“I am going to give you pain, dearest Anne,” were the first words.

Anne had already seen Mr. Temple's name in the long and closely written letter. She saw that Charlotte had met him. Her hand shook so violently, she could scarcely hold the letter, and for

a time her eagerness to know what Charlotte had to communicate was useless. Her eyes swam so that she could not read a syllable.

A few minutes brought some degree of composure. She sat down and began to read :—

“ I am going to give you pain, dearest Anne,” it said : “ and I need not speak of my own distress in being obliged to do so. It is my duty. It would be of no use, and I feel it would be wrong to conceal from you the truth, painful as it must be. I trust to your firmness—your good sense, my poor dear Anne, to support you. You will exert your fortitude and energy of character now that I fear, alas! I *know* that they will be needed. You require no assurances of sympathy and affection from me. You know that they are yours, nor will you doubt that at this moment I am longing to be with you. Yet, it is better that I should relate by letter what I would sooner have pierced myself to the heart than have to tell.”

But we will give in our own words the purport of Charlotte Davenport’s letter. The intelligence, which at one hasty glance, Anne saw that it contained, was this—Edward Temple had deceived her—Edward Temple was unworthy of her.

This was the purport of the letter, and the facts spoke too clearly to admit a doubt of its truth. He was staying at the Bingleys’. They knew him well. They had seen much of him both in town and in the country, and were better able to judge of his character than those who had seen him in the country, and in one particular circle alone, where he might, for his own purposes, and in the absence of temptation, play the amiable, quiet, right-minded man.

Charlotte had talked a good deal to the Miss Bingleys about him. She had been anxious for information on Anne’s account : what she had heard, however distressing to learn, she was still thankful to have become acquainted with now, rather than later; for the sooner Anne’s delusion was dispelled the better for her peace, her happiness, her prospects in life! When Charlotte found that the Bingleys knew Mr. Temple well (which she would certainly hardly have supposed from their manner towards him), she felt anxious to hear their opinion of his character, and, without exciting suspicion, she sought for information regarding him : the result was as follows : Charlotte had begun, as was most natural, by praising him—his agreeableness, his cleverness were discussed, and they perfectly agreed. So unlike other men of the world, who are apt

to be spoiled—to become cold, selfish, and heartless, was next ventured on, by Charlotte. But here the Miss Bingleys did not so perfectly agree with her. Yes, certainly—men of the world were apt to be so: yes, Mr. Temple was a man of the world. They allowed this very readily, but they seemed unconscious of his claims to the flattering distinction between him and others.

In short, by following up the conversation, Charlotte extracted a great deal of information, which was most painful and distressing to her to hear. Edward Temple was not a marrying man (*that Anne had once heard before from Lady Hadley. Oh! would she had remembered it better! would she had never allowed herself to be blinded!*)

“Mr. Temple is certainly not a man ever to think of marrying,” said Miss Bingley, “and that I suppose is the palliation he makes to himself for conduct which would otherwise be so inexcusable. He believes, perhaps, or affects to believe, that all the world are acquainted with this fact.”

“He has behaved so ill in one or two instances,” said Jane Bingley, “that in charity we must suppose he makes some excuse to himself. We happen to know a great deal about him—unhappily,” continued she, “for one of those to whom he devoted himself was a relation of ours. Hers was a melancholy history,” she added, “and I fear but a common one, if there are really many such characters as Mr. Temple in the world. He met her in the country; paid her every attention; was always coming into the neighbourhood where her father resided; and assumed the most amiable feelings, to win the heart of this pretty, unsophisticated girl. He succeeded. He won her affections, and never sought to meet her again. All invitations into the neighbourhood, before so eagerly sought, now were useless. Her happiness was gone: but that did not signify! his vanity was satisfied, and he thought no more of her. Poor girl!” said Jane Bingley, with a sigh. “She was an amiable creature; gentle, affectionate, and good! Her heart was broken. A year after his desertion, she died!”

Jane Bingley paused in emotion. The recollection of her cousin affected her strongly even at this distance of time.

“It is now two years since her death,” she continued, “and we have seen but little of Mr. Temple since: we *wished* to see but little, but my father has just kept up the forms of civility. This is almost the first time he has been in the house since then: but we

have often heard of him, and seen him, as we could not fail of doing in London, when we met at the same parties, night after night : we saw him, this very Spring, devoting himself as we had seen him before. It was to a young, inexperienced girl ; fresh from the school-room : pretty, diffident, and retiring. Miss Greville was exactly the person for his attentions, and he paid them assiduously : sometimes, as I was seated near them at a party, and I could not avoid overhearing some of his conversation, I longed to give her a warning. I saw that her heart was won—her tone, her look, her confusion all told that tale. I thought of my poor cousin, and it made me sigh for this poor girl. Before the season was over, he was attracted by some new face, and he deserted her. Every one remarked how ill Miss Greville looked. I heard her friends were uneasy about her—they thought that hot rooms and late hours had been too much for her, and she was taken away to try the effect of country air—little use for a broken heart ! She left London, how changed to what she had been—to what she had entered it but a few weeks before ! I cannot forget her colourless face, and mournful countenance, as I watched her sometimes when she had seen him devoting himself to her rival. No,” she added, after a pause, “ Mr. Temple is a man whom, admired, flattered, courted as he is, I could never look on but with abhorrence. He may be envied, and he is ; but, with all his advantages, I could never envy a man whose real character every amiable and sensible person must despise in their hearts.”

This conversation Charlotte repeated, and more still was related to pierce Anne to the heart. She told her that Mr. Temple had asked after her with something like an assumption of interest, but with evident unconcern. She said that she believed her indignation was betrayed in her countenance at the moment, and she fancied he perceived it, for he immediately exerted himself to amuse her. He studiously put forth all his powers of conversation with the intention, no doubt, of fascinating her imagination against her better judgment.

“ But my eyes were opened,” continued Charlotte. “ Would to heaven, dearest Anne, that you had been warned before ! I can hardly bear to think of your feelings. I long to be with you, to try to comfort you ! and yet, perhaps, for a little time to be alone will be best for you. It is with this idea I write ; but, the morning after you receive this letter I shall be at Weston. I can

scarcely endure the sight of this man—this person whom I admired so much—Dearest Anne! how I reproach myself for having encouraged your love for him! May heaven help, support, and comfort you, my poor Anne.”

The letter was read through. Every word was read. Anne shed no tear. She had never moved during the time she perused it. Her eagerness to know the whole kept all emotion still: but, when the last word had been read—when she had no more to know, no more to hope—no mitigation to receive, the cause of her calmness was removed. Her emotions overpowered her. Her head fell forwards; all power, feeling, sense were gone, and she fainted.

If any have swooned under the shock of a sudden and painful communication, they will understand the misery which attends the return to feeling and memory. Anne Grey returned to consciousness. Something dreadful had happened: she put her hand to her forehead, “Yes! or it is a dream? I thought”—and her eyes fell on the letter which had dropped to the ground, and then all returned. She knew it was no dream.

Her senses nearly forsook her a second time as the truth again rushed upon her mind. “I know it now,” she said. “Oh! why have I no tears; it cannot be true, or I should have wept—surely I should have wept!” but the recollection of the reality forced itself fully upon her mind, and, after awhile, Anne leant her head on the table, and sobbed without controul.

She was roused by hearing Henry’s step along the passage. In a few minutes he gave his usual brisk and noisy knock at the door, and in his lively joyous tone called out “Anne! Anne, may I come in?”

Anne started, and as she raised her head she shuddered. It was happiness and misery that came in contact; they clashed, and she shuddered.

“I cannot see you now,” said she.—“Presently!”—

“Oh! very well,” replied Henry. “I was coming for a comfortable coze, but I will finish my book, and come again,” and he walked off, whistling with light-hearted gaiety as he went.

Anne listened to the sound of his retreating steps. “He is gone,” said she; “but an hour before I was gay and happy as he! poor boy, it will be a blow to him too.”

She took up her letter, went to the door, opened it, and with

slow steps, descended the stairs to her father's sitting-room. She went in and found him there. He looked up :—

“Any news in your letter ?” said he.

Anne mournfully shook her head. “ I want you to read it,” said she, giving him Charlotte Daventry's letter as she seated herself.

Mr. Grey did not perceive her emotion : he took the letter and began to read. He read the first line, gave a little start, and a quick glance at Anne. He went on, and as he came to Jane Bingley's narration, the blood rushed to his face; he laid his hand on that of Anne's, and warmly grasped it in his own.

As he proceeded, “ Base, cowardly villain,” he muttered; “ My poor child !” and again the hand he held in his was warmly pressed. Anne writhed under the words which fell from her father's lips against the person whom she had loved ; alas ! whom still she loved !

The letter at length was finished, and Mr. Grey, turning his face full of pity and sorrow towards her, affectionately placed his arm round her. Anne's calmness was at an end. She threw her arms round her father's neck, and burst into an agony of tears.

“The villain ! treacherous villain !” muttered Mr. Grey, in uncontrolled indignation. “ My sweet innocent child !” as he warmly pressed her to his heart. “ What ? could he not spare you ! must he fix on you too ! my child ! my darling Anne !” and as he leant his head against her cheek—felt the tears trickling down—heard the half-suppressed sobs—he could contain himself no longer, and his tears mingled with those of his child.

For a time neither of them spoke. Anne sobbed quietly and uninterruptedly, as she lay in her father's arms. There is something soothing in sympathising pity, and she became more composed; and when her father spoke she raised her head, and looked at him with almost a smile on her face, as she thanked him for his love.

“It is very hard to bear !” said she, after another silence, and pressing her hand to her heart, whilst the tears again burst forth.

“It is a sad blow to you, my child,” said Mr. Grey, “and it must be felt. But you have sense—you have firmness of mind—firmness of principle. You have more—you have religion.”

Anne's gentle pressure of her father's hand showed that she felt and acknowledged its value; that she owned its influence.

“Dearest Anne !” said Mr. Grey, warmly, as he affectionately pressed her to his heart. “If my pity—my affection—a father's

truest pity, affectionate care,"—his voice faltered, and he paused for a moment, whilst Anne's tears fell silently on his hand. "If a father's warmest love can give any consolation, you know how fully it is yours!" Anne could only thank him by her looks and the pressure of his hand. Her tears choked her utterance.

It will not be necessary to relate all that passed between the father and child. Anne, with forgiving gentleness, half tried to exculpate Mr. Temple, as her father expressed his indignation against his character, by taking blame to herself.

"I feel that I have to accuse my own vanity in fancying he could love me," said she.

But Mr. Grey could not allow this excuse—strange indeed if he had!

But whilst indignant with Edward Temple, he also bitterly accused himself of indolence and negligence, in allowing the attentions of such a person, without obtaining more information concerning his character, even though the voice of the world had at once cast a suspicion upon it, by pronouncing him to be one of themselves—a man of the world!

Anne would not allow that the slightest blame was attached to her father, as he alluded to his feelings on this subject.

"No, no!" said she eagerly, almost forgetting her own sorrow in anxiety to exculpate him. "Do not say that. It was my fault—only mine; you allowed me to hope: but it was only from what I myself told you—from what perhaps my vanity had made me misinterpret. Dearest papa, do not speak of blaming yourself—that grieves me more than any thing. Yes, almost more than *his*,"—her lip quivered—"than *his* unkindness."

"Dearest Anne!" and Mr. Grey kissed her with warmth. He was obliged to turn away his face to hide his emotion.

"You shall see," continued she, wiping the tears from her eyes, and proudly raising her head, "you shall see that I am worthy of your kindness, if my earnest endeavours to be so are successful; great as the blow has been to me"—and her quivering lip and the death-like paleness of her face, succeeding the bright flush called up by a moment of enthusiasm, showed how great it had been—"you shall see that I can struggle against my feelings, when I know that it is my duty to do so. I can be cheerful, if you will only continue to smile on me with approbation, to say that you are pleased with your poor little Anne," and she laid her head half smilingly on

his arm, "I feel that I can be cheerful and happy."—There was something in the word 'happy,' that caused her to pause—something that too strongly belied her feelings at the moment; but she seemed to overcome her momentary weakness, and said with firmness, "Yes, *happy*, for all who strenuously endeavour to fulfil their duties must be happy : is it not so, papa?"

"Yes, yes, my darling Anne," said Mr. Grey, with emotion, as he pressed her in his arms. "You will—you deserve to be; never before did I know how much I had to be proud of, in my child; never before did I love you as I do at this moment!" and he kissed her again and again.

Before Anne quitted her father, she asked that he would tell her mother all that had passed.

"I cannot speak of it calmly myself, I fear," said she; "and mama will hear it better from you. I have still another favour to ask," she added. "It would be very painful to me to have the subject discussed; indeed I feel as if I could scarcely bear it. Will you then say that I wish—that it would be a comfort to me if I felt sure that no allusion would be made to it? I feel it is better it should not be named again : my mind having once been relieved by the expression of my feelings, it will perhaps be better for me to let it be entirely dropped for the future."

Anne returned to her own room: how changed in feeling!—how different to what she had been but a few short hours before, when she had walked out in rapturous delight at the thoughts of meeting Edward Temple once more.

The meeting so fondly anticipated must now be shunned; her only chance of happiness must be in avoiding all future ones, and in forgetting the past. She must learn to forget him—to forget all that had made her happiness for so long a period—all that had been blended in her mind with every thought, and pleasure, and circumstance. She found that it had been long indeed since she first began to unite him in her thoughts with all that occurred to her. Pursuits, improvement, pleasures, duties, every thing had been connected with him—had been for his sake, with a view to his approbation, or to render herself worthy to be loved by him. She must now eradicate the feelings and associations which had entwined themselves with every action of her life, and had seemed to form the charm of her existence.

Anne returned to her room; the rush of thought and recollection

tion crowded upon her, and threatened once more to overwhelm her. She threw herself upon her knees, and humbly and earnestly prayed for that help which is never asked in vain. She prayed for assistance to enable her to bear with resignation the sorrow that had befallen her. To bear without a murmur the blighting of her happiness in life. She prayed not in vain: she rose from her knees with a feeling of serene and almost cheerful hope.

CHAPTER LI.

THE next day Charlottë Daventry returned.

The meeting between her and Anne was painful. There was a violent burst of grief on Anne's part. She was completely overpowered for a time, by the agony of feeling called forth upon the first sight of Charlotte, but she struggled to be calm, and she succeeded; and that evening she sat occupying herself, as usual, in the family circle, calm, and to an unobserving spectator she might, perhaps, have borne the appearance of cheerfulness.

Mr. Grey had taken care that nothing should occur to agitate her. No allusion was made to the subject of her distress. Mrs. Grey only called her 'dear Anne,' every word she said to her—looked very sorry, and spoke in a gentle, subdued voice.

And Charlotte Daventry! how did she watch the poor gentle Anne! How did she watch with eager interest the care-worn face—the faint smiles—the slight tremor in the lips—the languid form! How did she listen to the heart-rending misery of those tones, that voice, whose gentle gaiety had ever possessed such a gladdening, soothing charm! now, alas, gone! whilst the effort to be cheerful only spoke more utter desolation and wretchedness. How did she watch the picture of patient suffering, of unrepining misery, of blighted happiness in one so lovely, young, and gentle.

Charlotte Daventry watched intently! Anne knew at times that she was watching her, and she thanked her in her heart, and tried to hide her secret agony in the smile—the cheerful tone.

Charlotte Daventry watched, and she stooped at times over her

work to conceal her emotion. Nay, she did not smile; it could not be. Anne Grey smiled, the sufferer smiled, but Charlotte Daventry could not.

And what were the feelings of the affectionate warm-hearted boy, Henry, when told what had passed? What were his feelings when he sat watching his dear sister Anne, his own darling Anne, that evening?

His indignation and his wretchedness had been extreme; and now, as he saw her patiently smiling, whilst her face was pale, her eyes dim, and her lip, at times, quivering with repressed feeling, he could not conceal his emotion. He was obliged to quit the room to hide his tears, and compose himself to return again; and then, as he looked at her, he was once more overcome. He thought it was not manly to cry, but he could not help it: "who could help crying for her?" and he sobbed with bitterness as he thought of her distress.

"How he wished the cowardly villain were there that he might be punished by the sight, as even he must be if he could see her; he wished he could know how they all despised him. How he wished he were old enough to fight him. He would taunt him, challenge him, shoot him to the heart, and proclaim him to all the world, a traitor and a coward!"

These were boyish feelings, and mixed with boyish error and romance, and yet, with Henry, who would not wish that the secret bringer of misery, the treacherous blighter of happiness to the young, the light hearted, the confiding, could, if it were possible, be held up to shame?

"My dear boy," said his father to Henry, "you must learn to restrain your feelings. By allowing them to appear, you are adding unhappiness to your sister."

"Am I, am I?" cried Henry vehemently, "then nothing shall make me show what I am feeling! but, really, I cannot bear to see her!" and he turned his face away from his father.

Mr. Grey took his hand. "I do not blame you for your feelings, my dear boy, and I know it is a difficult task to restrain them. But we must think of Anne. Think how she restrains her feelings for our sake. Her's are more difficult to repress than ours, Henry and yet, you see, she does repress them."

"Yes, yes! I know it," said Henry. "What a brute I must be

to have helped to give her pain! but it is seeing her so patient, there is something in that, that I cannot bear. How I wish," he added vehemently, after a pause; "that the fellow were here, that he might be cut to the heart with the sight!"

Anne's feelings were indeed difficult to restrain. She was possessed of a strong and well regulated mind; her temper was composed and serene; but these qualities were united to ardent affections, and an acute sensitiveness of feeling. Gentle as she was, she had not too readily bestowed her heart, but, when once it had been given, it was truly, and for ever. She loved with all the tenderness of her nature, and terrible was the blow when she found her affections misplaced. She had trusted fondly and confidingly, and she felt herself deceived.

She had to exert every power of endurance and resignation to support her from sinking under the bitter consciousness of affections wounded, trampled on, and disregarded. Her parents and family were relieved by witnessing her seeming cheerfulness, and began to hope that she felt less what she endured so patiently; but, alas! she had exerted too much. In rather less than a week after she had received Charlotte Daventry's letter, as she sat at work in the evening, Mr. Grey was startled by an exclamation from Charlotte. Anne had fallen back in her chair. She was senseless.

She was carried to her room, the usual restoratives were applied, and, after a time, her senses returned; but it was in vain she struggled to support herself—all power of exertion was gone—she lay still and half fainting on the bed.

Medical assistance was called in. The family apothecary, a clever man, though a strange eccentric character, arrived. He was eagerly questioned by Mr. Grey, as soon as he quitted his patient's apartment. He declared that Miss Grey was evidently suffering under the effects of mental distress, some sudden and severe blow, which had been too much for her delicate frame.

"I always speak the truth, Sir," said he to the anxious father. "Your daughter is very ill, and will be very ill. I see she has had something on her mind. You should not have allowed it, Sir. It shall not be a brain fever—we shall save her from that. Something near it. But don't be alarmed," as he saw Mr. Grey's agitated face. "Come, all will be well! only I will not give false hopes. She will not be well yet. She'll have an illness, but she'll

come out of it," and he quitted the room, leaving Mr. Grey in an alarming state of anxiety, although still relying on the words of the apothecary, which promised him that Anne should recover.

His reliance was severely put to the test. For days and nights did she lie scarcely seeming to live; her face pale as death, her eyes half closed; at other times her pallid cheeks flushing with fever, her eyes sparkling with unnatural brilliancy, and wildly talking in her delirium.

Her parents watched over her anxiously and fearfully. There was hope, the physician said, who had been called in as her illness increased. "She may recover."

"She *may*!" Oh, what fearful words to a parent's heart! Their child—their sweet child. Her life then hung upon a thread. 'She *may* recover.' There was then merely a chance! there was hope indeed, but how much of fear!

Silently they sat by the bed of sickness, and there lay the patient, gentle Anne, pale—wasted—suffering—unconscious. She moved at times, whilst her half closed eyes vacantly and heavily gazed upon the anxious watchers round.

"There is hope! Oh, God! there is hope, and may it be? Oh, may she live! Oh, God! grant that she may live! and yet so pure, so gentle, and so perfect! is she not for Thee, is she not Thine? is it not a selfish prayer? and, yet, my own sweet child! light, and peace, and joy of my home! Oh! not yet—take her not yet!"

Such was the father's mental prayer. His eyes were turned eagerly and intently on her face. She moved, unclosed her eyes. He sought to read the physician's countenance. He was watching too, and his face was anxious, but there was pleasure in his look as he saw the slight movement, and the half unclosing of her heavy eyelids. He looked up; he caught the father's eye.

"All will be well," was gently whispered. "I *hope* that all will be well."

"Thank God!" was the father's inward ejaculation; but he did not speak: he buried his face in his hands; the thanksgiving was mentally uttered, and then his eyes were once more on his child.

The tear stood there as he looked again on her pallid form, but it was no longer the tear of anguish. It was one of gratitude; it arose from a thankful heart.

The crisis was over. The hours of agonizing doubt and fear

were at an end ! yet there were many sorrowful and anxious days to come. The poor sufferer still lay weak, and helpless, and oh ! the anguish in that care-worn face ! did it not speak of a broken heart !

“ Ought I not to be thankful, dearest Charlotte ? ” whispered she, to her cousin, one day, as she sat watching by her bed. “ Ought I not to be thankful that I am saved ? for I might have died ! ” and she stopped in strong emotion.

“ I have been very ill,” she said again, “ and yet, though I am saved, I cannot be thankful as I ought. It is sad, *so* sad ! ” and she pressed her hand to her heart as the tears rolled fast and silently down her cheeks, while Charlotte sat bending over her too much affected to speak.

But Anne recovered—it was slowly, very slowly, and it was sad indeed to see her as she rose from her bed : to see her pale face and wasted form. Sickness and sorrow had, indeed, been busy there ! Sometimes the painful thought came across her as she lay weak and suffering on her bed, ‘ how was it *she* should have thus suffered, whilst *he*, the cause of all, was gay and happy ? ’ When insensibility and delirium had passed away, her mind was once more capable of exercising its powers. It awoke to memory. It was hard, at such a time, to be thankful. Illness had not altered the cause for sorrow : that was as poignant as ever, but it rendered the frame more delicate which must now struggle with grief. For many days she had retained only a confused recollection of something painful, but of the existence of which she was uncertain ; but with the return of consciousness, memory brought back the truth in all its vivid reality.

“ It is not a dream, and I *am* unhappy ! ”

Some may have known the wretchedness of that conviction as it forces itself first upon the mind after insensibility, illness, or sleep, had lulled them into moments, or hours, of forgetfulness. Some may have known it, but happy those who have been spared !

Anne Grey felt the bitterness of that return to consciousness. She awoke from her delirium, and she knew that she was unhappy.

“ Yes, he is gay and careless, thought she. “ He is in the midst of pleasure ! whilst I am lying here suffering, broken-hearted ! Yes, whilst I was lying on the point of death, whilst there was but a thread between life and death, he was, perhaps, at that very moment laughing and talking, careless that I was in danger ! Oh God !

support me. It is a bitter thought!" and she tried to forget: but how useless the attempt where the whole mind is imbued with one painful subject forcing away all others.

"Charlotte, said she, gently, to her cousin who sat by her bed, "what day is this?"

Charlotte named the day: Anne turned round with a groan. It was the very day that she was to have met Edward Temple at Chatterton!

"He is there, then," thought she. "He is there close to me, He hears, he must hear of my illness—my danger. But will it make any difference? No, he will be as gay as ever: he, who once in that house expressed such interest: who—but I must not think of that," and she turned towards Charlotte and tried to talk to her.

Edward Temple was not at Chatterton as Anne supposed. His excuse had been sent at the time of Charlotte Daventry's return to Weston from her visit to the Bingleys', and he was, probably, thus left in ignorance of her state.

CHAPTER LII.

ANNE had time to reflect on her own conduct with regard to Edward Temple. As yet, she could not bear to believe him wholly to blame: Had the sin been against herself alone, she would probably have excused him, by at once taking all to herself. And still! might there not be some palliation! The facts were true, but there might be circumstances attending them that none but herself could know. There could not be a doubt as to his indifference towards herself, or of the fact of his having paid attentions to others, which had ended in their unhappiness; but still, Anne thought there might be excuses.

To believe the object of her attachment unworthy was indeed a most bitter feeling. She felt that even to be separated from him for ever, or to see him married to another, would have been a comparatively trifling sorrow, could she but still have esteemed him. Often did she try to find every or any excuse for him. Perhaps, thought she, he is easily captivated by beauty, real or ima-

ginary: he may be charmed for the moment and carried on beyond what his calmer judgment can sanction. But, then, might he not have given some hint that he had loved before, that he was likely not to be constant? When he saw that I loved him, had he been generous, he would have done this. But not a word! He was anxious to deceive, that he might ensure the continuance of his own selfish amusement. For this he could sacrifice me! Oh, how unlike the Edward Temple that I believed him to be! "But yet," thought Anne, "can it be? Perhaps he thought that I ought not to have believed he could love me? And yet, what other could I think?" His words, his looks, came full on her mind. "His knowledge that I loved him! Yes! he could not be deceived in that!" The faint colour rushed to her face at the idea. "Oh! what would I give that he were!"

"How much less bitter if I could still respect and esteem him? But, perhaps, he *is* still estimable? There must be some mistake. It is impossible that he could thus have spoken—have assured me so often by look and manner that he loved me—have seemed so anxious for my approbation—so solicitous for my welfare—so fearful lest the world should spoil me—so easily wounded by any appearance of indifference on my part. Could he calmly and deliberately have laid down a plan to deceive me? When he saw that I believed in his love, could he still coldly and calculatingly persevere? Oh no, it never can be true! And yet, how well he knew I loved him," the colour mounted to her pale face; "how well he knows it even now! and yet he can desert, forget—he can—" she shuddered, it was too much! The thought of herself, and her sufferings, whilst he who had pretended thus to love, whom she had loved so devotedly, remained careless that he was causing her misery! the thought was too bitter. She buried her face in her hands and burst into a violent fit of tears, sobbing with hysterical violence, whilst Charlotte Davenport watched over with looks of anxious pity and commiseration.

But Anne, in time, became more firm, and when she left her room, though pale and weakened by illness, it was with the resolution to think no more of one who was undeserving of her thoughts. She tried to feel happy and resigned. She came down stairs cheerful and composed, as far as her strength permitted, entered into all her usual occupations, and listened and attended to the wishes, the cares, the trifling interests, grievances, or pleasures,

of those around her. She resolved that none should see that she was less happy than formerly, and her resolution was acted upon.

It was in the calm routine of domestic life, in the fulfilment of her duties, the scrupulous attendance to the happiness of others, that she endeavoured to forget an attachment which she now looked upon as culpable.

Yes, Anne Grey! persevere in that calm and holy path, and here, even here, you will meet your reward. Those looks of love—those cheerful faces—those kind approving words—these all are yours, and in your heart there lives the conscious sense of rectitude—of firm and well-directed fortitude! Though the brightness has faded from your eye, though your smile has lost its gaiety and your steps its buoyancy, yet, even here, you have your reward; even here, we can envy you.

Time passed away, and every thing at Weston went on once more as usual. The remembrance of past anxiety had faded from the minds of most; yet, perhaps, by all it was not yet forgotten. Perhaps, on some, sorrow had left its traces—had left impressions never to be effaced—had left a blank not to be filled again.

It will be asked, did Edward Temple know of Anne Grey's illness? Could he, if he had known of her danger, have been careless and unfeeling?

Even so it appeared, for he *was* acquainted with it.

At the time of her greatest danger, Edward Temple and Sir Henry Poynton were staying together at the house of a mutual friend. One day, as all the party were engaged in the interesting occupation of reading letters, Sir Henry suddenly exclaimed in a tone of horror, "Good God! Anne Grey is not likely to live! she is in the greatest danger. Good God!" continued he, "how dreadful! That sweet girl!"

At that moment the door was closed. Edward Temple had left the room. What, then! was he too indifferent to make him care to remain in the room whilst her illness was mentioned? or was he unwilling to hear more on this subject?

There was one who did not seem so indifferent to the knowledge of Anne's danger: this was George Foley. He had returned to England, and was at Chatterton during her illness. Absence had not diminished his love for Anne, and nothing could exceed the agony with which he awaited the issue of her illness, the dreadful

suspense and anxiety of those days, during which her life was almost despaired of. ●

Mrs. Grey, in the goodness of her heart, wished that he might be rewarded for all he had suffered during her illness, in the way most accordant with his wishes. Mr. Grey was not quite without sharing this hope, for he thought highly of George Foley, and believed that no person could be more capable of rendering his daughter happy.

Time seemed to give some foundation to his hope. George Foley had won Anne's esteem, and there seemed a chance that he might win her heart. Anne could not admit the chance; her affections had once been given, and they could not easily be bestowed a second time. A blight had been cast upon her, and she felt that nothing would restore to her the freshness of her former feelings. She was dead to the sentiment of love, but esteem and friendship might take its place, and might satisfy the wishes of a lover who knew that he could never hope for more: she even allowed, that should she ever be induced to marry, George Foley would be the person on whom she would bestow her hand, provided he could be satisfied with so cold a return for his ardent devotion.

CHAPTER LIII.

I BELIEVE that nothing is so unsatisfactory to the feelings of a person of sensibility as to be but half miserable. To be completely so is a height of enjoyment which all must envy, but to which none but heroes and heroines ever attain. Some little happy event will interfere, and rouse the despairing indolent mind to the trouble of smiling. Every one knows the trouble of a smile, from the unhappy sentimentalist, to the sulky child who is forced into one, when virtue has triumphed over dignity, after a five minutes' state of pouting enjoyment.

With a full appreciation of the delights of sorrow, I could have wished to have ended my book in one unvaried strain of melancholy; but alas! it cannot be, for the bells at Alford tell a different tale, and the tale is repeated in the broad and merry smiles which

play on the face of Mrs. Grey. Lady Stoketon was become the mother of a fine boy ; the finest baby of course that ever was seen : so all the servants in the house pronounced it to be, so Mrs. Grey pronounced it to be, and so every one pronounced it to be who came after its birth on congratulatory visits to Alford.

What a quantity of the finest babies that ever were seen there must be in the world.

Mrs. Grey was the happiest of grandmothers. She had gone with never-ceasing delight through the routine of gruel, month nurses, babies' cries, dill water, caudle, tea and toast ; and if Mrs. Grey had not been happy, what grandmother on earth can ever expect to be so, for all went on well, thanks to her excellent nursing ! •

Sophy came down looking pretty and interesting ; baby was the finest child ever seen ; Mrs. Grey was the happiest of women : and she returned to Weston two months after the birth of the son and heir, loaded with happiness and an invaluable treasure ! a very small piece of something, that she assured every one was a lock of hair, a lock of Sophy's fine baby's fine hair. It was very fine ; some people, perhaps, might have found it difficult to see it ; but then it was enveloped in plenty of silver paper and writing paper, it was labelled in large letters with the day of the week, month, year, name of the infant, and the number of days old ; so that it was altogether a curious and interesting relic.

Charlotte Daventry was left with Sophy, and she was promised a reward for the seclusion of the few last months by plenty of gaiety.

It was exactly the time of year for it : it was the period when the woods, the fields, and the hedges were taking a long farewell of greenness and sunshine : and in their russet dresses stood prepared for the cold, the storm, and the snow. Nature gives one bright smile before she becomes a dead letter. Man then steps forth in all his glory, and puts forward his little claims to be gay and consequential. Nature resigns the task with a sigh and a smile, in pity and contempt to see the pigmy man taking her place, and thinking to be gay when she is sad. But man heeds neither the smile, nor the sigh. He lights the fires—he calls for the candles—he ignites the gas—he writes his notes of invitation ; he has built a house, and he fills it ; and what does he care for nature ? He is a pigmy, but he does not know it, and he shoots, he hunts, he dances, and is gay : and nature sleeps whilst he is hard at work

“Oh no,” was the reply.

“Did you observe how well he looked the other night at the ball,” continued Charlotte, as if apropos of what she had last said. “There was a group of people standing together—a little knot of what may be called very good-looking people, and so they were, no doubt: but Captain Herbert was a little taller than the rest, and there was something so *distingué* about him, that made all the rest look ill. Moreover it seemed that, though others were aware of it, he was not: he was thinking of something else: he was watching another person;” and she looked archly at Sophy as she paused.

Sophy stooped over her work and blushed. She was at that moment ashamed and mortified at herself, for being *able* to do so on Captain Herbert's account. Charlotte saw the blush and smiled; but she appeared unconscious, and was going to say more upon Captain Herbert, and the ball, when Lady Stoketon raised her head, and interrupted all further discussions on these subjects by beginning to speak of her little boy. She *would* not hear more about Captain Herbert: a feeling of something wrong had struck her, as she felt the colour mount to her face. She would no longer be so, and she spoke of her child.

Charlotte Daventry remained six weeks at Alford. Her going was delayed day after day; neither Sophy nor Lord Stoketon could part with her. In short, if the truth must be spoken, they both felt at that time a shyness of being left to amuse one another. The presence of a third person was desirable; there was that between them which made both afraid of the awkwardness of a tête-à-tête. They were neither of them happy. The delightful vision of pleasure which continued gaiety was expected to realize, had disappointed in its actual presence, and though Sophy had obtained her wish, and indulged in one unceasing course of dissipation, she had been far from happy! many who beheld her, sparkling, and animated in society, would scarcely have believed that so it was; and many more had envied her, who saw not into the heart, and read in that the unhappiness which was springing from a reproving conscience.

Lord Stoketon felt uneasy at Sophy's excessive love of gaiety. He had hinted to her, that he had rather she should remain more quietly at home: she saw that he disliked her going out so much; she felt that she was wrong, but she would not, or could not, give up her amusement to his wishes. Charlotte seemed to think that he was unjust in

wishing her to stay at home, and that in fact it was he who was to blame, and not herself; still conscience but too often whispered to her heart a different and a less flattering tale. Charlotte seemed to think that if she relinquished her amusements to his caprice so early, it would lead her to becoming a complete slave.

“And if Charlotte thinks so, I dare say she is right,” thought she, “for she is so very fond of George, I must not give up to his whims; Charlotte would think me very weak if I did, and it was but the other day she praised my firmness. To be sure, George is very good-natured, and he certainly wishes that I should enter into society moderately, and I really have had a great deal, and perhaps he is right.”

Unluckily, just as Lady Stoketon had got thus far in more salutary reflections, a card of Captain Herbert's was put into her hands, and at the same time a note from Lady Frances Drakely, which conjured up a train of pleasing and flattering images, and when the note was answered, and she resumed her reflections, the tone in which they were pursued was different.

“I feel that I am quite right in going from home. What very young married woman, pretty, and admired as I am, as Charlotte says, would stay at home, even as much as I do? I gave up London this year because he wished it. I am sure he need not be afraid of my allowing any one's attentions too far, and he ought to be satisfied with that.”

Such as these were her reflections at times, and she continued her gaiety, while her husband watched her with painful anxiety. He entrusted his grievances to Charlotte. She entered fully into his feelings, and allowed, with a sigh, that they were not unfounded. If Sophy's natural good feeling did not lead her to prefer the happiness of her husband to her own amusement, what could be done? Nothing, indeed. Charlotte Daventry sighed again, as she said, “Nothing can be done.”

“One should have thought,” she would add, “that with such a husband, with that sweet infant, every thing so attractive at home, she might have been contented to remain in it; she might have found her pleasures there rather than elsewhere.”

Lord Stoketon saw with pain that she fully acknowledged his cause for uneasiness. Even under her ardent desire to diminish his distress, truth often obliged her to aggravate it. She appeared to think that his only means of retaining any part of Sophy's affec-

tion was by leaving her to the enjoyment of happiness in her own way, and that if any thing were likely to bring her to a sense of her duty to him, it would be by his forbearing kindness and generosity now.

Things were in this state between the husband and wife when Charlotte Daventry quitted them. Captain Herbert was become Sophy's almost constant attendant at all the places where they met. His vanity had been flattered at first by the idea that she, who was so pretty and admired, entertained a partiality for him, and had been piqued by his indifference when they met after her marriage. Vanity had been the commencement of his attentions; stronger feelings might have secured their continuance. Sophy's vanity had likewise first been touched by the idea of this gay, handsome, popular man being unhappy on her account; it was this made her throw a little kindness into her manner towards him. Vanity led her to keep up his admiration for her; vanity led her at last to think his attentions very agreeable—his *constant* attentions quite indispensable, and vanity, at the time Charlotte Daventry quitted Alford, was leading her into still farther error: she was then in danger—inminent danger.

“Good-by, dear Charlotte,” sobbed Lady Stoketon, as she kissed her over and over again: “Good-by, dearest Charlotte, I cannot bear to part with you.”

Sophy was displeased with herself, and she was unhappy. She could not bear to part with Charlotte, though she had her husband left to her.

“Good-by, Charlotte,” said Lord Stoketon, “God bless you,” and he wrung her hand as he handed her into the carriage, and he returned to the house to conceal his emotion—the emotion caused by the feeling that he was losing the affections of his wife.

CHAPTER LIV.

“GOOD-BY! pressure of the hand! tears! Yes! that is as it should be,” said Charlotte Daventry to herself. There were no tears—no hands pressed before! And now to my home! Now

to keep the fire alive! to gently hint, and softly insinuate—to breathe his name! she shall not forget. No! and yet—Charlotte Daventry, what have you gained? where is your reward? *Reward!* that is not it! Is it not to escape a father's curse—a father's dying looks! the death struggle—the horror—the ghastly despair? Not to see it—not to have it ever, glaring—weighing—pressing on my heart”—she gasped—“is it not reward?”

She paused; a thrill of horror crept through her veins.

“Oh! let the happy guess what are the rewards of despair! let them turn with shuddering from the reward of successful revenge! let them turn with thankfulness, and say, “Blessed are they who escape such reward! Have I not turned in anguish as I saw her, suffering, sorrowing, pitied, sorrowed over! Yes! have I not turned away in the bitterness of my envy—in the anguish of envying what others wept to see. Theirs was blessedness to what I felt. She could be cheerful! she could smile. How have I cursed that smile! it was serene and peaceful; and *I!* I was gay—I could laugh! but the peace, the stillness of that sorrowing smile seemed to curse me—to mock me, with the envy that it raised. Have I not schemed, worked, toiled—forgot all love, forgot all hope, all pity, all remorse! schemed, succeeded; yet still a serpent rankling here: that death-like body ever lying, struggling there without one moment free!—and yet, I laugh at all!” and Charlotte Daventry laughed aloud; but none heard that laugh—the carriage rolled rapidly along, and she was soon smiling with affectionate pleasure, as she received the hearty welcome of her aunt, and uncle, and cousins at Weston.

When they retired to their chambers, Anne was to hear from her all she had to tell of Sophy. She related something of her gaiety—something of Lord Stoketon's unhappiness: she drew a melancholy picture of domestic discomfort at Alford. Anne retired to rest, to feel that although her own unhappiness had been great, and though she still suffered more than she would own to any but herself, that hers was nothing in comparison to that which might be dreaded for Sophy. There was no self-reproach to be mingled with her own sorrow; but, Sophy—poor Sophy!—how would it be with her?

Anne could not sleep that night. she could only think of the risk that her sister was running, and of what might be done to save her

Charlotte's words rang incessantly in her ears, as she described the folly and vanity of Sophy : as she spoke of the attentions of Captain Herbert ; as she drew with vivid colours the distress of Lord Stoke-ton. Her words still rang in her ears, with all the distinctness with which they had first struck upon her, and filled her with sorrow and dismay.

Sophy was indeed in danger. The career of folly was begun, and when once commenced, how seldom does it stop but when checked by a strong, determined hand ! how seldom does it not rush onward with increasing speed, till, like a headlong mountain stream, it falls into the abyss of sin and crime below ! And so might it have been in the case of this young and thoughtless being : but the danger was averted, and she was saved, as not unfrequently happens, from an evil of which she had no apprehension, by that which she would most have dreaded to befall her.

Two days after Charlotte's arrival at Weston, a letter came from Lord Stoke-ton, saying that their child had been taken alarmingly ill. He said that Sophy was in the greatest distress, and he begged that Anne might be allowed to come to her, for she was so overcome with anxiety and apprehension, that he feared her health would suffer. In such a case what could be of such service and comfort to her as the support of her sister's presence, and he earnestly entreated that Anne might be permitted to come to them immediately.

The letter was written in the greatest agitation and distress ; there could not be a question as to the propriety of complying with his request, and Anne set off directly on her journey to Alford.

As she quitted home, she felt that even sickness and sorrow might be turned into blessings at times, for she saw, in Sophy's distress, a hope that she might be snatched from the danger that hung over her—that it was not yet too late to restore her once more to her sense of duty, and to domestic happiness and confidence.

When Anne reached Alford, she found her sister completely exhausted by agitation and alarm. It was evident that her conscience had smitten her, perhaps with many serious faults, and, amongst others, with neglect of her child. The distress was too poignant to be accounted for in any other way.

The child still lived : faint hopes were entertained of its recovery ; but it seemed scarcely probable they should be realized. Anne

tried to make Sophy take some rest, but she would not be separated from her baby. She remained constantly weeping over it, as it lay with its eyes half closed;—pale, and with life apparently all but extinct.

Sophy would not be moved from the room. Her eyes were fixed on her child in speechless agony, lest it should have ceased to breathe without her being aware of it. Whenever she could spare a moment from this painful contemplation, she turned her eyes towards her husband, whilst the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she seemed by her looks to ask forgiveness.

It was an affecting sight, and yet Anne could find comfort in it. Better that even the child should die, than that Sophy should continue her career of folly till repentance was too late!—She had been saved but just in time! Anne knew not how nearly, or she would have thought that even the degree of sorrow evinced by her, as she hung over the cradle of her infant, was but equal to the occasion which called it forth.

Still more affecting was it to witness Lord Stoketon's emotion—his anxiety for his wife. All his devoted fondness returned, when he saw her thus repentant and suffering. He forgot all her foibles—her errors—all but that she was the wife whom he had loved. She was now in distress—and he would not remember that it partly arose from her own misconduct. As he saw her fond, imploring, penitent looks at himself, saw her bending over her child in speechless misery, he could scarcely conceal his agitation. He was often obliged to leave the room, to give vent alone to the feelings which he could not controul.

But the penitent prayers of the mother were heard. The child, after lying in a state of insensibility for nearly a week, looking, still, calm, and motionless, like a beautiful corpse, recovered. Signs of consciousness returned. It seemed half cruel to wish for its return. It looked, at it lay on its nurse's lap, like a being of another world—too calm, too lovely, and too placid for earth. It seemed in its sinless purity to belong to Heaven, and who would wish that it should return to life—to be defaced with sin—to suffer—to lose its heavenly beauty, and be brought once more to earth!

Yet the mother could not feel thus. She could feel nothing but the excess of joy, as her child was restored to her—of ecstasy so great—so overpowering, that the sobs burst from her as she heard those blessed words, “The child is out of danger!” and saw the little infant unclose its eyes, and heard its feeble cry.

The mother's heart at that moment was too full. Overcome with gratitude, with ecstasy, she could only weep, and falling on her knees, lift up her soul in thankfulness to the God who had heard her prayers—who had relieved her from the dreadful sense of unavailing remorse.

Her husband's prayers mingled with hers, as he hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud, then clasped his wife to his bosom, and all sorrow, all anxiety, all estrangement were forgotten at that moment by both, once more restored to confidence and joy.

Anne could only weep and pray with them. Her heart was full. She had sorrowed—she had prayed; her gentle spirit had grieved; and she had now her reward. Her humble heart now swelled with gratitude to God, and on her knees she prayed that she might be grateful for the blessing of that hour:—that her own lot, cheerless as it was—blighted as her happiness had been, might never raise one murmur in her breast—that, with blessings thus granted to her prayers, she might bear without one repining thought the sorrow which had cast its sadness on her own peculiar path.

Anne returned home with a peaceful and contented heart. She left Sophy and her husband once more happy together, and in Sophy's mind an impression which she believed would never be effaced, and which she trusted would have a beneficial effect on the whole future course of her life. She returned to Weston, and with joy, which she knew would be participated, she imparted to Charlotte the whole of what had passed. Charlotte fully sympathised in her feelings of thankfulness and delight. Nay, she even went beyond them in her expressions of joy.

No sooner had Anne related all she had to tell, than Robert Dodson entered.

“Here is Anne come back,” said Charlotte, “and see! she is blooming as a rose once more! all the lilies which have been usurping undue power are vanishing like April showers. But alas! I see,” she added, with a momentary sadness in her tone, as she watched the bright colour fading from Anne's cheeks; “like them, alas! they have only vanished to return!”

Anne smiled, but it was half mournfully.

“Still,” resumed Charlotte in a lively tone, “let us rejoice in the sun-shine whilst it lasts! It seldom lingers long!” and she laughed with something of discordant gaiety. “We have excellent news to tell,” continued she to Robert Dodson. “The baby is quite well,

and Sophy happy as a queen! as we used to say, when queens were happy! It is all *coulour de rose* at Alford. I am so happy!"

"I am very glad, indeed!" said Robert Dodson; and to do him justice, we believe that he only said what he felt; but whether some of his pleasure did not arise from Charlotte Daventry's very cordial manner, and the impression that she was 'so happy,' we cannot pretend to say.

He certainly looked at her with great delight. She was in high spirits, and they seemed to rise still higher during his visit. They rose to an extraordinary pitch: Anne was almost startled at this exuberance of glee. Robert Dodson was in rapture. He gazed upon Charlotte as she talked and laughed, watched her fascinating smiles and flashing eyes, listened to the laughter which every now and then burst in unchecked merriment from her lips, watched the bright colour mantling on her cheeks—looked, listened, and thought he never had seen so captivating a being. No wonder when all this beauty and animation were called forth on his approach, were lavished on him, that the sober matter of fact Robert Dodson should very nearly forget the cautious reserve inculcated by two former refusals.

He always made some blunders. He had blundered twice in proposing to Anne. He was now very near blundering into a proposal to Charlotte Daventry; from that he was saved by the presence of Anne; but not to miss his blunder altogether, he turned to Anne and said, "We had a very pleasant visit to Chatterton the other day. Miss Foley seems a very nice girl, and Mrs. Foley very amiable indeed. They were wondering why your friend Mr. Temple never came to Chatterton now: they had asked him several times, and he never would come. I told them he had not been to Weston of late, though I knew he came very often at one time. Have you seen him lately?"

This was distressing to Anne. She had partly schooled herself into hearing his name without emotion; but still there was no question she could so ill bear to be asked as whether she had seen him lately.

Yet she answered composedly, "No, not for some time," and then became busily occupied in her drawing, whilst Robert Dodson turned to Charlotte again, and renewed his conversation with her.

Robert Dodson's remark had given rise to some painful thoughts,

and Anne was left at full liberty to indulge them. Here was an additional proof, if any were wanting, of Edward Temple's indifference. He refused all invitations into the neighbourhood—he knew she had been ill—he knew she had been near dying. She was aware of that fact, for she had since seen Sir Henry Poynton, and he had related the whole circumstance of his receiving the letter, and telling those present of her dangerous illness : he had enumerated with gratuitous kindness the names of all the party assembled in the house, and that of Edward Temple, of course, was not omitted. He knew it then! and yet he continued to have no wish to see her.

Robert Dodson's information discovered to Anne that she had indulged a hope, scarcely allowed to herself, till she experienced its disappointment : but here was a convincing proof of his continued indifference, and she saw the folly of her hope. She leant over her drawing, engaged in painful reflections, angry at herself, yet thinking for a moment with repining discontent on her unhappy situation.

It was but a momentary feeling. Anne Grey was once more herself. She would be content and grateful for her lot ; happy in the feeling that her duty could no less be performed—her end in life no less fulfilled, though the sun-shine of existence was gone—though the brightness of youth and hope were extinct.

About this period Anne was invited to Hadley. Lady Hadley's affection for her had never diminished, and she was always anxious to secure her society : she had felt the greatest distress at her alarming illness, and could not help fearing that something more than illness had effected the melancholy change she observed with so much sorrow.

On Anne's arrival at Hadley, she found that her old friend, Sir Henry Poynton, was there, and she met him with pleasure. Her fondness for Sir Henry might, perhaps, partly arise from agreeable associations. She had first met him in company with Edward Temple, and it was in his company that she had last seen him. But there was now more of pain than pleasure in the association, and Sir Henry might reasonably flatter himself that it, was for his own sake that Anne smiled so kindly in welcome, as she extended her hand to him on her arrival at Hadley.

“ You are tired, I fear ? ” said Lady Hadley affectionately to her, as she observed her paleness.

In truth, Anne was tired and overcome. She had not been at Hadley since the period of her illness, and all the distress which had preceded it, and there were many recollections attached to the place, which rendered it most painful to her to visit it again.

She allowed that she was a little fatigued. Sir Henry looked at her with interest as he said, "Take care of yourself, Miss Anne! you cannot take too much care. Let me recommend a little wine made hot, and some sugar, and a little cinnamon in it. It is an excellent thing! I can assure you it always does me good! I always take it after a day's shooting."

Anne thanked him, but refused this recommendation.

"We have not a very large party with us," said Lady Hadley to Anne; "but some, whom I think you know: the Denhams, whom I remember you met here some time ago. Caroline Denham is still Caroline Denham, though it seems very doubtful how long she may remain so. You recollect them?"

Yes, Anne remembered the Denhams. She remembered well whom she had met at Hadley at the same time. How changed in feeling to what she had then been! Poor Anne sighed, as Lady Hadley quitted the room, and she seated herself over the fire, and for some moments indulged in a mournful reverie. But she soon roused herself, recalled her thoughts to the present with all its duties and cares; and, her toilet finished, she descended the stairs looking even more lovely and interesting, in her increased pensiveness, than when she had formerly descended those stairs, happy and glowing with animation and brightness to expect the eager welcome of Edward Temple.

She descended and opened the drawing-room door, and once more she found herself in his presence.

CHAPTER LV.

As Anne found herself thus suddenly and unexpectedly brought into the presence of Edward Temple, it was a strong effort of self-command which saved her. She felt that she *must* subdue her emotion. He was standing near the door; he was not speaking to

Never had Edward Temple been more brilliant, more inimitable in his vein of light humour, or in his graver conversational powers. Anne listened, and her heart sunk within her. She reached her room that evening to give vent to the wretchedness of a broken spirit, to the depression of a heart wounded to the quick by the unfeeling gaiety of one who had once pretended to love her, and who had deserted her without a pang!

She had often thought of the *probability* of his gaiety. She had imagined it at times with a sensation of bitterness, but she had always turned from the idea. She wished to believe it impossible, but now she had witnessed it; now she had been in his presence—forced to endure, with a sinking spirit and broken heart, the sound of his voice—the sight of his gaiety—to see him laughing and happy, careless of her sufferings. Could he remember all that had passed? could he remember all that he had said? could he, really, remember that fast day? his assurances that he should never change? could he remember all this? No, it must be all forgotten, or he never would have been as he had been this day. He saw that she was suffering, he must see it, for she felt that her wretchedness that evening could not be concealed. It had called forth Lady Hadley's remarks, Sir Henry Poynton's,—she had been obliged to plead a head-ache, and retire early to her room, and there she wept for hours.

All the past had rushed too forcibly on her mind, as she saw him again, to allow her to be calm and careless. *He* might forget—he evidently had forgotten, but *she* could not. He had asked her not to forget. Oh! in what heartless cruelty had that request been made! He had asked her with eager fond entreaty not to forget, and she had promised by her look that she would not; she had fulfilled her promise. It was bitterly fulfilled. It was to no purpose she repeated to herself 'I ought to despise him:' she could not succeed in forgetting that she once had loved him, and she thought with painful agitation of the necessity of spending two more days in his society. A night of reflection restored her self-command.

The two remaining days of her visit at Hadley passed without any thing peculiarly agitating, and unmarked by any thing, save the continuance of Edward Temple's indifference, and his evident avoidance of all conversation with her. He had only once

seemed aware of her presence, and that when Lady Hadley was talking to her one morning.

Lady Hadley had been speaking of the Foleys. She named George Foley as one of whom she had a very high opinion. Anne chanced to look up as Lady Hadley spoke, and she saw that Edward Temple had his eyes fixed on her.

Lady Hadley asked her whether George Foley was now at home, and she blushed deeply as she replied. She was, however, spared from the idea that her confusion was long remarked by him, for in a few minutes he left the room.

“He was, perhaps, observing for the first time the change in my appearance,” thought Anne, “since last he saw me. I am somewhat paler, it is true; others could remark it, and be concerned at it, and, perhaps, at last, even he has been struck by it.”

However this might be, Edward Temple’s indifference was evident, and Anne tried to feel glad in being thus thoroughly convinced of the fact. It was the best cure for any remaining weakness in his favour, as it could not fail to convince her most satisfactorily of his unworthiness. She listened to his agreeableness, his wit, the air of sense, and of good feeling he knew how to throw over his conversation, but she could no longer be deceived by it. Her manner, after the first few days, was cold and distant, as her nature permitted. Gentle and forgiving as she was, she had real firmness and dignity of character; and Edward Temple might have felt that he had fallen in her estimation, and that she was not again to be trifled with.

The visit to Hadley gave George Foley a better chance of success with Anne than he had heretofore possessed. She almost acknowledged the fact, as she drove home, depressed in spirits, unhappy, and forlorn. She began to blame herself for allowing her attachment to Edward Temple to prevent her from fulfilling the wishes of her parents in accepting George Foley. He was thoroughly estimable: she had the highest opinion of his character, and of the steadiness of his attachment: she could find no objection to him, but that which her preference to Edward Temple suggested, and, that! how could she compare the two? How superior did George Foley now appear to the person she had so blindly loved. The comparison was every way in his favour.

Her judgment told her that it would be wrong any longer to reject his addresses, whilst by their acceptance she might fulfil the ardent

wishes of her parents. She returned home determined no longer to meet his advances with coldness, but to endeavour, if possible, to learn to love George Foley.*

She remained firm to her resolution during the week that she remained at home. On the next her good resolutions were to be put to the test, for all the party were going to Chatterton.

The day before they went, Mr. Grey was unexpectedly called away by business, which he feared would detain him a day or two. It was arranged he should join them at Chatterton if able to return.

The day arrived, and they went; and as if to assist Anne in her endeavours to dislike Edward Temple, and to love George Foley, Edward Temple himself was there.

CHAPTER LVI.

ANNE did not, perhaps, feel in full force the advantage which the presence of Edward Temple might prove to George Foley's claims. However, she was composed in her manner as she met him, and Charlotte Daventry praised her very warmly for her firmness and dignity.

"Nothing could be better than your manner," said she, when they were alone. "Persevere, my dear, and I shall be proud of you."

Anne smiled, but it was not a happy smile, though she tried hard to feel so, and to smile as if she were.

"He met all of you as if he were glad to see you," observed Anne.

"Had he any feeling," said Charlotte, "he could not have done so!"

"Very true," sighed Anne, and she sat down forgetting she had to change her morning attire, till Mrs. Watson reminded her of the hour; and she then started up and dressed so quickly, that Mrs. Watson wished she had been a little less hurried.

"I had not time to smooth that plait. I am afraid Mrs. Foley will not praise the hair to-day. I wish I could have just smoothed that plait again," thought Mrs. Watson as Anne left the room.

Anne found the party assembled. Edward Temple was in the

room. George Foley, whom she had not yet seen, came forward immediately to meet her, and she welcomed him so cordially that he was happy for the remainder of the evening.

Edward Temple just looked at her as she entered and spoke to George Foley, and this was all the attention he bestowed on her during the evening. He talked to Charlotte Daventry a little : and when Anné and she were alone again together at night, she told her how much it had annoyed her to be obliged to talk to him, and how nearly she had betrayed her indignation.

“ You concealed it very well, dearest Charlotte,” said Anne affectionately, “ and I thanked you for it from my heart. You know how much I wish that your manner, and that of all my family, should not alter towards him, but should be as civil as usual.”

“ I talked and laughed a good deal with him,” continued Charlotte, “ as I would to any mere stranger. He might, perhaps, be aware that my style of conversation did not evince any great friendship for him.”

“ Did he ever mention my name?” said Anne, after a little pause.

“ Yes, he did,” said she. “ Once, only once.”

“ In what way?” asked Anne, colouring deeply.

“ It will give you no pleasure to hear,” said Charlotte kindly, and it was merely a trilling remark.”

“ I wish to hear,” said Anne. “ The less flattering the better for me.”

“ Well, perhaps so,” said Charlotte, as if acquiescing in what Anne said. “ There was not much in it, for it merely regarded personal appearance. We were speaking of the term interesting, and what people meant when they said a person looked interesting. I said that illness often gave that look. He laughed at the idea, and said, ‘ No, a woman should never be ill, if she can help it. An illness always ruins a woman’s looks,’ and then, as if he almost wished to be impertinent, he added immediately, ‘ Your cousin has been ill, has she not?’ Anne, I did not reply. I could not. I turned away. I was too indignant.”

Anne was silent, her heart was too full to speak. She leant her face upon her hands, and said at length in a low, tremulous voice, “ Thank you, Charlotte, you were right to tell me. It was best I should know, and now good-night. I am rather overcome, and I am better alone perhaps : good-night, dearest Charlotte. Remember,” she added,

as Charlotte was quitting the room, "I wish your manner to continue the same." Charlotte nodded assent and quitted her.

The unexpected presence of Edward Temple was a matter of some embarrassment to Mrs. Grey. She felt that Mr. Grey might, perhaps, have thought it as well that Anne should not be thrown again into his society, and might, if he had been there, have made some excuse for quitting the house; she was, indeed, herself so indignant with him that she very much disliked being in his presence, but still, what was to be done?

She did not know, so she would wait till Mr. Grey arrived, it could only be a day or two, and meantime Mr. Temple was very quiet and civil, and he must see how much she hated him.

The next day Anne's firmness was put to a severe trial. She was seated in the morning at a table near which were Edward Temple and Miss Ferrars, the young lady whom we have before mentioned as one whom Anne hoped might distract William's attention from Charlotte Daventry. She was very intimately acquainted with Mr. Temple, and there was between them all the familiarity of friends.

Anne had been talking to George Foley during a great part of the morning. He had just left her, and she could not help overhearing the conversation between Miss Ferrars and Edward Temple.

They were talking on an interesting subject considering those between whom it was discussed. It was on constancy in love, and the comparative claims of each sex to the virtue of constancy. Miss Ferrars, of course, advocated the cause of her own, whilst Edward Temple (and how could he? Anne thought) warmly defended that of his.

Miss Ferrars treated the subject gaily, and brought many playful, ingenious arguments in favour of her opinion. She was answered with more than equal wit by Edward Temple; but at the time that George Foley left his seat by Anne, he seemed inclined to consider the matter more gravely.

They had both begun in a lively, if not ironical tone; but by degrees, as it were, unconsciously, he became more serious—he spoke of the strength, the fervour, the steadiness of attachment in men, of the impossibility of change where once the affections were really bestowed—he judged, he said, of what his own feelings would be; he had spoken gravely, but then, seeming to recollect

himself, his manner changed, the tone of persillage was renewed, and he made Miss Ferrars laugh, as he passed an ironical censure on the characters of women, those beings who have no characters at all; but again, as he proceeded, he once more became serious. He spoke of the difference between the feelings of men and those of the other sex, the frivolity of their characters—easily swayed by the love of gaiety and admiration.

He continued, and as he spoke, it was less as if he were addressing Miss Ferrars than thinking aloud. He described such a character as appeared gentle, affectionate, amiable. He described, in short, a character such as Anne Grey's. She, perhaps, was not quite aware that it was so, but still she listened eagerly as he spoke. He gave a beautiful description of a woman's character—he stopped a moment.

“This,” said he, “is what it sometimes appears, and yet it is appearance alone.”

Anne could scarcely breathe with anxiety to hear what he would say farther.

“It is only in appearance that it is so beautiful—only the appearance which makes us love it so warmly. We feel that we might trust to such a character,” he continued “we feel that, from such a mixture of firmness, gentleness, and sweetness, we might reasonably look for consistency and constancy—that the heart of such a being once touched—once, as we fondly believed, our own”—he paused an instant—then added—“From such a being we might reasonably allow ourselves to fear no change: and yet it is not so! we must not trust even to appearances so fair as these. We shall find that constancy, strength of affection, firmness and consistency of character do not belong to women. We may hope—we may fondly trust—but we shall be deceived.”

His voice and manner had become every instant more earnest, and he was silent for a moment, apparently occupied with his own thoughts; then suddenly recollecting himself—recollecting Miss Ferrars, he turned towards her, and with a gay tone, said, “Well, Miss Ferrars, what have you to say in favour of your sex? Not a word, I see, by your doubtful look.”

“I only ask,” said Miss Ferrars, smiling, “whether you speak from experience? Whether you have ever known such a character, and known it fail? You must answer that question before I will say whether I agree with you or not.”

Anne listened : she almost leant forward to listen for Edward Temple's answer. Her very life seemed to depend on that answer.

"That is scarcely a fair question, Miss Ferrars" said he smiling. "However, to convince you, I will answer it. *I do* know such a character."

Anne felt the colour rush to her face as he said so. It was an overpowering sensation of delight which caused that rush. She had listened to all he said—she could scarcely help applying it. She scarcely felt a doubt that he meant it should be applied ; that when he described this character : when he spoke of the disappointment, in finding change and inconsistency in such a character, he spoke of himself and of her. Something in his voice, his manner, his forgetfulness of Miss Ferrars, seemed to carry conviction to her mind. He evidently meant that she should hear what he was saying.

The hope that such a conviction carried to Anne's mind was the most delightful she had ever yet experienced.

How could he have spoken thus, if he himself were cold and fickle ? If he were guilty of any thing of which the Miss Bingleys had accused him ? It could not be. Anne abandoned herself to the delightful persuasion that she had been mistaken in believing his unworthiness—in believing him indifferent to her. It was plain his absence, his carelessness of manner, had been caused by his belief in her inconstancy. She could not restrain the feelings of joy to which such an idea gave rise. She moved quietly from her seat, and quitted the room, to indulge in her own chamber in all the happiness which overflowed her heart.

Before she again quitted the room, Charlotte entered. Anne's animated countenance as she approached showed that something pleasant had occurred, and she was soon relating to her all that had passed—all her joy—her hope—all the various emotions which were agitating her breast !

Charlotte seated herself at a table as she spoke, and as she leaned her head on her hands, her countenance was concealed from observation.

Anne finished all she had to say, and turned her beaming face towards her cousin, anxious to know whether she encouraged her hope—whether she thought it well grounded.

As she ceased to speak, Charlotte suddenly raised her head,

darted a look of horror at her, started from her seat, uttered a piercing scream, and the next moment fell senseless on the ground.

Anne's presence of mind almost forsook her, but she exerted it to the utmost. She rang the bell for assistance, and applied the only remedies in her power. Before long they proved successful; Charlotte heaved a deep sigh, unclosed her eyes, and lay a moment still: then, roused by the sound of Anne's voice, she stretched out her arms, and again relapsed into stupor.

Once more she was recovered, and this time she appeared to have regained her self-command. She looked pale, but she soon smiled and spoke cheerfully to Anne—said it was nothing—that it had been a sudden violent pain, which had caused her fainting; but would not hear of having medical assistance, or even consent to have her illness named to any one. She begged the maid not to mention it to Mrs. Grey, and at last seemed so perfectly recovered that Anne became satisfied, and had time once more to think of Edward Temple—and happiness.

But before she quitted the room, Charlotte Daventry had inspired her with a doubt whether she might call that happiness. She held her hand for a moment in hers, and affectionately pressed it, whilst the maid was occupied in another part of the room, saying in a low voice: “Do not trust too much. I had not time to speak when I wished, because of my provoking illness. But do not trust too much, Anne. You may be deceived—you know that he can deceive. *Hope*, but do not *trust*. We may hope that he is not artful, but we do not know;” and again she said impressively and anxiously as the maid was returning towards them; “Do not trust.”

As Anne left the room and once more descended the stairs, it was with altered feelings. Hope was gone—hope and happiness! for he had deceived once, and why should he not deceive again?

Edward Temple was still in the room when she returned; but he was no longer talking to Miss Ferrars. He was reading, and he looked up as she opened the door.

“Yes,” thought she (and perhaps her face at the moment expressed her indignation), “he wishes to observe whether his artifice has been successful!”

Perhaps he remarked her look, for he immediately averted his eyes.

Anne exerted herself to talk. She listened to an excellent story

of Mr. Foley's, about his friend the Duke of ——, with great apparent interest ; and then was able to enter into a lively conversation with Sir Henry Woodthorpe, a young man who was staying in the house ; and she felt, though very miserable, well satisfied with her own conduct, except in one particular. George Foley had seated himself at her side, and had tried to engage her in conversation ; but she could not at that moment admit of his attentions. She feared she had at first half pettishly replied to his remarks, and had at last decidedly turned away to speak to Sir Henry Woodthorpe, who was on the other side.

George Foley had evidently been hurt by her manner. He had got up, remained for some time looking out of the window in apparent melancholy abstraction, and then had quitted the room as she continued talking to Sir Henry, with all the appearance of gaiety she could assume.

But for this, Anne would at least have been well satisfied with her own conduct ; but now, she was not only miserable at the disappointment of a momentary feeling of hope, but mortified that she had caused real pain to one whom she esteemed and regarded so sincerely as George Foley.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE first part of the evening was unmarked by any difference in Edward Temple's manner, and he seemed scarcely aware of the presence of Anne.

This at the moment was comfort to her. It told her that her hope of the morning was not without foundation, for why, if he had wished to deceive her into a belief of his caring for her, and of having been wounded by a supposed change in her sentiments, did he not continue that deceit by now feigning some show of interest ? It was too painful not to hope, and she would not despair, though warned of her danger by the friendly voice of Charlotte Daventry.

That evening Anne and Miss Foley were sitting at a round table, looking over some drawings. There were various portfolios, and

albums, and also some of Miss Foley's sketches. Sir Henry Woodthorpe was seated beside Anne. Edward Temple joined the party; but he was on the other side of Miss Foley, and Anne had no occasion to join in conversation with him. He talked to Miss Foley, and Anne could give her attention more exclusively to Sir Henry Woodthorpe, whilst they all continued looking at the drawings.

"It is pleasant to look over old sketches," said Isabella to Mr. Temple. "It recalls so much that is agreeable—so many of the friends with whom one has witnessed the scenes before one."

Anne and Sir Henry had just then come to a pause in their conversation.

"I cannot think that there is much pleasure to be gained by the recollection," was Mr. Temple's reply. "I do not feel that I can look back with anything but regret on the remembrance of the last few years. If those we love, and those in whom we have felt an interest, were never changed by time, it might indeed be delightful to remind ourselves of past times; but you are to be envied, Miss Foley, if you can look back with pleasure."

He stopped. Anne looked up as he finished speaking. She saw his eyes were fixed on her face. Even Anne Grey was indignant. The effrontery of such language! The evident wish to deceive her! She saw that he meant that she should apply it. She could not be silent, and she spoke in a manner which called for attention.

"It is not uncommon," said she, "for those who are apt themselves to change, to complain of change in others." She stopped, too much agitated to proceed. She had spoken in a low voice, and it had been an effort to her to speak, but, though her voice had been low, it had been firm and distinct. Edward Temple must have heard, for Miss Foley had been silent meantime. He probably felt the reproof. He certainly changed colour, and he leant over the sketch-book he held in his hand; but Anne was too much agitated herself to be able to observe the effect her words had produced. She was fully aware that he continued silent, and that there was an awkward pause for a few seconds, which was broken by a timely remark of Miss Foley's.

Sir Henry Woodthorpe then found something to say to Anne, but she was not much inclined to attend to his agreeableness, and soon got up to join the party at the piano-forte.

She was asked to sing, and, much against her inclinations, she

was forced to comply. She had been so much agitated by what had passed, that she felt almost unequal to the command of her voice.

She had sung but little since her illness, and very little since she had strove to think ill of Edward Temple. There was an association in her mind with regard to music which made it generally painful. How much more so now, when she had just been suffering from a proof of his ungenerous conduct! But she successfully endeavoured to be composed, though her choice, or rather Mr. Foley's and Mr. Grey's choice of a song for her, was unfortunate. It was one of those she had often sung in former happy times at Mr. Temple's request. It had been a favourite of his, one exactly suited to her sweet plaintive voice. She sang it that evening with more than her usual expression. It seemed suited to her state of feeling, and she sung as if it were so.

All were struck with it. There was something in her look, in the tones of her voice, which touched and affected many.

Edward Temple seemed to feel it; for he was leaning as if unconscious of the presence of all around, with his face half covered by his hands. His countenance was concealed, but he was evidently buried in thought, and that of no light or pleasurable kind.

Anne's song was at an end. She had hardly been aware that it had excited attention. She had forgotten her habitual shyness—forgotten every thing in the absorbing feeling of unhappiness created by one subject. She had been almost relieved by singing. The air and words that were chosen for her had suited her feelings, and had been only the natural expression of her melancholy thoughts. She became confused as she concluded. She got up, left the instrument, and seated herself apart by a table on which books and drawings were scattered.

In a few minutes Edward Temple was near her. Anne felt the blood rush to her face as she found that he had seated himself at her side; but she did not lose her self-command. The music continued. Miss Ferrars was singing, and there was occupation in listening to that.

Edward Temple addressed her, but he was evidently agitated. His voice, his manner betrayed it.

“You have often sung that song before, Miss Grey,” said he.

Anne made no answer. She could not if she had wished it; but she determined to be guarded.

“He wishes to deceive,” thought she. “I will not be deceived. I will not be made less miserable one moment, only to be made more wretched the next.”

Edward Temple continued, in a voice which betrayed the struggle to be calm. “You may suppose, though I know you will not acknowledge it, that it must be painful to me to hear it again. You say that those who are apt to change are most ready to accuse others of doing so. I know therefore to what accusation I lay myself open were I to speak of the pain caused by the conviction of change in others. You will not believe me,” he added, with increasing agitation, “if I speak of the painful feelings that song has called forth. You cannot enter into them. It is the person who does not change,” he added, in a lower voice, and looking at Anne, and not the one who has changed who is the sufferer.”

Anne could hardly controul her emotion sufficiently to reply, but she made an effort, and said in a low voice, not looking up as she did so, “There are changes which do not proceed from fickleness. We may sometimes form wrong judgments, and then it is our duty to change. It is painful to be obliged to do so, where we have once loved,”—she corrected herself—“once esteemed—it is painful to find ourselves called upon to alter our opinion—to feel that it is our duty—”

She became painfully confused. Her emotion would not allow her to proceed. There was a moment’s pause.

Edward Temple was scarcely less agitated; but he was about to reply, when Mr. Foley approached. The conversation stopped, and Anne was scarcely sorry to escape from one of so embarrassing a nature.

She was yet in doubt what to think or what to feel. She dared not hope, and yet her heart was in a flutter of joy. One moment she felt inclined to believe implicitly all that his manner implied. The next she remembered those words of Charlotte Daventry, “He knows how to deceive—do not trust him.”

George Foley watched her with painful interest—watched her as she conversed with Edward Temple. He sighed. “She is lost to me!” he said to himself. “But why should I regret if she can be happy?”

From that moment his manner towards Anne was changed. He scarcely ever allowed himself to be near her, or to talk to her. He was silent, and out of spirits. He showed neither pique nor ill-

humour towards her! He merely showed that he withdrew his claims—that he relinquished the hope which was no less dear to him because it had been fruitless.

George Foley's conduct was generous and disinterested. Anne understood it, and she wished it had been possible for her to have made him aware how much she was touched by it—how much she esteemed him for it, and how much she thanked him in her heart for the delicacy he had evinced. But without encouraging him again in false hopes, she could not do so, and by her increased affection for Isabella alone, could she give any proofs of her gratitude.

The next day most of the party at Chatterton had gone out either walking or driving, whilst Anne remained at home.

Amongst the driving party were Charlotte Daventry, Miss Ferrars, and George Foley. Edward Temple and Mr. Foley were walking. Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Foley retired successively from the drawing-room, and left Anne alone. She sat down to the instrument, and was engaged in playing when the door opened and Edward Temple walked in.

This was more than Anne either expected, or quite desired at that moment. She wished that he should have an opportunity of speaking and of finishing the conversation which had been interrupted by Mr. Foley on the preceding evening; and yet she felt, as the opportunity seemed to present itself, that it was too agitating to be desirable.

Anne ceased playing, and rose from the instrument as he entered.

“I am afraid I have interrupted you,” observed Mr. Temple.

He looked confused, as though he felt the awkwardness of the *tete-à-tete*. Anne seated herself at her work: he placed himself near her. Each seemed to be struggling for composure, and Anne felt more lenient as she observed his agitation.

“It is very long since we have met in this house,” said he, “and perhaps so long, that I have no right to look upon myself any longer as more than a mere acquaintance; but still as a friend,”—he hesitated—“as one who has the feelings of a friend towards you, perhaps I may be allowed to offer my congratulations on what I hope,” he said half inaudibly, “may prove for your happiness.”

Anne looked up. She forgot her confusion in surprise. She looked at him a moment, and a delightful thought flashed across her mind. He saw her surprise.

“I fear I have been indiscreet. You do not admit my claim to speak of what is not yet publicly acknowledged. There *was* a time when it would have been different,” he added in a low tremulous voice; but he checked himself. “I have not even the claim of friendship,” he continued, after a slight pause, “to excuse my intrusion. I must ask your pardon.”

Anne was not sure of his meaning. “I am not aware to what you allude,” said she. “I do not understand you.” •

“That is,” said Edward Temple, looking at her, “you think it right not to understand me. “I am sorry”, he continued, in a slight tone of pique, “that I said any thing on the subject; but as I have ventured thus far, I may as well explain. I hoped that my congratulations on your approaching union with Mr. George Foley might have been received from one, who had once the honour of your friendship.”

Anne looked up in a moment of astonishment, and then as quickly averted her eyes. “You are mistaken,” said she. “There is no engagement between Mr. Foley and myself. There never has been any.”

Edward Temple started as she spoke.

“No engagement!”—and his tone was not one of disappointment. It was fully as happy as Anne could have wished, but scarcely hoped it would have been.

He looked at her as she spoke with such enthusiastic delight, that she was obliged to hang over her work to conceal her blushes and her happiness. His tone, his manner, could not be misinterpreted, and he left her no longer the possibility of mistaking his object. He soon spoke in a way which left no doubt of his meaning, and Anne was before long satisfactorily convinced that she had been guilty of an error. She had expended very unnecessarily a great deal of praise-worthy indignation. Her indignation had been very good in itself, but it had been expended on the wrong person.

We may easily suppose that reserve and disguise once thrown aside, Anne Grey and Edward Temple had much to say to one another—much to explain, which, though very uninteresting to any other person, must certainly have been most interesting to themselves, for they were still seated at that awkward tête-à-tête, which Anne had so much dreaded, when the party returned unusually late from their drive. The door was opened by George Foley, and Anne blushed so deeply and said something so unintelligible about

a pleasant drive, and being late, as she walked past him, that he stood a moment in astonishment; then shut the door rather hastily; and at dinner that day he scarcely spoke a word, and told Mrs. Grey in the evening that he meant to leave home the next day.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MR. GREY arrived at Chatterton that evening. It may be imagined that he was far from feeling satisfaction as he beheld Edward Temple. He anxiously looked at Anne, and he could not tell how to understand the appearance of happiness which he saw sparkling in her eyes; still less was he inclined to rejoice at it, for he felt with bitterness that she might be a second time the victim of deceit.

However, a few words from her, as she drew him aside, seemed to remove his unpleasant feelings. The smile that was visible on her face was repeated on his own, mingled with a look of still deeper happiness, as he for a moment pressed her hand, and implanted a kiss on her cheek.

The few minutes of conversation which the presence of others alone permitted, seemed to have been sufficient. Mr. Grey the next instant was speaking to Edward Temple.

“My dear Miss Grey,” said Mrs. Foley, affectionately to Anne; “I am glad to see you look well again. I really have been quite unhappy about you, and so I told Isabella; and we both have been agreeing that you could not be well. But you look quite yourself again this evening.”

Edward Temple stood near. Anne’s eye glanced for a moment towards him. How impertinent in him to smile! what heartless cruelty! yet Anne Grey smiled too, but she blushed so deeply that it showed how much she was hurt by his cruelty.

“There is Isabella coming for you to sing, I see,” said Mrs. Foley; and Isabella approached, and Anne followed her to the instrument, sat down, and sung such a lively French song, with such a lively heart-felt gaiety, and naïve expression of merriment, that all were infected with her gaiety. Every one encored, and Anne sung again; and Edward Temple was standing over her as she sung, smil-

ing with her, and with the others; and watching her face with delighted attention.

Anne looked at him sometimes with a pretty beginning of a smile, and then turned away a little embarrassed—probably distressed by his effrontery, and as she left the room with the other ladies, he even ventured to shake hands with her.

The whole procession of ladies at length retired to their rooms, and when they were all safely lodged in them, Anne Grey* was seen passing across the passage to that of Charlotte Daventry, who had retired rather earlier than the rest. She knocked at the door, entered, and closed it after her, and what was the sight which struck her on her entrance!

Charlotte Daventry sat pale and motionless; her eyes fixed on the ground; as Anne entered, she uttered a violent scream.

“Leave me, I tell you—leave me,” she began with frantic violence; “I bid you leave me. What! must you come here to taunt me with your happiness? Do you think I do not see it—do not feel it? Look here, Anne Grey”—and she laid hold of her arm, and grasped it with rude violence. “Look here, Anne Grey. You believe I love you. You believe it faithfully, implicitly.” She smiled a moment, and then the smile was gone, and revenge and hatred were stamped upon her countenance. “Know then, that I love you so well, that I would give this arm,—I would myself hold it to be burnt to the bone—could I by that ensure misery to you—could my curse tell on you—could it wither your heart, and blacken your happiness. Aye! I love you so well, so tenderly as this! I hate you—I have ever hated you with a hate you know not of. Know that to me you owe your tears, your misery, your all but death. I saw you weep, and sob, and languish, and writhe!—I did it! Yes, Anne Grey! believe it if you will! You *shall* believe it! *I* did it! He!—why he was never false to you!—*he* never deceived any poor fond girl. Jane Bingley never spoke as I said. He always loved you!—Yes, start—turn pale. It was my work—it was only mine! It was all false—but you believed, and I was happy!” She smiled in ghastly triumph. “I tell you I loved him—I—Charlotte Daventry loved him: but she hates him now—she hates you both with a deadly, bitter hate.”

Her voice sank lower and lower, till it became almost inarticulate with the intensity of the feeling it strove to express.

Anne had sunk half-lifeless on a chair as she spoke; but still she

did not faint—she heard every word. She remained perfectly still, looking in terrified astonishment on Charlotte, half stupified with what she heard. But when Charlotte ceased, it recalled her to a sense of her situation. She felt all but fainting; but she made a violent effort—reached the door—closed it—ran along the passage—gained her own room, and then sunk senseless on the floor.

When she came to herself, and to a recollection of what had passed, her first thought was to call her father, and take him to Charlotte's room before help might be too late. Charlotte's insanity was too evident: she had long suspected—it was now certain. The horror of feeling that by her fainting she had lost time which might have been fatal, almost overcame her again; but she exerted herself—reached her father's room, and in a scarce articulate voice told him to go to Charlotte instantly. As he lingered for an instant to ask for some explanation, she half pushed him from the door, telling him “for God's sake to make haste!” She tried to follow him, but her powers forsook her, and as he left the room, and she felt that the immediate necessity for exertion was over, she again fainted.

On recovering her senses, she found herself lying on the bed in Mrs. Grey's room; Mrs. Grey in violent hysterics, and Mr. Grey standing pale as death, seeming almost unconscious of what was passing around him. Anne started up, forgetting all, in her dreadful anxiety to hear the truth. She sprang from the bed, laid her hand on her father's arm, as she looked eagerly in his face. “Tell me,” said she, “what is it?”

Mr. Grey shuddered, and in a low voice as he pressed Anne's arm, he murmured, “you have saved her.”

“Thank God!” was Anne's exclamation as she burst into tears.

Mr. Grey had reached Charlotte Daventry's room, and with a feeling of the most dreadful alarm, he gently tried the door although he dreaded the sight it might reveal. The door was not locked; for a moment he stood gazing on the scene which presented itself before him. In the farther recess of the large room was Charlotte Daventry, kneeling—her hands clasped together, her eyes wildly fixed, and glaring with unnatural brilliancy; her long hair unloosed, fell down her shoulders; a bright flush was on her cheek. She knelt, and did she pray? She was too much absorbed to hear the entrance of Mr. Grey; he paused for an instant.

“She prays,” he said, and her lips indeed were uttering words.

They fell softly—half inaudibly. She spoke, but it was not in prayer. “Father, you see me! Father, you are by me! I see you, I know that you smile! I come—I have failed—I die! Now! father, look on me! You do! you smile!” Her voice was raised. She half shouted again those words, “You smile!” she raised herself from her knees; she started up, her whole frame seemed imbued with energy; she put forth her hand to the table which stood near her—a phial was there. Another moment, and the deed had been done. But she was arrested: Mr. Grey sprang forward—her hand was seized—the bottle gained, and dashed on the ground.

She turned round. Her eyes glared with frenzy. For a moment she stood fixed in a deep, earnest, wondering gaze on the countenance of her uncle. It seemed as if she vainly endeavoured to understand by what means she had been foiled, as if her energies had been exerted for death, and reason could not say why, at that moment, she was not dead. For a few seconds she gazed, (oh! the horrors of those seconds!) and then wresting her arm from her uncle’s hold she burst into a loud and violent laugh.

But why dwell on scenes like this? That night Charlotte Daventry was conveyed from the house, and as the chaise wheeled along, and she sat forcibly held by the two attendants, who had been immediately sent for, her screams, her laughter, and wild exclamations might have been heard even rising above the rattling noise of the carriage.

It is useless to speak of the horror, the distress, and confusion which reigned at Chatterton on that fearful night, or to dwell on all that necessarily ensued.

On looking over the papers belonging to the unhappy Charlotte Daventry, Mr. Grey found a letter addressed to himself, which had, apparently, been written but a few hours previous to the attempted suicide. I transcribe parts of it, less incoherent than the rest, which seemed to be merely the ravings of insanity. It appeared to have been written with the consciousness in her mind of wavering reason, a consciousness she anxiously strove to repel, and to hide from others. In parts, indeed, it was so clear and collected that, had it not been for such little touches as betrayed a heated and bewildered imagination, few could trace in it the evidences of insanity.

The passages I transcribe are as follows:—

“Some years ago, Mr. Grey, you took me home to your family a poor, weeping orphan girl. You thought you were performing a kind, a praiseworthy action. You were right, for you gave the being who had *sworn* to hate you the opportunity she wished—the opportunity to do you harm! If that dependant, *grateful* orphan girl had not failed in her plans, you had been rewarded, but it had been in a way more agreeable to me than to you! But I failed! and yet—I have succeeded—succeeded in part! Yes! let me think with pride how much I have done, and let me atone by the step I am about to take that it has not been more! Mr. Grey, when first we met, and when with horror, which, even through years of smiles and grateful looks, you may perhaps remember, I first saw you—the man to whose care and affection I had been entrusted, a father’s dying words had bid me hate you—bitterly hate you—from life to death—through kindness and benefits;—to hate, and to make that hatred tell in working evil, ruin, unhappiness, to you and yours! Yes! when you first beheld me, I had deeply sworn to let the energies of a life, of youth, that season of innocence and careless joy—to let all these be devoted to the toil of hate—shudder as you read—even I can shudder as I write!—I had sworn to forget all joy, all love, all pity, all remorse, to work that deadly work, to plant wo and strife where happiness and peace had dwelt! *It was a blissful task!* I smiled as I looked on that calm, holy peace. I saw it, and I smiled! And there was one whom I then saw: I had never believed before that on earth such a being could exist! gentle, affectionate—gifted in mind and person! I saw with ecstasy, *She was mine!* She should love—trust—pity. Easily bruised—easily bowed down—on her my toils should be expended! Yes! Anne Grey, I have seen you weep—I have *made* you weep. I have laid my hand with chilling bitterness upon that heart. I have seen you on the point of death—your pale face—your cheerless eye! It was my work. Oh! it was a noble work! and my father stood by, and he smiled on me, and I felt that smile within my heart! I felt it, and was not mad. I am not mad! or I—I too should have wept—I—I should have grieved—but no, I am not mad!

* * * * *

I wound myself silently, carefully, into the heart of that pure being. I wound and wound, till every sweet affection of that heart

was fastly bound beneath my grasp. She loved. I saw it. Here was my task, a glorious task! She loved, and Charlotte Daventry loved, and both loved the same object: but one was loved again—and the other was suspected and despised! Every nerve was strained! Yes, I wrote a letter framed to cut deep into her heart. Long had that letter been written ere she received it, and how did my bosom throb with impatience to fly and see its effect! I came—I beheld that effect. It was a blissful sight. The lover, too—him had I deceived. I whispered in his ear George Foley's name. I whispered that Anne Grey was easily persuaded—soon touched! He listened and believed.

Know that every trouble that has befallen you or your house in the few years I have dwelt with you, were either framed, or fostered, or increased by me. Ever about your house, ever close to me was he—my father! His cold pale form, his still, sepulchral voice! ever urging me on: *you* could not see and know; but I! he was always there: his voice—his eyes were ever with me: in the darkness or the light alike—and his laugh! he laughed and I—I too! Every thought and action has been made subservient to his will. At this moment there are three devoted fools all bound to me, as they fondly believe, by the tie of mutual affection: each ignorant, confiding, and deceived. These three are Frank Crawford, Robert Dodson, and (start if you will) your son—your own son William!

But it is of no avail now to tell you all my schemes. I had one—a noble plan; one which would have endangered your fortune, perhaps your character. Two skilful, but not honest, attorneys would soon have been at work. But fate interposed. You remember the death of that maid-servant—that French girl, over whose loss I mourned with such affecting tenderness? I did grieve over her loss. She was a useful tool: she could tamper with these men of law; but I lost my tool: I grieved, and *you* were saved. Once more I proudly raise my head: let me look proudly on my work! and whilst the serpent gnaws my heart for deeds undone, let me still smile and laugh for deeds that have been done. I have failed in part: but what have not I, a poor unassisted girl, accomplished? I sacrificed all to this grand object. I sacrificed—you know not how much! All the pride, the feelings

of a woman. To you I was the poor uneducated girl. It served my purpose so to appear. You did not know that I was endowed with those things which captivate and charm. I was in fact rich in attainment, and gifted by nature with power in music, in drawing, in painting and poetry—practised in all—delighting in all: yet all I concealed and renounced to further my one grand aim——revenge!

It is needless to dwell on the feelings of Mr. Grey, as he read the letter, of which the detached parts are here given. It presented him with a fearful picture of guilt, of misery and of madness. What vigour of mind—what extraordinary resolution had been exerted in a work which human nature shuddered to contemplate. It appeared that the dreadful task which had been imposed upon her by the dying commands of her father had worked gradually but surely on her frame, till reason had sunk. Insanity had been the effect of guilt working on the mind. The energies of a powerful, violent, and ungoverned character had been devoted to a task fearful and appalling in its nature, and insanity alone could follow the energetic devotion to such a task. What talents misapplied—what powers turned to evil—what a mind overthrown!

And this had been a father's work. Had he witnessed the event of that day, well might he have groaned under the punishment which his fearful passions brought upon the only being whom he ever loved. He had called for revenge, and vengeance had been turned upon himself. The child had fallen a victim to the father's guilt.

A fortnight had elapsed when we find Mr. Grey again in the presence of Charlotte Daventry. He had been sent for to attend, as it was believed, her dying bed; and who that had seen the wretched lunatic could do otherwise than wish that death should remove her from such a state of hopeless misery.

When Mr. Grey reached the house, he was told by her attendants that the sufferer had become more calm—that the frenzy had ceased, and left her in a state of stupor. Her case was pronounced hopeless, and it could not but be the prayer of all who knew her that she might speedily be released in death.

Mr. Grey was shown into her room. The unhappy being lay on the bed, motionless, and apparently unconscious. As Mr. Grey entered and looked on her—*her* whom he had seen but a few short

weeks ago, gay, blooming, and seemingly happy; now worn almost to a skeleton with the violence of passion, one bright, hectic flush alone tinging the deadly paleness of her face; his emotion could not be controlled. He forgot all the injury she had wrought—all the hatred she had sworn against him. He knelt by the bed—he hung over her, and fervently uttering a prayer to God for the soul of the maniac, he wept long and uncontrollably by the side of his unhappy niece. He prayed for her forgiveness—he prayed—and was indeed his prayer heard, and granted?

Charlotte lay for awhile motionless. Her uncle's tears fell on her thin attenuated hand, that seemed scarcely like that of a living being. The physician entered the room. "She cannot linger long," were his words as he looked at her, and Mr. Grey felt, that none could think that wasted form could indeed long remain on earth.

The bright beam of the morning sun, which at that moment streamed in through the window, fell on the death-like form of Charlotte Daventry! She moved: she stretched out her hands: she unclosed her eyes.

"Forgive—forgive—Anne Grey," was softly murmured.

So gently had those words been spoken, that the ear could scarcely catch their tones. She raised her hand, and put it to her forehead, as if trying to recollect; and for a moment her eye fell on her uncle. She saw his tears—his look of kindness. A sudden emotion seemed to seize her; to the amazement of all around, she started up, she threw forward her arms—placed them round his neck, and in gentle, half audible accents, murmured "Forgive—pray for me—" and then again sunk back.

They looked—they waited—they watched; and whilst her uncle's tears fell fast, he looked with breathless eagerness again to catch some proof of penitence. He looked in vain. No movement was made. All was still—the physician laid his hand gently on Mr. Grey's arm. Charlotte Daventry was dead.

CHAPTER LIX.

But we will leave the contemplation of sorrow, and pass on to a calmer and happier period. Horror, pity, and grief had in turn held their sway; but they were now passing by, and the memory of Charlotte Daventry was ceasing to cast its sadness on the minds of those who had known and loved her. Edward Temple is established as the privileged guest at Weston, the acknowledged lover of Anne Grey; and though we perceive that, with his usual deceit, he is trying to convince her that, however delightful he is as a lover, he will be still more so as a husband, yet what else can be expected from such a character? And if we find Anne Grey easily trusting and deceived again, what less can we expect from one so affectionate and confiding?

We must leave her to her fate; and may it be a happy one! and if trust can be placed in that bright smile, in those soft tones, in those gentle eyes—but once more am I beginning, when I had almost escaped all danger of romance? It must not be! I will persevere to the end in the matter of fact style of my common-place story.

“How was it possible that you could have believed in my inconstancy?” said Edward Temple, one day to Anne, as they sat talking together at Weston.

“I must answer that question by another,” said she smiling. “How was it possible you could have believed in mine?”

“Confessions are not disagreeable with such a confessor,” said he, as he looked at her. “But before I begin, will you not promise me absolution for my sins?”

“Yes, willingly,” said she, smiling.

“You do not know how many I have to confess, or perhaps you would not so readily promise,” said he. “But, to my task; and first I broke a promise made to myself; which was, never to fall in love.”

“That was a foolish promise,” said Anne.

“You will forgive it, then?” said he: “indeed you ought,” he

continued, "for I have a perfect excuse now before me, for even a greater breach of promise. But to my faults again—I fell in love in defiance of my promise: but, no man on earth could have helped that, you must allow? Fault the second—having in the pride of my heart made such a promise—but then I had never seen you!"

But we will give the purport only of his confession, for it would be endless to repeat the whole conversation. It must be confessed that Edward Temple had some faults. He had had too much reliance on his own firmness and discernment; for his study of character was not always successful. It is in fact often both dangerous and deceitful.

When he came to Weston, before his departure for Paris, he had determined not to propose to Anne. He wished to put her to the test of absence. He had studied her character, and he thought that if a fault was there to be found, it was in being too easily led by the opinion of others—that the amiable and depending nature of her disposition might render her too weak and yielding: he thought that perhaps she was capable of attaching herself easily, and of easily changing from one attachment to another. He believed that she loved him; but he fancied himself not sufficiently certain that under circumstances equally favourable, she might not love another. He came to Weston, and he nearly forgot his intended prudence: but Robert Dodson and Sir Henry Poynton saved him against his wishes at the moment, and he left Anne free from any decided engagement.

Before he quitted Paris, he heard that she had accepted George Foley. For a time he did not believe it, and he reached England still determined to see her, and to declare his feelings towards her without reserve. But in England the report was repeated, and it seemed to come from good authority. Charlotte Daventry had taken care that it should. His preconceived doubts of Anne, and his knowledge that George Foley had long loved her, gave additional force to the report. In short, so many facts concurred to attest its truth, that at length he could no longer doubt. He formed the resolution of never marrying, and never believing any woman constant; and went into the world to be gay and careless, and, as he believed, to forget Anne Grey.

But after a time his desire to see her again so strongly revived, that he accepted an invitation to Chatterton. Meantime he met

Charlotte Daventry at the Bingleys,' and she left him no longer in doubt as to the fact of Anne's engagement to another. He determined more firmly than ever to believe all women weak and fickle, and to think every man a fool for marrying. He heard of Anne's illness, and he suffered—we need not say how much!—but still, it was for George Foley that she was to be restored. He would not see her: he would never again approach her.

Some accidental circumstances however inspired a doubt of George Foley's good fortune, and he went to Hadley. There he met Anne, and at first, he wavered in his opinion—but then he saw her blush as George Foley's name was mentioned. Still he accepted an invitation to Chatterton, and there—we know what followed. He proposed and was accepted, and it only remained for him to repent of his former folly, and to resolve in future never to trust presumptuously to his own firmness of purpose and insight into character.

My task is nearly over. Anne Grey will soon be no more, but, Anne Temple, may you be happy—as happy as you deserve, and can we give you a better or a kinder wish?

We quit our heroine, to say a few words of the other characters in our story. Of Lord and Lady Stoketon we have little to add, but that the favourable effect produced on Sophy's mind by the alarming illness of her child, was never effaced by after years of happiness, and she remained firm to the character which she then determined to become—a good wife.

The shock of Charlotte Daventry's death had been severe to William Grey, who was absent from home at the time: He had been engaged to her, but had been persuaded by her to conceal the engagement, both on the plea of its displeasing his parents, and her doubts of the strength of her own sentiments upon so short a trial. Some years spent in travelling on the Continent succeeded in diverting his feelings from the melancholy subject which too long entirely engrossed them. He returned home a sadder, but a wiser man, and before long Isabella Foley's unshaken attachment was rewarded by becoming his wife; and if she had some little oddities of temper to bear with, her own sweetness of disposition made her fully equal to the task.

George Foley strove to forget his own regrets, in the contemplation of the happiness of the woman he loved, and though it was some time before he could recover the pang which her marriage

had caused him, he had so much firmness of character and good sense that he at length succeeded.

Of Frank Crawford we must say a few words. On the very day of Charlotte Daventry's attempted suicide, he received a letter addressed to himself in her hand-writing. He was sitting alone with his father at Gleddon, when it was put into his hands. He opened it—read a few words, then rushed out of the room, and, for many succeeding days, Frank Crawford was lying in a fearful state of fever and delirium. His life was for a time despaired of: but he recovered, and when he rose from his bed of sickness, it was as a different person. He was totally changed in disposition and mind, and when, on the death of his father, a few years afterwards, he returned from the Continent, he was only known to the world as the eccentric and recluse Lord Gleddon; and at the age of forty-seven, the dwellers in that same world were again reminded that Frank Crawford had once been known amongst them, by seeing in the papers the announcement of his decease.

Henry Grey, the warm-hearted, frank, intelligent boy, grew up into the warm-hearted, frank, intelligent man. A fortune was unexpectedly left to him by a distant relation, and having found a husband for his sister Anne, whom even he allowed to be worthy of her, he now sought a partner for himself, and again was successful in his search; for Lady Emily Grey was all that could be desired to satisfy the affectionate wishes of Anne, in the wife of her brother Henry.

A few words of Lady Hadley will close the book. It will easily be believed that Edward Temple was not a less frequent and welcome visitor at Hadley, as a married, than he had been as an unmarried man; and that Lady Hadley now looked with heartfelt pleasure on the conversion of the once melancholy house at Temple-court, into the prized and happy home of her whom she had so fondly loved as Anne Grey.

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BY

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1834.

PREFACE.

THE writer of this trifling Volume was suddenly sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to drink the mineral waters of one of the bubbling springs, or brunnens, of Nassau. In his own opinion, his constitution was not worth so troublesome a repair; but, being out-voted, he bowed and departed.

On reaching the point of his destination, he found not only water-bibbing—bathing—and ambulation to be the orders of the day, but it was moreover insisted upon, that the mind was to be relaxed inversely as the body was to be strengthened. During this severe regimen, he was driven to amuse himself in his old age by blowing, as he toddled about, a few literary Bubbles. His hasty sketches of whatever chanced for the moment to please either his eyes, or his mind, were only made—*because he had nothing else in the whole world to do*; and he now offers them to that vast and highly respectable class of people who read from exactly the self-same motive.

The critic must, of course, declare this production to be vain—empty—light—hollow—superficial. . . . but it is the nature of Bubbles to be so.

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.”

MACBETH, *Act 1., Scene 3.*

BUBBLES.

THE VOYAGE.

By the time I reached the Custom-house Stairs, the paddles of the Rotterdam steam-boat were actually in motion, and I had scarcely hurried across a plank, when I heard it fall splash into the muddy water which separated me farther and farther from the wharf. Still later than myself, passengers were now seen chasing the vessel in boats, and there was a confusion on deck, which I gladly availed myself of, by securing, close to the helmsman, a corner, where, muffled in the ample folds of an old boat-cloak, I felt I might quietly enjoy an incognito; for, as the sole object of my expedition was to do myself as much good and as little harm as possible, I considered it would be a pity to wear out my constitution by any travelling exclamations in the Thames.

The hatches being now opened, the huge pile of trunks, black portmanteaus, and gaudy carpet-bags which had threatened at first to obstruct my prospect was rapidly stowed away; and, as the vessel, hissing and smoking, glided, or rather scuffled, by Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, &c., a very motley group of fellow-passengers were all occupied in making remarks of more or less importance. Some justly prided themselves on being able to read aloud inscriptions on shore, which others had declared, from their immense distance, to be illegible;—some, bending forward, modestly asked for information; some, standing particularly upright, pompously imparted it; at times, wondering eyes, both male and female, were seen radiating in all directions; then all were concentrated on an approaching sister steam-boat, which, steering an opposite course, soon rapidly passed us; the gilt figure at her head, the splashing of the paddles, and the name written over her

stern, occasioning observations which burst into existence nearly as simultaneously as the thunder and lightning of heaven ;—handkerchiefs were waved, and bipeds of both sexes seemed to be delighted, save and except one mild, gloomy, inquisitive little man, who went bleating like a lamb from one fellow-passenger to another, without getting even from me any answer to his harmless question, “whether we had or had not passed yet the men hanging in chains ?”

As soon as we got below Gravesend, the small volume of life which, with feelings of good-fellowship to all men, I had thus been calmly reviewing, began to assume a graver tone ; and, as page after page presented itself to my notice, I observed that notes of interrogation and marks of admiration were types not so often to be met with, as the comma, the colon—and, above all—the full stop.

The wind, as it freshened with the sun, seemed to check all exuberance of fancy ; and, as the puny river-wave rose, conversation around me lulled and lulled into a dead calm. A few people, particularly some ladies, suddenly at last broke silence, giving utterance to a mass of heavy matter-of-fact ejaculations, directed rather to fishes than to men. Certain colours in the picture now began rapidly to alter—the red rose gradually looked like the lily—brown skin changed itself into dirty yellow, and I observed two heavy cheeks of warm, comfortable, fat flesh gradually assume the appearance of cold wrinkled tallow. Off Margate, a sort of hole-and-corner system very soon began to prevail, and one human being after another slowly descending heels foremost, vanished from deck into a sub-stratum, or infernal region, where there was moaning, and groaning, and gnashing of teeth ; and, as head after head thus solemnly sunk from my view, I gradually threw aside the folds of my ægis, until finding myself alone, I hailed and inhaled with pleasure the cool fresh breeze which had thus caused me to be left, as I wished to be, by myself.

The gale now delightfully increased—(ages ago I had been too often exposed to it to suffer from its effect) ;—and, as wave after wave became tipt with white, there flitted before my mind a hundred recollections chasing one another, which I never thought to have re-enjoyed ; occasionally they were interrupted by the salt spray, and as it dashed into my face, I felt my grizzled eyebrows curl themselves up, as if they wished me once again to view the world in the prismatic colours of “Auld Lang Syne.” Already was

my cure half effected; and the soot of London being thus washed from my brow, I felt a reanimation of mind and a vigour of frame which made me long for the moment when, like the sun bursting from behind a cloud, I might cast aside my shadowy mantle: however, I never moved from my nook, until the darkness of night at last encouraging me, without fear of observation, to walk the deck, "I paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches," till tired of these vibrations, I stood for a few moments at the gangway.

There was no moon—a star only here and there was to be seen; yet, as the fire-propelled vessel cut her way, the paddles, by shivering in succession each wave to atoms, produced a phosphoric sparkling, resembling immense lanthorns at her side; and while these beacons distinctly proclaimed where the vessel actually *was*, a pale shining stream of light issued from her keel, which, for a ship's length or two, told fainter and fainter where she *had been*.

The ideas which rush into the mind, on contemplating by night, out of sight of land, the sea, are as dark, as mysterious, as unfathomable, and as indescribable as the vast ocean itself. One sees but little,—yet that little, caught here and there, so much resembles some of the attributes of the Great Power which created us, that the mind, trembling under the immensity of the conceptions it engenders, is lost in feelings which human beings cannot impart to each other. In the hurricane which one meets with in southern latitudes, most of us have probably looked in vain for the waves which have been described to be "mountain high;" but, though the outline has been exaggerated, is there not a terror in the filling in of the picture which no human artist can delineate? and in the raging of the tempest—in the darkness which the lightning makes visible—who is there among us that has not fancied he has caught a shadow of the wrath, and a momentary glimmering of the mercy, of the Almighty?

Impressed with these hackneyed feelings, I slowly returned to my nook, and all being obscure, except just the red, rough countenance of the helmsman, feebly illuminated by the light in the binnacle, I laid myself down, and sometimes nodding a little and sometimes dozing, I enjoyed for many hours a sort of half sleep, of which I stood in no little need.

As soon as we had crossed the Briell, the vessel being at once in smooth water, the passengers successively emerged from their

graves below, until, in a couple of hours, their ghastly countenances all were on deck.

A bell, as if in hysterics, now rang most violently, as a signal to the town of Rotterdam. The word of command, "STOP HER!" was loudly vociferated by a bluff, short, Dirk Hatteraick-looking pilot, who had come on board off the Briell. "Stop her!" was just heard faintly echoed from below, by the invisible exhausted sallow being who had had, during the voyage, charge of the engine. The paddles, in obedience to the mandate, ceased—then gave two turns—ceased,—turned once again—paused,—gave one last struggle, when, our voyage being over, the vessel's side slightly bumped against the pier.

With a noise like one of Congreve's rockets, the now useless steam was immediately exploded by the pale being below, and, in a few seconds, half the passengers were seen on shore, hurrying in different directions about a town full of canals and spirit shops.

"Compared with Greece and Italy—Holland is but a platter-faced, cold-gin-and-water country, after all!" said I to myself, as I entered the great gate of the *Hôtel des Pays-Bas*; "and a heavy, barge-built, web-footed race are its inhabitants," I added, as I passed a huge amphibious wench on the stairs, who, with her stern towards me, was sluicing the windows with water: "however, there is fresh air, and that, with solitude, is all I here desire!" This frail sentimental sentence was hardly concluded, when a Dutch waiter (whose figure I will not misrepresent by calling him "garçon") popped a long carte, or bill of fare, into my hands, which severely reprovèd me for having many other wants besides those so simply expressed in my soliloquy.

As I did not feel equal to appearing in public, I had dinner apart in my own room; and, as soon as I came to that part of the ceremony called *déssert*, I gradually raised my eyes from the field of battle, until leaning backwards in my chair to ruminate, I could not help first admiring, for a few moments, the height and immense size of an apartment, in which there seemed to be elbow-room for a giant.

Close before the window was the great river upon whose glassy surface I had often and often been a traveller; and, flowing beneath me, it occurred to me, as I sipped my wine, that in its transit, or course of existence, it had attained at Rotterdam, as nearly as possible, the same period in its life as my own. Its birth, its frow-

ard infancy, and its wayward youth, were remote distances to which even fancy could now scarcely re-transport us. In its full vigour, the Rhine had been doomed turbulently to struggle with difficulties and obstructions which had seemed almost capable of arresting it in its course; and if there was now nothing left in its existence worth admiring—if its best scenery had vanished—if its boundaries had become flat, and its banks insipid, still there was an expansion in its broader surface, and a deep-settled stillness in its course, which seemed to offer tranquillity instead of ecstasy, and perfect contentment instead of imperfect joy. I felt that in the whole course of the river there was no part of it I desired to exchange for the water flowing slowly before me; and though it must very shortly, I knew, be lost in the ocean, that great emblem of eternity, yet in every yard of its existence that fate had been foretold to it.

Not feeling disposed again so immediately to endure the confinement of a vessel, I walked out, and succeeded in hiring a carriage, which, in two days, took me to Cologne, and the following morning I accordingly embarked, *at six o'clock*, in a steam-boat, which was to reach Coblenz in eleven hours.

As everybody, now-a-days, has been up the Rhine, I will only say, that I started in a fog, and, for a couple of hours, was very coolly enveloped in it. My *compagnons de voyage* were tricolored—Dutch, German and French; and, excepting always myself, there was nothing English—nothing, at least, but a board, which sufficiently explained the hungry, insatiable inquisitiveness of our travellers. The black thing hung near the tiller, and upon it there was painted, in white letters, the following sentence, which I copied *literatim* :—

“Enfering any conversation with the Steersuer and Pilotes is desired to be forborn.”

On account of the fog, we could see nothing, yet, once or twice, we steered towards the tinkling invitation of a bell; stopped for a moment—took in passengers, and proceeded. The manner in which these Rhine steam-vessels receive and deliver passengers, carriages, and horses, is most admirable: at each little village, the birth of a new traveller, or the death or departure of an old one, does not detain the vessel ten seconds: but the little ceremony being over, on it instantly proceeds, worming and winding its way towards its destination.

Formerly, and until lately, a few barges, towed by horses, were

occasionally seen toiling against the torrent of the Rhine, while immense rafts of timber, curiously connected together, floated indolently downward to their market: in history, therefore, this uncommercial river was known principally for its violence, its difficulties, and its dangers. Excepting to the painter, its points most distinguished were those where armies had succeeded in crossing, or where soldiers had perished in vainly attempting to do so; but the power of steam, bringing its real character into existence, has lately developed peaceful properties which it was not known to have possessed. The stream which, once relentlessly destroyed mankind, now gives to thousands their bread;—that which once separated nations, now brings them together;—national prejudices, which, it was once impiously argued, this river was wisely intended to maintain, are, by its waters, now softened and decomposed: in short, the Rhine affords another proof that there is nothing really barren in creation but man's conceptions, nothing defective but his own judgment, and that what he looked upon as a barrier in Europe, was created to become one of the great pavés in the world.

As the vessel proceeded towards Coblenz, it continually paused in its fairy course, apparently to barter and traffic in the prisoners it contained—sometimes stopping off one little village, it exchanged an infirm old man for two country girls; and then, as if laughing at its bargain, gaily proceeding, it paused before another picturesque hamlet, to give three Prussian soldiers of the 36th regiment for a husband, a mother, and a child; once it delivered an old woman, and got nothing;—then, luckily, it received two carriages for a horse, and next it stopped a second to take up a tall, thin, itinerant poet, who, as soon as he had collected from every passenger a small contribution, for having recited two or three little pieces, was dropped at the next village, ready to board the steam-vessel coming down from Mainz.

In one of these cartels, or exchanges of prisoners, we received on board Sir —— and Lady ——, a young fashionable English couple, who having had occasion, a fortnight before, to go together to St-George's Church, had (like dogs suffering from hydrophobia or tin canisters) been running straight forwards ever since. As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover—hurried across to Calais—thence to Brussels—snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the field of Waterloo,—stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and

THE VOYAGE.

at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Coln; but the celebrated water of that town, having in its manufacture evidently abstracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and, therefore, had proceeded by land towards Coblenz; but, as they were changing horses at a small village, seeing our steam-boat in view, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as our vessel, which came smoking alongside, began to hiss, they, their rosy, fresh-coloured French maid, their dark, chocolate-coloured chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier, came on board.

As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, I saw, at one glance, that without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society which, in England, so modestly calls itself—*good*. That it was not healthy society—that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions, and that of their healthy country attendant; however, they seemed not only to be perfectly satisfied with themselves, and the clique which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for everything else they saw. Towards some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them as they passed, they looked with a vacant haughty stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake, and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young people: that, in the countries which they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand, it was also evidently their wish not to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanthorns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; and so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of everything in creation but themselves.

For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was, of course, to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreutzers, which amounted, in English currency, to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off by our steam-boat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding

that the Italian was immoveable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning towards each other like the Siamese boys. He pleaded his case, stated his services, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened—passed four white fingers through the curls of his jet-black hair—showed the point of a pink tongue gently playing with a front tooth, and when the vulgar story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows “*Alley!*”

The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat as silent and as inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steam-boat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations against the injustice with which he had been treated (a sentiment I was very sorry to hear more than once mildly whispered by many a quiet-looking German), and descending the vessel's side into a small boat, which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village from which he had about eight miles to walk, to join his comrades.

It is with no satirical feeling that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of “gay beings born to flutter but a day”—to break such a pair of young, flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the everyday occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality to the base, slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked.

As we proceeded up the Rhine, there issued from one of the old romantic castles we were passing a party of young English lads, whose appearance (as soon as they came on board) did ample justice to their country; and, comparing them while they walked the deck, with the rest of their fellow-prisoners, I could not help more than once fancying that I saw a determination in their step, a latent character in their attitudes, and a vigour in their young frames, which being interpreted, said—

“ We dare do all that doth become a man.
He who dares more—is none !”

Besides these young collegians, an English gentleman came on board, who appeared quite delighted to join their party. He was a stout man, of about fifty, tall, well-dressed, evidently wealthy, and as ruddy as our mild wholesome air could make him. Not only had he a high colour, but there was a network of red veins in his cheeks, which seemed as if not even death could drive it away : his face shone from excessive cleanliness, and though his nose certainly was not long, there was a sort of round bull-dog honesty in his face, which it was quite delightful to gaze upon. I overheard this good man inform his countrymen, who had surrounded him in a group, that he had never before been out of England—and that, to tell the truth, he never wished to quit it again! “It’s surely beautiful scenery!” observed one of his auditors, pointing to the outline of a ruin which, with the rock upon which it stood, seemed flying away behind us. “Yes, yes!” replied the florid traveller. “But, sir! it’s the dirtiness of the people I complain of. Their cookery is dirty—they are dirty in their persons—dirty in their habits—that shocking trick of smoking (pointing to a fat German who was enjoying this pleasure close by his side, and who I rather suspect perfectly understood English) is dirty—depend upon it, they are what we should call, sir, a very dirty race!” “Do you speak the language?” said one of the young listeners with a smile which was very awkwardly repressed. “Oh, no!” replied the well-fed gentleman, laughing good-naturedly : “I know nothing of their language. I pay for all I eat, and I find, by paying, I can get anything I want. “*Mangez ! changez !*” is quite foreign language enough, sir, for *me* ;” and having to the first word suited his action, by pointing with his fore-finger to his mouth, and to explain the second, having rubbed his thumb against the self-same finger, as if it were counting out money, he joined the roar of laughter which his two French words had caused, and then very good-naturedly paced the deck by himself.

The jagged spires of Coblenz now came in sight, and every Englishman walked to the head of the vessel to see them, while several of the inhabitants of the city, with less curiosity, occupied themselves in leisurely getting together their luggage. For a moment, as we glided by the Moselle, on our right, we looked up the course of that lovely river, which here delivers up its waters to the Rhine ; in a few minutes the bell on board rang, and continued to ring, until we found ourselves firmly moored to the pier of Co-

blentz. Most of the passengers went into the town. I, however, crossing the bridge of boats, took up my quarters at the Cheval Blanc, a large hotel, standing immediately beneath that towering rock so magnificently crowned by the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

THE JOURNEY.

THE next day, starting from Coblenz while the morning air was still pure and fresh, I bade adieu to the picturesque river behind me, and travelling on a capital macadamized road which cuts across the duchy of Nassau from Coblenz to Mainz, I immediately began to ascend the mountains, which on all sides were beautifully covered with wood. In about two hours, descending into a narrow valley, I passed through Bad-Ems, a small village, which, composed of hovels for its inhabitants, and, comparatively speaking, palaces for its guests, is pleasantly enough situated on the bank of a stream of water (the Lahn), imprisoned on every side by mountains which I should think very few of its visitors would be disposed to scale; and, from the little I saw of this place, I must own I felt but little disposition to remain in it. Its outline, though much admired, gives a cramped, contracted picture of the resources and amusements of the place, and as I drove through it (my postilion, with huge orange-coloured worsted tassels at his back, proudly playing a discordant voluntary on his horn), I particularly remarked some stiff, formal little walks, up and down which many well-dressed strangers were slowly promenading; but the truth is, that Ems is a regular, fashionable watering-place.

Many people, I fully admit, go there to drink the waters only because they are salutary, but a very great many more visit it from far different motives; and it is sad, as well as odd enough, that young ladies who are in a consumption, and old ladies who have a number of gaudy bonnets to display, find it equally desirable to come to Bad-Ems. This mixture of sickness and finery—this confusion between the hectic flush and red and white ribands—in short, this dance of death, is not the particular sort of folly I am fond of; and, though I wish to deprive no human being of his

hobby-horse, yet I must repeat I was glad enough to leave dukes and duchesses, princes and ambassadors (whose carriages I saw standing in one single narrow street), to be cooped up together in the hot, expensive little valley of Ems,—an existence, to my humble taste, not altogether unlike that which the foul witch, Sycorax, inflicted upon Ariel, when, “in her most unmitigable rage,” she left him hitched in a cloven pine.

On leaving Ems, the road passing through the old mouldering town of Nassau, and under the beautiful ruins of the ducal Stamm-Schlosz in its neighbourhood, by a very steep acclivity, continues to ascend until it mounts at last into a sort of upper country, from various points of which are to be seen extensive views of the exalted duchy of Nassau, the features of which are on a very large scale.

No one, I think, can breathe this dry, fresh air for a single moment, or gaze for an instant on the peculiar colour of the sky, without both smelling and seeing that he is in a country very considerably above the level of the sea; yet this upper story, when it be once attained is by no means what can be termed a mountainous country. On the contrary, the province is composed either of flat table-land abruptly intersected by valleys, or rather of an undulation of hills and dales on an immense scale. In the great tract thus displayed to view, scarcely a habitation is to be seen, and for a considerable time I could not help wondering what had become of the people who had sown the crops (as far I could see they were in solitude waving around me), and who of course were somewhere or other lurking in ambush for the harvest: however, their humble abodes are almost all concealed in steep ravines, or water-courses, which in every direction intersect the whole of the region I have described. A bird's-eye view would of course detect these little villages, but from any one point, as the eye roams over the surface, they are not to be seen. The duchy, which is completely unenclosed, for there is not even a fence to the orchards, appears like a royal park on a gigantic scale, about one-half being in corn-fields or uncultivated land, and the remainder in patches of woods and forests, which in shape and position resemble artificial plantations. The province, as far as one can see, thus seems to declare that it has but one lord and master, and the various views it presents are really very grand and imposing. A considerable portion of the wood grows among crags and rocks;

and among the open land there is a great deal of what is evidently a mining country, with much indicating the existence of both iron and silver. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley, are rather light, yet they are very much better than one would expect from the ground from which they grow; but this is the effect of the extraordinary heavy dews which, during the whole summer, may be said, once in twenty-four hours, to irrigate the land.

The small steep ravines I have mentioned are the most romantic little spots that can well be conceived. The rugged sides of the hills which contain them are generally clothed with oak or beech trees, feathering to the very bottom, where a strip of green, rich, grassy land full of springs, scarcely broader than, and very much resembling, the moat of an old castle, is all that dividès the one wooded eminence from the other; and it is into these secluded gardens, these smiling happy valleys, that the inhabitants of Nassau have humbly crept for shelter. These valleys are often scarcely broad enough to contain the single street which forms the village, and from such little abodes, looking upwards, one would fancy that one were living in a mountainous country; but, climb the hill—break the little petty barrier that imprisons you, and from the height, gently undulating before you, is the vast, magnificent country I have described. In short, in the two prospects, one reads the old story—one sees the common picture of human life. Beneath lies the little contracted nook in which we were born, studded with trifling objects, each of which we once fancied to be highly important; every little rock has its name, and every inch of ground belongs to one man, and therefore does not belong to another; but, lying prostrate before us, is a great picture of the world, and until he has seen it, no one born and bred below could fancy how vast are its dimensions, or how truly insignificant are the billows of that puddle in a storm from which he has somehow or other managed to escape. But, without metaphor, nothing can be more striking than the contrast which exists between the little valleys of this duchy, and the great country which soars above them!

With respect to the climate of Nassau, without presuming to dictate upon that subject, I will, while my postilion is jolting me along, request the reader to decipher for himself hieroglyphics which I think sufficiently explain it. In short, I beg leave to offer him the milk of information—warm as I suck it from the cow.

At this moment, everything, see! is smiling; the trees are in

full leaf; the crops in full bearing. In no part of Devonshire or Herefordshire have I ever seen such rich crops of apples, the trees being here surrounded with a scaffolding of poles, which after all seem scarcely sufficient to save the boughs from breaking under their load; but I ask—How comes the vine to be absent from this gay scene? the low country and even the lower part of Nassau, we all know, teems with vineyards, and for some way have they crawled up the sides of the mountain; the reason, therefore, for their not appearing in the high ground is surely one very legible character of the climate.

Again, at all the bendings of the valleys, why do the trees appear so stunted in their growth, and why are so many of them stag-headed? They must surely have some sad reason for wearing this appearance, and any one may guess what it is that in the winter rushes by them with such violence, that, instinctively, they seem more anxious to grow beneath the soil than above it. Again, under that hot, oppressive sun which is now hurrying every crop to maturity, why do not the inhabitants look like Neapolitans and other indolent Lazzaroni-living people?—how comes it that their features are so hard?—Can the *sun* have beaten them into that shape?

Why are the houses they live in huddled together in the valleys, instead of enjoying the magnificent prospect before me? Why do the wealthiest habitations look to the south, and why are the roofs of the houses built or pitched so perpendicularly that it seems as if nothing could rest upon their surface? Why are the windows so small and the walls so thick? I might torment my reader with many other questions, such as why, in this large country, is there scarcely a bird to be seen? but I dare say he has already determined for himself, whether the lofty province of Nassau, during the winter, be hot or cold; in short, what must be its climate at the moment when the Rhine and the expanse of low country, lying about 1200 feet beneath it, is frozen and covered with snow?

Yet whatever may be the climate of the upper country of Nassau, the duchy, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides fine timber-trees of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are crops of corn of every sort, as well as potatoes which would not be despised in England; several of the wines (for instance, those on the estates of Hochheim, Eberbach, Rudesheim, and Johannisburg) are the finest on the Rhine, while there are fruits, such

as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c, &c. in the greatest abundance.

Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal, which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition to all this, the duchy is celebrated over the whole of Germany for its mineral waters; and certainly if they be at all equal to the reputation they have acquired, Nassau may be said to contribute to mankind what is infinitely better than all wealth, namely—health.

From its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Selters or Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright, sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun;—for instance, should the reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, be dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems; if he wishes to instil iron into his jaded system, and brace up his muscles, let him go to Langen-Schwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad—the serpent's bath; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, “body and bones,” to Wiesbaden, where, they say, by being parboiled in the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), all his troubles will evaporate.

To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of people from all parts of Germany; and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people also come from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to the remote countries. Yet it is odd enough, that the number of English, who have visited the mineral springs of Nassau, bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe, although Spa, and some other continental watering-places, have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the quantity of the British who have thronged there; but, somehow or other, our country people are like locusts, for they not only fly in myriads to distant countries, but, as they travel, they congregate in clouds, and, therefore, either are they found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there. How many thousands and hundreds of thousands of English, with their mouths, eyes, and purses wide

open, have followed each other, in mournful succession, up and down the *Rine*; and yet, though Nassau has stood absolutely in their path, I believe I may assert that not twenty families have taken up their abode at Langen-Schwalbach or Schlangenbad in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England! In process of time, the little duchy will, no doubt, be as well known as Cheltenham, Malvern, &c.; however, until fashion, that painted direction-post, points her finger towards it, it will continue (so far as we are concerned) to exist, as it really does, *in nubibus*.

There are 56,712 human habitations in the duchy of Nassau, and 355,815 human beings to live in them. Of these, 188,244 are Protestants, 161,535 are Catholics; there are 191 Mennonites or dissenters; and scattered among these bleak hills, just as their race is mysteriously scattered over the face of the globe, there are 5815 Jews. The Duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander-in-chief of the province; and people here are everlastingly talking of *the Duke*, as in England they talk of *the sun*, *the moon*, or any other luminary of which there exists only one in our system. He is certainly the sovereign lord of this lofty country; and travelling along, I have just observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is, no doubt, perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant: in short, in all the principal villages, there are barns built on purpose for receiving this tribute, with a *man*, paid by the Duke, for collecting it.

In approaching Langen-Schwalbach, being of course anxious, as early as possible, to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull, gaudy fellow who drove me; but whenever I inquired for Langen-Schwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him; but, no, not a human habitation could I discover! However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogatories to its dumb owner, began to show a short of magnetical dip, until, at last, it pointed almost perpendicularly downwards into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath me; yet though I could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, still not a vestige of a town was to be seen. How-

ever, the whip was quite right, for, in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, I perceived, like poplar trees, a couple of church steeples; then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and, in a very few seconds more, I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain. The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person; and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect either for me or for the contents of my wallet, which, in descending from the carriage, I had placed, for a moment, in his hands, that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine Golden Chain: yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house which did not at all suit me; and, therefore, at once mercifully annihilating his hopes by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and, for a considerable time, experienced very great difficulty. With hands clasped behind me, in vain did I slowly stroll about, looking out for any thing at all like a paper or a board in a window; and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not. I therefore selected a clean, quiet-looking dwelling; and, finding the inside equal to the out, I at once engaged apartments.

The next morning (having been refreshed by a good night's rest) I put a small note-book into my pocket, and having learnt that in the whole valley there was no English blood, except the little that was within my own black silk waistcoat, I felt that I might go where I liked, do what I liked, and sketch the outline of whatever either pleased my eye, or amused my fancy. My first duty, however, evidently was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village, of Langen-Schwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y, or (throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside) of a long-handled two-pronged fork. The village is 1500 paces in length, that is to say, the prongs are each about 500 yards, and the lower street, or handle of the fork, is about 1000 yards.

On the first glimpse of the buildings from the heights, my eyes had been particularly attracted by high, irregular, slated roofs, many of which were fantastically ornamented with little spires, about two feet high, but it now appeared that the buildings them-

selves were constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes, and colours: some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them. Of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets, others look at you with their gables; some overhang the passenger as if they intended to crush him; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or like maidens, they feared him; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips; many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced, while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.

All the best dwellings in the towns are "hofs," or lodging-houses, having jalousies, or Venetian blinds, to the windows; and I must own I did not expect to find in so remote a situation houses of such large dimensions. For instance, the Allee Saal has nineteen windows in front; the great "Indien Hof" is three stories high, with sixteen windows in each; the Pariser Hof has twelve, and several others have eight and ten.

Of late years a number of the largest houses have been plastered on the outside, but the appearance of the rest is highly picturesque. They are built of wood and unburnt bricks, but the immense quantity of timber which has been consumed would clearly indicate the vicinity of a large forest, even if one could not see its dark foliage towering on every side above the town. Wood having been of so little value, it has been crammed into the houses, as if the builder's object had been to hide away as much of it as possible. The whole fabric is a network of timber of all lengths, shapes, and sizes; and these limbs, sometimes rudely sculptured, often bent into every possible contortion, form a confused picture of rustic architecture, which amid such wild mountain scenery one cannot refuse to admire. The interstices between all this woodwork are filled up with brown, unburnt bricks, so soft and porous, that in our moist climate they would in one winter be decomposed, while a very few seasons would also rot the timbers which they connect: however, such is evidently the dryness of mountain air, that buildings can exist here in this rude state, and, indeed, have existed, for several hundred years, with the woodwork unpainted.

In rambling about the three streets, one is surprised, at first, at observing that apparently there is scarcely a shop in the town!

Before three or four windows carcasses of sheep, or young calves but a few days old, are seen hanging by their heels; and loaves of bread are placed for sale before a very few doors: but, generally speaking, the dwellings are either "hofs" for lodgers, or they appear to be a set of nondescript private-houses; nevertheless, by patiently probing, the little shop is at last discovered. In one of these secluded dens one can buy coffee, sugar, butter, nails, cottons, chocolate, ribands, brandy, &c. Still, however, there is no external display of any such articles, for the crowd of rich people who, like the swallows, visit during the summer weeks, the sparkling water of Langen-Schwalbach, live at "hofs," whose proprietors well enough know where to search for what they want. During so short a residence there, fashionable visitors require no new clothes, nails, brimstone, or coarse linen. It is, therefore, useless for the little shopkeeper to attempt to gain their custom; and as, during the rest of the year, the village exists in simplicity, quietness, and obscurity, the inhabitants, knowing each other, require neither signs nor inscriptions. Peasants come to Langen-Schwalbach from other villages, inquire for the sort of shop which will suit them; or if they want (as they generally do) tobacco, oil, or some rancid commodity, their noses are quite intelligent enough to lead them to the doors they ought to enter; indeed, I myself very soon found that it was quite possible thus to hunt for my own game.

I have already stated that Langen-Schwalbach is like a kitchen fork, the handle of which is the lower or old part of the town: the prongs representing two streets built in ravines, down each of which a small stream of water descends. The Stahl brunnen (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the Wein brunnen (wine spring), and about 600 yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable brunnen of Pauline. Between these three points, brunnen, or wells, the visitors at Langen Schwalbach, with proper intervals for rest and food, are everlastingly vibrating. Backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again," the strangers are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonishing. Among the number there may be here and there a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and a very few sets of much smaller feet may, *impari passu*, be occasionally seen pursuing nothing but their mammas; however, generally speaking, the whole troop is chasing one and the same game; they are all searching for the

same treatment—in short, they are seeking for health : but it is now necessary that the reader should be informed by what means they hope to attain it.

In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach, which means literally the swallow's stream, was a forest containing an immense sulphureous fountain famed for its medicinal effects. In proportion as it rose into notice, hovels, huts, and houses were erected; until a small street or village was thus gradually established on the north and south of the well. There was little to offer to the stranger but its waters; yet, health being a commodity which people have always been willing enough to purchase, the medicine was abundantly drunk, and in the same proportion the little hamlet continued to grow, until it justly attained and claimed for itself the appellation of Langen (long) Schwalbach.

About sixty years ago the Stahl and Wein brunnen were discovered. These springs were found to be quite different from the old one, inasmuch as, instead of being only sulphureous, they were but strongly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas. Instead, therefore, of merely purifying the blood, they boldly undertook to strengthen the human frame; and, in proportion as they attracted notice, so the old original brunnen became neglected. About three years ago a new spring was discovered in the valley above the Wein brunnen; this did not contain quite so much iron as the Stahl or Wein brunnen; but possessing other ingredients (among them that of novelty) which were declared to be more salutary, it was patronised by Dr. Fenner, as being preferable to the brimstone as well as other brunnen in the country. It was accordingly called Pauline, after the present Duchess of Nassau, and is now the fashionable brunnen or well of Langen-Schwalbach.

The village doctors, however, disagree on the subject; and Dr. Stritter, a very mild, sensible man, recommends his patients to the strong Stahl brunnen, almost as positively as Dr. Fenner sentences his victims to the Pauline. Which is right, and which is wrong, is one of the mysteries of this world; but as the cunning Jews all go to the Stahl brunnen, I strongly suspect that they have some good reason for this departure from the fashion.

As I observed people of all shapes, ages, and constitutions, swallowing the waters of Langen-Schwalbach, I felt that, being absolutely on the brink of the brunnen, I might, at least as an experiment, join this awkward squad—that it would be quite time enough

to desert if I should find reason to do so—in short, than by trying the waters I should have a surer proof whether they agreed with me or not, than by listening to the conflicting opinions of all the doctors in the universe. However, not knowing exactly in what quantities to take them,—having learnt that Dr. Fenner himself had the greatest number of patients, and that moreover being a one-eyed man he was much the easiest to be found, I walked towards the shady walk near the Allee Saal, resolving eventually to consult him; however, in turning a sharp corner, happening almost to run against a gentleman in black, “cui lumen ademptum,” I gravely accosted him, and finding, as I did in one moment, that I was right, in the middle of the street I began to explain that he saw before him a wheel which wanted a new tire—a shoe which required a new sole—a worn-out vessel seeking the hand of the tinker; in short, that feeling very old, I merely wanted to become young again.

Dr. Fenner is what would be called in England “a regular character,” and being a shrewd, clever fellow, he evidently finds it answer, and endeavours to maintain a singularity of manner, which with his one eye (the other being extinguished in a college duel) serves to bring him into general notice. As soon as my gloomy tale was concluded, the Doctor, who had been walking at my side, stopped dead short, and when I turned round to look for him, there I saw him, with his right arm extended, its fore-finger and thumb clenched, as if holding snuff, and its other three digits horizontally extended like the hand of a direction-post. With his heels close together, he stood as lean and as erect as a ramrod, the black patch which like a hatchment hung over the the window of his departed eye being supported by a riband wound diagonally round his head. “Monsieur!” said he (for he speaks a little French), “Monsieur!” he repeated, “à six heures du matin vous prendrez à la Pauline trois verres! trois verres à la Pauline!” he repeated. “A dix heures vous prendrez un bain—en sortant du bain vous prendrez. . (he paused, and after several seconds of deep thought, he added). . encore deux verres, et à cinq heures du soir, Monsienr, vous prendrez. . (another long pause). . encore trois verres! Monsieur! ces eaux vous feront beaucoup de bien!”

The arm of this sybil now fell to his side, like the limb of a telegraph which had just concluded its intelligence. The Doctor made me a low bow, spun round upon his heel, “and so he vanished.”

I had not exactly bargained for bathing in, as well as drinking, the waters; however, feeling in great good-humour with the little world I was inhabiting, I was willing to go with (i. e. *into*) its stream; and as I found that almost every visiter was daily soaked for an hour or two, I could not but admit that what was prescribed for such geese, might also be good sauce for the gander; and that at all events a bath would at least have the advantage of drowning for me one hour per day, in case I should find four-and-twenty of such visiters more than I wanted.

In a very few days I got quite accustomed to what a sailor would call the "fresh-water life" which had been prescribed for me; and as no clock in the universe could be more regular than my behaviour, an account of one day's performances, multiplied by the number I remained, will give the reader, very nearly, the history or picture of an existence at Langen-Schwalbach.

THE REVEILLE.

At a quarter past five I arose, and as soon after as possible left the "hof." Every house was open, the streets already swept, the inhabitants all up, the living world appeared broad awake, and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air; which as yet, unenfeebled by the sun, just beaming above the hill, was in that pure state, in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health, and though there were no larks at Schwalbach gently "to carol at the morn," yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in my path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and happier than they or I have words to express. They had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

As soon as, getting from beneath the shaded walk of the Allee Saal, I reached the green valley leading to the Pauline brunnen, it was quite delightful to look at the grass, as it sparkled in the sun,

every green blade being laden with dew in such heavy particles, that there seemed to be quite as much water as grass, indeed the crop was actually bending under the weight of nourishment which, during the deep silence of night, Nature had liberally imparted to it; and it was evident that the sun would have to rise high in the heavens before it could attain strength enough to rob the turf of this fertilizing and delicious treasure.

At this early hour, I found but few people on the walks, and on reaching the brunnen, the first agreeable thing I received there was a smile from a very homely, healthy old woman, who having seen me approaching, had selected from her table my glass, the handle of which she had marked by a piece of tape.

"Guten morgen!" she muttered; and then, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile, stooping down, she dashed the vessel into the brunnen beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape), she presented me with a glass of her *eau médicinale*. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much as I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen, when, instead of my teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded.

As I have always had an unconquerable aversion to walking backwards and forwards on a formal parade, as soon as I had drank my first glass I at once commenced ascending the hill which rises immediately from the brunnen. Paths in zigzags are cut in various directions in the wood, but so steep, that very few of the water-drinkers like to encounter them. I found the trees to be oak and beech, the ground beneath being covered with grass and heather, among which were, growing wild, quantities of ripe strawberries and raspberries. The large red snails were in great abundance, and immense black-beetles were also in the paths, heaving at, and pushing upwards, loads of dung, &c., very much bigger than themselves; the grass and heather were soaked with dew, and even the strawberries looked much too wet to be eaten. However, I may observe, that while drinking mineral waters, all fruit, wet

or dry, is forbidden. Smothered up in the wood, there was, of course, nothing to be seen; but as soon as I gained the summit of the hill, a very pretty hexagonal rustic hut, built of trees with the bark on, and hatched with heather, presented itself. The sides were open, excepting two, which were built up with sticks and moss. A rough circular table was in the middle, upon which two or three young people had cut their names; and round the inner circumference of the hut there was a bench, on which I was glad enough to rest, while I enjoyed the extensive prospect.

The features of this picture, so different from any thing to be seen in England, were exceedingly large, and the round rolling clouds seemed bigger even than the distant mountains upon which they rested. Not a fence was to be seen, but dark patches of wood, of various shapes and sizes, were apparently dropped down upon the cultivated surface of the country, which, as far as the eye could reach, looked like the fairy park of some huge giant. In the foreground, however, small fields, and little narrow strips of land, denoted the existence of a great number of poor proprietors; and even if Langen-Schwalbach had not been seen crouching at the bottom of its deep valley, it would have been quite evident that, in the immediate neighbourhood, there must be, somewhere or other, a town; for, in many places, the divisions of land were so small, that one could plainly distinguish provender growing for the poor man's cow,—the little patch of rye which was to become bread for his children—and the half-acre of potatoes which was to help them through the winter. Close to the town, these divisions and subdivisions were exceedingly small; but when every little family had been provided for, the fields grew larger; and at a short distance from where I sat, there were crops, ripe and waving, which were evidently intended for a larger and more distant market.

As soon as I had sufficiently enjoyed the freshness and the freedom of this interesting landscape, it was curious to look down from the hut upon the walk which leads from the Allee Saal to the brunnen or well of Pauline; for, by this time, all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langen-Schwalbach was seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people crawling through and fretting away

that portion of their existence which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If an individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which, in fact, has all the fatigue without the pleasing sociability of the treadmill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or which habit cannot sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-coloured great coats, with awkward travelling caps, of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but, although there were no particularly elegant or fashionable-looking people, although their gait was by no means attractive, yet even, from the lofty distant hut, I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling with which all the elements of this German community appeared to be harmonizing one with the other. There was no jostling, or crowding; no apparent competition; no turning round to stare at strangers. There was no "martial look nor lordly stride," but real genuine good breeding seemed natural to all: it is true there was nothing which bore a very high aristocratic polish; yet it was equally evident that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to require it.

The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged, of course, to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion, did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident that every man on the promenade, whatever might have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted was his station, who wished to do any more.

That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Leuenstein; her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manner as quiet as her bonnet. Her husband, who is one of the group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, gentlemanlike, and (if in these days such a title may, without offence, be given to a young man), I would add—he is modest.

There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.

"There they go, altogether in a row!"

but though they congregate,—though like birds of a feather they flock together, is there, I ask, anything arrogant in their behaviour? and that respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due? That uncommonly awkward, short, little couple, who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, apropos to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess lately married; and, as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner, does not pass completely unobserved. That slow gentleman, with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador, who goes nowhere—no, not even to mineral waters, without his French cook, a circumstance quite enough to make everybody speak well of him—a very honest, good-natured man he seems to be; but as he walks, can anything be more evident than that his own cook is killing him, and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle?

Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for having lived in a tub; but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in *him*, and carry it about with him he must wherever he goes; but, without smiling at any more of my water companions, it is time I should descend to drink my second and third glass. One would think that this deluge of cold water would leave little room for tea and sugar; but miraculous as it may sound, by the time I got to my "hof," there was as much stowage in the vessel as when she sailed; besides this, the steel created an appetite which it was very difficult to govern.

As soon as breakfast was over, I generally enjoyed the luxury of idling about the town; and, in passing the shop of a blacksmith, who lived opposite to the Goldene Kette, the manner in which he tackled and shod a vicious horse always amused me. On the outside wall of the house, two rings were firmly fixed; to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground; the hind foot, to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured to the other ring about five feet high, by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the root of the poor creature's tail.

The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head;

indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on *terra firma*. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear; and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

Nearly opposite to this blacksmith, sitting under the projecting eaves of the Goldene Kette, there were to be seen, every day, a row of women with immense baskets of fruit, which they had brought over the hills, on their heads. The cherries were of the largest and finest description, while the quantity of their stones lying on the paved street, was quite sufficient to show at what a cheap rate they were sold. Plums, apricots, greengages, apples, and pears, were also in the greatest profusion; however, in passing these baskets, strangers were strictly ordered to avert their eyes. In short, whenever raw fruit and mineral water unexpectedly meet each other in the human stomach, a sort of bubble-and-squeak contest invariably takes place—the one always endeavouring to turn the other out of the house.

The crowd of idle boys, who like wasps were always hovering round these fruit-selling women, I often observed very amusingly dispersed by the arrival of some German grandee in his huge travelling carriage. For at least a couple of minutes before the thing appeared, the postilion, as he descended the mountain, was heard, attempting to notify to the town the vast importance of his cargo, by playing on his trumpet a tune which, in tone and flourish, exactly resembled that which, in London, announces the approach of Punch. There is something always particularly harsh and discordant in the notes of a trumpet badly blown; but when placed to the lips of a great lumbering German postilion, who, half smothered in his big boots and tawdry finery, has, besides this crooked instrument, to hold the reins of two wheel horses, as well as of two leaders, his attempt, in such deep affliction, to be musical, is comic in the extreme; and, when the fellow at last arrived at the Goldene Kette, playing a tune which I expected every moment would make the head of Judy pop out of the carriage, one could not help feeling that, if the money which that trumpet cost had been spent in a pair of better spurs, it would have been of much more advantage and comfort to the traveller; but German posting always reminds

me of the remark which the Black Prince was one day heard to utter, as he was struggling with all his might to shoo a pig.

However, though I most willingly join my fellow-countrymen in ridiculing the tawdry heavy equipment of the German postilion, one's nose always feeling disposed to turn itself upwards at the sight of a horseman awkwardly encumbered with great, unmeaning, yellow worsted tassels, and other broad ornaments, which seem better adapted to our fourpost bedsteads than to a rider, yet I reluctantly acknowledge that I do verily believe their horses are much more scientifically harnessed, for a heavy draught, than ours are in England.

Many years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with what little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw not only his own carriage, but very often that huge overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit that, somewhere or other, there exists a mystery.

But the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion, that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and not caring to enquire whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, they would have travelled at nearly twice the rate, with one-tenth of the noise.

But neither the rate nor the noise is the question which I wish to consider; for our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing I want, if possible, to account for, is, how such small weak horses *do* manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein; in France, it is left as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein);

indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on *terra firma*. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear; and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

Nearly opposite to this blacksmith, sitting under the projecting eaves of the Golden Kette, there were to be seen, every day, a row of women with immense baskets of fruit, which they had brought over the hills, on their heads. The cherries were of the largest and finest description, while the quantity of their stones lying on the paved street, was quite sufficient to show at what a cheap rate they were sold. Plums, apricots, greengages, apples, and pears, were also in the greatest profusion; however, in passing these baskets, strangers were strictly ordered to avert their eyes. In short, whenever raw fruit and mineral water unexpectedly meet each other in the human stomach, a sort of bubble-and-squeak contest invariably takes place—the one always endeavouring to turn the other out of the house.

The crowd of idle boys, who like wasps were always hovering round these fruit-selling women, I often observed very amusingly dispersed by the arrival of some German grandee in his huge travelling carriage. For at least a couple of minutes before the thing appeared, the postilion, as he descended the mountain, was heard, attempting to notify to the town the vast importance of his cargo, by playing on his trumpet a tune which, in tone and flourish, exactly resembled that which, in London, announces the approach of Punch. There is something always particularly harsh and discordant in the notes of a trumpet badly blown; but when placed to the lips of a great lumbering German postilion, who, half smothered in his big boots and tawdry finery, has, besides this crooked instrument, to hold the reins of two wheel horses, as well as of two leaders, his attempt, in such deep affliction, to be musical, is comic in the extreme; and, when the fellow at last arrived at the Golden Kette, playing a tune which I expected every moment would make the head of Judy pop out of the carriage, one could not help feeling that, if the money which that trumpet cost had been spent in a pair of better spurs, it would have been of much more advantage and comfort to the traveller; but German posting always reminds

me of the remark which the Black Prince was one day heard to utter, as he was struggling with all his might to shoo a pig.

However, though I most willingly join my fellow-countrymen in ridiculing the tawdry heavy equipment of the German postilion, one's nose always feeling disposed to turn itself upwards at the sight of a horseman awkwardly encumbered with great, unmeaning, yellow worsted tassels, and other broad ornaments, which seem better adapted to our fourpost bedsteads than to a rider, yet I reluctantly acknowledge that I do verily believe their horses are much more scientifically harnessed, for slow heavy draught, than ours are in England.

Many years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with what little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw not only his own carriage, but very often that huge overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit that, somewhere or other, there exists a mystery.

But the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion, that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, they would have travelled at nearly twice the rate, with one-tenth of the noise.

But neither the rate nor the noise is the question which I wish to consider; for our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing I want, if possible, to account for, is, how such small weak horses *do* manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein; in France, it is left as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein):

while, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, else the collar is so made that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising his head.

Now, it is undeniable that the English extreme and the German extreme cannot both be right; and passing over for a moment the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is best, to bear a horse's head *up*, as in England, or to pull it *downwards*, as in Germany. "In my humble opinion, both are wrong: still there is some science in the German error; whereas in our treatment of the poor animal, we go directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse (as every-body knows) has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snorting with his nose and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom; as one fore-leg darts before the other, one sees before one a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation,—all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and the moment he defies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to his work, how completely does he alter his attitude!—for then down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of, without materially diminishing his speed.

Now, in harness, the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes; and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other; but the means by which he succeeds in this effort, the physical powers which, in each case, he calls into action, are essentially different; for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, and in the other by his own dead, or rather living, weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam-engine over a fine, strong, running stream, we should all say to him, "Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of by hot? Why do you not avail yourself of the *weight* of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam? In short, why do you not use the simple resource which nature has presented ready made to your hand?" In

the same way, the Germans might say to us, "We acknowledge a horse *can* drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow him to drag it by his *weight*?"

In France, and particularly in Germany, horses do draw by the weight; and it is to encourage them to raise up their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the German collars are made in the way I have described; that with a certain degree of rude science, the horse's nose is tied to the bottom of his collar, and that the postilion at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught.

The horse, thus treated, leans against the resistance which he meets with, and his weight being infinitely greater than his draught (I mean the balance being in his favour), the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder may become sore from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest.

Now, as a contrast to this picture of the German horse, let any one observe a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sinews and main strength the resistance is overcome; but how can it be otherwise? for their heads are considerably higher than nature intended them to be even in *walking*, in a state of liberty, carrying nothing but themselves. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned *against*, instead of leaning in favour of, their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is duly appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forwards by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of any of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that, in ascending a very steep hill, an English postilion will occasionally unhook the bearing-reins of his horses; but the poor jaded creatures, trained for years to work in a false attitude, cannot, in one moment, get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt; besides this, we are so sharp with our horses,—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand—that

we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews.

That the figure and attitude of a horse, working by his sinews, are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight (there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as among men), I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, where the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labour required; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow, heavy work, is, I humbly conceive, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in.

I may be quite wrong in the way in which I have just endeavoured to account for the fact that horses on the Continent draw heavy weights with apparently greater ease to themselves than our horses, and I almost hope that I am wrong; for laughing, as we all do, at the German and French harness, sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and wondering out loud, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it would not be a little provoking were we, in spite of our fine harness, to find out, that for slow, heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose *downwards*, like the German, than *upwards*, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than both.

THE BATH.

The eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath, is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing; it colours so highly the little picture of life; it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence; it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, without form and void, that I can conceive nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again, particularly when, as in my case, the operation was to be attended with no pain.

When, therefore, I had once left my horse to walk to the bath, I felt as if no power on earth could arrest my progress.

The oblong slated building, which contains the famous waters of Langen-Schwalbach, is plain and unassuming in its elevation, and very sensibly adapted to its purpose. The outside walls are plastered, and coloured a very light red. There are five-and-twenty windows in front, with an arcade or covered walk beneath them, supported by an equal number of pilasters, connected together by Saxon arches. On entering the main door, which is in the centre, the great staircase is immediately in front, and close to it, on the left, there sits a man, from whom the person about to bathe purchases his ticket, for which he pays forty-eight kreuzers, about sixteen pence.

The Pauline spring is conducted to the baths on the upper story; the Weinbrunnen supplies those below on the left of the staircase; the strong Stahl, or steel brunnen, those on the right; all these baths opening into passages, which, in both stories, extend the whole length of the building. At the commencement of each hour, there was always a great bustle between the people about to be washed, and those who had just undergone the operation. A man and woman attend above and below, and, quite regardless of their sex, every person was trying to prevail upon either of these attendants to let the old water out of the bath, and to turn the hot and cold cocks which were to replenish it. Restlessness and anxiety were depicted in every countenance; however, in a few minutes, a calm having ensued, the water was heard rushing into fifteen or sixteen baths on each floor. Soon again the poor pair were badgered and tormented by various voices, from trebles down to contra-bassos, all calling to them to stop the cocks. With a thermometer in one hand, a great wooden shovel in the other, and a face as wet as if it had just emerged from the bath, each servant hurried from one bath to another, adjusting them all to about 25° of Reaumur. Door after door was then heard to shut, and in a few minutes the passage became once again silent. A sort of wicker basket, containing a pan of burning embers, was afterwards given to any person who, for the sake of having warm towels, was willing to breathe carbonic acid gas.

As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling which crossed his mind, as he stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture which looked

about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mullagittawny soup. However, having come as far as Laugen-Schwalbach, there was nothing to say, but "*en avant*," and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half-hour, which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction, was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad when my chronometer, which I always hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to me to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, I found it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and as half shivering I lay watching the minute hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.

These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ach, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms; but surely such effects must proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head? The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line, or near either of the poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven in which meat is baking; but, surely, if it were possible to send one half of the body to Iceland while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe; in as much as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood towards that part (the head) enjoying a rarer medium; but when it is taken into calculation that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of.

For the above reason, I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system; in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old — had accompa-

nied them in all their little troubles; and, moreover, often and often, when they had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I, therefore, applied no half remedy—submitted to no partial operation—but resolved that, if the waters of Langen-Schwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing.

The way in which I bathed, with the reasons which induced me to do so, were mentioned to Dr. Fenner. He made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. However, the fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, he is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. And as Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads,—and even if they were, as they would certainly refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture which stains the hair a deep-red-colour, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect,—the doctor probably feels that he would only lose his influence were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system which all men would agree to abominate; indeed, one has only to look at the ladies' flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to read the truth of the above assertion.

These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brickdust; yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white, and, indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter than ever: in short, without asking to see the owners, it is quite evident that, at Schwalbach, young ladies, and even old ones, cannot make up their minds to stain any part of their fabric which towers above their evening gowns; and, though the rest of their lovely persons are as red as the limbs of the American Indian, yet their faces and cheeks bloom like the roses of York and Lancaster; but the effect of these waters on the skin is so singular, that one has only to witness it to understand that it would be useless for the poor doctor to prescribe to ladies more than a pie-bald application of the remedy.

Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry, and apparently perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those people who bathe stained, but even their sheets are similarly discoloured; the dandy's neckcloth becomes red; and when the head has been

immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreuzers, amounting to twopence; and, as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that, if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan-chair, and brought back to his hof, the price fixed for the two journeys is—threepence.

Having now taken my bath, the next part of my daily sentence was, "to return to the place from whence I came, and there" to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been unusually hot, in walking to the bath I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun; but on leaving the mixture to walk to the Pauline, I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself; I really fancied that they glanced from my frame as from a polished cuirass; and, far from suffering, I enjoyed the walk, always remarking that the cold evaporation proceeding from wet hair formed an additional reason for preventing the blood from rushing upwards. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received after quitting the bath, from the healthy-looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the powers of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water, and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury—added to it a flavour which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy.

What with the iron in my skin, the rust in my hair, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill; and selecting a different path from the one I had taken in the morning, I seldom stopped until I had reached the tip-top of one of the many eminences which overhang the promenade and its *beau monde*.

The climate of this high table-land was always invigorating; and although the sun was the same planet which was scorching the saunterers in the valley beneath, yet its rays did not take the same hold upon the rare, subtile mountain air.

At this hour the peasants had descended into the town to dine. The fields were, consequently, deserted; yet it was pleasing to see where they had been toiling, and how much of the corn they had cut since yesterday. I derived pleasure from looking at the large

heap of potatoes they had been extracting, and from observing that they had already begun to plough the stubble which only two days ago had been standing corn. Though neither man, woman, nor child were to be seen, it was, nevertheless, quite evident that they could only just have vanished; and though I had no fellow-creature to converse with, yet I enjoyed an old-fashioned pleasure in tracing on the ground marks where, at least, human beings had been.

Quite by myself I was loitering on these heights, when I heard the troop of Langen-Schwabach cows coming through the great wood on my left; and wanting, at the moment, something to do, diving into the forest I soon succeeded in joining the gang. They were driven by a man and a woman, who received for every cow under their care forty-two kreuzers, or fourteen pence, for the six summer months: for this humble remuneration, they drove the cows of Schwabach every morning into the great woods, to enjoy air and a very little food; three times a-day they conducted them home to be milked, and as often re-ascended to the forest. At the hours of assembling, the man blew a long, crooked, tin horn, which the cows and their proprietors equally well understood. Everybody must be aware, that it is not a very easy job to keep a set of cows together in a forest, as the young ones, especially, are always endeavouring to go astray; however, the two guides had each a curious sort of instrument by which they managed to keep them in excellent subjection. It consisted of a heavy stick about two feet long, with six iron rings, so placed that they could be shaken up and down; and, certainly, if it were to be exhibited at Smithfield, no being there, human or inhuman, would ever guess that it was invented for driving cows; and were he even to be told so, he would not conceive how it could possibly be used for that purpose. Yet, in Nassau, it is the regular engine for propelling cattle of all descriptions.

In driving the cows through the wood, I observed that the man and woman each kept on one flank, the herd leisurely proceeding before them; but if any of the cows attempted to stray—if any of them presumed to lie down—or if any one of them appeared to be in too earnest conversation with a great lumbering creature of her own species, distinguished by a ring through his nose, and a bright iron chain round his neck, the man, and especially the woman, gave two or three shakes with the ring, and if that lecture was not sufficient the stick, rings and all, flew through the air, inflicting a

blow which really appeared sufficient to break a rib, and certainly much more than sufficient to dislodge an eye.

It was easy to calculate the force of this uncouth weapon, by the fear the poor animals entertained of it; and I observed, that no sooner did the woman shake it at an erring, disobedient cow, than the creature at once gave up the point, and hurried forwards.

In the stillness of the forest, nothing could sound wilder than the sudden rattling of these rings, and almost could one fancy that beings in chains were running between the trees. A less severe discipline would, probably, not be sufficient. However, I must record that the severity was exercised with a considerable proportion of discretion; for I particularly remarked that, when cows were in a certain interesting situation, their rude drivers, with unerring aim, always pelted them on the hocks.

Leaving the cows, and descending the mountain's side, I strolled through the little mountain hamlet of Wambach. In the middle of this simple retreat, there stood, overtopping most of the other dwellings, a tall slender hut, on the thatched roof of which was a wooden pent-house, containing a bell, which, three times a-day, tolled for reveille, noon-tide meal, and curfew. As the human tongue speaks by the impulse of the mind, so did this humble clapper move in obedience to the dictates of a *village watch*, which, when out of order, the parish was bound to repair.

From the upper windows of the principal house, I saw suspended festoons, or strings of apples cut in slices, and exposed to the sun to dry. A lad, smoking his pipe, was driving his mother's cow to fetch grass from the valley. Women, with pails in their hands, were proceeding towards the spring for water; others were returning to their homes heavily laden with fagots, while several of their idle children were loitering about before their doors.

But, as I had still another dose of water to drink from the Pauline, I hastened to the brunnen, and having emptied my glass (which, like the outside of a bottle of iced water, was instantaneously covered by condensation with dew), I found that it was time to prepare myself (as I beg leave to prepare my reader) for that very lengthy ceremony—a German dinner.

THE DINNER.

DURING the fashionable season at Langen-Schwalbach, the dinner hour at all the Saals is one o'clock. From about noon scarcely a stranger is to be seen; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the hofs and lodging-houses, a set of demure, quiet-looking, well-dressed people are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses, *où l'on dîne*. The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet; the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen in London or Paris. Whether the stiffstand-up frippery of bright-red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense white ornaments were intended for reefs of coral or not—it is out of my department to guess—ladies' caps being riddles only to be explained by themselves.

With no one to affront them—with no line-powdered footman to attend them—with nothing but their appetites to direct them—and with their own quiet conduct to protect them—old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen, and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. There was no greediness in their looks; nor, as they proceeded, did they lick their lips, or show any other signs of possessing any appetite at all; they looked much more as if they were coming from a meal, than going to one: in short, they seemed to be thinking of anything in the dictionary but the word *dinner*. And when one contrasted or weighed the quietness of their demeanour, against the enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than many of the best-behaved people in the universe.

Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted a hundred and

eighty people at dinner in one room. To say, in a single word, whether the fare was good or bad, would be quite impossible, it being so completely different to anything ever met with in England.

To my simple taste, the cooking is most horrid ; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there was a great variety, I beg to offer to the reader a formula I invented, which will teach him (should he ever come to Germany) what to expect. The simple rule is this :—let him taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy ;—again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that, too, is unlike any thing which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced. Of course it is dry, tasteless; withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with its whisker ; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one a quantity of cucumbers dressed in vinegar, the other a black, greasy sauce ; and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis ; for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the greasy sauce ! After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit ; and after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance !

I dined just two days at the Saals, and then bade adieu to them for ever. Nothing which this world affords could induce me to feed in this gross manner. The pig, who lives in his sty, would have some excuse ; but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langen-Schwalbach ; for if people who come here and live in this way morning, noon, and night can, as I really believe they do, return to their homes in better health than they departed, how much more benefit ought any one to derive, who, maintaining a life of simplicity and temperance, would resolve to give them a fair trial ! In short, if the cold iron waters of the Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar

and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up and repair the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them *in forma pauperis*.

Dr. Fenner was told that I had given up dining in public, as I preferred a single dish at home ; and he was then asked, with a scrutinizing look, whether eating so much was not surely very bad for those who were drinking the waters ? The poor doctor quietly shrugged up his shoulders,—silently looking at his shoes,—and what else could he have done ? Himself an inhabitant of Langen-Schwalbach, of course he was obliged to feel the pulse of his own fellow-citizens, as well as that of the stranger ; and into what a fever would he have thrown all the innkeepers—what a convulsion would he have occasioned in the village itself—were he to have presumed to prescribe temperance to those wealthy visitors by whose intemperance the community hoped to prosper ! He might as well have gone into the fields to burn the crops, as thus wickedly to blight the golden harvest which Langen-Schwalbach had calculated on reaping during the short visit of its consumptive guests.

Our dinner is now over ; but I must not rise from the table of the Allee Saal until I have made an '*amende honorable*' to those against whose vile cooking I have been railing, for it is only common justice to German society to offer an humble testimony that nothing can be more creditable to any nation ; one can scarcely imagine a more pleasing picture of civilized life, than the mode in which society is conducted at these watering-places.

The company which comes to the brunnens for health, and which daily assembles at dinner, is of a most heterogeneous description, being composed of Princes, Dukes, Barons, Counts, &c., down to the petty shopkeeper, and even the Jew of Frankfort, Mainz, and other neighbouring towns ; in short, all the most jarring elements of society, at the same moment, enter the same room, to partake together the same one shilling and eight-penny dinner.

Even to a stranger like myself, it was easy to perceive that the company, as they seated themselves round the table, had herded together in parties and coteries, neither acquainted with each other, nor with much disposition to be acquainted—still, all those invaluable forms of society which connect the guests of any private individual were most strictly observed ; and, from the natural good sense and breeding in the country, this happy combination was ap-

parently effected without any effort. No one seemed to be under any restraint, yet there was no freezing formality at one end of the table, nor rude boisterous mirth at the other. With as honest good appetites as could belong to any set of people under the sun, I particularly remarked that there was no scrambling for favourite dishes;—to be sure, here and there, an eye was seen twinkling a little brighter than usual, as it watched the progress of any approaching dish which appeared to be unusually sour or greasy, but there was no greediness—no impatience—nothing which seemed for a single moment to interrupt the general harmony of the scene; and, though I scarcely heard a syllable of the buzz of conversation which surrounded me; although every moment I felt less and less disposed to attempt to eat what for some time had gradually been coagulating in my plate; yet, leaning back in my chair, I certainly did derive very great pleasure, and I hope a very rational enjoyment, in looking upon so pleasing a picture of civilized life.

In England we are too apt to designate, by the general term “society,” the particular class, clan, or clique in which we ourselves may happen to move, and if that little speck be sufficiently polished, people are generally quite satisfied with what they term “the present state of society;” yet there exists a very important difference between this ideal civilization of a part or parts of a community, and the actual civilization of the community as a whole: and surely no country can justly claim for itself that title, until not only can its various members move separately among each other, but until, if necessary, they can all meet and act together. Now, if this assertion be admitted, I fear it cannot be denied that we islanders are very far from being as highly polished as our continental neighbours, and that we but too often mistake odd provincial habits of our own invention, for the broad, useful, current manners of the world.

In England, each class of society, like our different bands of trades, is governed by its own particular rules. There is a class of society which has very gravely, and for aught I care very properly, settled that certain food is to be eaten with a fork—that others are to be launched into the mouth with a spoon; and that to act against these rules (or whims) shows “that the man has not lived in *the world*.” At the other end of society there are, one has heard, also rules of honour, prescribing the sum to be put into a tin money-box, so often as the pipe shall be filled with tobacco,

with various other laws of the same dark caste or complexion. These conventions, however, having been firmly established among each of the many classes into which our country people are subdivided, a very considerable degree of order is everywhere maintained; and, therefore, let a foreigner go into any sort of society in England, and he will find it is apparently living in happy obedience to its own laws; but if any chance or convulsion brings these various classes of society, each laden with its own laws, into general contact, a sort of Babel confusion instantly takes place, each class loudly calling its neighbour to order in a language it cannot comprehend. Like the followers of different religions, the one has been taught a creed which has not even been heard of by the other; there is no sound bond of union—no reasonable understanding between the parties: in short, they resemble a set of regiments, each of which having been drilled according to the caprice or fancy of its colonel, appears in very high order on its own parade, yet, when all are brought together, form an unorganized and undisciplined army; and in support of this theory, is it not undeniably true, that it is practically impossible for all ranks of society to associate together in England with the same ease and inoffensive freedom which characterizes similar meetings on the Continent? And yet a German duke or a German baron is as proud of his rank, and rank is as much respected in his country as it is in our country.

There *must*, therefore, in England exist somewhere or other a radical fault. The upper classes will of course lay the blame on the lowest—the lowest will abuse the highest—but may not the error lie between the two? Does it not rather rest upon both? and is it not caused by the laws which regulate our small island society being odd, unmeaning, imaginary, and often fictitious, instead of being stamped with those large intelligible characters which make them at once legible to all the inhabitants of the globe?

For instance, on the Continent, every child, almost before he learns his alphabet, before he is able even to crack a whip, is taught what is termed in Europe civility; a trifling example of which I witnessed this very morning. At nearly a league from Langen-Schwalbach, I walked up to a little boy who was flying a kite on the top of a hill, in the middle of a field of oat stubble. I said not a word to the child—scarcely looked at him—but as soon as I got close to him, the little village clod, who had never breathed

anything thicker than his own mountain air, actually almost lost string, kite, and all, in an effort, quite irresistible, which he made to bow to me, and take off his hat. Again, in the middle of the forest, I saw the other day three labouring boys laughing together, each of their mouths being, if possible, wider open than the others; however, as they separated, off went their caps, and they really took leave of each other in the very same sort of manner with which I yesterday saw the Landgrave of Hesse Hombourg return a bow to a common postilion.

It is this general, well founded, and a knowledged system which binds together all classes of society. It is this useful, sensible system, which enables the master of the Allee Saal, as he walks about the room during dinner time, occasionally to converse with the various descriptions of guests who have honoured his table with their presence; for, however people in England would be shocked at such an idea, on the Continent, so long as a person speaks and behaves correctly, he need not fear to give any one offence.

Now, in England, as we all know, we have all sorts of manners, and a man actually scarcely dares to say which is the true idol to be worshipped. We have very noble aristocratic manners;—we have the short, stumpy manners of the old-fashioned English country gentleman;—we have thick, dandified manners;—black-stock military manners;—“your free and easy manners” (which, by the by, on the Continent, would be translated “*no manners at all.*”) We have the ledger manners of a steady man of business;—the last-imported monkey or ultra-Parisian manners;—manners not only of a school-boy, but of the particular school to which he belongs;—and, lastly, we have the party-coloured manners of the mobility, who, until they were taught the contrary, very falsely flattered themselves that on the throne they would find the “ship, a-hoy!” manners of “a true British sailor.”

Now, with respect to these motley manners, these “black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,” which are about as different from each other as the manners of the various beasts collected by Noah in his ark, it may at once be observed, that (however we ourselves may admire them) there are very few of them indeed which are suited to the Continent; and consequently, though Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French, and Italians, to a certain degree, can anywhere assimilate together, yet, somehow or other, our manners—never mind whether better or worse)—are different. Which,

therefore, I am seriously disposed to ask of myself, are the most likely to be right? the manners of "the right little, tight little island," or those of the inhabitants of the vast Continent of Europe?

The reader will, I fear, think that my dinner reflections have partaken of the acidity of the German mess which lay so long before me untouched in my plate; and at my observations I fully expect he will shake his head, as I did when, afterwards, expecting to get something sweet, I found my mouth nearly filled with a substance very nearly related to sour-cROUT. Should the old man's remarks be unpalatable, they are not more so than was his meal; and he begs to apologize for them by saying, that had he, as he much wished, been able to eat, he would not, against his will, have been driven to reflect.

THE PROMENADE.

A FEW minutes after the dessert had been placed on the table of the Allee Saal, one or two people from different chairs rose and glided away; then up got as many more, until, in about a quarter of an hour, the whole company had quietly vanished, excepting here and there, round the vast circumference of the table, a couple, who, not having yet finished their phlegmatic, long-winded argument, sat like pairs of oxen, with their heads yoked together.

It being yet only three o'clock in the day, and as people did not begin to drink the waters again till about six, there was a long, heavy interval, which was spent very much in the way in which English cows pass their time when quite full of fine red clover,—bending their fore knees, they lie down on the grass to ruminate.

As it was very hot at this hour, the ladies, in groups of two, three, and four, with coffee before them on small square tables, sat out together in the open air, under the shade of the trees. Most of them commenced knitting; but, at this plethoric hour, I could not help observing that they made several hundred times as many stitches as remarks. A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered, in dandified silence, through these parties of ladies; but almost all the German lords of the creation had hidden

themselves in holes and corners, to enjoy smoking their pipes; and surely nothing can be more filthy—nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect than this horrid habit. If tobacco were even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat-pockets, and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly; inasmuch as, besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real burden, which, both on horse-back and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress; but when it turns out that this sad artificial want is a nasty, vicious habit,—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in it,—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely,—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it:—when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man, it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco-bags under their feet—throw their reeking, sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean; and certainly whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which, above every nation I have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world. During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other, nor did they very much like to be interrupted; in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out of the mouth. Sometimes gazing out of the window of his hof, I saw a German baron, in a tawdry dressing-gown and sculldap (with an immense ring on his dirty forefinger), smoking, and pretending to be thinking; sometimes I winded a creature who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen; but these were only exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, one knew not where, to convert themselves into automats which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine—without its power.

At about half-past five or six o'clock, “the world” began to come to life again; the ladies with their knitting needles lying in their laps, gradually began to talk to each other, some even attempting to laugh. Group rising after group, left the small white

painted tables and empty coffee-cups round which they had been sitting, and in a short time, the walks to the three brunners in general, and to the Pauline in particular, were once again thronged with people; and as slowly, and very slowly, they walked backwards and forwards, one again saw German society in its most amiable and delightful point of view. A few of the ladies, particularly those who had young children, were occasionally accompanied through the day by a nice steady, healthy-looking young woman, whose dress (being without cap or bonnet, with a plain cloth shawl thrown over a dark cotton gown) at once denoted that she was a servant.

The distinction in her dress was marked in the extreme, yet it was pleasing to see that there was no necessity to carry it farther, the woman appearing to be so well behaved, that there was little fear of her giving offence. Whenever her mistress stopped to talk to any of her friends, this attendant became a harmless listener to the conversation, and when a couple of families, seated on a bank, were amusing each other with jokes and anecdotes, one saw by the countenances of these quiet-looking young people, who were also permitted to sit down, that they were enjoying the story quite as much as the rest.

In England, our fine people would of course be shocked at the idea of thus associating with, or rather sitting in society with their servants, and on account of the manners of our servants, it certainly would not be agreeable; however, if we had but one code, instead of having one hundred and fifty thousand (for I quite forgot to insert in my long list the manners of a fashionable lady's maid), this would not be the case; for then English servants, like German servants, would learn to sit in the presence of their superiors without giving any offence at all. But besides observing how harmlessly these German menials conducted themselves, I must own I could not help reflecting what an advantage it was, not only to them, but to the humble hovel to which, when they married, they would probably return—in short, to society, that they should thus have had an opportunity of witnessing the conduct, and of listening to the conversation of quiet, sensible, moral people, who had had the advantages of a good education.

Of course, if these young people were placed on high wages—tricked out with all the cast-off finery of their mistresses—and if laden with these elements of corruption, and hopelessly banished

from the presence of their superiors, they were day after day, and night after night, to be stewed up together with stewards, butlers, &c., in the devil's frying-pan—I mean, that den of narrow-minded iniquity, a housekeeper's room—of course, these strong, bony, useful servants would very soon dress as finely, and give themselves all those airs for which an English lady's maid is so celebrated even in her own country; but, in Germany, good sense and poverty have as yet firmly and rigidly prescribed, not only the dress which is to distinguish servants from their masters, but that, with every rational indulgence, with every liberal opportunity of raising themselves in their own estimation, they shall be fed and treated in a manner and according to a scale, which, though superior, still bears a due relation to the humble station and habits in which they were born and bred. Of course, servants trained in this manner cost very little, yet if they are not naturally ill-disposed, there is every thing to encourage them in good behaviour, with very little to lead them astray. They are certainly not, like our servants, clothed in satin, fine linen, and superfine cloth; nor like Dives himself, do they fare sumptuously every day, but I believe they are all the happier, and infinitely more at their ease, for being kept to their natural station in life, instead of being permitted to ape an appearance for which their education has not fitted them, or repeat fine slip-slop sentiments which they do not understand.

However, it is not our servants who deserve to be blamed; they are quite right to receive high wages, wear veils, kid gloves, superfine cloth, give themselves airs, mock the manners of their lords and ladies, and to farcify below stairs the "Comedy of Errors," which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame *them*, but it is, I fear, on *our* heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame, and until a few of the principal families in England, for the credit and welfare of the country, agree together to lower the style and habits of their servants, and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, to break the horrid system which at present prevails,—the distinction between the honest ploughman, who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powder-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as ever: the one must remain an honour, the other a discredit, to the wealth of a country

which (we all say unjustly) has been called by its enemy a "nation of shopkeepers."

If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would, I believe, rejoice; and while the aristocracy and wealthier classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks, and especially all people of small incomes, would be relieved beyond description from an unnatural and unnecessary burden which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There can be no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable than that, in the one country, people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while in the other they are tormented and oppressed. Again, that in the one country, servants humbly dressed, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honourable intercourse with their masters; while, in the other, servants highly powdered, and grossly fed; are treated *de haut en bas*, in a manner which is not to be seen on the Continent.

The enormous wealth of England is the commercial wonder of the world, yet every reflecting man who looks at our debt, at the immense fortunes of individuals, and at the levelling, unprincipled, radical spirit of the age, must see that there exist among us elements which may possibly some day or other furiously appear in collision. The great country may yet live to see distress; and in the storm, our commercial integrity, like an over weighted vessel, may, for aught we know, founder and go down, stern foremost. I therefore most earnestly say, should this calamity ever befall us, let not foreigners be entitled, in preaching over our graves, to pronounce, "that we were a people who did not know how to enjoy prosperity—that our money, like our blood, flew to our heads—that our riches corrupted our minds—and that it was absolutely our enormous wealth which sunk us."

Without saying one other word, I will only again ask, is it or is it not the interest of our upper classes to countenance this island system?

Should it be argued, that they ought not to be blamed because vulgar, narrow-minded people are foolish enough to ruin themselves in a vain attempt to copy them, I reply, that they must take human nature, good and bad, not as it ought to be, but as it is; and that, after all, it is no compliment to the high station they hold, that the middle and lower classes will absolutely ruin themselves

in overfeeding and overdressing their servants—in short, in following any bad example which such high authority may irrationally decree to be fashionable. But to return to the Promenade.

From everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards on this walk, one gets so well acquainted with the faces of one's comrades, that it is easy to note the arrival of any stranger, who, however, after having made two or three turns, is considered as received into, and belonging to, the ambulatory community.'

In constantly passing the people on the promenade, one occasionally heard a party talking French. During the military dominion of Napoleon, that language, of course, flooded the whole of the high duchy of Nassau as completely as almost the rest of Europe: a strong ebb or re-action, however, has of late years taken place, and in Prussia, for instance, the common people do not like even to hear the language pronounced. On the other hand, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and other worn-out literary labourers, now resting in their graves, our language is beginning to make an honest progress; and even in France it is becoming fashionable to display in literary society a flower or two culled from that North border, the Jardin Anglais.

As a passing stranger, the word I heard pronounced on the promenade the oftenest was "Ja! Ja!" and it really seemed to me that German women to all questions invariably answer in the affirmative, for "Ja! Ja!" was repeated by them, I know, from morning till night, and, for aught I know, from night till morning.

As almost every stranger at Langen-Schwalbach, as well as several of its inhabitants, were at this hour on the promenade, the three brunnens were often surrounded by more open mouths than the women in attendance could supply. The old mother at the Pauline was therefore always assisted in the evening by her daughter, who, without being at all handsome, was, like her parent, a picture of robust, ruddy health; and to poor withered people, who came to them to drink, it was very satisfactory indeed to see the practical effect which swallowing and baling out this water from morning till night had had on these two females; and as they stood in the burning sun bending downwards into the brunnens, to fill the glasses which in all directions converged towards them, it was curious to observe the different descriptions of people who from every point of Europe (except England) had surrounded one little well. As I earnestly looked at their various figures and faces, I

could not help feeling that it was quite impossible for the goddess Pauline to cure them all: for I saw a tall, gaunt, brown, hard-featured, lantern-jawed officer, *à demi-solde*, the sort of fellow that the French call "*un gros maigre*," drinking by the side of a red-faced, stuffy, stumpy, stunted little man, who seemed made on purpose to demonstrate that the human figure, like the telescope, could be made portable. — What in the whole world (I mumbled to myself) can be the matter with that very nice, fresh, comfortable, healthy-looking widow? Or what does that huge, unwieldy man in the broad-brimmed hat require from the Pauline?—Surely he is already about as full as he can hold? And that poor sick girl, who has just borrowed the glass from her withered, wrinkled, skinny, little aunt? Can the same prescription be good for them both? A couple of nicely-dressed children are extending their little glasses to drink the water with milk; and see! that gang of countrymen, who have stopped their carts on the upper road, are racing and chasing each other down the bank to crowd round the brunnen! Is it not curious to observe that in such a state of perspiration they can drink such deadly cold water with impunity? But this really is the case; and whether it is burning hot, or raining a deluge, this simple medicine is always agreeable, and no sooner is it swallowed, than, like the fire in the grate, it begins to warm its new mansion.

Such was the scene, and such was the effect, daily witnessed round one of nature's simplest and most beneficent remedies. All the drinkers seemed to be satisfied with the water, which, I believe, has only one virtue, that of strengthening the stomach; yet it is this solitary quality which has made it cure almost every possible disorder of body and mind: for though people with an ankle resting on a knee sometimes mysteriously point to their toes, and sometimes as solemnly lay their hands upon their foreheads, yet I rather believe that almost every malady to which the human frame is subject is either by highways or byways connected with the stomach; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously counting the pulse of a plethoric patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly looking down his red, inflamed gullet (so properly termed by Johnson "the meat-pipe"), but I feel a desire to exclaim, "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once—Sir! you've eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you've not taken exercise enough!" That these are the main causes of

almost every one's illness, there can be no greater proof, than that those savage nations which live actively and temperately have only one great disorder—death. The human frame was not created imperfect—it is we ourselves who have made it so; there exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we see people driving them before them in herds to drink at one little brunnēn.

A list of the strangers visiting Bad-Ems, Langen-Schwalbach, and Schlangenbad, is published twice a week, and circulated on all the promenades. From it, I find that there are 1200 visitors at Schwalbach alone—an immense number for so small a place. Still, the habits of the people are so quiet, that it does not at all bear the appearance of an English watering-place, and certainly I never before existed in a society where people are left so completely to go their own ways. Whether I stroll up and down the promenade or about the town, whether I mount the hill or ramble into distant villages, no one seems to notice me any more than if I had been born there; and yet out of the 1200 strangers, I happen to be the only specimen to be seen of Old England. No one knows that I have given up feasting in public, for it is not the custom to dine always at the same house; but when one o'clock comes, people go to the Allee Saal, Goldene Kette, &c. just as they feel disposed at the moment.

There are no horses to be hired at Schwalbach, but a profusion of donkeys and mules. It is a pretty, gaudy sight to witness a group of these animals carrying ladies in their parti-coloured bonnets, &c. descending one of the hills. The saddles are covered with coarse scarlet, or bright blue cloth, and the donkey always wears a fine red brow-band; nevertheless, under these brilliant colours, to the eye of a cognoscente, it is too easy to perceive that the poor creatures are sick in their hearts of their finery, and that they are tired, almost unto death, of carrying one large curious lady after another to see Hohenstein, Adolfsack, and other lions, which without metaphor are actually consuming the carcasses of these unhappy asses. The other day I myself hired one, but not being allowed to have the animal alone, I was obliged to submit to be followed by the owner, who, by order of the Duke, was dressed in a blue smockfrock, girded by a buff belt.

I found that I could not produce the slightest effect on the ani-

mal's pace, but that if the man behind me only shook his stick, down went the creature's long ears, and on we trotted. By this arrangement, I was hurried by objects which I wished to look at, and obliged to crawl before what I was exceedingly anxious to leave behind; and altogether it was travelling so very much like a bag of sand, that ever since I have much preferred propelling myself.

THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

EVERY MORNING at half-past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild reveille, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some, from their jaded, careworn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also, while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet, no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little bareheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old,—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which, in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body; while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, attendant, or *aid-de-camp* of the old pig-driver, facetiously called, at Langen-Schwalbach, the “Schwein-General,” is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody. Whether the hofs of Schwalbach are full of strangers, or empty—whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants—whether the weather be good or bad, hot or rainy, she apparently never stops to consider; upon these insignificant subjects it is evident she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes for a pig have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets! The little intelligent uehlin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its sty—a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as finishing with one street, she joins her General in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

On meeting them this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all; their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice, and when they turned sideways, their long sharp noses, and tucked-up bellies, gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds.

As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits, through that low part of Langen-Schwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure which the Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in, yet one may easily imagine that such very lean ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead them astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the more enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the "SCHWEIN-GENERAL," a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events" it had met with. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebrae of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour, by a band of hard greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd, and as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!" drawing of course very long on the last syllable.

If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the Riot Act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected the solemn warning, if their stomachs prove stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"ARRIFF!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack, that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forwards, and for many yards continuing to sidle towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side; and no wonder, poor fellow! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a door.

As soon as the herd got out of the town, they began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain which appeared towering above them ; and then the labours of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever ; for as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend and descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. "ARRIFF !" vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects ; "Arriff !" in a shrill tone of voice was re-echoed by the lad, as he ran after another ; however, in due time the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own motions, I became exceedingly anxiously attentive to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures ! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot—for there appeared to be literally nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust ; however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched ; and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

There exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a

bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye: but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and..... dies!

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

There is something so horridly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the “pig's countenance” in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it is so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there is a sort of “*Tu quoque, BRUTE!*” moral in the picture, which to my mind is most painfully distressing.

But to return to the Schwein-general, whom, with his horn and whip, I have left on the steep side of a barren mountain.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock, they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner-trough that awaits them is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses

of the town, than a sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place : away each then starts towards his dulce domum; and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffling as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savoury food which was awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs not only of Langen-Schwabach, but those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the way I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreuzers (about 13*d.*) for six months' drilling of each recruit. His income, therefore, is about 20*l.* a year, out of which he has to pay the board, lodging, and clothing of his two aid-de-camps; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and pig-headed dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most niggardly reformer would wish to curtail his emoluments.

THE LUTHERAN CHAPEL.

I HAVE just come from the little Lutheran chapel, and while the picture is fresh before my mind, I will endeavour to describe it.

On entering the church, the service I found had begun, and the first thing that struck me was, that the pulpit was empty, there being no minister of any sort or kind to be seen! The congregation were chaunting a psalm to very much the same sort of drawling tune which one hears in England; yet the difference in their performance of it was very remarkable. As all were singing about as loud as they could, the chorus was certainly too much for the church: indeed, the sound had not only filled its walls, but, streaming out of the doors and every aperture, it had rolled down the main

street, where I had met it long before I reached the church. Yet, though it was certainly administered in too strong a dose, it was impossible to help acknowledging that it proceeded from a peasantry who had a gift or natural notion of music, quite superior to anything one meets with in an English village, or even in a London church. The song was simple, and the lungs from which it proceeded were too stout; yet there was nothing to offend the ear: in short, there were no bad faults to eradicate — no nasal whine — no vulgar tremulous mixture of two notes — no awkward attempts at musical finery — but in every bar there was tune and melody, and with apparently no one to guide them, these native musicians proceeded with their psalm in perfect harmony and concert.

As this singing lasted nearly twenty minutes, I had plenty of time to look about me. The church, which with its little spire stands on a gentle eminence above the houses of the main street, is a small oblong building of four windows in length by two in breadth; the glass in these recesses is composed of round, plain, unpainted panes, about the size of a common tea-saucer. The inside of the building is whitewashed: a gallery of unpainted wood, supported by posts very rudely hewn, going nearly round three sides of it. There were no pews, but rows of benches occupied about three-fourths of the body of the church; the remaining quarter (which was opposite to the principal entrance-door) being elevated three steps above the rest. At the back of this little platform, leaning against the wall, there was a pulpit containing only one reading-desk, and above it a sounding-board, surmounted by a gilt image of the sun—the only ornament in the church. In front of the pulpit, between it and the congregation, I observed a small, high, oblong table, covered with a plain white table-cloth, and on the right and left of the pulpit, there existed an odd-looking pew, latticed so closely that no one could see at all perfectly through it.

The three galleries were occupied by men dressed all alike in the common blue cloth Sunday clothes of the country. The benches beneath were filled with women; and as I glanced an eye from one row to another, it was impossible to help regretting the sad progress, or rather devastation, which fashion is making in the national costume even of the little village of Langen-Schwabach. Three benches nearest to the door were filled with women all dressed in the old genuine “buy a broom” costume of this country

—their odd little white caps, their open stays, and their fully-plaited short petticoats seeming to have been cast in one model; in short, they were clad in the native livery of their hills. Next to these were seated four rows of women and girls, who, nibbling at novelty, had ventured to exchange the caps of their female ancestors for plain horn combs; over their stays some had put cotton gowns, the coloured patterns of which seemed to be vulgarly quarrelling among each other for precedence. Next came a row of women in caps, frilled and bedizened.

The Langen-Schwalbach ladies, who occupied the other two benches, and who were seated behind a row of boys immediately before the white table, had absolutely ventured to put on their heads bonnets with artificial flowers, &c.; in short, they had rigged themselves out as fine ladies—wore gloves—tight shoes—blew their noses with handkerchiefs, evidently conceiving themselves (as indeed they were) fit for London, Paris, or any other equally brilliant speck in the fashionable world.

As soon as the singing was over, a dead pause ensued, which lasted for many seconds, and I was wondering from what part of the chapel the next human voice would proceed, when very indistinctly I saw something moving in one of the latticed pews—slowly it glided towards the stair of the pulpit, until mounting above the lattice-work, the uncertain vision changed into a remarkably tall, portly gentleman in black, who was now clearly seen leisurely ascending towards the pulpit, on the right of which hung a large black slate, on which were written, in white chalk, the numbers 414 and 309.

As soon as the clergyman had very gravely glanced his eyes round the whole church, as if to recognise his congregation, he slowly, syllable by syllable, began an extempore address; and the first words had scarcely left his lips when I could not help feeling that I was listening to the deepest—the gravest—and the most impressive voice I ever remember to have heard. But the whole appearance and manner of the man quite surprised me, so completely superior was he to anything I had at all expected to have met with. Indeed, for many minutes, I had given up all hopes of hearing any clergyman at all; certainly not one whose every look, word, and action, seemed to proceed from the deepest thought and reflection. Dressed in a suit of common black clothes, he had apparently nothing to distinguish his holy vocation but the

two white bands which are worn by our clergymen, and which appeared to be the only neckcloth he wore. In a loud calm tone of voice, which, perfectly devoid of energy, seemed to be directed not to the hearts but to the understandings of his hearers, he advocated a cause in which he evidently felt that he was triumphant; and the stillness of his attitude, the deep calmness of his voice, and the icy cold deliberation with which he spoke, proved that he was master not only of his subject, but of himself.

Every word he said was apparently visible in his eyes, as if reflected there from his brain. He stood neither entreating, commanding, nor forbidding; but like a man mathematically demonstrating a problem, he was, step by step, steadily laying before the judgment of his hearers truths and arguments which he well knew it was out of their power to deny. When he had reached his climax he suddenly changed his voice, and, apparently conscious of the victory he had gained, in a sort of half-deep tone he began to ask a series of questions, each of which was followed by a long pause; and in these solemn moments, when his argument had gained its victory—when the fabric he had been raising was crowned with success—there was a benignity in the triumph of his unexpected smile, which I could not but admire, as the momentary joy seemed to arise more for the sake of others than for his own.

Occasionally during the discourse he raised a hand towards heaven—occasionally he firmly placed it on the bosom of his own dark cloth waistcoat, and then, slowly extending it towards his congregation, it fell again lifeless to his side; yet these actions, trifling as they were, became very remarkable when contrasted with the motionless attention of the congregation.

At times, an old woman, with the knuckle of her shrivelled finger, would wipe an eye, as if the subject were stealing from her head to her heart; but no show of feeling was apparent in the minister who was addressing her; with apostolic dignity, he coldly proceeded with his argument, and amidst the storm, the tempest of her feelings—he calmly walked upon the wave! Never did I before see a human being listened to with such statue-like attention.

As soon as the discourse was concluded, the psalm was given out—a general rustling of leaves was heard, and in a few moments the whole congregation began, with open barn-door mouths, to sing. During this operation the preacher did not sit up in his

pulpit to be stared at, but his presence not being required there, he descended into his pew, where I could just faintly trace him through the lattice-work. Whether he sang or not I do not know; he was probably resting after his fatigue.

The singing lasted a long time—the tune and performance were much what I have already described, and when the psalm came to an end, the same dead pause ensued. I continued rather longer than before; at last the front door of the latticed pew opened, and out walked the tall self-same clergyman in black. As he slowly advanced along the little platform, there was a general rustling of the congregation shutting their books, until he stood directly in front of the little high table covered with the white cloth.

With the same pale, placid dignity of manner, he pronounced a short blessing on the congregation, who all leant forwards, as if anxious to receive it; and then dropping his two arms, which, during this short ceremony, had been extended before him, he turned round, and as he slowly walked towards his latticed cell, the people all shuffled out the other way—until, in a few seconds, the small Lutheran chapel of Langen-Schwalbach was empty

THE NEW SCHOOL.

ONE morning, during breakfast, I observed several little children passing my window in their best clothes. The boys wore a sort of green sash of oak-leaves, which, coming over the right shoulder, crossed the back and breast, and then winding once round the waist, hung in two ends on the left side. The girls, dressed in common white frocks, had roses in their hair, and held green garlands in their hands. On inquiring the reason of the children being dressed in this way, I found out, with some difficulty, that there was to be a great festival and procession, to celebrate the taking possession of a new school, which, built by the town, was only just completed. Accordingly, following some of the little ones down the main street, I passed this village seminary, whose first birth-day was thus about to be commemorated. It was a substantial building, consisting of a centre, with two square projecting wings, and it was quite large

enough to be taken by any stranger for the Hotel-de-Ville of Langen-Schwalbach. Wreaths of oak-leaves were suspended in front, and long verdant garlands from the same trees hung in festoons from one wing to the other. It was impossible to contrast the size of this building with the small houses in its neighbourhood, without feeling how creditable it was to the inhabitants of so small a town thus to show that a portion of the wealth they had mildly sucked from the stranger's purse was so sensibly and patriotically expended. The scale of the building seemed to indicate that the peasants of Langen-Schwalbach were liberal enough to desire that their children should grow up more enlightened than themselves; and as I passed it, I could not help recollecting, with feelings of deep regret, that although in England there is no art or trade that has not made great improvement and progress, the cramped pater-noster system of our public schools, as well as of our universities, have too long remained almost the only pools stagnant in the country, a fact which can scarcely be reconciled with the rapid progress which our lower orders have lately made in useful knowledge.

After passing this new seminary, I continued descending the main street about one hundred yards, which brought me to a small crowd of people, standing before the old school, into the door of which, creeping under the arms of the people, child after child hurried and disappeared, like a bee going into its hive.

The old school of Langen-Schwalbach is one of the most ancient buildings in the town. Its elevation is fantastic, bordering on the grotesque. The gable seems to be nodding forwards, the hump-backed roof to be sinking in. The wooden frame-work of the house, composed of beams purposely bent into almost every form, has besides been very curiously hewn and carved, and on the front wall, placed most irregularly there are several inscriptions, such as "*ora et labora*," "1552," and then again a sentence in German, dated 1643, describing that in that year the house was repaired. There is also a grotesque image on the wall, of a child hugging a cornucopia, &c., &c. Nevertheless, though all the parts of this ancient edifice are very rude, there is "a method in the madness" with which they are arranged, that, somehow or other, makes the *tout ensemble* very pleasing; and whether it be admitted to be good-looking or not, its venerable appearance almost any one would be disposed to respect.

I observed that no one entered this door but the children. How-

ever, as in this simple, civil country great privileges are granted to strangers (for here, like kings, they can hardly do wrong), I ascended an old rattle-trap staircase, until coming to a landing-place, I found one large room on my left crammed full of little boys, and one on my right overflowing with little girls, these two chambers composing the whole of the building.

On the landing-place I met the three masters, all dressed very respectably in black cloth clothes. The senior was about forty years of age, the two others quiet, nice-looking men of about twenty-six, one of whom, to my very great astonishment, addressed me in English. He spoke the language very well, said he could read it with ease, but added that he had great difficulty in understanding it, unless when spoken very slowly; in short, as an enjoyment through the long-winded evenings of winter, he had actually taught himself our hissing, crabbed language, which he had only heard spoken by a solitary Englishman whose acquaintance he had formed last year.

He seemed not only to be well acquainted with our English authors, but talked very sensibly about the institutions and establishments of our country; in short, he evidently knew a great deal more of England than England knows of Langen-Schwalbach, of the duchy of Nassau, or of many much vaster portions of the globe. He informed me that the school was composed of 150 boys, and about the same number of girls;—that of these 300 children 180 were Protestants, 90 Catholics; and that since the year 1827 the town having agreed to admit to the blessings and advantages of education the children of the Jews, there were twenty little boys of that persuasion, and one girl. Having witnessed the prejudice, and indeed hatred, which Christians and Jews in many countries mutually entertain towards each other, I was not little surprised at the statement thus related to me.

After listening for some time to the tutor, he offered to show me the children, and accordingly with some difficulty we worked our way into the boys room. It was a pretty sight to witness such an assemblage of little fellows with clean shining faces, and their native oak-leaves gave a freshness to the scene which was very delightful.

Among these white-haired laddies, most of whom were from four to eight years of age, it was quite unnecessary to inquire which were the Jew boys, for there each stood, as distinctly marked as their race is all over the face of the globe; yet I must acknow-

ledge they were by far the handsomest children in the room, looking much more like Spaniards than Germans. The chamberfull of little girls would have pleased anybody, so nicely were they dressed, and apparently so well-behaved. Several were exceedingly pretty children, and the garlands they held in their hands, the wreaths of roses which bloomed on their heads, and the smiles that beamed in their faces, formed as pretty a mixture of the animal and vegetable creation as could well be imagined.

In one corner stood the only Jewish girl in the room, and Rebecca herself could not have had a handsomer nose, a pair of brighter eyes, or a more marked expression of countenance. She was more richly dressed than the other village girls—wore a necklace, and I observed a thick gold or brass ring on the forefinger of her left hand. We went several times from one room full of children to the other, and it was really pleasing to see in a state of such thoughtless innocence those who were to become the future possessors of the houses and property of Langen-Schwalbach. All of a sudden, a signal was given to the children to descend, and it became then quite as much as the three masters could do to make them go out of the room hand-in-hand. Down scrambled first the boys, and then more quietly followed the little girls, though not without one or two screams proceeding from those who, in their hurry, had dropped their garlands. One of these green hoops I picked up, and seeing a little girl crying her heart out, I gave it to her, and no balm of Gilead ever worked so sudden a cure; for away she ran, and joined her comrades, laughing.

As soon as the children had all left the two rooms, the three masters descended, and we followed them into the street, where the civil authorities of the town, and almost all the parents of the little ones, had assembled. With great difficulty the children were all collected together in a group, in the open air exactly in front of the school; and when this arrangement was effected, the mayor, two Catholic ministers, two Protestant clergymen, and the three masters, stood exactly in front of the children, facing also the house from which they had proceeded. For some time, the masters and the four Christian ministers stood smiling and talking to each other; however, at last the mayor made a bow, everybody took off their hats, the ministers' countenances stiffened, and for a few seconds a dead silence ensued. At last the mayor with due ceremony took off his hat, when the youngest of the Lutheran minis-

ters, advancing one step in front, commenced a long address to the children.

What he said I was not near enough to hear; but I saw constantly beaming in his countenance that sort of benevolent smile, which would be natural almost to any one, in addressing so very youthful a congregation. Occasionally he pointed with his hand to heaven, and then, continuing his subject, smiled as if to cheer them on the way; but the little toads, instead of attending to him, were all apparently eager to get to their fine new school, and with roses on their heads, and garlands in their hands, they seemed as if they did not feel that they stood in need of a routing dose of good advice; in short, not one of them appeared to pay the slightest attention to a discourse which could not but have been very interesting to the parents. However, in one respect I must own I was slightly disappointed; the burden of the discourse must have been on the duties and future prospects of the children, and on the honours and advantages of the new school; for I particularly remarked that not once did the clergyman point or address himself to the old building—not a single eye but my own was ever turned towards it, and none but myself seemed to feel for it any regret that it was about to lose a village importance which for so many years it had enjoyed. It was sentenced to be deserted, and walls which had long been enlivened by the cheerful sound of youthful voices, were in their old age suddenly to be bereft of all!

I could not help feeling for the old institution, and when the discourse was ended—when hats had returned to people's heads, and when the procession of children, followed by the ministers, had already begun to move, I could not for some time take my eyes off the old fabric. The date of 1552, and the rude-looking image of the boy, particularly attracted my attention; however, the old hive was deserted,—the bees had swarmed,—had already hovered in the air, and to their new abode they had all flown away. Jostled from my position by people who were following the procession, I proceeded onwards with the crowd, but not without mumbling to myself—

“ Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to him whose course is run.”

As soon as the children reached their fine new abode, a band, which had been awaiting their arrival, struck up; and in the open

as they instantly sung a hymn. The doors were then thrown open, and in high glee the little creatures scrambled up the staircase, and the mayor, clergymen, and schoolmasters having followed, a great rush was made by parents and spectators. I managed to gain a good place, but in a very few moments the room was filled, and so jammed up with people, that they could scarcely raise their hands to wipe the perspiration which soon began to appear very copiously on all faces. It became dreadfully hot, and besides suffering from this cause, I felt by no means happy at a calculation, which very unwelcomely kept forcing itself into my mind,—namely, that the immense weight of human flesh which was for the first time trying new beams, might produce a consummation by no means “devoutly to be wished.”

As soon as order was established, and silence obtained, the Catholic minister addressed the children; and when he had finished, the tall Lutheran clergyman, whose description I have already given to the reader, followed in his deepest tone, and with his gravest demeanour; but it was all lost upon the children: indeed it was so hot, and we were so little at our ease, that all were very glad, indeed, to hear him conclude by the word “Amen!”

The children now sang another hymn, which, in a cooler climate, would have been quite beautiful; the mayor made a bow—the thing was at an end, and I believe every one was as much delighted as myself to get once again into pure fresh air.

As I had been told by the teacher that the children would dance and eat in the evening, at four o'clock, I went again to the school at that hour, expecting that there would be what in England would be called “a ball and supper;” however, the supper had come first, and the remains of it were on two long tables. The feast which the little ones had been enjoying had consisted of a slice of white bread and a glass of Rhenish wine for each; and, as soon as I entered the room, two policemen bowed and begged me to be seated. They and their friends were evidently regaling themselves with the wine which had been furnished for the children; however, the little creatures did not seem to want it, and I was very glad to see it inflaming the eyes of the old party, and flushing their cheeks, instead of having a similar effect on the young ones.

It had been settled that the children were to dance; but they were much too young to care for such an amusement. The little boys had got together at one end of the room, and the girls were

sitting, laughing at the other, both groups being as happily independent as it was possible to be. Sometimes the boys amused themselves with a singing game—one chaunting a line, and all the rest bursting in with the chorus, which, though it contained nearly as much laughter as music, showed that the youngsters were well enough conversant with both. The girls had also their song. As I left the room several of the children were singing on the stairs—all were as happy as I had desired to see them; and yet I firmly believe that the whole festival I have described,—oak-leaves, roses, garlands, festoons, bread, wine, &c., altogether,—could not have cost the town of Langen-Schwalbach ten shillings! In its history, the opening of a public establishment so useful to future generations, and so creditable to the present one, was an event of no inconsiderable importance.

THE OLD PROTESTANT CHURCH

The old Protestant Church, at the lower extremity of Langen-Schwalbach, has not been preached in for about three years; and being locked up, I had to call for admission at a house in the centre of the town. The man was not at home, but his wife (very busily employed in dressing, against its will, a squalling infant) pointed to the key, which I gravely took from a nail over her head. •This venerable building stands, or rather totters, on a small eminence, close to the road—long rents in its walls, and the ruinous, decayed state of the mortar, sufficiently denoting its great antiquity. The roof and spire are still covered with slates, which seem flitting as if about to take their departure. The churchyard continues in the valley to be the only Christian receptacle for the dead; and within its narrow limits, Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists end their worldly differences by soundly sleeping together, side by side. Here and there a tree is seen standing at the head of a Protestant's grave; but though the twig was exclusively planted there, yet its branches, like knowledge, have gradually extended themselves, until they now wave and droop alike over those who, thus joined in death, had, nevertheless, lived in paltry opposition to each other.

The rank grass also grows with equal luxuriance over all, as if the turf, like the trees, was anxious to level all human animosities, and to become the winding-sheet or covering of Christian fraternities which ought never to have disputed.

In various parts of the cemetery I observed several worn-out, wooden, triangular monuments on the totter; while others were lying prostrate on the grass—the “*hic jacet*” being exactly as applicable to each of themselves as to that departed being, whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these frail historians were scarcely legible, yet roses and annual flowers, blooming on the grave, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart, that moved with kindly recollection towards the dead. Upon several recent graves of children there were placed, instead of tombstones, the wreaths of artificial flowers, which, during their funeral, had either rested upon the coffin, or had been carried in the hands of parents and friends. The sun and rain—the wind and storm—had blanched the artificial bloom from the red roses, and, of course, had sullied the purity of the white ones; yet this worthless finery, lying upon the newly-moved earth, had probably witnessed unaffected feelings, to which the cold, marble monument is often a stranger. The little heap of perishing wreaths, so lightly piled one upon the other, was the assemblage, the effusion of the moment; it was all the mother had in life to record her feelings; it was what she had left behind her, as she tore herself away; and though it could not, I own, be compared to a monument sculptured by an artist, yet, resting above the coffin, it had one intrinsic value, at least—it had been left there by a friend!

At one corner of the churchyard, there was a grave which was only just completed. The living labourer had retired from it; the dead tenant had not yet arrived; but the moment I looked into it, I could not help feeling how any one of our body-snatchers would have rubbed his rough hands, and what rude raptures he would have enjoyed, at observing that the lid of the coffin would be deposited scarcely a foot and a half below the sod. However, in the little duchy of Nassau, human corpses have not yet become coin current in the realm; and whatever may be a man's troubles during his life, at Langen-Schwalbach he may truly say he will, at least, find rest in the grave.

I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead? It always seems to me so unfair, for us who have *had* our day—who have ourselves *been* young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter, and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling, dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it be *seen labouring under its real infirmities*, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust, blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure explains and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist. Before the hair has grown really grey—before time has imparted to it even its autumnal tint, it is artfully replaced by dark flowing locks, obtained by every revolting contrivance. The grave itself is attacked—our living dowagers of the present day do not hesitate to borrow their youthful ornaments even from the dead—and to such a horrid extreme has fashion encouraged this unnatural propensity, that even the carcase of the soldier, who has fallen in a foreign land, and who,

“—————leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Looks proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame,”

has not been respected!

One would think that the ribands and honours on his breast,

flapping in the wind, would have scared even the vulture from such prey; but no! the orders which the London dentist has received must, he pleads, be punctually executed; and it is a revolting fact, but too well known to "the trade," that many, and many, and many a set of teeth which bit the dust of Waterloo, by an untimely resurrection, appeared again on earth, smiling lasciviously at Almack's ball! So much for what is termed FASHION.

After rambling about the churchyard for some minutes, occasionally spelling at an inscription, and sometimes looking at (not picking) a sepulchral flower, I walked to the church-door, and turning round its old-fashioned key, which ever since I had received it had been dangling in my hand, the lock started back, and then, as if I had said "Open Sesame!" the door opened.

On looking before me, my first impression was that my head was swimming! for the old gallery, hanging like the gardens of Babylon, seemed to be writhing; the four-and-twenty pews were leaning sideways; the aisle, or approach to the altar, covered with heaps of rubbish, was an undulating line, and an immense sepulchral flag-stone had actually been lifted up at one side, as if the corpse, finding the church deserted, had resolutely burst from his grave, and had wrenched himself once again into daylight. The pulpit was out of its perpendicular; some pictures, loosely hanging against the wall, had turned away their faces; and a couple of planks were resting diagonally against the altar, as if they had fallen from the roof. I really rubbed my eyes, fancying that they were disordered; however, the confusion I witnessed was real, and as nearly as possible as I have described it. Still, however, there was no dampness in the church, and it was, I thought, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the light mountain air of Langenschwalbach, that the sepulchral wreaths of artificial flowers which were hanging around on the walls were as starched and stiff as on the day they were placed there.

A piece of dingy black cloth, with narrow white fringe, was the only ornament to the pulpit, from which both book and minister had so long departed. The thing was altogether on the totter; yet when I reflected what little harm it had done in the world, and how much good, I could not help acknowledging that respect was justly due to its old age, and that, even by the stranger, it ought to be regarded with sentiments of veneration. In gazing at monuments of antiquity, one of the most natural pleasures which the mind enjoys

is by them fancifully transported to the scenes which they so clearly commemorate. The Roman amphitheatre becomes filled with gladiators and spectatores;—the streets of Pompeii are seen again thronged with people;—the Grecian temple is ornamented with the votive offerings of heroes and of senators;—even the putrid marsh of Marathon seems with noble recollections;—while at home, on the battlements of our old English castles, we easily figure to ourselves barons proud of their deeds, and vassals in armour faithfully devoted to their service: in short, while beholding such scenes, the heart glows, until, by its feverish heat, feelings are produced to which no one can be completely insensible: however, when we awaken from this delightful dream, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to drive away the painful moral which, sooner or later in the day, proves to us much too clearly, that these ruins have outlived, and in fact commemorate, the errors, the passions, and the prejudices, which caused them to be built.

But after looking up at the plain, unassuming pulpit of an old Lutheran church, one feels, long after one has left it, that all that has proceeded from its simple desk has been to promulgate peace, good-will, and happiness among mankind—and though, in its old age, it be now deserted, yet no one can deny that the seeds which in various directions it has scattered before the wind are not only vigorously flourishing in the little valley in which it stands, but must continue there and elsewhere to produce effects, which time itself can scarcely annihilate.

Turning towards the altar, I was looking at pictures of the twelve apostles, who, like sentinels at their posts, were in various attitudes surrounding it, when *à propos* to nothing, the great clock in the belfry struck four, and so little did I expect to hear any noise at all, that I could not help starting at being thus suddenly reminded, that the watch was still ticking in the fob of the dead soldier—in short, that that clock was still faithfully pointing out the progress of time, though the church to which it belonged had already, practically speaking, terminated its existence! Never did I before listen to four vibrations of an old church clock with more reverential attention: however, at each stroke involuntarily looking upwards, I did not altogether enjoy the sight of some loose rafters which were hanging over my head. I therefore very quietly moved onwards, yet, passing a small door, I could not resist clambering up an old well staircase which led to the belfry; not, however, until I had cal

culated that, as the building could bear the bells, my weight was not likely to turn the scale. I did not, however, feel disposed to reach the bells, but managed, through a rent in the wall, to look down on the roof, and such a scene of devastation it would be difficult to describe. The half-mouldered slates had not only been ripped away by the wind in every direction, but the remainder appeared as if they were just ready to follow in the flight. The roof was bending in, and altogether it looked so completely on the totter, that the slightest additional weight would have brought every thing to the ground. After descending, I went once more round the church, opened some of the old latticed pews—peeped into the marble font, which was half-filled with decayed mortar—took up a bird's nest that had fallen into the chancel from the roof, and strolling towards the altar, I found there a small board covered with white pasteboard, and ornamented with a garland of roses. On this simple tablet were inscribed, in black letters, the names of the little band of Langen-Schwalbachians who had been present in the great campaign of 1815; and in case the reader should like to know not only who were the heroes of so remote a valley, but also what sort of names they possessed, I offer him a copy of the muster-roll of those thus distinguished for having served their native country, which the German language emphatically calls “Vaterland.”—

Dem. Verdientfeer	Ludwig Diefenbach	Eberhard Hofman
Conrad Blies	Martin Eschenever	Wilhelm Koch
Adam Buslach	Philipp Hoenig	Philipp Kraus
Adam Klenig	Eberhard Rucker	Johannes Sartor
Christop Lindle	Casper Schenk	Ferdinand Wensel.
Ludwig Liedebach	Philipp Singhoff	

Having carefully locked up the old church with all the relics it contained, descending the steps of the eminence on which it stood. I once more found myself in the street among fellow-creatures.

The new Protestant church, which is very shortly to be built, and to which the bells of this old one, if possible, are to be removed, will be in the centre of the town, but this site, though more convenient, will not, I think, be so picturesque as that of the old building, which, with the Catholic Church at the other extremity of the town, seem to be the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end of Langen-Schwalbach. From the surrounding hills, as the eye glances from the one of these old buildings to the other, they ap-

pear to be the good Genii of the town—two guardian angels to watch over the welfare of its people here and hereafter.

THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

THE low part of Langen-Schwalbach, where the Jews live, is the most ancient portion of the town, the houses they inhabit being just above and below the great original brunnen or fountain, which, as I have stated, was celebrated for its medicinal properties even in the time of the Romans. This immense spring, which rises within a foot and a half of the surface of the ground (being then carried away by a subterranean drain), is two or three times as large as the Sthal brunnen, the Wein brunnen, or the fashionable Pauline. It contains very little iron, being principally sulphureous. From the violence with which it rises from the rock, the water is apparently constantly boiling, and such a suffocating gas arises from it, that, as at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, one single inhalation would be nearly sufficient to deprive a person of his senses. Besides being strongly impregnated with this gas, it has also such an unearthly taste, that one almost fancies it must flow direct from the cellar of his Satanic majesty. Still, however, the Jews constantly drink, cook, and even wash with this water; however, being below the surface, it is necessary for them to stoop into the suffocating vapour whenever they fill their pitchers; and as one sees Jewess after Jewess dipping her dark greasy head into this infernal caldron, holding her breath, and then suddenly raising her head, with a momentary paleness and an aspiration which sufficiently explain her sensations, one feels anything but sympathy for a being who can voluntarily flutter in such a fetid climate.

With sentiments, I fear, not very liberal, I stood for many minutes looking at those who came to fill their pitchers; at last, rather a better feeling shooting across me, I resolved once more to make a trial of water on which so many of my fellow-creatures seemed to subsist, and I accordingly dipped my hand into a large washing-tub which an old Jewess had half suffocated herself in filling with her pitcher. The woman offered me no sign or word of disrespect;

but I saw her cast a withering look at the water, as if a cup of poison had been poured into it : she continued, however, very quietly to fill her other tubs ; but after I had walked away, turning suddenly round for a moment, I saw her upset the tub from which I had drunk, her lips muttering at the same time some short observation to a sister Jewess standing beside her.

I could not, however, help acknowledging that her prejudice was not mere illiberal, and certainly far more excusable, than my own ; and as I had determined to attend that evening the Jewish synagogue, in the meanwhile I did what I could to bring my mind to a proper state of feeling towards a people whose form of worship I was desirous seriously to witness.

Never had I before chanced to enter a synagogue ; yet, when I had reflected on the singular history of the Jews, I had often concluded that there must be some strange, unaccountable attraction, something inexplicably mysterious in their forms of worship, which could have induced them to brave the persecutions that in all ages, and in so many countries, had traced out their history in letters of blood.

Full of curiosity, I had therefore inquired at what hour on Friday their church would assemble, and being told that they would meet "as soon as the stars were visible," I walked towards the synagogue, a few minutes after sunset, and in every Jewish house I observed, as I passed it, seven candles burning in a circle. The house of worship was a small oblong hovel, not unlike a barn. The door was open, but no human being appeared within, excepting a man over whose shoulders there was thrown a piece of common brown sackcloth. This personage, who turned out to be the priest, stood before a sort of altar ; and, just as careless of it as of us, he stood bowing to it incessantly. There being not much to see in these vibrations, I walked away, and returning in about five minutes, I found the congregation had suddenly assembled, and the service begun.

In the course of my life, like most people, I have chanced to witness a great variety of forms of worship, several of which it would not be very easy to describe. For instance, it would be difficult, or rather impossible, to delineate, by words, high mass, as performed in the great church of St. Peter, at Rome. One might, indeed, fully describe any part of it, but the silence of one moment, the burst of music at another, the immensity of the building, and the

assembled congregation, produce altogether sensations on the eye and ear which the goose-quill has not power to impart. Again, to the simple homage which a Peruvian Indian pays to the sun no man could do justice; one might describe his attitude as he prostrates himself before what he conceives to be the burning ruler of the universe, but the fleeting expressions of his supplicating countenance, as it trembles—hopes—flashes—and then, with eyes dazzled to dimness, trembles again,—may be witnessed, but cannot be described. One of the wildest forms of worship I ever beheld was, perhaps, the dance of the Dervishes, at Athens; for there is a sort of enthusiasm in the convulsions into which these twelve men throw themselves, which has a most indescribable effect on those who witness it: it is madness,—yet it is a tempest of the mind within the range of which no man's senses can live unruffled;—the strongest judgment bends before the gale, and insensibly are the feelings led astray by conduct, actions, words, grimaces, and contortions, which, taken altogether, are indescribable.

But although these and many other forms of worship may be original pictures which cannot be copied, yet I think a child of ten years of age, if he could only hold a pen, might give a reader as good a notion of the Langen-Schwalbach synagogue, as if he had been there himself a thousand times; for all the poor child would have to do would be to beg him imagine a small dirty barn, swarming with fleas, filled with dirty-looking men in dirty dresses, with old hats on their heads, spitting—hallooing—reading—bowing—hallooing louder than ever—scratching themselves as they leave the synagogue,—and then calmly walking home to their seven candles!

To any serious, reflecting mind, all religions, to a certain point, are worthy of respect. It is true, all cannot be right, yet the errors are those which fellow-creatures need not dispute among each other; he who has the happiness to go right has no just cause to be offended with those who unfortunately have mistaken their course; and however men's political opinions may radiate from each other, yet their zeal for religion is at least one tie which ought to connect them together. However, the Jews of Langen-Schwalbach, so far as a spectator can judge by their behaviour, do not even pretend to be zealous in their cause. There is no pretence of feeling, not attempt either at humbug or effect. They perform their service as if, having made a regular bargain to receive certain

blessings for hallooing a certain time, they conceived that all they had to do was scrupulously to perform their part of the contract, that there was no occasion to exceed their agreement, or give more than was absolutely required by the bond.

As I stood just within the door of the synagogue, listening to their rude, uncouth, noisy worship, almost every eye was turned upon me, and the expression of many of the countenances was so ill-favoured, that I very soon left them, though I had even then a long way to walk before I ceased to hear the strange wild hulla-bulloo they were making.

THE HARVEST.

ALL this day I have been strolling about the fields, watching the getting in of the harvest. The crops of oats, rye, and wheat (principally bearded) are much heavier than any one would expect from such light and apparently poor land; but the heavy dews which characterize the summer climate of this high country impart a nourishment which, in richer lands, often lies dormant from drought. In Nassau, the corn is cut principally by women, who use a sickle so very small and light, that it seems but little labour to wield it. They begin early in the morning, and with short intervals of rest continue till eleven o'clock, when the various village bells suddenly strike up a merry peal, which is a signal to the labourers to come home to their dinners. It is a very interesting scene to observe, over the undulating surface of the whole country, groups of peasants, brothers, sisters, parents, &c., all bending to their sickles—to see children playing round infants lying fast asleep on blue smock-frocks placed under the shade of the corn sheaves. It is pleasing to remark the rapid progress which the several parties are making; how each little family, attacking its own patch or property, works its way into the standing corn, leaving the crop prostrate behind them; and then, in the middle of this simple, rural, busy scene, it is delightful indeed to hear from the belfry of their much-revered churches a peal of cheerful notes, which peacefully sound “lullaby” to them all. In a very few seconds the

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square fields and little oblong plots are deserted, and then the various roads and paths of the country suddenly burst in lines upon the attention, each being delineated by a string of peasants, who are straggling one behind the other, until paths in all directions are seen converging towards the parental village churches, which seem to be attracting them all.

As soon as each field of corn is cut, it is bound into sheaves, about the size they are in England: seven of these are then made to lean towards each other, and upon them all is placed a large sheaf reversed, the ears of which hanging downwards form a sort of thatch, which keeps this little stack dry until its owner has time to carry it to his home. It generally remains many days in this state, and after the harvest has been all cut, the country covered with these stacks resembles a vast encampment.

The carts and waggons used for carrying the corn are exceedingly well adapted to the country. Their particular characteristic is excessive lightness, and, indeed; were they heavy, it would be quite impossible for any cattle to draw them up and down the hills. Occasionally they are drawn by horses—often by small active oxen; but cows more generally perform this duty, and with quite as much patience as their mistresses, at the same moment, are labouring before them at the sickle. The yoke, or beam, by which these cows are connected, is placed immediately behind their horns; a little leathern pillow is then laid upon their brow, over which passes a strap that firmly lashes their heads to the beam, and it is, therefore, against such soft cushions that the animals push to advance: and thus linked together for life, by this sort of Siamese band, it is curious to observe them eating together, then by agreement raising their heads to swallow, then again standing motionless chewing the cud, which is seen passing and repassing from the stomach to the mouth.

At first, when, standing near them, I smelt from their breath the sweet fresh milk, it seemed hard that they should thus be, as it were, domestic candles; lighted at both ends: however, verily do I believe that all animals prefer exercise, or even hard work, to any sort of confinement, and if so, they are certainly happier than our stall-fed cows, many of which, in certain parts of Britain, may be seen with their heads fixed economically for months between two vertical beams of wood. The Nassau cows certainly do not seem to suffer while working in their light carts; as soon as their mistress

advances, they follow her, and if she turns and whips them, then they seem to hurry after her more eagerly than ever.

It is true, hard labour has the effect of impoverishing their milk, and the calf at home is consequently (so far as it is concerned) a loser by the bargain: however, there is no child in the peasant's family who has not had cause to make the same complaint; and, therefore, so long as the labourer's wife carries her infant to the harvest, the milk cow may very fairly be required to draw to the hovel what has been cut by her hands.

Nothing can be better adapted to the features of the country, nothing can better accord with the feeble resources of its inhabitants, than the equipment of these economical waggons and carts: the cows and oxen can ascend any of the hills, or descend into any of the valleys; they can, without slipping, go sideways along the face of the hills, and in crossing the green, swampy, grassy-ravines, I particularly remarked the advantage of the light waggon drawn by animals with cloven feet; for had one of our heavy teams attempted the passage, like a set of flies walking across a plate of treacle, they would soon have become unable to extricate even themselves. But in making the comparison between the horse and the cow (as far as regards Nassau husbandry), I may further observe, that the former has a very expensive appetite, and wears very expensive shoes; as soon as he becomes lame he is useless, and as soon as he is dead he is carrion. Now a placid, patient Langen-Schwalbach cow, in the bloom of her youth, costs only two or three pounds; she requires neither corn nor shoeing: the leaves of the forest, drawn by herself to the village, form her bed, which in due time she carries out to the field as manure: there is nothing a light cart can carry which she is not ready to fetch, and from her work she cheerfully returns to her home to give milk, cream, butter and cheese to the establishment: at her death she is still worth eleven kreuzers a pound as beef; and when her flesh has disappeared, her bones, after being ground at the mill, once again appear upon her master's fields, to cheer, manure, and enrich them.

As, quite in love with cows, I was returning from the harvest, I met the Nassau letter-cart, one of the cheapest carriages for its purpose that can well be conceived. It consists of a pair of high wheels connected by a short axle, upon which are riveted a few boards framed together in the form of a small shallow box; in this little coffin the letter-bag is buried, and upon it, like a monument,

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sits a light boy dressed in the uniform of a Nassau postillion, who with a trumpet in one hand, a long whip in the other, and the reins sporting loose under his feet, starts as if he deliberately meant mischief, intending to get well over his ground; and there being scarcely any weight to carry, the horse really might proceed as a mail-coach horse ought to go; but that horrible Punch and Judy trumpet upsets the whole arrangement, for as the thing is very heavy, the child soon takes two hands to it instead of one, when down goes the whip, and from that moment the picture, which promised to be a good one, is spoiled.

The letter-bag crawls, like a reptile, along the road; while the boy, amusing himself with his plaything, reminds one of those "nursery rhymes" which say,

" And with rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes,
We shall have music wherever he goes."

It is quite provoking to see a government carriage in its theory so simply imagined, and so cleverly adapted to its purpose, thus completely ruined in its practice. Music may be, and indeed is, very delightful in its way; but a tune is one thing—speed another; and it always seems to me a pity that the Duke of Nassau should allow these two substantives to be so completely confounded in his dominions.

How admirably does the long tin horn of the guard of one of our mail-coaches perform its blunt duty!—a single blast is sufficient to remove the obstruction of an old gentleman in his gig—two are generally enough for a heavy cart—three for a waggon—and half-a-dozen slowly and sternly applied, are always sufficient to awaken the snoring keeper of a turnpike-gate—in short, to

" Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head, as awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around!"

The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birth-day, I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling solid integrity of the English character. To see so many well-bred horses in such magnificent condition—so many well-built carriages—so many excellent drivers, and such a corps of steady, quiet, resolute-looking men as guards, each

wearing, as well as every coachman, the King's own livery—all this must silently point out, even to our most jealous enemies, not only the wealth of the country, but the firm basis on which it stands; in short, it must prove to them most undeniably, that there is no one thing in England which, throughout the land, is treated with so much universal attention and respect, as the honest, speedy, and safe delivery of the letters and commercial correspondence of the country. Nevertheless, if our English coachmen were to be allowed, instead of attending to their horses, to play on trumpets as they proceeded, we should, as in the Duchy of Nassau, soon pay very dearly for their music.

THE SUNSET.

It had been hot all day—the roads had been dusty—the ground, as one trod upon it, had felt warm—the air was motionless—animal as well as vegetable life appeared weak and exhausted—Nature herself seemed parched and thirsty—the people on the promenade, as it got hotter and hotter, had walked slower and slower, until they were now crawling along as unwillingly as if they had been marching to their graves. The world, as if from apathy, was coming to a stand still—Langen-Schwalbach itself appeared to be fainting away, when the evening sun, having rested for a moment on the western height, gradually vanished from our sight.

His red tyrannical rays had hardly left our pale abject faces, when all people suddenly revived; like a herd of fawning courtiers who had been kept trembling before their king, they felt that, left to themselves, they could now breathe, and think, and stamp their feet. Parasols, one after another, were shut up—the pedestrians on the promenade freshened their pace—even fat patients, who had long been at anchor on the benches, began to show symptoms of getting under weigh—every leaf seemed suddenly to be enjoying the cool gentle breeze which was now felt stealing up the valley; until, in a very few minutes, everything in Nature was restored to life and enjoyment.

It was the hour for returning to my "hof," but the air as it blew into my window was so delightfully refreshing, and so irresistibly inviting, that I and my broad-brimmed hat went out *tête-à-tête* to enjoy it. As we passed the red pond of iron water, opposite to the great "Indian Hof," which comes from the strong Stahl brunnen, having nothing to do, I lingered for some time watching the horses that were brought there. After having toiled through the excessive heat of the day, any water would have been agreeable to them; but the nice, cool, strengthening, effervescing mixture into which they were now led, seemed to be so exceedingly delightful, that they were scarcely up to their knees before they made a strong attempt to drink: but the rule being that they should first half walk and half swim two or three times round the pond, this cleansing or ablution was no sooner over—the reins were no sooner loosened—when down went their heads into the red cooling pool; and one had then only to look at the horses' eyes to appreciate their enjoyment. With the whole of their mouths and nostrils immersed, they seemed as if they fancied they could drink the pond dry; however, the greedy force with which they held their heads down gradually relaxed, until, at last, up they were raised, with an aspiration which seemed to say, "We can hold no more!" In about ten seconds, however, their noses again dropped to the surface, but only to play with an element which seemed now to be useless—so completely had one single draught altered its current value! As I stood at the edge of this pond, leaning over the rail, mentally participating with the horses in the luxury they were enjoying, a violent shower of rain came on; yet, before I had hurried fifty yards for an umbrella, it had ceased. These little showers are exceedingly common amongst the hills of Nassau in the evenings of very hot days. From the power of the sun, the valleys during the day are filled brimful with a steam, or exhalation, which no sooner loses its parent, the sun, than the cold condenses it; and then, like the tear on the cheek of a child that has suddenly missed its mother, down it falls in heavy drops, and the next instant—smiles again.

As the air was very agreeable, I wandered up the hilly road which leads to Bad-Ems; and then, strolling into a field of corn, which had been just cut, I continued to climb the mountain, until, turning round, I found, as I expected, that I had attained just the sort of view I wanted; but it would be impossible to describe to the reader the freshness of the scene. Beneath was the long seram-

bling village of the Langen-Schwalbach, the slates of which, absolutely blooming from the shower they had just received, looked so very clean and fresh, that for some time my eyes quite enjoyed rambling from one roof to the next, and then glancing from one extremity of the town to the other;—they had been looking at hot dazzling objects all day—I thought I never should be able to raise them from the cool blue wet slates. However, as the light rapidly faded, the landscape itself soon became equally refreshing, for the dry parched corn-fields assumed a richer hue, the green crops seemed bending under dew, and the whole picture, hills, town, and all, appeared so newly painted, that the colours from Nature's brush were too fresh to be dry. All of a sudden, majestically rolling to the valley, was seen a misty vapour, which, at last, reaching the houses, rolled from roof to roof, until it hovered over, or rather rested upon the whole town, and this was no sooner the case than the slates seemed all to have vanished!

In vain I looked for them, for the cloud exactly matching them in colour had so completely disguised them, that they formed nothing now but the base or foundation of the misty fabric which rested upon them. Instead of a blue town, Langen-Schwalbach now appeared to be a white one; for, the roofs no longer attracting attention, the shining walls burst into notice, and a serpentine line of glistening patches, nearly resembling a ridge of snow, clearly marked out the shape and limits of the town; but as, in this elevated country, there is little or no twilight, the features of the picture again rapidly faded, until even this white line was hardly to be seen; corn fields could now scarcely be distinguished from green crops—all became dark—and the large forest on the south hills, as well as the small woods which are scattered on the heights, had so completely lost their colour, that they appeared to be immense black pits or holes. In a short time every thing beneath me was lost; and sitting on the ground, leaning against seven sheaves of corn piled up together, I was enjoying the sublime serenity, the mysterious uncertainty of the scene before me, when another very beautiful change took place!

I believe I have already told the reader that, beside myself, there were about 1200 strangers in the little village of Langen-Schwalbach. Of course every hof was fully inhabited, and, as soon as darkness prevailed, the effect produced by each house being suddenly and almost simultaneously lighted up, was really quite ro-

phantic. In every direction, sometimes at the top of one hoſ, there at the bottom of another, lights burſt into exiſtence—the eye attracted, eagerly flew from one to another, until, from the number which burſt into life, it became quite impoſſible to attend to each. The bottom of the valley, like the dancing of fire-flies, was ſparkling in the moſt irregular ſucceſſion; till, in a ſhort time, this fantaſtic confuſion vaniſhed, and every room (there being no ſhutters) having its light, Langen-Schwalbach was once again reſtored to view—each houſe, and every ſtory of each houſe, being now clearly defined by a regular and very pleaſing illumination; and while, ſeated in utter darkneſs, I gazed at the gay ſparkling ſcene before me, I could not help feeling that, of all the beautiful contrasts in Nature, there can be no one more vivid than the ſudden change between darkneſs and light. How weary we ſhould be of eternal ſunſhine, - how gloomy would it be to grope through one's life in utter darkneſs, and yet what lovelineſs do each of theſe, by contrast, impart to the other! On the heights above the village, how magnificent was the darkneſs after a hot ſun-ſhining day; and then, again, how lovely was the twinkling even of tallow-candles, when they ſuddenly burſt upon this darkneſs! Yet it is with theſe two ingredients that Nature works up all her pictures; and, as Paganini's tunes all come out of two ſtrings of cat-gut, and two of the entrails of a kitten, ſo do all the varieties which pleaſe our eyes proceed from a mixture in different proportions of light and ſhade; and, indeed, in the moral world, it is the chiaro-oscuro, the brightneſs and darkneſs of which alone form the happineſs of our exiſtence. What would proſperity be, if there was no ſuch ſorrow as adverſity? what would health be if ſickneſs did not exiſt? and what would be the ſmile of an approving conſcience if there was not the torment of repentance writhing under guilt? But I will perſecute the reader no longer with the reflections which occurred to me, as I ſat in a wheat-field, gazing on the lights of Langen-Schwalbach. Good or bad, they managed to pleaſe me; however, after remaining in darkneſs, till it became much colder than was agreeable, I wandered back to my hoſ, entered my dormitory, and my head having there found its pillow, as I extinguished my candle, I mumbled to myſelf—“There goes one of the tallow ſtars of Langen-Schwalbach!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*”

I was lying prostrate, ſtill awake—and (there being no ſhutters to the window at the foot of the bed) I was looking at ſome oddly-

shaped, tall, acute-angled, slated roofs, glistening in the light of the round full moon, which was hanging immediately above them. The scene was delightfully silent and serene. Occasionally I faintly heard a distant footstep approaching, until treading heavily under the window, its sound gradually diminished, till all again was silent. Sometimes a cloud passing slowly across the moon would veil the roofs in darkness; and then, again, they would suddenly burst upon the eye, in silvery light, shining brighter than ever. As somewhat fatigued I lay half enjoying this scene, and half dozing, I suddenly heard, apparently close to me, the scream of a woman, which really quite electrified me!

On listening it was repeated, when, jumping out of bed and opening the door, I heard it again proceeding from a room at the distant end of the passage; and such was the violence of its tone, that my impression was—"the lady's room is on fire!"

There is something in the piercing shriek of a woman in distress which produces an irresistible effect on the featherless biped, called man; and, in rushing to her assistance, he performs no duty—he exercises no virtue—but merely obeys an instinctive impulse which has been benevolently imparted to him—not for his own good, but for the safety and protection of a weaker and a better sex.

But although this feeling exists so powerfully *chez nous*, yet it has not by nature been imparted to common-place garments, such as coats, black figured silk waistcoats, rusty knee-breeches, nor even to easy shoes, blue worsted stockings, or such like; and, therefore, while, by an irresistible attraction which I could not possibly counteract, obeying the mysterious impulse of my nature, I rushed along the passage, these base, unchivalric garments remained coldly dangling over the back of a chair: in short, I followed the laws of my nature—they, theirs.

With some difficulty, having succeeded in bursting open the door just as a fifth shriek was repeated, I rushed in, and there, sitting up in her bed—her soft arms most anxiously extended towards me—her countenance expressing an agony of fear—sat a young lady, by no means ill-favoured, and aged (as near as I could hastily calculate) about twenty-one!

Almost in hysterics, she began, in German, to tell a long incoherent story; and though, with calm, natural dignity, I did what I could to quiet her, the tears rushed into her eyes—she then almost in convulsions began, with her hands under the bed-clothes, to

scratch her knees, then shrieked again; and I do confess that I was altogether at a loss to conceive what in the sacred name of virtue was the matter with the young lady, when, by her repeating several times the word “Ratten! Ratten!!” I at once comprehended that there were (or that the amiable young person fancied that there were)—*rats in her bed!*

The dog Billy, as well as many puppies of less name, would instantly, perhaps, have commenced a vigorous attack; rats, however, are reptiles I ain not in the habit either of hunting or destroying.

The young lady’s aunt, an elderly personage, now appeared at the door, in her night-clothes, as yellow and as sallow as if she had just risen from the grave; peeping over her shoulder, stood our landlady’s blooming daughter in her bed-gown—Leonhard, the son *cum multis aliis*. What they could all have thought of the scene—what they could have thought of my strange, gaunt, unadorned appearance—what they could have thought of the niece’s screams—and what they would have thought had I deigned to tell them I had come to her bedside merely to catch rats—it was out of my power to divine: however, the fact was, I cared not a straw what they thought; but, seeing that my presence was not requisite, I gravely left the poor innocent sufferer to tell her own story. “Ratten! Ratten!!” was its theme; and, long before her fears subsided, my mind, as well as its body, were placidly intranced in sleep.

THE CROSS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

To an old-man, one of the most delightful features in a German watering-place, is the ease with which he can associate, in the most friendly manner, with all his brother and sister water-bibbers, without the fatigue of speaking one single word.

Almost every glass of water you get from the brunnen adds, at least, one to the list of your acquaintance. Merely touching a man’s elbow is sufficient to procure from him a look of goodfellowship, which, though it does not inconveniently grow into a bow, or even into a smile, is yet always afterwards displayed in his physiognomy whenever it meets yours. If, as you are stretching out your glass, you retire but half a stride, to allow a thirsting lady

to step forward, you clearly see, whensoever you afterwards meet her, that the slight attention is indelibly recorded in your favour. Even running against a German produces, as it were by collision, a spark of kind feeling, which, like a star in the heavens, twinkles in his serene countenance whenever you behold it. Smile only once upon a group of children, and the little urchins bite their lips, vainly repressing their joy whenever afterwards you meet them.

Shrouded in this delightful taciturnity, my list of acquaintances at Langen-Schwalbach daily increased, until I found myself on just the sort of amicable terms with almost everybody, which, to my present taste, is the most agreeable. In early life young people (if I recollect right) are never quite happy, unless they are either talking, or writing letters to their fellow-creatures. Whenever, even as strangers, they get together, everything that happens or passes seems to engender conversation—even when they have parted, there is no end to epistolary valedictions, and creation itself loses half its charms, unless the young beholder has some companion with whom the loveliness of the picture may be shared and enjoyed.

But old age I find stiffens, first of all, the muscles of the tongue; indeed, as man gradually decays, it seems wisely provided by Nature that he should be willing to be dumb, before time obliges him to be deaf: in short the mind, however voraciously it might once have searched for food, at last instinctively prefers rumination, to seeking for more.

By young people I shall be thought selfish, yet I do confess that I enjoy silence, because my own notions now suit me best; other people's opinions, like their shoes, don't fit me, and however ill-constructed or old-fashioned my own may really be, yet use has made them easy: my sentiments, ugly as they may seem, don't pinch, and I therefore feel I had rather not exchange them; the one or two friends I have lost rank in my memory better than any I can ever hope to gain: in fact, I had rather not replace them, and at Langen-Schwalbach, as there was no necessity for a passing stranger like myself to set up a fine new acquaintance with people he would probably never see again, I considered that with my eyes and ears open, my tongue might harmlessly enjoy natural and delightful repose.

But there is a perverseness in human nature, which it is quite out of my power to account for; and strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless too true, that the only person at Langen-Schwalbach

I felt desirous to address, was the only individual who seemed to shun every human being.

He was a withered, infirm man, who appeared to be tottering on the brink of his grave; and I had long remarked that, for some reason or other, he studiously avoided the brunnens until every person had left it. He spoke to no one—looked at no one—but as soon as he had swallowed off his dose, he retired to a lone beach, on which, with both hands leaning upon his ivory-handled cane, he was always to be seen sitting with his eyes sorrowfully fixed on the ground. Although the water was, to every person but himself, oppressively hot, he was constantly muffled up in a thick cloak, and I think I must have passed him a hundred times before I detected, one exceedingly warm day, that underneath it there hung upon his left breast the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. As, ages ago, I had myself passed many a hot summer on the parched, barren rock of Malta,—always, however, feeling much interested in the history of its banished knights,—I at once fully comprehended why the poor old gentleman's body was so chilly, and why his heart felt so chilled with the world. By many slow and scientific approaches which it would be only tedious to detail, I at last managed, without driving him from his bench, most quietly to establish myself at his side, and then by coughing when he coughed,—sighing when he sighed,—and by other (I hope innocent) artifices, I at last ventured in a *sotto voce* to mumble to him something about the distant island in which apparently all his youthful feelings lay buried. The words Valetta, Civitta Vecchia, Floriana, Cottonera, &c., as I pronounced them, produced, by a sort of galvanic influence, groans—ejaculations—short sentences, until at last he began to show me frankly without disguise the real colour of his mind. Poor man! like his eye it was jaundiced—“nullis medicabilis herbis!” I could not at all extract from him what rank, title, or situation he held in the ancient order, but I could too clearly see that he looked upon its extinction as the Persian would look upon the annihilation of the sun. Creation he fancied had been robbed of its colours,—Christianity he thought had lost its heart,—and he attributed every political ailment on the surface of the globe to the non-existence of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

For several hours I patiently listened to his unhappy tale; for lamentations of all sorts are better out of the human heart than in

it, I felt that as the vein was open, my patient could not be encouraged to bleed too freely: without therefore once contradicting him, I allowed his feelings to flow uninterrupted, and by the time he had pumped himself dry, I was happy to observe that he was certainly much better for the operation. On leaving him, however, my own pent-up view of the case, and his, continued for the remainder of the day bubbling and quarrelling with each other in my mind. Therefore, to satisfy myself before I went to bed, I drew out in black and white the following sketch of what has always appeared to me to be a fair, impartial history of these—Knights of Malta.

The Mediterranean forms a curious and beautiful feature in the picture of the commercial world. By dint of money and shipping we laboriously bring to England the produce of the most distant regions, but the commerce of the whole globe seems to have a natural or instinctive tendency to flow, almost of its own accord, into the Mediterranean Sea. Beginning with the great Atlantic Ocean, which connects the old world with the new, we know that, over that vast expanse, the prevailing wind is one which blows from America towards Europe; and, moreover, that the waters of the Atlantic are, without any apparent return, everlastingly flowing into the narrow straits of Gibraltar. When the produce of America, therefore, is shipped for the Mediterranean, in general terms it may be asserted that wind and tide are in its favour.

Across the trackless deserts of Africa caravans from various parts of the interior are constantly toiling through the sand towards the waters of this inland sea. The traveller who goes up the Nile is doomed, we all know, to stem its torrent, but the produce of Egypt and the triple harvest of that luxuriant land is no sooner embarked, than of its own accord it glides majestically towards this favoured sea; and there is truth and nothing speculative in still further remarking, that this very harvest is absolutely produced by the slime or earth of Abyssinian and other most remote mountains, which by the laws of nature has calmly floated 1200 miles through a desert to top-dress or manure Egypt, that garden which eventually supplies so many of the inhabitants of the Mediterranean with corn.

Again, the Red Sea is a passage apparently created to connect Europe with the great Eastern world; and as the power of steam

gradually increases in its stride, it is evident that by this gulf, or natural canal, much of the produce of India eventually will easily flow into the Mediterranean Sea.

Finally, it might likewise be shown, that much of the commerce of Asia Minor and Europe, either by great rivers or otherwise, naturally moves towards this central point; but besides these sources of external wealth, the Mediterranean, as we all know, is most romantically studded with an Archipelago and other beautiful islands, the inhabitants of which have the power not only of trading on a large scale with every quarter of the globe, but of carrying on in small open boats a sort of little village commerce of their own. Among the inhabitants of this sea are to be found at this moment the handsomest specimens of the human race; and if a person not satisfied with the present and future tenses of life, should prefer reflecting or rather ruminating on the past, with antiquarian rapture he may wander over these waters, from Carthage to Egypt, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Troy, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Argos, Syracuse, Rome, &c., until tired of his flight he may rest upon one of the ocean-beaten pillars of Hercules—and seated there, may most truly declare that the history of the Mediterranean is like the picture of its own waves beneath him, which one after another he sees to rise, break, and sink.

In the history of this little sea, in what melancholy succession has nation and empire risen and fallen, flourished and decayed; and if the magnificent architectural ruins of these departed states mournfully offer to the traveller any political moral at all, is it not that homely one which the most common tomb-stone of our country church-yard preaches to the peasant who reads it?

“ As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore prepare to follow me ! ”

However, fully admitting the truth of the lesson which history and experience thus offer to us—admitting that no one can presume to declare which of the great Mediterranean powers is doomed to be the next to suffer—or what new point is next to burst into importance; yet if a man were forced to select a position which, in spite of fate or fortune, feuds or animosities, has been, and ever must be, the nucleus of commerce, he would find that in the Mediterranean Sea that point, as nearly as possible, would be the little island of Malta; and the political importance of this possession being now

generally appreciated, it is curious rapidly to run over the string of little events which have gradually prepared, fortified, and delivered this valuable arsenal and fortress to the British flag.

In the early ages of navigation, when men hardly dared to lose sight of the shore, ignorantly trembling if they were not absolutely hugging the very danger which we now most strenuously avoid, it may be easily conceived that a little barren island, scarcely twenty miles in length or twelve in breadth, was of little use or importance. It is true, that on its north coast there was a spit or narrow tongue of land (about a mile in length and a few hundred yards in breadth), on each side of which were a series of connected bays, now forming two of the most magnificent harbours in the world; but in the ages of which we speak this great outline was a nautical hieroglyphic, which sailors could not decipher. Accustomed to hide their Lilliputian vessels and fleets in bays and creeks on the same petty scale as themselves, they did not comprehend or appreciate the importance of these immense Brobdignag recesses, nor did they admire the great depth of water which they contained; and as in ancient warfare, when warriors used javelins, arrows and stones, scalding each other with hot sand, the value of a position adapted to the present ranges of our shot and shells would not have been understood, in like manner was the importance of so large a harbour equally imperceptible; and that Malta could have had no very great reputation is proved by the fact, that it is even to this day among the learned a subject of dispute, whether it was upon this island, or upon Melita in the Adriatic, that St. Paul was shipwrecked. Now if either had been held in any particular estimation, the question of the shipwreck would not now be any subject of doubt.

As navigators became more daring, and as their vessels, increasing in size, required more water and provisions, &c., Malta fell into the hands of various masters. At last, when Charles V. conquered Sicily and Naples, he offered it to those warriors of Christendom, those determined enemies of the Turks and Corsairs—the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. This singular band of men, distinguished by their piebald vow of heroism and celibacy, had, after a most courageous resistance, been just overpowered by an army of 300,000 Saracens, who, under Solyman II., had driven them from the island of Rhodes, which had been occupied by their Order 213 years. Animated by the most noble blood of Europe

which flowed in their veins—thirsting for revenge—yet homeless and destitute, it may easily be conceived that these brave, enthusiastic men would most readily have accepted almost any spot on which they could once again establish their busy hive: yet so little was the importance of Malta, even at that time, understood, so arid was its surface, and so burning was its rock, that, after minutely surveying it, their commissioners made a report to Charles V., which must ever be regarded as a most affecting document; for although the Knights of Malta were certainly in their day the “bravest of the brave,” although by that chivalric oath which bound them together, they had deliberately sworn “*never to count the number of their enemies*,” yet after the strong, proud position which they had held at Rhodes, it was only hard fate and stern necessity that could force them to seek refuge on a rock upon which there was scarcely soil enough to plant their standard. But though honour has been justly termed “an empty bubble,” yet to all men’s eyes its colours are so very beautiful, that they allure and encourage us to contend with difficulties which no other advocate could persuade us to encounter; and so it was that the Knights of Malta, seeing they had no alternative, sternly accepted the hot barren home that was offered to them, and in the very teeth, and before the heard of their barbarous enemy, these lions of the Cross landed and established themselves in their new den.

When men have once made up their minds to stand against adversity, the scene generally brightens; for danger, contrary to the rules of drawing, is less in the foreground than in the perspective—difficulties of all sorts being magnified by the misty space which separates us from them; and accordingly the knights were no sooner established at Malta, than they began to find out the singular advantages it possessed.

The whole island being a rock of freestone, which could be worked with peculiar facility, materials for building palaces and houses, suited to the dignity of the Order, existed everywhere on the spot; and it moreover became evident, that by merely quarrying out the rock, according to the rules of military science, they would not only obtain materials for building, but that, in fact, the more they excavated for their town, the deeper would be the ditch of its fortress. Animated by this double reward, the knights commenced their operations, or, in military language, they “broke ground;” and, without detailing how often the rising fortress was

jealously attacked by their barbarous and relentless enemies, or how often its half-raised walls were victoriously cemented with the blood of Christians and of Turks, it will be sufficient merely to observe, that before the island had been in possession of the Order one century, it assumed very nearly the same astonishing appearance which it now affords—a picture and an example, proving to the whole world what can be done by courage, firmness, and perseverance.

The narrow spit or tongue of barren rock which on the north side of the island separated the two great harbours, was scarped in every part, so as to render it inaccessible by sea, and on the isthmus, or only side on which it could be approached by land, demi-lunes, ravelins, counter-guards, bastions, and cavaliers, were seen towering one above another on so gigantic a scale, that, as a single datum, it may be stated, that the wall of the escarp is from 130 to 150 feet in height, being nearly five times the height of that of a regular fortress. On this narrow tongue of land, thus fortified, arose the city of Valetta, containing a palace for its Grand Master, and almost equally magnificent residences for its knights. The whole forming at this day one of the finest cities in the world. On every projecting point of the various beautiful bays contained in each of the two great harbours, separated from each other by the town of Valetta, forts were built flanking each other, yet all offering a concentrating fire upon any and every part of the port; and when a vessel labouring, heaving, pitching, and tossing, in a heavy gale of wind, now suddenly enters the great harbour of Malta, the sudden lull—the unexpected calm—the peaceful stillness which prevails on its deep unruffled surface, is most strangely contrasted in the mind of the stranger with the innumerable guns which, bristling in every direction from batteries one above another, seem fearfully to announce to him that he is in the chamber of death—in a slaughter-house from which there is no escape, and that, if he should dare to offer insult, although he has just escaped from the raging of the elements, the silence around him is that of the grave!

It was from the city and harbour of Valetta, in the state above described,—it was from this proud citadel of Christianity, that the Knights of Malta continued for some time sallying forth to carry on their uncompromising hostility against the Turks and against the corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli; but the brilliant victories they gained, and the bloody losses they sustained,

must be passed over, as it is already time to hurry their history to a close.

The fact is, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem gradually outlived the passions and objects which called them into existence, and their Order decayed for want of that nourishment which, during so many ages, it received from the sympathy, countenance, and applause of Christendom. In short, as mankind had advanced in civilization, its angry, savage, intolerant passions had gradually subsided, and thus the importance of the Order unavoidably faded with its utility. There was nothing premature in its decay—it had lived long enough. The holy, or rather unholy, war, with all its unchristian feelings, having long since subsided, it would have been inconsistent in the great nations of Europe to have professed a general disposition for peace, or to have entered into any treaty with the Turks, while at the same time they encouraged an Order which was bent on their extermination.

The vow of celibacy, once the pride of the Order, became, in a more enlightened age, a mill-stone round its neck; it attracted ridicule—it created guilt—the sacred oath was broken; and although the head, the heart, and the pockets, of a soldier may be as light as the pure air he breathes, yet he can never truly be reported “fit for duty” if his conscience or his stomach be too heavily laden. In short, in two words, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem was no longer suited to the times; and Burke had already exclaimed—*“The age of chivalry has fled!”*

In the year 1798, this Order, after having existed nearly 700 years, signed its own death-warrant, and in the face of Europe died ignominiously—*“felo de se.”* On the 9th of June, in that year, their island was invaded by the French; and although, as Napoleon justly remarked, to have excluded him it would have been only necessary to have shut the gates, Valetta was surrendered by treachery, the depravity of which will be best explained by the following extract from a statement made by the Maltese deputies:—*“No one is ignorant that the plan of the invasion of Malta was projected in Paris, and confided to the principal knights of the Order resident at Malta. Letters in cyphers were incessantly passing and repassing, without however alarming the suspicions of the deceased Grand Master, or the Grand Master Hompesch.”*

As soon as the French were in possession of the city, harbours, and impregnable fortresses of Valetta, they began, as usual, to

mutilate from the public buildings everything which bore the stamp of nobility, or recalled to mind the illustrious actions which had been performed. The arms of the Order, as well as those of the principal knights, were effaced from the palace and principal dwelling-houses; however, as the knights had sullied their own reputation, and had cast an indelible blot on their own escutcheons, they had but little right to complain that the image of their glory was thus insulted, when they themselves had been guilty of the murder of its spirit. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem being now worn out and decayed, its elements were scattered to the winds. The knights who were not in the French interest were ordered to quit the island in three days, and a disgraceful salary was accepted by the Grand Master Hompesch. Those knights who had favoured the French were permitted to remain, but, exposed to the rage of the Maltese, and unprotected by their false friends, some fled, some absolutely perished from want, but all were despised and hated.

In the little theatre of Malta the scene is about to change, and the British soldier now marches upon its stage! On the 2d of September, 1798, the island was blockaded by the English, and the fortifications being absolutely impregnable, it became necessary to attempt the reduction of the place by famine.

For two years most gallantly did the French garrison undergo the most horrid suffering and imprisonment—steadily and cheerfully did they submit to every possible privation—their stock of spirits, wine, meat, bread, &c., doled out in the smallest possible allowances, gradually diminished until all came to end. Sooner than strike, they then subsisted upon the flesh of their horses, mules, and asses; and when these also were consumed, and when they had eaten not only their cats, but the rats which infested the houses, drains, &c., in great numbers—when, from long-protracted famine, the lamp of life was absolutely expiring in the socket; in short, having, as one of their kings once most nobly exclaimed, “lost all but their honour,” these brave men—with nerves unshaken, with reputation unsullied, and with famine proudly painted in their lean, emaciated countenances—on the 4th of September, 1800, surrendered the place to that nation which Napoleon has since termed “the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies.”

During the long-winded game of war which France and England lately played together, our country surely never made any

better mové than when she thus laid hold of Malta. Even if the island had been in the rude state in which it was delivered to the knights of Jerusalem, still, to a maritime power like England, such splendid harbours in the Mediterranean would have been a most valuable conquest; but when we not only appreciate their noble outline, but consider the gigantic and expensive manner in which this town has been impreguably fortified, as well as furnished with tanks, subterraneous stores, bomb-proof magazines, most magnificent barracks, palaces, &c., it is quite delightful to reflect on the series of events which have led to such a well-assorted alliance between two of the strongest harbours in the world and the first maritime-power on the globe.

If, like the French, we had taken the island from the knights, however degraded, worn out, and useless their Order might have become, yet Europe in general, and France in particular, might always have reproached us, and, for aught we know, our own consciences might have become a little tender on the subject. But the delightful truth is, that no power in Europe can breathe a word or a syllable against our possession of the island of Malta—it is an honour in open daylight we have fairly won, and I humbly say, long, very long, may we wear it!

With respect to the Maltese themselves, I just at this moment recollect a trifling story which will, I think, delineate their character with tolerable accuracy.

THE RENEGADE.

OF all the little unhappy prejudices which in different parts of the globe it has been my fortune, or rather misfortune, to witness, I nowhere remember to have met with a deeper-rooted hatred or a more implacable animosity than existed, some twenty or thirty years ago, in the hearts of the Maltese towards the Turks. In all warm glowing latitudes, human passions, good as well as bad, may be said to stand at least at that degree which on Fahrenheit's scale would be denoted "fever heat;" and steam itself can hardly be more different from ice,—the Bengal tiger springing on his prey cannot form a greater contrast to that half-frozen fisherman the

white bear, as he sits on his iceberg sucking his paws,— than are the passions of hot countries when compared with the cold torpid feelings of the inhabitants of the northern regions of the globe.

In all parts of the Mediterranean I found passions of all sorts very violent, but, without any exception, that which, at the period I refer to, stood uppermost in the scale, was bigotry. Besides the eager character which belonged to their latitude, one might naturally expect that the Maltese, from being islanders, would be rather more prejudiced than their continental neighbours; however, in addition to these causes, when I was among them, they really had good reason to dislike the Turks, who during the time of the knights had been *ex officio* their constant and most bitter enemies.

Whether these fine knights of Jerusalem conquered the Turks or were defeated, the Maltese on board their galleys (like the dwarf who fought with the giant) always suffered: besides this, their own little trading vessels were constantly captured by the Turks, the crews being not only maltreated and tortured, but often in cold blood cruelly massacred; in short, if there was any bad feeling in the heart of a Maltese, which the history of his island, as well as every bitter recollection of his life, seemed naturally to nourish, it was an implacable hatred for the Turks; and that this sad theory was most fully supported by the fact, became evident the instant one observed a Maltese, on the commonest subject, utter that hated, accursed word, *Turco*, or Turk. The sort of petty convulsion of the mind with which this dissyllable was delivered was really very remarkable, and the roll and flash of the eye—the little bullying shake of the head—the slight stamp of the left foot—and the twitch in the fingers of the right hand, reminded one for the moment of the manner in which a French dragoon, when describing an action, mentions that his regiment came on *sabre à la main!*— words which, if you were to give him the universe, he could not pronounce without grinding his teeth, much less with that cold-hearted simplicity with which one of our soldiers would calmly say “sword in hand.”

This hatred of the Maltese towards the Turks was a sort of cat and dog picture, which always attracted my notice; however, I witnessed one example of it, on which occasion I felt very strongly it was carried altogether beyond a joke.

One lovely morning—I remember it as if it were yesterday—there had been a great religious festival in the island, which, as

usual, had caused a good deal of excitement, noise, and fever ; and, as a nation seldom allays its thirst without quarrelling, as soon as the hot sun set, a great many still hotter disturbances took place. In one of these rows, a party of Turks, justly or unjustly, became offended with the inhabitants ; an affray occurred, and a Mahometan having stabbed a Maltese, he was of course thrown into prison ; and in process of time, surrounded by a strong guard, he was led into the Maltese court to be tried (*Anglicè* condemned) for the offence. As he threaded his way through the crowd which had assembled in those dirty passages and dark chambers that led to the tribunal, the women shrunk back as the *Turco* passed them, as if his very breath would have infected them with the plague ; while in the countenances of the men, as they leant forwards arresting him in his progress, and almost touching him with their brown faces, it was evident that they were all animated with but one feeling and one desire, that is to say, hatred and revenge : however, nothing was heard but a very slight murmur or groan, and the prisoner was soon seen a little raised above the crowd, trembling at the bar. He was a diminutive, mean-looking, ill-favoured little fellow, dressed in the loose Turkish costume, with a very small dirty white turban, the folds of which were deemed more odious to the Christian eye than if they had been formed by the wreathing body of the serpent. While the crowd were shouldering each other, head peeping over head, and before the shuffling of moving feet could be silenced, avvocati, or clerks, who sat in the small space between the prisoner and the bench, were seen eagerly mending their pens, and they had already dipped them into ink, and the coarse, dirty, rough-edged paper on which they were to write was folded and placed ready in front of them, before it was possible to commence the trial.

The court was insufferably hot, and there was such a stench of garlic and of clothing impregnated with the stale fumes of tobacco, that one longed almost as much as the prisoner to escape into the open air, while the sallow faces of the avvocati, clerks, and every one connected with the duties of the court, showed how unhealthy, as well as offensive, was the atmosphere which they breathed. On the bench sat what one must call the Judges, but to an English mind such a title but ill belonged to those who had only lately been forced, most reluctantly, to expel torture from their code. Just before Malta fell into the hands of the French and English, my own

servant, Giuseppe, had lived in the service of one of the Maltese Judges; and among many horrors which he often very calmly described to me (for he had witnessed them until he had become quite accustomed to them), he told me that he had had constantly to pass through a court in which were those who were doomed to ride upon what was called the "cavallo di legno," or wooden horse. With weights attached to each foot he used to see them sitting bolt upright on this sharp narrow ridge, with two torches burning within a few inches of their naked chests and backs, in order that they should relieve themselves by a change of attitude no longer than they could endure the pain of leaning against the flame. But to return to the court.

The trial of the Turk now began, and every rigid form was most regularly followed. The accusation was read--the story was detailed--the Maltese witnesses in great numbers one after another corroborated almost in the same words the same statement--several times when the prisoner was ordered to be silent, as by some ejaculation he interrupted the thread of the narrative, did the eyes of every being in court flash in anger and contempt upon him, their countenances as suddenly returning to a smile as the evidence of the witnesses proceeded with their criminatory details. At last, the case being fully substantiated, the culprit was called upon for his defence. Although a poor, mean, illiterate wretch, it is possible he might have intended to have made a kind of a sort of a speech; but when he came to the point, his heart failed him, and his lips had only power to utter one single word.

Regardless of the crowd, as if it had not existed, looking -- if he thought there was no object in creation but the central Judge on the bench, he fixed his eyes for some moments upon his cold, immoveable countenance, until overpowered by his feelings, almost sinking into the ground, he clasped his hands, and in an agony of expression, which it is quite impossible to describe, he asked for "MERCY!"

"*Nix standy! I don't understand ye!*" said an old English soldier one day, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, to a French general, who, with much gesture and grimace, was telling in French, that the English were acting against the laws of nations in thus cutting down so beautiful a forest as the said *Bois de Boulogne*. "*Nix standy!*" repeated the soldier, continuing to hack with all his might at the young tree which he had almost cut down with his sabre.

The very same answer was strongly expressed in the countenance of the Judge, to the petition of the unhappy Turk, who, had he been in the desert of Africa, might just as well have asked merely for the ocean, as, in a Maltese court, to have supplicated for *mercy*. For some time the Judge sat in awful silence—then whispered a few words to his colleagues—again all was silent : at last, when some little forms had been observed, the Chief Judge pronounced a sentence on the prisoner, which he might just as well have done without his having endured the pain and anxiety of a long trial. It is hardly worth while mentioning the sentence; for, of course, it was that the Turco, being guilty of the murder of the Maltese, was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead; every word of which sentence was most ravenously devoured by the audience : and the trial being now over, the prisoner was hurried away to his dungeon, while the crowd eagerly rushed into the hot sunshine and open air.

A very considerable time elapsed between the sentence and the day fixed for execution. Where the prisoner was—what were his feelings—how he was fed—“and how he fared—no one knew, and no one cared:” however, on the last day of his existence, I happened to be riding along Strada Forni, when I heard a bellowing sort of a blast from a cow’s horn, which I instantly knew to be the signal that a fellow creature was going to the gallows. In any country in the world, the monotonous moan which proceeds from this wild uncouth instrument would be considered as extremely harsh and disagreeable; but at Malta, where the ear has been constantly accustomed to good Italian music, and to listen to nothing more discordant than the lovely and love-making notes of the guitar, this savage whoop was indescribably offensive, particularly being accompanied by the knowledge that it was the death-march, and the dirge of the murderer—“the knell, that summoned him to heaven or to hell!”

“As I rode towards Strada Reale, the principal street of Valetta, down which the procession was proceeding, a dismal blast from this horn was heard about every ten seconds; and, as it sounded louder and louder, it was evident the procession was approaching. At last, on coming to the corner of the street, I saw the culprit advancing on his funeral car. The streets on both sides were lined with spectators, and every window was filled with outstretched figures and eager faces. In the middle of Strada Reale, preceding

the prisoner, were three or four mutes; while several others were also begging in different parts of the town. These people, who belonged to some of the principal Maltese families, were covered from head to foot, with long loose robes of white linen, a couple of holes being cut for their eyes. Their feet were bare, and to each ankle was affixed a chain of such weight and length, that it was as much as they could do to drag one leg after the other. In the right hand they held a tin money-box, in the shape of a lantern, with death's head and bloody bones painted upon it. A small slit in this box received the copper contributions of the multitude; and, as these mutes passed me in horrid triumph, shaking the box every step they took (the rattling of the money forming a sort of savage accompaniment to the deep clanking of their chains), they had altogether an unearthly appearance, which certainly seemed less to belong to heaven than to hell; however, the malefactor now approached, and as soon as he came up to the corner of my street, I, loosening my rein, rode for a few moments at his side, attracted by one of the strangest scenes which I think I have ever beheld. The man was half sitting, half reclining, on a sort of low, rattling, iron vehicle, of an indescribable shape, which raised his head a little above the level of the people; and the very moment I looked him in the face, much of the secret history of what had passed since the day of his condemnation was as legible in his countenance as if it had been written there. He had been existing in some dark place, for his complexion was blanched by absence from light—he had evidently been badly fed, for there was famine in his sunken features—his nerves were gone, for he was trembling—his health had been materially impaired, either by suffering of body or mind, for the man was evidently extremely ill—and last, though not least, for some mysterious reason, either from an expectation of obtaining mercy in this world or in the next, he had evidently abjured his religion, for his dirty white turban was gone, and, very ill at his case, he sat, or rather reclined, in the clothes of a Christian!

The car on which he proceeded was surrounded by an immense number of priests, belonging to the different churches of Valetta, and apparently to those also of all the *casals* and villages in the island. All angry feelings had most completely subsided; in their minds, as well as in the minds of the people, the day was one only of triumph and joy; and, intoxicated with the spirit of religious enthusiasm, the priests were evidently beside themselves with joy at

having succeeded in the miraculous conversion which they had effected. Shouldering and pushing each other with all their strength, with outstretched arms, and earnest countenances, they were all, in different attitudes and voices, calling upon the malefactor to repeat the name of their own peculiar saint; some behind him were trying to attract his notice by pulling his clothes, while those before him, by dint of voice and gesture, were equally endeavouring to catch his eye; and such a confused cry of "Viva San Tommaso!" "Viva San Guiseppo!" "Viva San Giovanni!" "Viva San Paolo!" I will not pretend to describe. It was, of course, impossible for the wretch to comply with all their noisy demands: yet, poor fellow, he did his best; and in a low faint voice, being dreadfully exhausted by the jolting and shaking of the carriage, he repeated "Viva San Paolo!" &c. &c., as he caught the eye of the different priests. He had evidently no rule in these exclamations which he uttered, for I observed that the strong brawny shouldered priests who got nearest to him, often made him repeat the name of their saints twice, before the little bandy-legged ones in the rear could get him to mention theirs once. As this strange concert proceeded, it was impossible to help pitying the poor culprit; for, if one had been travelling from one magnificent palace to another, to be so jolted and tormented both in body and mind when one was ill, would by any of us have been termed dreadfully disagreeable; but for all this to happen to a man just at the very moment he was going to be hanged—at that moment of all others in which any of us would desire to be left to his own reflections—appeared at the time to be hard indeed. After passing under the great gate and subterraneous exit called Porta Reale, the procession wound its way across the drawbridges, and along the deep ditches, &c., of the fortification, until coming out upon the great esplanade which lies between Valetta and Floriana, an immense crowd of people was suddenly seen waiting round the gallows—at the sight of which I pulled up. The priests were now more eager than ever in beseeching the criminal to call upon the name of their saint;—the mutes, whose white robes in all directions were seen scattered among the people, were evidently shaking their boxes more violently than ever, while among the crowd there was a general lifting of feet, which showed the intense anxiety of their feelings.

As the procession slowly approached the gallows, I could not

hear what was going on ; but in a very short time, from the distance at which I stood, I saw the man led up the ladder by the executioner, who continued always a step or two above him : the rope was round his neck, and resting loosely on the culprit's head, there was something like a round wooden plate, through a hole in the centre of which the rope passed. As soon as the poor creature got high up on the ladder, the vociferations of the priests suddenly ceased ; for a few seconds a dead silence ensued, when all of a sudden, there was a simultaneous burst or shriek of exclamation from priests and populace, echoing and re-echoing the words " Viva la Cristianità !" which the man, in a low tone of voice, had just been persuaded to utter. All caps waved—every human being seemed congratulating each other on the delightful conversion ; and no person seemed to pay the slightest possible attention to the poor wretch, who, with the last syllable on his lips, had been pushed off the ladder, and was now calmly swinging in the air, the executioner standing on the loose wooden plate above his head, holding by the rope, and, with many antics, stamping with all his force to break the neck, while the people, in groups, were already bending their steps homewards. Not wishing to encounter such a crowd, I turned my horse in another direction, and passed a number of mules and asses belonging to many of the people who had come from the most remote casals to see the execution. The animals were all standing half asleep, nodding their heads in the sun—a herd of goats were as quietly grazing near the ramparts ; and when I contrasted the tranquillity which these animals were enjoying, with the scene I had just witnessed, I could not help feeling that I had more cause than Virgil to exclaim—"*Sic vos non vobis !*"

In returning from my ride I had to cross the esplanade, and as there was then no one at the gallows, I rode close by it. The figure, which was still hanging, was turning round very slowly, as if it were roasting before the sun ; the neck was so completely disjointed that the head almost hung downwards, and as I rode by it I was much struck in observing that the tongue was out of the mouth half bitten off—a dreadful emblem, thought I, of a renegade to his religion ! Whether or not the poor wretch had been induced to utter his last exclamation, from a hollow promise that it would save his life, is a mystery which will probably never on this earth be explained to us ; however, whatever was his creed, it is impossible to deny that when he swung from this world to eternity, he had but

little reason to admire the practical part of a Roman Catholic's mercy, however unanswerably its theory might have been explained to him.

As soon as I got to Valetta, I put up my horse, and, strolling about the streets, soon found myself in the immense church of St. John, which, in point of size and magnificence, is only second in the world to St. Peter's, at Rome. The congregation was almost exclusively composed of the people who had attended the execution, and quantities of men, as well as women, shrouded in their black silk faldettes, were listening to a tall, strong-looking Capuchin friar, who, with great emphasis, was preaching from a high pulpit, placed at a projecting angle of one of the many chapels which ramified from the aisle or great body of the church. He was a remarkably handsome man, of about thirty, and though his face was pale, or rather brown, yet his eye and features were strikingly vivid and intellectual; a rim or band of jet-black hair encircled his head, the rest of his hair by a double tonsure having been shaved at the top and from ear to ear; his throat was completely uncovered, and as he suddenly turned from one part of his congregation to another, his earnest attitudes were very beautiful. His brown sackcloth cowl hung in folds over his shoulders, and the loose negligent manner in which a cloak of the same coarse material hung upon his body, being apparently merely kept together by the white rope, or whip of knots, which encircled his waist, displayed a series of lines which any painter might well have copied; indeed, the whole dress of the Capuchins has been admirably well imagined, and above all others is it calculated to impress upon the mind of the spectator that its wearer is a man doomed to abstinence and mortification, seeking no enjoyment on this side of the grave, and never lowering his eyes from heaven, but fervently to exclaim—

“ Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye ! ”

The subject of the sermon was, of course, the execution which we had all witnessed. The hard-hearted infidelity of the Turks was very richly painted and described, and the crime which they had just seen expiated was clearly proved to be the effect, and the natural effect, of a Mahometan's anger. The happy conversion of the infidel then became a subject which was listened to with the most remarkable stillness, and every eye was riveted upon the mouth of

the Capuchin, as he minutely detailed the triumph and the conquest which had been made of the sheep which had that day, before their eyes, been added to the flock. He then explained, or endeavoured to explain (for it was no very easy task), that the money which had that morning been collected for the purchase of masses proved to be just sufficient to purify the soul of the departed sinner; but this, he very eloquently demonstrated, was only to be effected through the mediation of one whose image nailed to the cross was actually erected in the pulpit on his right hand. After expatiating on this subject at considerable length, working himself and his hearers into a state of very great excitement, with both his arms stretched out, with his eyes uplifted, he most fervently addressed the figure, exclaiming in a most emphatic tone of voice —“*Si! mio caro Signore! Si!*” &c. The effect which was instantly produced in the hearts of his hearers was very evident, and the fine melodious voice, together with the strong, nervous, muscular attitude of the preacher, contrasted with the drooping, exhausted, lifeless image above him, would have worked its effect upon the mind of any Christian spectator.

As soon as the sermon was over, the congregation dispersed. The day ended in universal joy and festivity; no revengeful recollections — no unkind feelings were entertained towards him who had been the principal actor of that day; on the contrary, the Maltese seemed rather to feel, that it was to him they were especially indebted for the pleasurable performances they had witnessed, and thus —

‘In peaceful merriment ran down the sun’s declining ray.’

SCHLANGENBAD ; OR, THE SERPENTS' BATH.

TIME had glided along so agreeably ever since my arrival at Laugen-Schwabach, my body had enjoyed such perpetual motion, my mind such absolute rest, that I had almost forgotten, though my holiday was nearly over, I had not yet reached the intended *non plus ultra* of my travels — namely, Schlangenbad, or the Serpents'

Bath. On the spur of the moment, therefore, I ordered a carriage; and, with my wallet lying by my side, having bidden adieu to a simple-hearted village, which, for the short remainder of my days, I believe, I shall remember with regard, I continued for some time gradually to ascend its eastern boundary, until I arrived nearly at the summit or pinnacle of the Taunus hills. The view from this point was very extensive indeed, and the park-like appearance of the whole of the lofty region or upper story of Nassau formed a prospect at once noble and pleasing. The Langen-Schwalbach band of wind-instruments was playing deep beneath me in the valley, but hidden by the fog, its sound was so driven about by the wind, that had I not recognized the tunes I but faintly heard, I should not have been able to determine from what point of the compass they proceeded. Sometimes they seemed to rise, like the mist, from one valley—sometimes from another—occasionally I fancied they were like the hurricane, sweeping across the surface of the country, and once I could almost have declared that the Æolian band was calmly seated above me in the air.

The numberless ravines which intersect Nassau were not discernible from the spot where my carriage had halted, and Langen-Schwalbach was so muffled in its peaceful retreat, that a stranger could scarcely have guessed it existed.

From this elevated point the Taunus hills began gradually to fall towards Wiesbaden and Frankfort; but a branch road, suddenly turning to the right, rapidly descended, or rather meandered down a long, rocky, narrow ravine, clothed with beech and oak-trees to its summit.

With a wheel of the carriage dragged, as I glided fast down this romantic valley, the scenery, compared with what I had just left, was on a very confined, contracted scale—in short, nothing was to be seen but a trickling stream running down the grassy bottom of a valley, and hills which appeared to environ it on both sides; besides this, the road writhed and bent so continually, that I could seldom see a quarter of a mile of it at once.

After descending about three-quarters of a league, I came to a new turn, and here SCHLANGENBAD, the SERPENTS' BATH, dressed in its magic mantle of tranquillity, suddenly appeared not only before, but within less than a hundred yards of me.

This secluded spot, to which such a number of people annually retreat, consists of nothing but an immense old building, or "Bad-

Haus," a new one, with two or three little mills, which, fed, as it were, by the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, are turned by the famous spring of water, after fine, fashionable ladies have done washing themselves in it.

When the carriage stopped, my first impression (which but too often, I regret to say, has been an erroneous one) was not in favour of the place; for, though its colours were certainly very beautiful, yet, from being so completely surrounded by hills, it seemed to wear some of the features of a prison; and, when, my vehicle driving away, I was first left by myself, I felt for a moment that the little band of music, which was playing upon the terrace above my head, was not quite competent to enliven the scene. However, after I had walked in various directions about this sequestered spot, sufficiently not only to become acquainted with its *locale*, but to discover that it possessed a number of modest beauties, completely veiled from the passing gaze of the stranger, I went to the old "Bad-Haus," to obtain rooms from the bath-master (appointed by the Duke), who has charge of both these great establishments.

I found the little man seated in his office, in the agony of calculating upon a slate the amount of seven times nine; perceiving, however, that instead of multiplying the two figures together, he had reared up a ladder of seven nines, which he was slowly ascending, step by step, I felt quite unwilling to interrupt him; and as his wife appeared to be gifted with all or many of the little abilities in which he might have been deficient, I gladly availed myself of her offer, to show me over the two buildings, in order that I might select some apartments.

The old "Bad-Haus," and Hotel de Nassau, which, being united together, form one of the two great buildings I have mentioned, are situated on the side of the hill close to the macadamized road which leads to Mainz; and to give some idea of the gigantic scale on which these sorts of German bathing establishments are constructed, I will state, that in this rambling "Bad-Haus" I counted 413 windows, and that, without ever twice going over the same ground, I found the passages measured 109 paces, or, as nearly as possible, a quarter of a mile!

Below this immense barrack, and on the opposite side of the road, is the new "Bad-Haus," or bathing house, pleasantly situated in a shrubbery. This building (which contains 172 windows) is of a modern construction, and straddling across the bottom of the valley,

the celebrated water, which rises milk-warm from the rock, after supplying the baths on the lower story, runs from beneath it. No sooner, however, does the fluid escape from the building, than a group of poor washerwomen, standing up to their knees on a sheet, which is stretched upon the ground, humbly make use of it before it has time to get to the two little mills which are patiently waiting for it about a couple of hundred yards below.

After having passed, in the two establishments, an immense number of rooms, each furnished by the Duke with white window-curtains, a walnut-tree bed with bedding, a chestnut-tree table, an elastic spring sofa, and three or four walnut-tree chairs, the price of each room (on an average from 10*d.* to 2*s.* a-day) being painted on the door, I complimented the good, or, to give her her proper title, the "bad" lady who attended me, on the plain, but useful order in which they appeared; in return for which she very obligingly offered to show me the source of the famous water, for the sake of which two such enormous establishments had been erected.

In the history of the little duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity: Once upon a time there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate, the thinner she grew---the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her---never was she seen to chew the cud, but hide-bound, and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew---what could cure her no one could divine;---in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, "given over."

In a few weeks, however, she suddenly re-appeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh---eyes like a deer---skin sleek as a mole's---breath sweetly smelling of milk---saliva hanging in ring-lets from her jaw! Every day seemed to re-establish her health; and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, feeling induced to watch her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way, in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley.

The trifling circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to show exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother,

sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician had actually

“ Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,”

when the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer's secret remedy—she did so; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest and roundest young women in the duchy.

What had suddenly cured one sick lady was soon deemed a proper prescription for others, and all cases meeting with success, the spring, gradually rising into notice, received its name from a circumstance which I shall shortly explain. In the meanwhile, I will observe, that even to this day horses are brought by the peasants to be bathed, and I have good authority for believing, that in cases of slight consumption of the lungs (a disorder common enough among horses), the animal recovers his flesh with surprising rapidity—nay, I have seen even the pigs bathed, though I must own that *they* appeared to have no other disorder except hunger. But to return to the “bad” lady.

After following her through a labyrinth of passages (one of which not only leant sideways, but had an ascent like a hill), she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor close by me a couple of small serpents! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I merely flinched aside as they passed, without making any observation; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door which she said was that of the source, and while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone, and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of brunnens with three serpents about the size of vipers swimming about in it! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed to the reptiles, as if to know why in the name of Æsculapius they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths?

In the calmest manner possible, my conductress (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations) replied, “*Au contraire, c'est ce qui donne qualité à ces eaux!*”

The quantity of these reptiles, or Schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring is very great; and they of course

have given their name to the place. When full grown they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest.

As soon as the lady had shown me the whole establishment, she strongly recommended me to take up my abode in the old "Bad Haus;" however, on my first arrival, in crossing the promenade in front of it, I had caught a glimpse of some talkative old ladies, whose tongues and knitting needles seemed to be racing against each other, which made it very advisable to decline the polite invitation; and I accordingly selected apartments at one extremity of the new Bad-Haus, my windows on the north looking into the shrubbery, those on the east upon the two little water-mills, revolving in the green lonely valley of Schlangenbad.

The cell of the hermit can hardly be more peaceful than this abode: it is true it was not only completely inhabited (there being no more rooms unoccupied), but it was teeming with people many of whom are known in the great world. For instance, among its inmates were the Princess Romanow, first wife of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—the Prince of Hesse Homburg (whose brother, the late Landgrave, married the Princess Elizabeth of England)—a Prussian Minister from Berlin, and occasionally the Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the son of King Frederic William. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests, but paying for their rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase and walked along the same passages with the humblest inmates of the place. Yet within the narrow dominion of their own chamber, visitors were received with every attention due to form and etiquette. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned, however, in this new "Bad-Haus" was to me always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Sometimes a person would be seen carefully locking his door, and then, with the key in his pocket, quietly stealing along the passage: at other times, a lady might be caught on tip-toes softly ascending the stairs; but neither steps nor voices were to be heard; and far from witnessing anything like ostentation, it seemed to me that concealment was rather the order of the day. As soon as it grew dark, a single wick floating in a small glass lamp, open at the top, was placed at each great entrance door; and another at each extremity of the

long passages into which the rooms on each floor communicated, giving the visitors just light enough to avoid running against the walls: in obscure weather, there was also a lamp here and there in the shrubbery, but as long as the pale moon shone in the heavens, its lovely light was deemed sufficient.

A table d'hôte dinner, at a florin for each person, was daily prepared, for all, or any, who might choose to attend it; and for about the same price, a dinner with knives, forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., would be forwarded to any guest who, like myself, was fond of the luxury of solitude: coffee and tea were cheap in proportion.

I have dwelt long upon these apparently trifling details, because, humble as they may sound, I conceive that they contain a very important moral. How many of our country people are always raving about the cheapness of the Continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it: yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage enough to live at home as economically and as nationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result!

The baths at Schlangenbad are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite looked forward to the morning for the pleasure with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect the water produces on the skin is very singular; it is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer: and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St. Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit that it must be soft indeed to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity: for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village—nothing therefore but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which in every sense of the word is out of sight of the civilized world; and yet I must say, that I never remember to have existed in a place which possessed such fascinating beauties; besides which (to say nothing of breathing pure, dry air), it is no small pleasure

to live in a skin which puts all people in good humour—at least, with themselves. But besides the cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial value: it is said to tranquillize the nerves, to soothe all inflammation; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet whatever *good* effect the water may have upon this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be to neutralize the *bad* effect of the climate, which to consumptive patients must decidedly be a very severe trial, for delightful as it is to people in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be anything but a remedy for weak lungs.

The effect produced upon the skin, by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day happened to overhear a short, fat Frenchman describe to his friend in the following words—“*Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même!*” I cannot exactly corroborate this Gallic statement, yet I must admit that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering, phosphoric brightness, resembling very much white objects, which, having been thrown overboard, in calm weather within the tropics, many of my readers have probably watched sinking in the ocean, which seems to blanch and illuminate them as they descend. The effect is very extraordinary, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles with which the fluid is impregnated.

The Schlangenbad water contains the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia, with a slight excess of carbonic acid which holds the carbonates in solution. The celebrated embellishment which it produces on the skin is, in my opinion, a sort of corrosion, which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained from exposure and ill-treatment by the sun and wind. In short the body is cleaned by it, just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper saucepan; and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most distant parts of Europe. I am by no means certain, however, that they receive any permanent benefit; indeed, on the contrary, I should think that their skins would eventually become, if anything, coarser, from the

removal of a slight veil or covering, intended by Nature as a protection to the cuticle.

But whether this water be permanently beneficial to ladies or not, the softness it gives to the whole body is quite delightful; and with two elements, air and water, in perfection, I found that I grew every hour more and more attached to the place.

On the cellar-floor, or lower story of my abode ("the New Bad-Haus"), where the baths are situated, there lived an old man and his wife, whose duty it was to prepare the baths, and to give towels, &c. I do not know whether the Schlangenbad waters corrode the temper as well as the skin, yet, certainly, this old couple appeared to me to be continually quarrelling; and every little trifle I required for my bath, though given to me with the greatest goodwill, seemed to form a subject of jealous dispute between this subterranean pair. The old woman, however, invariably got the best of the argument,—a triumph which I suspect proceeded more from her physical than moral powers: in short, as is occasionally the case, the old gentleman was afraid of his companion; and I observed that his attitude, as he argued, very much resembled that of a cat in a corner, when spitting in the face of a terrier dog. Finding that they did not work happily together, I always managed to prevent both of them coming to me at once. The old woman, however, insisted on preparing my bath; and, with a great pole in one hand, stirring up the water—a thermometer in the other, and a pair of spectacles blinded with steam on her nose, she very good-naturedly brought the temperature of the water to the proper degree, which is said to be 27 of Reaumur.

After I had had my bath, the old wife being out of the way, I one day paid a visit of compliment to her husband, who had shown, by many little attempted attentions, that he was, had he dared, as anxious as his partner to serve me. With great delight, he showed me several bottles full of serpents; and then, opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherwoman would handle eels, some very long ones—one of which (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away) he put upon a line, which she had stretched across the room for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly; and, without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until, stretching its

long neck with half its body into the air, it held on, in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which, by a sort of contortion of the vertebrae, it firmly grasped.

The old man, apparently highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely proceeded to show living serpents of all colours and sizes,—stuffed serpents, and serpents' skins,—all of which seemed very proper hobbies, to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of Schlangenbad, or the Serpents' Bath.

At last, however, the fellow's dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning, as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf a broad-mouthed, white glass bottle, and then, in a sort of savage ecstacy, pronouncing the word "BAROMET!" he placed it in my hands.

The bottle was about half full of dirty water—a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom—and near the top there was a small piece of thin wood which went about half across the phial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth, served as a cork—the shrivelled skin of its under-jaw moving at every sweltering breath which it took—there sat a large, speckled, living toad!

Like Sterae's captive, he had not by his side "a bundle of sticks, notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there;" yet their sum total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy colour of the poor creature's skin; and certainly, in my lifetime, I never had seen what might truly be called—a sick toad.

It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man's eyes were beaming with pride and delight at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity—and exclaiming "Schönes Wetter!" (fine weather!) he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting—and then he exultingly explained that, so soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would get down into the water. "BAROMET!" repeated the old fellow, grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf.

My first impression was, "*coûte qui coûte*," to buy this barometer,—carry its poor captive to the largest marsh I could find,—and then, breaking the bottle into shivers, to give him, what toads appreciate better than mankind—liberty; but, on reflecting a mo-

ment, I felt quite sure that the old inquisitor would soon procure another subject for torture; and, as with toads as with ourselves, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte,*" I thought it better that this poor imprisoned creature, to a certain degree accustomed to his misery, should exist in it, than that a fresh toad should suffer:—it also occurred to me, that if I should dare to purchase his rude instrument, the ingenious, unfeeling old wretch of a philosopher might be encouraged to make others for sale.

The old bath, or "bad" man, had vipers' nests, their eggs, and many other Caliban curiosities, which he was desirous to show me; but having seen quite enough for one morning's visit, and besides, hearing his wife's tongue coming along the subterranean passage, I left him—her—toad—reptiles, &c., to fret away their existence, while I rose into far brighter regions above them.

After ascending a couple of flights of stairs, I strolled for some time on the little parade, which is close to the entrance of the old "Bad-Haus;" but the benches being all occupied by people listening to the band of music, and besides, not liking the artificial passages of hedges cut, without metaphor, to the quick, I bade adieu to the scene; and, entering the great forest, with which the hills in every direction were clothed to their summits, I ascended a steep, broad road (across which a couple of schlangens glided close by me), until I came to a hut, from which there is a very pleasing home view of the little valley of Schlangenbad. It is certainly a most romantic spot, and that it had appeared so to others was evident, from a marble pillar and inscription which stood on the edge of a precipice before me. The tale it commemorated is simply beautiful. The Count de Grunne, the Dutch Ambassador at Frankfort, having, in the healthy autumn of his life, come to Schlangenbad, with his young wife, was so enchanted with the loveliness of the country, the mildness of the air, and the exquisite softness of the water, that, quite unable to contain himself, on a black marble column he caused to be sculptured, as emblems of himself and his companion, two crested schlangens, eating leaves (apparently a salad) out of the same bowl—with the following pathetic inscription:—

EN

Reconnaissance

Des Délicieuses Saisons

Passées Ici Ensemble

Par

CHARLES C^{te} DEGRUNNE

Et

BETSI C^{tesse} DEGRUNNE.

1830.

Leaving this quiet sentimental bower, and descending the hill, I entered the great pile of buildings of the old Bad-Haus, or Nassauer-Hof, and as I was advancing along one of its endless passages, I passed an open door, from which a busy hum proceeded which clearly proclaimed it to be a school. My grave Mentor-like figure was no sooner observed silently standing at its portal, than its master, a short, slight, hectic-looking lad, scarcely twenty, seemed to feel an unaccountable desire to form my acquaintance. Begging me to enter his small literary dominion, he very modestly requested leave to be permitted to explain to me the nature of the studies he was imparting to his subjects; the little creatures, from their benches, looking at me all the time with the same sort of fear with which mice look into the face of a bull-dog, or frogs at the terrific bill and outline of a stork.

Having, by a slight inclination, accepted this offer, the young Dominic commenced by stating that all the children in Nassau are *obliged*, by order of the Duke, to go to school, from six to fourteen years of age;—that the parents of a child, who has intentionally missed, are forced to pay two kreuzers the first time, four the second, six the third, and that if they are too poor to pay these fines, they are obliged to work them out in hard labour, or are otherwise punished for their children's neglect;—that the inhabitants of each village pay the schoolmaster among themselves, in proportions, varying according to their means, but that the Duke prescribes what the children are to learn—namely, religion, singing, reading, writing, Scripture history, the German language, natural history, geography, and accounts;—and that the mode of imparting this education is grounded upon the system of Pestalozzi.

This introductory explanation being concluded, the young master

now displayed to me specimens of his scholars' writing—showed me their slates covered with sums in the first rules of arithmetic—and then calling up several girls and boys, he placed his wand in the hand of each trembling little urchin, who one by one was desired to point out upon maps, which hung against the walls, the great oceans, seas, mountains, and capitals of our globe. Having expressed my unqualified approbation of the zeal and attention with which this excellent young man had evidently been labouring, at the arduous, “never-ending, still beginning” duties of his life; I was about to depart, when, as a last favour, he anxiously intreated me to hear his children, for one moment, sing; and striking the table with his wand, it instantly, as if it had been a tuning fork, called them to attention—at a second blow on the table, they pushed aside their slates and books—at a third, opening their eyes as wide as they could, they inflated their tiny lungs brimfull—and at a fourth blow, in full cry, they all opened, to my no small astonishment, mouths which, in blackness of inside, exactly resembled a pack of King Charles's spaniels: had the children been drinking ink, their tongues and palates could not have been darker; and though, accompanied by their master, the psalm they were singing was simply beautiful, and though their infantine voices streaming along the endless passages produced a reverberation which was exceedingly pleasing, yet there was something so irresistibly comic in their appearance, that any countenance but my own would have smiled.

The cause of the odd-looking phenomenon suddenly occurred to me,—having, in the morning, observed several peasants, whose trowsers at the knees were stained perfectly black, by their having knelt down to pick bilberries, which grow on the forest-covered hills of Nassau in the greatest profusion. The children had evidently been grazing on the same ground, and as soon as the idea occurred, I observed by their little black fingers that my solution of the dark problem was correct.

Returning to my residence, the New Bad-Haus, the sun, though much less weary than myself, having sunk to rest, I sat alone for some time in one of the bowers of the shrubbery belonging to the building. Occasionally a human figure, scarcely visible from the deep shade of the trees, glided slowly by me, but whether that of a prince or a peasant I neither knew nor cared. What interested me infinitely more, was to observe the fire-flies, which, with small lau-

terns in their tails, were either soaring close above me, or sparkling among the bushes. The bright emerald green light which they possessed was lovely beyond description, yet apparently they had only received permission to display it so long as they remained on the wing—and as two young ones, gliding before me, rested for a moment on a rose-leaf, at my side, the instant they closed their wings, they were left together in total darkness. Some (probably old ones) steadily sailing, passed me, as if on business; while others, dancing in the air, had evidently no object except pleasure; yet, whether flying in a circle or in a line, each little creature, as it proceeded, gaily illuminated its own way, and like a pure, cheerful, well-conditioned mind, it also shed a trifling lustre on whatever it approached.

As I sat here alone in the dark, I could not drive from my mind the interesting picture I had just been witnessing in the little village school of Schlangenbad.

We are all in England so devotedly attached to that odd, easily pronounced, but difficult to be defined word—liberty, that there is, perhaps, nothing we should all at once set our backs, our faces, and our heads against more, than a national compulsory system of education, similar to that prescribed in Nassau; and yet, if law has the power to punish crime, there seems at first to exist no very strong reason why it should not also be permitted, by education, to prevent it. Every respectable parent in our country will be ready to admit, that the most certain recipe for making his son a useful, a happy, and a valuable member of society, is carefully to attend to the cultivation of his mind. We all believe that good seeds can be sown there, that bad ones can be eradicated—that ignorance leads a child to error and crime—that his mental darkness, like a town, can be illuminated—that the judgment (his only weapon against his passions) can, like the blacksmith's arm, by use, be strengthened; and if it be thus universally admitted that education is one of the most valuable properties a rational being can bequeath to his own child, it would seem to follow that a parental government might claim (at least before Heaven) nearly as much right to sentence a child to education, as a criminal to the gallows. Nevertheless, as a curious example of the difference in national taste, it may be observed, that though in England judges and juries can anywhere be found to condemn the body, they would everywhere be observed to shrink at the very idea of chastening the mind; they see no moral

or religious objection to imprison the former, but they all agree that it would be a political offence to liberate the latter. Although our poor-laws oblige every parish to feed, house, and clothe its offspring, yet in England it is thought wrong to enforce any national provision for the mind, and yet the Duke of Nassau might argue, that in a civilized community children have no more natural *right* to be brought up ignorant than naked; in short, that if the mildest government be justified in forcing a man, for decency's sake, to envelop his body, it might equally claim the power of obliging him, for the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the community—to develop his mind.

Into so complicated an argument I feel myself quite incompetent to enter; yet were I at this moment to be leaving this world, there is no one assertion I think I could more solemnly maintain—there is no important fact I am more seriously convinced of—and there is no evidence which, from the observation of my whole life, I could more conscientiously deliver, than that, as far as I have been capable of judging, our system of education in England has produced, does produce, and so long as it be persisted in, must produce, the most lamentable political effects.

Strange as it may sound, I believe few people will, on reflection, deny, what a most remarkable difference exists between a man and what is termed mankind—in fact, between the intelligence of the human being and that of the species to which he belongs.

If a man of common or of the commonest abilities be watched throughout a day, it is quite delightful to remark how cleverly he adapts his conduct to the various trifling unforeseen circumstances which occur—how shrewdly, as through a labyrinth, he pursues his own interests, and with what alacrity he can alter his plans, or, as it is vulgarly termed, change his mind, the instant it becomes advisable for him to do so. Appeal to him on any plain subject, and you find him gifted with quick perception, possessed with ready judgment, and with his mind sparkling with intelligence. Now, mix a dozen such men together, and intellect instantly begins to coagulate; in short, by addition you have produced subtraction. One man means what he cannot clearly explain—another ably expresses what he did not exactly mean—one, while disputing his neighbour's judgment, neglects his own—another indolently reclines his head upon his neighbour's brain—one does not care to see—another forgets to foresee—in short, though any one pilot

could steer the vessel into port, with twelve at the helm she inevitably runs upon the rocks. Now, instead of a dozen men, if anything be committed to the care, judgment, or honour of a large body, or, as it is not improperly termed, a "corporation" of men, their torpor, apathy, and sloth are infinitely increased, and when, instead of a corporation, it be left to that nonentity, a whole nation—the total neglect it meets with is beyond all remedy. In short, the individuals of a community, compared with the community itself, are like a swarm of bees compared with bees that have swarmed or clung together in a lump; and as the countryman stands shaking the dull mass from the bough, one can scarcely believe that it is composed of little, active, intelligent, busy creatures, each armed with a sting as well as with knowledge, and arrangements which one can hardly sufficiently admire. If this theory be correct, it will account at once for our unfortunate system of education in England, which, being everybody's duty, is therefore nobody's duty, and which, like

"The child whom many fathers share,
Has never known a father's care."

In the evening of a long, toilsome life, if a man were to be obliged solemnly to declare what, without any exception, has been the most lovely thing which on the surface of this earth it has been his good fortune to witness, I conceive that, without hesitation, he might reply—*The mind of a young child*. Indeed, if we believe that creation, with all its charms, was beneficently made for man, it seems almost to follow that his mind, that mirror in which every minute object is to be reflected, must be gifted with a polish sufficiently high to enable it to receive the lovely and delicate images created for its enjoyment. Accordingly, we observe with what delight a child beholds light—colours—flowers—fruit, and every new object that meets his eye; and we all know that before his judgment be permitted to interfere, for many years he feels, or rather suffers, a thirst for information which is almost insatiable.

He desires, and very naturally desires, to know what the moon is?—what are the stars?—where the rain, wind; and storm come from? With innocent simplicity he asks, what becomes of the light of a candle when it is blown out? Any story or any history he greedily devours; and so strongly does his youthful mind retain every sort of image impressed upon it, that it is well known his after

life is often incapable of obliterating the terror depicted there by an old nurse's tales of ghosts, and hobgoblins of darkness.

Now with their minds in this pure, healthy, voracious state, the sons of all our noblest families, and of the most estimable people in the country, are, after certain preparations, eventually sent to those slaughter-houses of the understanding, our public schools, where, weaned from the charms of the living world, they are nailed to the study of two dead languages—like galley-slaves, they are chained to these oars, and are actually flogged if they neglect to labour. Instead of imbibing knowledge suited to their youthful age, they are made to learn the names of Actæon's hounds—to study the life of Alexander's horse—to know the fate of Alcibiades's dog;—in short, it is too well known that Dr. Lempriere made 3000*l.* a-year by the sale of a dictionary, in which he had amassed, “for the use of schools,” tales and rubbish of this description. The poor boy at last “gets,” as it is termed, “into Ovid,” where he is made to study everything which human ingenuity could invent to sully, degrade, and ruin the mind of a young person. The Almighty Creator of the Universe is caricatured by a set of grotesque personages termed gods and goddesses, so grossly sensual, so inordinately licentious, that were they to-day to appear in London, before sunset they would probably be every one of them where they ought to be—at the tread-mill. The poor boy, however, must pore over all their amours, natural and unnatural;—he must learn the birth, parentage, and education of each, with the biography of their numerous offspring, earthly as well as unearthly. He must study love-letters from the heavens to the earth, and metamorphoses which have almost all some low, impure object. The only geography he learns is “the world known to the ancients.” Although a member of the first maritime nation on the globe, he learns no nautical science but that possessed by people who scarcely dared to leave their shores; all his knowledge of military life is that childish picture of it which might fairly be entitled “war without gunpowder.” But even the little which on these subjects he does learn, is so mixed up with fable, that his mind gets puzzled and debilitated to such a degree, that he becomes actually unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, and when he reads that Hannibal melted the Alps with vinegar, he does not know whether it be really true or not.

In this degraded state, with the energy and curiosity of their

young minds blunted—actually nauseating the intellectual food which they had once so naturally desired, a whole batch of boys at the age of about fourteen are released from their schools to go on board men of war, where they are to strive to become the heroes of their day. They sail from their country ignorant of almost everything that has happened to it since the days of the Romans—having been obliged to look upon all the phenomena of nature, as well as the mysteries of art, without explanation, their curiosity for information on such subjects has subsided. They lean against the capstan, but know nothing of its power—they are surrounded by mechanical contrivances of every sort, but understand them no more than they do the stars in the firmament. They steer from one country to another, ignorant of the customs, manners, prejudices, or languages of any; they know nothing of the effect of climate—it requires almost a fever to drive them from the sun; in fact they possess no practical knowledge. The first lesson they learn from adversity is their own guiltless ignorance, and no sooner are they in real danger, than they discover how ill spent has been the time they have devoted to the religion of the heathen—how vain it is in affliction to patter over the names of Actæon and his hounds!

That in spite of all these disadvantages, a set of high-bred, noble-spirited young men eventually become, as they really do, an honour to their country, is no proof that their early education has not done all in its power to prevent them. But, to return to those we left at our public schools.

As these boys rise, they become, as we all know, more and more conversant in the dead languages, until the fatal period arrives, when, proudly laden with these two panniers, they proceed to one of our universities. Arriving, for instance, at Oxford, they find a splendid high street, magnificently illuminated with gas, filled with handsome shops, traversed by the mail, macadamized, and, like every other part of our great commercial country, beaming with modern intelligence. In this street, however, they are not per-

* At this age I myself left my classical school, scarcely knowing the name of a single river in the new world—tired almost to death of the history of the Ilissus. In after life I entered a river of America more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais—and with respect to the Ilissus, which had received in my mind such distorted importance, I will only say, that I have repeatedly walked across it in about twenty seconds, without wetting my ankles!

mitted to reside, but, conducted to the right and left, they meander among mouldering monastic-looking buildings, until they reach the cloisters of the particular college to which they are sentenced to belong. By an ill-judged misnomer, they are from this moment encouraged, even by their preceptors, to call each other *men*; and a *man* of seventeen, "too tall for school," talks of another *man* of eighteen, as gravely as I always mention the name of my prototype Methusalem. •What their studies are, will sufficiently appear from what is required of them, when they come before the public as candidates for their degrees. At this examination, which is to give them, throughout their country, the rank of finished scholars, these self-entitled *men* are gravely examined first of all in Divinity, and then, as if in scorn of it, almost in the same breath, they descant about the God of this vice, and the God of that; in short, they are obliged to translate any two heathen authors in Latin, and any other two in Greek, they themselves may select. They are next examined in Aristotle's moral philosophy, and their examination, like their education, being now concluded, their minds being now decreed to be brimfull, they are launched into their respective grades of society, as accomplished, polished men, who have reaped the inestimable advantages of a *good classical education*. But it is not these gentlemen that I presume to ridicule; on the contrary, I firmly believe that the 1200 students, who at one time are generally at Oxford, are as high-minded, as highly talented, as anxious to improve themselves, as handsome, and, in every sense of the word, as fine a set of lads as can anywhere be met with in a body on the face of the globe. I also know that all our most estimable characters, all the most enlightened men our country has ever produced, have, generally speaking, been members of one of our universities; but, in spite of all this, will any reasonable being seriously maintain that the workmanship has been equal to the materials? I mean, that their education has been equal to themselves?

Let any one weigh what they have *not* learnt against what they have, and he will find that the difference is exactly that which exists between creation itself and a satchel of musty books. I own they are skilfully conversant in the latter; I own that they have even deserved prizes for having made verses in imitation of Sappho—odes in imitation of Horace—epigrams after the model of the Anthologia, as well as after the mode of Martial; but what has the

university taught them of the former? Has it even informed them of the discovery of America? Has it given them the power of conversing with the peasant of any one nation in Europe? Has it explained to them any one of the wonderful works of creation? Has it taught them a single invention of art? Has it shown the young landed proprietor how to measure the smallest field on his estate? Has it taught him even the first rudiments of economy? Has it explained to him the principle of a common pump? Has it fitted him in any way to stand in that distinguished situation which by birth and fortune he is honestly entitled to hold? Has it given him any agricultural information, any commercial knowledge, any acquaintance with mankind, or with business of any sort or kind; and, lastly, has it made him modestly sensible of his own ignorance?—or has it, on the contrary, done all in its power to make him feel not only perfectly satisfied with his own acquirements, but contempt for those whose minds are only filled with plain useful knowledge?

But it will be proudly argued, “THE UNIVERSITY HAS TAUGHT HIM DIVINITY!” In theory, I admit it may have done so; but, in all his terms, has the student practically learnt as much Omnipotence as the hurricane could explain to him in five minutes? To teach young lads the simple doctrines of Christianity, is it advisable to hide from their minds creation? It is advisable to allow them to remain out of their colleges till midnight? But taking leave of the university, let us, for a moment, consider the political effects of its cramped, short-sighted, narrow-minded system.

On quitting their colleges, our young men, instead of being sensible, that although they have read much that is ornamental, their education has scrupulously avoided all that is useful—instead of modestly feeling that they have to make up for lost time, and to fight their way from nothing to distinction like subaltern officers in our army, or like midshipmen in the navy, they have very great reason to consider that, far from being literary vessels, rudely put together, they are launched into society as perfect as a frigate from its dock!

With respect to the drudgery of gaining honours, they feel that they already possess them, can *produce* them, and true enough, they show 1st class, 2nd class, and 3d class honours, which are as current in the country as the coin of the realm; and, with respect to their education being *imperfect*, by universal consent, it has for centuries been coupled with the most flattering adjectives;—it is

termed polite—elegant—accomplished—good—complete—excellent—regular—classical, &c., &c. In literary creation these young men conceive that they are luminaries, not specks—ornaments, not blemishes! not merely in their own opinions, but by universal consent and acclamation. Their political place is undeniably, therefore, the helm, not before the mast; they are to guide, conduct, steer the vessel of the state, not ignobly labour at its oar!

Accordingly, when they take their places in both houses of Parliament, plunging at once into their own native element, they rise up in the immediate presence of noblemen and gentlemen who not only boast of having received exactly the same education as themselves, but who, as youths, have proudly won the self-same honours which they enjoy; and I here very humbly beg leave again to repeat, that because our Parliament maintains, and always has maintained, a front rank of men of undaunted resolution, transcendent abilities, brilliant natural genius, and clear, comprehensive, enlightened minds, it does not follow that the system of our public schools and universities must necessarily be practically good. On the contrary, it only proves that human institutions can no more extinguish the native virtue, talent, and integrity of a country, than they can hide from the world the light of the sun; but education can misdirect, though it cannot annihilate; it can give the national mind a hankering for unwholesome instead of wholesome food,—it can encourage a passion for useless instead of useful information. On its course high-bred lads may be trained to race against each other, until the vain object they have strived for can never in after life re-appear, but their blood warms within them.

Now supposing, for a single moment, that English education be admitted to be as useless and dangerous as I have endeavoured to describe it, let us consider what might naturally be expected to be its practical political effects.

In our two houses of Parliament, classical eloquence would unavoidably become the order of the day; and classical allusions, when neatly expressed, would always receive that heartfelt cheer which even the oldest among us are unable to withhold from what reminds us of the pleasures and attachments of our early days. Thus encouraged, young statesmen would feel their power rather than their inexperience; and, with their minds stored with knowledge declared to possess intrinsic value, they would not be very backward in displaying it. Language, rather than matter, would

thus become the object of emulation—speeches would swell into orations—and, in this contention and conflict of genius, men of cleverness, ready wit, brilliant imagination, retentive memory, caustic reply, and last, though not least, soundness of constitution, would rise to the surface, far above those who, with much deeper reflection, much heavier sense, more sterling knowledge, and more powerful judgment, were yet found to be wanting in activity in their parts of speech. Baffled, therefore, in their laconic attempts to expound their uninteresting, ledger-like, unfashionable opinions, this useful class of men would probably, by silence or otherwise, retire from the unequal contest, which would become more and more of an art, until extraordinary talent was required to carry political questions so plain and simple, that were votes mutely to be given by any set of hum-drum men, there would scarcely be a difference in their opinions.

In the midst of this civil war, a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty would be very likely rapidly to rise to be the Prime Minister of our great commercial country! for although, if this world teaches us any one moral, it is, that youth and inexperience are synonymous; yet when talent only be the palm, surely none have better right to contend for it than the young!

Seated on the exalted pinnacle which he has most fairly and honourably attained, if not by general acclamation, at least by the applauding voice of the majority, he must, of course, stand against the intellectual tempest which has unnaturally brought a person of his age to the surface. Accordingly, by the main strength of his youthful genius, by his admitted superiority of talent, this heedless pilot would probably triumphantly maintain his place at the helm—requiring, however, support from those of his admirers most approaching in eloquence to himself. To obtain the services of some great orator, he would (copying the system of his opponents) be induced to appoint a man, for instance, Secretary for the Colonies, who on this earth had never reached the limits even of its temperate zone; another, who had not heard a shot fired, or even seen a shell in the air, would, perhaps, be created Master-General of our Ordnance; in short, talent being the weapon or single-stick of Parliament, he would, like others before him, arm himself with it at any cost, and thus reign triumphant.

However, without supposing such an extreme case, let us fearlessly recall to mind a miserable fact almost of yesterday. In the fatal

year 1825, the British government conceived the purely classical and highly poetical idea of "bringing a new world into existence!" Most people will remember with what flowery eloquence the elegant project was laid before Parliament, and how loudly and generally it was cheered—the blind were led by the blind—all our senators being equally charmed at the splendid possibility of their thus politically dabbling in creation. The truth or moral, however, came upon us last, like the simmoon upon the traveller who ignorantly ventures on the deserts of Africa. The country almost foundered, and though she has, to a certain degree, recovered from the shock, yet thousands of widows, orphans, and people of small incomes, are to this day, in indigence and sorrow, secretly lamenting the hour in which the high-flown parliamentary project was disseminated.

The charity, pater-noster system of education pursued to this day at our universities and public schools has produced other historical facts, which it is now equally out of our power to obliterate, atone for, or deny. For instance, we all know that in five years Charles II. touched 23,601 of his subjects for the evil;—that our bishops invented (just as Ovid wrote his "Metamorphoses") a sort of heathen service for the occasion;—that the unchristianlike, superstitious ceremony was performed in public; and that as soon as prayers were ended, we are told, "*The Duke of Buckingham brought a towel, and the Earl of Pembroke a basin and ewer, who, after they had made obeisance to his Majesty, kneeled down till his Majesty had washed.*"

Again, everybody knows that Amy Drury and her daughter, eleven years of age, were tried before "the great and good Sir Matthew Hale," then Lord Chief Baron, for witchcraft, and were convicted and executed at Bury St. Edmund's, principally on the evidence of Sir Thomas Brown, one of the first physicians and scholars of his day: also that Dr. Wiseman, an eminent surgeon of that period, in writing on scrofula, says—"*However, I must needs profess that His Majesty (Charles II) cureth more in any one year than all the chirurgeons of London have done in an age.*"

The above degrading facts are moral tragedies, which were not acted in a dark corner, by a few obscure strolling individuals—not even by any great political faction,—but the audience was the British nation—the performers the King on his throne, the bishops, the nobility, the judges, the physicians, the philosophers of the day.

In short, theory and practice, hand in hand, both prove to the whole world the double error in our system of education. Says theory—if young people, instead of being taught to look at the ground under their feet, at the heavens above their head, or at creation around them, are forced by the rod to study events that never happened, speeches that never were made, metamorphoses that never took place, forms of worship and creeds ridiculous and impious, such a nation must inevitably grow up narrow-minded, ignorant, superstitious and cruel. Says practice—this prophecy has been most fatally fulfilled; and accordingly, in England, people *have* believed in witchcraft—*have* put savage faith in the King's touch,—and, under the name of a mild and merciful religion, they *have* burnt each other to ashes at the stake!

The mute steadiness of British troops under fire,—the total want of bluster or bravado in our naval actions, where, as we all know,

“ There is silence deep as death,
And the boldest holds his breath
For a time,”—

the laconic manner in which business all over England is transacted (millions being exchanged with little more than a nod of assent); in short, our national respect for silent conduct, form a most extraordinary contrast with the flatulent eloquence of our Parliamentary debates.

But to return to our houses of Parliament: shall we now proceed to calculate what would be the expense of such a system of government or misgovernment as that which has just been shown to have proceeded, not from the imbecility of individuals, but from the system of false education maintained by our public schools and universities? No! no! for the history of our country has already solved this great problem, and, at this moment, does it record to our posterity, as well as to the whole world, that the expense of a great mercantile nation, looking behind it instead of before it—the price of its statesmen studying ancient poets instead of modern discoveries—of mistaking the “*orbis veteribus cognitus*” for the figure of the earth, amounts to neither more nor less than a national debt of EIGHT HUNDRED MILLIONS of English pounds sterling! In short, economy having fatally been classed at our universities among the vulgar arts, the current expenses of our statesmen have naturally

enough been ordered to be put down to their children, just as their college bills were carelessly ordered to be forwarded to their fathers.

However, so long as a nation is *willing* to purchase at the above enormous, or at any still greater price, the luxury of reading Greek and Latin poetry, the misfortune at first appears to be only pecuniary; and it might almost further be argued, that a nation, like an individual, ought to be allowed to spend its money according to its own whim or fancy; but, though this may or may not be true so far as our money be concerned, yet there is an event which must arrive, and in England this event HAS JUST ARRIVED, when a continuance of such a mode of education must inevitably destroy our church, aristocracy, funds; in short, every thing which a well-disposed mind loves, venerates, and is desirous to uphold.

The fearful event to which I allude, is that of the lower classes of people becoming enlightened.

In spite of all that party spirit angrily asserts to the contrary, most firmly do I believe that there does not exist, in England, any revolutionary spirit worth being afraid of. In a rich commercial country, the idle, the profligate, and the worthless will always be anxious to level the well-earned honours, as well as plunder the wealth amassed by the brave, intelligent, and industrious; but every respectable member of society, with the coolness of judgment natural to our country, must feel that he possesses a stake, and enjoys advantages which I firmly believe he is desirous to maintain; in fact, not only the good feeling, but the good sense of the country, support the fabric of our society, which we all know, like the army, derives its spirit from possessing various honours (never mind whether they be of intrinsic value or not) which we are all more or less desirous to obtain.

But if those who wear these honours degrade themselves—if our upper classes culpably desert their own standards—if they shall continue to insist on giving to their children an elegant, useless education, while the tradesman is filling his son with steady useful knowledge—if our aristocracy, with the Goule's horrid taste, *will* obstinately feed itself on dead languages, while the lower classes are healthily digesting fresh wholesome food—if writing, arithmetic, modern geography, arts, sciences, and discoveries of all sorts are to continue (as they hitherto have been) to be most barbarously disregarded at our public schools and universities, while they are carefully

attended to and studied by the poor—the moment must arrive when the dense population of our country will declare that they can no longer afford to be governed by classical statesmen; and, with an equally honest feeling, they will further declare, they begin to find it difficult to look up to people who have ceased to be morally their superiors. That the lower orders of people in England are rising not only in their own estimation, but in the honest opinion of the world, is proved by the singular fact, that the wood-cuts of our *Penny Magazine* (so rapidly printed by one of Clowes's great steam-presses) are sent, in stereotype, to Germany, France, and Belgium, where they are published, as with us, for the instruction of the lower classes. The same Magazine is also sent to America (page for page) stereotyped. The common people of England are thus proudly disseminating their knowledge over the surface of the globe, while our upper classes, by an infatuation which, without any exception, is the greatest phenomenon in the civilized world, are still sentencing their children to heathen, obscene, and useless instruction; and, though it has beneficently been decreed "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" our universities seriously maintain that the religious as well as moral welfare of this noble country depends upon its continuing in intellectual darkness.

It is now much too late in the day to argue whether the education of the lower classes be a political advantage or not. One might as well stand on the Manchester rail-road to stop its train, as to endeavour to prevent that. The people, whether we like it or not, will be enlightened; and, therefore, without bemoaning the disorder, our simple and only remedy is, by resolutely breaking up the system of our public schools and universities, to show the people that we have nobly determined to become enlightened too.

The English gentleman (a name which, in the army, navy, hunting-field, or in any other strife or contention, has always shown itself able to beat men of low birth) will then hold his ground in the estimation of his tenants, and continue to inhabit his estate. The English nobleman, and the noble Englishman, will continue to be synonymous—a well-educated clergy will continue to be revered—the throne, as it hitherto has been, will be loyally supported—our mercantile honour will be saved—THE HOPES OF THE RADICAL WILL BE IRRETRIEVABLY RUINED—and when the misty danger at which we now tremble has brightened into intellectual sunshine, remaining, as we must do (as long as we continue to be the most industrious), the

wealthiest and first commercial nation on the globe, we shall remember, and history will transmit to our children, that old-fashioned prophecy of Faulconbridge, which so truly says,

" Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

I had retired to rest much pleased with Schlangenbad and all that belonged to it, when about midnight I was awakened by a general slamming of doors, windows, and shutters, occasioned by a most violent gale of wind, and on opening my eyes, the bright moonlight scene, which, without even moving my head, I beheld, was mysteriously grand and imposing. Although the moon, which had just risen, was as I lay not discernible through my windows, yet its silvery light beamed so strongly that the two little white-washed mill-cottages in the valley seemed to be even brighter than I had observed them during the day. But what particularly attracted my attention was the apparent writhing of those great hills which, as if they had only just been rent asunder, hemmed me in. Every tree on them was bending and waving from the violence of the squall, and as cloud after cloud rapidly hurried across the moon, sometimes, obscuring and then suddenly restoring to my view the strange prospect the uncertainty of this undulating movement gave a supernatural appearance to the scene, which more resembled the fiction of a dream, or of a romance, than any possible effect of wind on trees. The clean, glistening foliage seemed scarcely able to stand against the gale, which still continued to increase, until a loud peal of thunder, followed by a few heavy drops, announced a calm, which was no sooner established, than the light of the moon appeared to be converted by Nature into a heavy deluge of rain. For some few moments, I listened, I believe, to the refreshing sound, and to the rushing of the stream beneath me; but as the darkness around me increased, my eyes closed, and I again dropped off to sleep.

The little society of Schlangenbad, like that of most of the towns and villages in this part of Germany, is composed of Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews. The two former sects have each a place of worship allotted to them in the Old Bad-Haus or Nassauer-Hof, and their two chambers, standing nearly opposite to each other, remind us very strongly of those twin-roads which in England often lead from one little country town to another.

On each is the stranger invited to travel— one boasts that it is the nearest by half a quarter of a mile, the other brags that “ it avoids the hill.” Such is the distinction between the two Christian sects at Schlangenbad ;—both start from the same point—both strain for the same goal, and yet they querulously refuse to travel together.

After having spent two or three days in rambling up and down the valley, searching for and admiring its sequestered beauties, like Rasselas, I felt anxious to scale the mountains which surrounded me, and accordingly inquired for a path, which, I was told, would extricate me from my happy valley ; however, after I had continued on it some way, fancying I could attain the summit by a shorter cut, I attempted to ascend the mountain by a straight course. For some time I appeared to succeed pretty well, feeling every moment encouraged at observing how high I had risen above the grassy valley beneath ; however, the mountain grew steeper, and the trees thicker and larger, until I began to find that I had a much heavier job on my hands than I had bargained for ; nevertheless, upwards I proceeded, winding my way through some magnificent oak timber, until at last I attained actually the top of the mountain : yet so surrounded was I by trees, that, very much to my disappointment, I found it impossible to see ten yards before me. For a considerable distance I walked along the ridge, hoping to find some gap or open spot which would enable me to get a glimpse of the country beneath me, but in vain,—for, go where I would, I was like a reptile crawling through a field of standing corn ; in short, nothing could I see but trees, and even they appeared to be of no value, as a great number of stately oaks were in every direction rotting just as if they were beyond the reach and ken of mankind. As I was winding between these timber trees, hoping, at least, to see deer or wild game of some sort, it began to rain, and though I had no disposition, on that account, to abandon my object, yet absolutely not knowing where to seek it, I was almost in despair, when it occurred to me to climb one of the trees ; and the idea had no sooner entered my head, than I felt quite angry with myself for not having thought of it before : however, I was some little time before I could find one to suit, for to swarm up the huge body of any of the great oaks would have been quite impossible. As soon as I found a tree adapted to my purpose and my age, I climbed it in spite of the rain, and I was no sooner in the position of King

Charles the Second, than I witnessed one of the most splendid views that can be well conceived.

Beneath me was the Rhine, glistening and meandering in its course, while nearly opposite and beneath me lay Bingen, which appeared to be basking on the banks of a lake. Almost every one who has travelled on the Rhine speaks in raptures of this part of it, yet the view I enjoyed, seated on the limb of my tree, was altogether superior to what they could have witnessed, because at one view I beheld the beauties which they had only successively admired. The hills on which I was placed were clothed to their summits with foliage, feathering down to the very water's edge; and instead of the little portion of the river, which, as one niggles along, is seen bit by bit from the steam-boat, its whole course seemed to be displaying itself to my view. The opposite shore was comparatively flat, and as far as I could see, a boundless fertile wine country appeared to extend there. The shower, which was still falling in heavy drops upon my tree, only belonged to the mountain on which it stood, for the whole country and river beneath were basking in sunshine. It was really delightful to enjoy at once the sight of so many beautiful objects, and I hardly knew whether to admire most the lovely little islands which seemed float-jag at anchor in the Rhine, or the vast expanse of continent which was prostrate before me; but without continuing the description, any one who will only look in his map for Bingen, and then imagine an old man seated in the clouds above it, will perceive what a salient angle I occupied, and what a magnificent prospect I enjoyed.

As soon as I had imbibed a sufficient dose of it, I commenced my descent, which was of course easy enough when compared with the fatigue I had suffered in attaining the object. The trees were dripping, and the mossy surface of the ground made my feet equally wet; however, rapidly descending, I soon got first a glimpse of my own window in the New Bad-Haus, then a peep of the little quiet mills whose wheels I saw slowly turning under the clear bright water that sparkled above them; and really when I at last got down to the green secluded valley of Schlangenbad, I felt that I would not exchange its peaceful tranquillity for the possession of all the splendid objects I had just witnessed.

Yet in viewing this humble scene, as well as in revelling over that magnificent prospect where space and wood seemed to be infinite,

the very air smelling of health and freedom, there was a small feature in the picture which gave me very painful reflections. There are perhaps many who will say, that two or three peasants' roofs are specks, which (whatever sad secrets may lie hidden beneath them) ought not to disturb the mind of the spectator, being objects much too insignificant to be worthy of his notice; yet the more I observed the splendour of the mountain scenery,—the more the verdant valley seemed to rejoice,—the more the wild deer, dashing by me, appeared to enjoy the gifts of creation,—the more difficult did I find it to forget the abject poverty of the two or three poor families which were inhabiting this smiling valley; and (on the principle of not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn) it certainly did seem to me hard, that, surrounded as these poor people are by an almost boundless forest of timber trees, quantities of which, stag-headed, are actually returning to the dust from which they sprung, they should by the laws of their country be rigidly forbidden to collect fuel to cheer the inclemency of the winter, or even with their fingers to tear up a little wild grass beneath the trees for their cow.

Considering that the storm, like the wind, cometh where it listeth, afflicting the poor man even more than the well-sheltered rich one, it seems hard, in districts so nearly uninhabited, that when the oak tree is levelled with the ground, the mountain peasant who has weathered the gale should be prevented from plundering this wreck of the desolate forest in which he has been born. Nevertheless, that such is the case, will be but too evident from the following short extracts from a very long list of forest penalties, rigidly enforced by the Duke of Nassau:—

FOREST PENALTIES

Fine.

For a load of scar wood	}	a child	34 kreuzers.
		grown-up person	54 do.

If it be green wood, the fine is doubled.

For a load of dead leaves	}	a child	26 to 28 kreuzers.
		grown-up person	46 to 48

For a load of green grass torn up by the hand	}	a child	30 do.
		grown-up person	50 do.

Should a sickle or scythe be used, the fine then becomes doubled; likewise for a second trespass: for a third, imprisonment ensues.

It is against the Duke's laws to take birds' nests; even those of birds of prey cannot be taken without the permission of the keeper of the forests.

For a nest taken of common singing-birds, 5 florins.

For nightingales.

15 do.

Should the nest be taken out of a pleasure-ground, the fine then becomes doubled

It may appear to many people quite impossible that these penalties can be enforced in desolate districts so nearly uninhabited : nevertheless, by a sort of diamond-cut-diamond system, the Duke's forest officers have various cunning ways of detecting those who infringe them, and the fact is that fuel and wild grass are very often wanting in a solitary hovel absolutely environed by both. I myself was one day told that I had become liable to be fined eighteen kreuzers, because in a reverie I had allowed a rough pony I was riding to bend his head down and eat a few mouthfuls of grass; and another day, seeing a man who was driving the ass I was riding rub with mud the end of a switch he had just cut, I was told by him, in answer to my inquiry, that he did so in order that it might not be proved he had cut it. However, lest these trilling data should not be deemed sufficient proof, I will at once add, that I have myself seen the peasants lying in the Duke's prison for having offended against these petty laws.

I took some pains to inquire what possible objection there could be to the poor people collecting a few dead leaves, or the rank wild grass which grows here and there all over the forest, and I was told that both of these by rotting are supposed to manure the trees, yet, as I have already stated, quantities of the largest timber are to be seen decaying in every direction.

In a crowded, populous country, all descriptions of property must be clearly distinguished and most sternly protected; but in a state of nature, or in districts so nearly approaching to it as many parts of Nassau, the same rule is not applicable—the same necessity does not exist; and under such circumstances, the punishment inflicted upon a child for tearing up wild grass with his hands most certainly is (and who can deny it?) greater than the offence.

It is with no hostile or bad feeling towards the Duke of Nassau that I mention these details: he is a personage much beloved in his duchy, and I believe with great reason is he respected there; yet his forest laws no one surely can admire; and though custom certainly has sanctioned them,—though the humble voice of those who have suffered under them has hitherto been too feeble to reach his ears,—and though those about his court and person are but little disposed to awaken his attention to such mean complaints,—yet no one can calmly see and foresee the state of political feeling

in Germany without admitting that the most humble traveller (and why not an English one?) may render the Duke of Nassau a friendly service, by bringing into daylight, unveiled by flattery, an act of oppression in his government, which, while it has most probably escaped his attention, is seditiously hoarded up by his political enemies to form part of that fulcrum which they are secretly working at, in order to effect by it, if possible, his downfall. A grievance, like a wound, often only requires to be laid open to be cured; whereas if, deeply seated, it be concealed from view, like gunpowder imbedded in a rock, when once the spark *does* reach it, it explodes with a violence proportionate to the power which would vainly have attempted to smother it in the earth.

NIEDER-SELTERS.

HAVING in various countries drunk so much and heard so much of the celebrated refreshing Selters or Selzer water, I deemed one lovely morning to exchange the pleasure of rambling about the woods of Schlangenbad for the self-imposed duty of visiting the brunnen of Nieder-Selters: accordingly, I managed to procure a carriage, and with three post-horses away I trotted, sitting as upright and as full of exuberant enjoyment as our great departed lexicographer in his hack chaise. The macadamized road on which I travelled, with the sight of men and boys sitting by its side, spitefully cracking with slight hammers little stones upon flat big ones, might easily have reminded me of old England; but five women, each carrying on her head sixteen large stone bottles of Schlangenbad water to wash the faces of the ladies of Schwabach—the dress of three peasants with long pipes in their mouths—a little cart drawn by two cows—the Prince of Saxe Cobourg in a rough carriage pulled by horses without blinkers and in rope harness—an immense mastiff, driving before him to be slaughtered a calf not a week old, and scarcely as high as himself—all these trifling incidents, combined with the magnificent outline of wooded hills which towered above the road, constantly reminded me that I was still under the political roof and in the dominions of “The Duke.”

On arriving at Schwalbach, I learned that the remainder of the journey, which was to occupy six hours, was to be performed on roads which, in the English language, are termed so very properly "cross." Accordingly, passing under the great barren hill appropriated to the Schwein-General of Langen-Schwalbach, we followed for some time the course of a green grassy valley, the herbage of which had just been cut for the second time; and then getting into a country much afflicted with hills, the horses were either straining to ascend them, or suffering equally severely in the descent. In many places the road was hardly as 'broad' as the carriage, and as there was generally a precipice on one side, I might occasionally have felt a little nervous, had it not been for sundry jolts, happily just violent enough to prevent the mind thinking of anything else.

Passing the Eisenhammer, a water-mill lifting an immense hammer, which forges iron by its fall (a lion which the water-drinkers of Schwalbach generally visit), I proceeded through the village of Neu-hof to Würges, where we changed horses and, what was still more important, bartered an old postilion for a young one. For a considerable time our road ascended, passing through woods and park-like plantations belonging to the Duke of Nassau's hunting-seat "Die Platte;" at last we broke away from these coverts which had environed us, traversing a vast undulating unenclosed country, furrowed by ravines and deep valleys, many of which we descended and ascended. The principal crops were potatoes, barley, oats, rye, and wheat,—the three former being perfectly green, the two latter completely ripe; and as it happened, from some reason or other, that these sets of crops were generally sown on the same sort of land, it constantly occurred that the entire produce of some hills wore the green dress of spring, while other eminences were as wholly clothed in the rich dusky garments of autumn. The harvest, however, not having commenced, and the villages being, generally speaking, hidden in the ravines, the crops often seemed to be without owners. Descending, however, into valleys, we occasionally passed through several very large villages, which were generally paved, or rather studded with paving-stones; and as the carriage-wheels hopped from one to another, the sensation (being still too fresh in my memory) I had rather decline to describe: suffice it to say, that the painful excitation, vividly expressed in my

countenance must have formed an odd contrast with the dull, heavy, half-ásleep faces, which, as if raised from the grave by the rattling of my springs as well as joints, just showed themselves at the windows, as if to scare me as I passed. From poverty, their thin mountain air and meagre food, the inhabitants of all these villages looked dreadfully wan, and really there was a want of animation among the young people, as well as the old, which it was quite distressing to witness; the streets seemed nearly deserted, while the mud houses, with their unpainted windows, appeared to be as dry and cheerless as their inmates; here and there were to be seen children, with hair resembling in colour and disorder a bunch of flax—but no youthful merriment, no playfulness—in short, they were evidently sapless chips off the old wooden blocks which were still gaping at me from the window-frames.

At one of these solemn villages the postilion stopped at a “gast-haus” to bait his horses. Odd as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that German post-horses have seldom what we should term bridles. Snaffle-bits, ending with Ts instead of rings, being put into their mouths, are hooked (by these Ts) to iron billets in the head-pieces of common stable-halters, by which arrangement, to feed the animals, it is only necessary, without taking them from the carriage, to unhook one end of the bits, which immediately fall from their mouths; a slight trough, on four legs, is then placed before them, and the traveller generally continues, as I did, to sit in his carriage watching the horses voraciously eating up slices of black rye bread.

In England, there is no surer recipe known for making a pair of horses suddenly run away with one’s carriage, than by taking off their blinkers to allow them to see it; but though our method decidedly suits us the best, yet in Germany the whole system of managing horses from beginning to end is completely different from ours. Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better, than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men; and in case any one should doubt that Germans are better horsemasters than we are, I beg to remind them of what is per-

lectly well known to the British army—namely, that in the Peninsular war the cavalry horses of the German legion were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone.

In a former chapter I have already endeavoured to explain, that instead of reining a horse's head *up*, as we do, for draught, the Germans encourage the animal to keep it *down*; but besides this, in all their other arrangements they invariably attend to the temper, character, and instinct of the beast. For instance, in harness, they intrust these sensible animals (who are never known to forget what they have once seen) with the free use of their eyes. Their horses see the wheel strike a stone, and they avoid the next one; if they drag the carriage against a post, they again observe the effect; and seeing at all times what is behind them, they know that by kicking they would hurt themselves: when passengers and postilion dismount, from attentive observation, they are as sensible as we are that the draught will suddenly become less, and, consequently, rejoicing at being thus left to themselves, instead of wishing to run away, they invariably are rather disposed to stand still.

As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often too apt to term it, "lazy," they see the postilion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten, or twelve threats, there will come a blow: as they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver—the moment he begins the heavy operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing, as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time: every movement in the carriage they remark; and to any accurate observer who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel, even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman, and three heavy baronesses with their maid, and that to do that on a hot summer's day is—no joke. When their driver urges them to proceed, he does it by degrees; and they are stopped, not as bipeds, but in the manner quadrupeds would stop themselves.

Now, though we all like our own way best, let us for a moment (merely while the horses are feeding) contrast with the above description our English mode of treating a horse.

In order to break in the animal to draught, we put a collar round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides, and lest he should see that though

these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers; and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage. If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment, which he does not comprehend—something has struck him, and has hurt him severely; but, as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter-bar, which has cut him, is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction.

Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena, becoming, what we term, steady in harness, still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels: the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the "*unde derivatur*" of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows when it is coming, nor where it comes from. If any trifling accident, or even irregularity, occurs—if any little harmless strap, which ought to rest upon his back, happens to fall to his side—the poor, noble, intelligent animal, deprived of his eyesight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed; and though, from constant heavy draught, he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own master—of his very own pimple-faced mistress—and of his own fine yellow carriage in motion—would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly!

I am aware that many of my readers, especially those of the fairer sex, will feel disposed to exclaim—Why admire German horses? Can there be any in creation better fed or warmer clothed than our own? In black and silver harness are they not ornamented nearly as highly as ourselves? Is there any amusement in town which they do not attend? Do we not take them to the Italian Opera, to balls, plays, to hear Paganini, &c; and don't they often go to two or three routs of a night? Are our horses ever seen standing before vulgar shops? And do they not drive to church every Sunday as regularly as ourselves?

Most humbly do I admit the force of these observations; all I

persist in asserting is, that horses are foolishly fond of their eyesight—like to wear their heads awkwardly, as Nature has placed them; and that they have had taste enough to prefer dull German grooms and coachmen to our sharp English ones.

As soon as my horses had finished their black bread, all my idle speculations concerning them vanished; the snaffle-bits were put into their mouths—the trough removed—and on we proceeded to a village where we again changed.

The features of the country now began to grow larger than ever; and though crops, green and brown, were, as far as the eye could reach, gently waving around me, yet the want of habitations, plantations, and fences gave to the extensive prospect an air of desolation: the picture was perhaps grand, but it wanted foreground; however, this deficiency was soon most delightfully supplied by the identical object I was in search of—namely, the brunnen and establishment of Nieder-Selters, which suddenly appeared on the road-side close before me, scarcely a quarter of a mile from its village.

The moment I entered the great gate of the enclosure which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, so strange a scene presented itself suddenly to my view, that my first impression was, I had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles; for in all directions were they to be seen rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another—standing actually in armies on the ground, or piled in immense layers or strata one above another. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles it had never entered human imagination to conceive; and, before I could bring my eyes to stoop to detail, with uplifted hands I stood for several seconds in utter amazement.

On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, supported by posts, but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen or well from which this highly celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe—to India, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a framework of four strong beams mortised together; and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it very much resembled, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of

which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being, immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued; but, in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised; and, while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser,—also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses.

Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered 3000 of them a day with white leather, which they firmly bound with packthread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin; and, before they had recovered from this operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them by another man, when off they were hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, by girls to magazines, where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

Although this series of operations, when related one after another, may sound simple enough, yet it must be kept in mind that all were performed at once; and when it is considered that a three-armed crane was drawing up bottles seventy at a time, from three o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night (meal hours excepted), it is evident that, without very excellent arrangement, some of the squads either would be glutted with more work than they could perform, or would stand idle with nothing to do:—no one, therefore, dares to hurry or stop; the machinery, in full motion,

has the singular appearance which I have endeavoured to describe; and certainly, the motto of the place might be that of old Goethe's ring--

“*Ohne past, ohne rañ.*”

Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store, where I left them resting from their labours, I strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them at a time on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full by a large fountain pipe of beautiful clear fresh water. The bottles on arriving here were filled brimful (as I conceived for the purpose of being washed), and were then ranged in ranks, or rather solid columns, of seven hundred each, there being ten rows of seventy bottles.

It being now seven o'clock, a bell rung as a signal for giving over work, and the whole process came suddenly to an end: for a few seconds, the busy labourers (as in a disturbed ant-heap) were seen irregularly hurrying in every direction: but in a very short time, all had vanished. For a few minutes I ruminated in solitude about the premises, and then set out to take up my abode for the night at the village, or rather town, of Nieder-Selters: however, I had no sooner, as I vainly thought, bidden adieu to bottles, than I saw, like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching me in every possible variety of attitude. It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder-Selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water; but as the brunnen is in requisition by the Duke all day long, it is only before or after work that a private supply can be obtained: no sooner, therefore, does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house to take empty bottles to the brunnen; and it was this singular-looking legion which was now approaching me. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles; some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads—some were laden with them hanging over their shoulders before and behind—some carried them strapped round their middle—all had their hands full; and little urchins that could scarcely walk were advancing, each hug-

our Lord Chancellor himself can only hope eventually to imitate. Glancing his hawk-like eye along each line, the instant he sees a bottle not brimful, without listening to long-winded arguments, he at once decides "that there can be no mistake—that there shall be no mistake;" and thus at one blow or tap of the hammer, off goes the culprit's nose. "So much for Buckingham!"

Feeling quite relieved by this solution of the mystery, I troubled the governor with a few questions, to reply to which he very kindly conducted me to his counting-house, where, in the most liberal and gentlemanlike manner, he gave me all the data I required.

The following, which I extracted from the daybook, is a statement showing the number of bottles which were filled for exportation during the year 1832, with the proportionate number filled during each month.

	Large.	Small
January, 1832	301	25
February	9,235	2,100
March	304,529	95,711
April	207,887	49,562
May	167,706	61,589
June	155,688	14,063
July	76,986	16,388
August	58,848	9,159
September	27,216	9,555
October	23,512	3,297
November	2,323	25
December	151	41
	<hr/> 1,033,662	<hr/> 261,521

Besides the above, there is a private consumption, amounting, on an average, to very nearly half a million of bottles per annum.

It will, I hope, be recollected that by the time a bottle is sealed it has undergone fifteen operations, all performed by different people. The Duke, in his payments, does not enter into these details, but, delivering his own bottles, he gives 17 ½ kreuzers (nearly sixpence) for every hundred, large or small, which are placed, filled, in his magazines. The peasants, therefore, either share their labour and profits among themselves, or the whole of the operations are occasionally performed by the different members of one family; but so much activity is required in constantly stooping and carrying of the bottles, that this work is principally performed by young women of eighteen or nineteen, assembled from all the neighbour-

ing villages; and who, by working from three in the morning till seven at night, can gain a florin a day, or 30 florins a month, Sunday (excepting during prayers) not being, I am sorry to say, at Nieder-Selters, a day of rest.

For the bottles themselves the Duke pays $4\frac{1}{2}$ florins per cent. for the large ones, and 3 florins per cent. for the small ones. The large bottles, when full, he sells at the brunnen for 13 florins a hundred.

His profit, last year, deducting all expenses, appeared to be, as nearly as possible, 50,000 florins; and yet, this brunnen was originally sold to the Duke's ancestor for a single butt of wine!

On coming out of the office, the establishment was all alive again, and the peasants being in their Sunday clothes, the picture was highly coloured. Young women in groups of four and five, with little white or red caps perched on the tops of their heads, from which streamed three or four broad ribands, of different colours, denoting the villages they proceeded from, in various directions, singing as they went, were walking together, heavily laden with bottles. They were dressed in blue petticoats, clean white shifts tucked up above the elbows, with coloured stays laced, or rather half unlaced, in front. Old women, covering the sporks with leather, in similar costume, but in colours less gaudy, were displaying an activity much more vigorous than their period of life. Across this party-coloured, well-arranged system, which was as regular in its movements as the planets in their orbits, an officer of the Duke, like a comet, occasionally darted from the office to the brunnen, or from the tiers of empty bottles which had not yet been proved, to the magazine of full ones ready to embark on their travels.

In quitting the premises, as I passed the regiments of bottles, an operation was proceeding which I had not before witnessed. Women in wooden shoes were reversing the full bottles; in fact, without driving these brown soldiers from their position, they were making them stand upon their heads instead of upon their heels — the object of this military somerset being to empty them; however, every noseless bottle, water and all, was hurled over a wall, into a bin prepared on purpose to receive them; and the smashing sound of devastation which proceeded from this odd-looking operation it would be very difficult to describe.

Having now witnessed about as much as I desired of the lively brunnen of Nieder-Selters, I bade adieu to this well-regulated esta-

blishment, feeling certain that its portrait would, in future, re-appear before my mind, in all its vivid colours whensoever and wheresoever I might drink the refreshing, wholesome beverage obtained from its bright, sparkling source. My carriage had long been waiting at the gate: however, having aroused my lumbering and slumbering driver, I retraced my steps, was slowly re-jolted homewards, and it was late before I reached my peaceful abode in the gay, green little valley of Schlangenbad.

THE MONASTERY OF EBERBACH.

EXACTLY at the appointed moment, Luy with his favourite ass, Katherinchen, appeared at the door of the new Bad-Haus; the day, overcast with clouds, was quite cool, and, under such favourable auspices, starting at twelve o'clock, in less than a hundred yards we were all hidden in the immense forest which encircles that portion of the duchy of Nassau which looks down upon the Maine and the Rhine. For about an hour, the ass, who after the second turn seemed to be perfectly sensible where she was carrying me, patiently threaded her way along narrow paths, which, constantly crossing each other at various angles, seemed sufficient to puzzle even the brain of a philosopher: however, although human intellect is said to be always on the march, yet we often find brute instinct far before it; and certainly it did appear that Katherinchen's knowledge of the *carte du pays* of Nassau was equal almost to that of "The Duke" himself. Sometimes we suddenly came to tracks of wheels which seemed to have been formed by carriages that had not only dropped from, but had returned back to, the clouds, for they began *à propos* to nothing, and vanished in an equally unaccountable manner. Sometimes we came to patches bare of timber, except here and there an old oak left on purpose to supply acorns for the swine; then again we followed a path which seemed only to belong to deer, being so narrow that we were occasionally obliged to force our way through the bushes; at last, all of a sudden, I unexpectedly found myself on the very brink of a most picturesque and precipitous valley.

Close above me, standing proudly on its rock, and pointing to a heavy white cloud which happened at the moment to be passing over it, was the great pillar or tower of Sharfenstein, a castle formerly the residence of the Bishops of Mainz. The village of Kiedrich lay crouching at a considerable depth beneath, the precipitous bank which connected us with it being a vineyard, in which every here and there were seen flights of rough stone steps, to enable the peasants to climb to their work. By a rocky path, about a foot or nine inches broad, Katherinchen, with Luy following as if tied to her tail, diagonally descended through this grape garden, until we at last reached the village mill, the wheel of which I had long observed indolently turning under a stream of water scarcely heavy enough for its purpose. The little village of Kiedrich, as I rode by it, appeared to be a confused congregation of brown hovels and green gardens, excepting a large slated mansion of the Baron von Ritter, whose tower of Sharfenstein now seemed in the clouds, as if to draw the lightning from the village; and almost breaking my neck to look up to it, I could not help feeling, as I turned towards the east, how proud its laird must be at seeing every morning its gigantic shadow lying across the valley, then paying its diurnal visit to every habitation, thus eclipsing for a few moments, from each vassal, even the sun in the heavens.

After passing Kiedrich, I again entered the forest, and for above an hour there was little to be seen except the noble trees which encompassed me; but the mind soon gets accustomed to ever so short a tether, and though I could seldom see fifty yards, yet within that distance there existed always plenty of minute objects to interest me. The foliage of the beeches shone beautifully clear and brilliant, and there were new shoots, which, being lighter in colour than the old, had much the appearance of the autumnal tint, yet when the error was discovered, one gladly acknowledged that youth had been mistaken for age. The forest now suddenly changed from beech trees into an army of oaks, which seemed to be, generally speaking, about fifty years of age; among them, however, there stood here and there a few weather-beaten veterans, who had survived the race of comrades with whom they had once flourished; but we must drop the military metaphor, for their hearts were gone—their bodies had mouldered away—nothing but one side was left—in fact, they were more like sentry-boxes than sentinels, and yet, in this decayed state, they were decked with leaves as cheerfully as the rest. In

this verdant picture, there was one pale object which, for a few moments, as I passed it, particularly attracted my attention; it was an immense oak, which had been struck dead by lightning; it had been, and indeed still was, the tallest to be seen in the forest, and pride and presumption had apparently drawn it to its fate. Every leaf, every twig, every small branch was gone; barkless—blasted—and blanched—its limbs seemed stretched into the harshest outlines; a human corpse could not form a greater contrast with a living man, than this tree did with the soft green foliage waving around it: it stood stark—stiff—jagged as the lightning itself; and as its forked, sapless branches pointed towards the sky, it seemed as if no one could dare pass it without secretly feeling that there exists a power which can annihilate as well as create, and that what the fool said in his heart—was wrong! I, however, had not much time for this sort of reflection, for whenever Katherinchen, coming to two paths, selected the right one, Luy from behind was heard loudly applauding her sagacity, which he had previously declared to be superior to that of all the asses in Nassau—and yet, Luy, in his more humble department, deserved quite as much praise as Katherinchen herself.

He was a slender, intelligent, active man, of about thirty, dressed in a blue smock frock, girded round the middle by the buff Nassau belt; and though, from some cause or other, which he could never satisfactorily account for, his mouth always smelt of rum, yet he was never at a loss—always ready for an expedition, and foot-sore or not, the day seemed never long enough to tire him. The fellow was naturally of an enterprising disposition, and the winters in Nassau being long and cheerless, it occurred to Luy on his march, that were he with Katherinchen and his other two asses to go to England (of which he had only heard that it was the richest country under the sun), they would no doubt there be constantly employed for the whole twelvemonth, instead of only finding lady and gentleman riders at Schlangenbad for a couple of months in the year. His project appeared to himself a most brilliant one, and though I could not enter into it quite as warmly as he did (indeed I almost ruined his hopes by merely hinting that our sea, which he had never heard of, might possibly object to his driving asses from Schlangenbad to London), yet I inwardly felt that poor Luy's speculation had quite as sound a foundation, displayed quite as much knowledge of the world, and had infinitely less roguery in it, than

the bubble projects of more civilized countries, which have too often eventually turned out to be nothing more nor less than ass-driving with a vengeance.

After winding my way through the trees for a considerable time, inclining gently to the left, I suddenly saw close before me, at the bottom of a most sequestered valley, the object of my journey,—namely, the very ancient monastery of EBERBACH. The sylvan loveliness, and the peaceful retirement of this spot, I strongly feel it is quite impossible to describe. Almost surrounded by hills or rather mountains, clothed with forest trees, one does not expect to find at the bottom of such a valley an immense solitary building, which in size and magnificence not only corresponds with the bold features of the country, but seems worthy of a place in any of the largest capitals of Europe.

The irregular building, with its dome, spires, statues, and high slated roofs, looks like the palace of some powerful king; and yet the monarch has apparently no subjects but the forest trees, which on all sides almost touch the architecture, and even closely environ the garden walls.

A spot better suited to any being or race of beings who wished to say to the world “*Fare thee well! and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well!*” could scarcely be met with on its vast circumference; and certainly if it were possible for the vegetable creation to compensate a man for losing the society of his fellow-creatures, the woods of Eberbach would, in a high degree, afford him that consolation. A more lovely and romantic situation for a monastery could not have existed; yet I should have wondered how it could possibly have been discovered, had not its history most clearly explained that marvel.

In the year 1131, St. Bernhard, the famous preacher of the crusade (whose followers eventually possessed, merely in the Rhinegau, six monastic establishments—namely, Tiefenthal, Gottesthal, Eberbach, Eibinger, Nothgottes, and Marienhausen), was attacked by a holy itch, or irresistible determination to erect a monastery; but not knowing where to drop the foundation-stone, he consulted, it is said, a wild boar, on this important subject. The sagacious creature shrewdly listened to the human being who addressed it; and a mysterious meeting being agreed upon, he silently grubbed with his snout, in the valley of Eberbach, lines marking out the foundation of the building; and certainly such a lovely sty, for

men basking in sunshine, to snore away their existence, no animal but a pig would ever have thought of!

St. Bernhard, highly approving of the boar's taste, employed the best architects to carry his plan into execution; and sparing no expense, a magnificent cathedral—a large palace, with a monastery, connected together by colonnades, as well as ornamented in various places with the image of a pig, its founder—were quickly reared upon the spot; and when all was completed, monks were brought to the abode, and the holy hive, for many centuries, was heard buzzing in the wild mountains which surrounded it: however, in the year 1803, the Duke of Nassau took violent possession of its honey, and its inmates were thus rudely shaken from their cells. Three or four of the monks, of this once wealthy establishment, are all that now remain in existence, and their abode has ever since been used partly as a government prison, and partly as a public asylum for lunatics.

Before entering the great gate, which was surmounted by colossal figures of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and the great St. Bernhard himself, I was advised by my cicerone, Lay, to go to some grotto he kept raving about; and, as Katerinchen's nose also seemed placidly to point the same way, I left the monastery, and through a plantation of very fine oaks, which were growing about twenty feet asunder, we ascended, by zigzags, a hill surmounted by a beautiful plantation of firs; and the moment I reached the summit, there suddenly flashed upon me a view of the Rhine, which, without any exception, I should say, is the finest I have witnessed in this country. Uninterrupted by anything but its own long, narrow islands, I beheld the course of the river, from Johannisburg to Mainz, which two points formed, from the grotto where I stood, an angle of about 120 degrees. Between me and the water, lay, basking in sunshine, the Rhine-gau, covered with vineyards, or surrounded by large patches of corn, which were evidently just ready for the sickle; but the harvest not having actually commenced, the only moving objects in the picture were young women with white handkerchiefs on their heads, busily pruning the vines; and the Coln, or, as it might more properly be termed, the *English* steau-boat, which, immediately before me, was gliding against the stream towards Mainz. On the opposite side of the Rhine, an immense country, highly cultivated, but without a fence, was to be seen.

Turning my back upon this noble prospect, the monastery lay,

immediately beneath me, so completely surrounded by the forest, that it looked as if, ready built, it had been dropped from heaven upon its site.

A more noble-looking residence could hardly be imagined, and the zigzag walks and plantations of fir imparted to it a gentleman-like appearance, which I could not sufficiently admire; yet, notwithstanding the rural beauty of the place, I felt within me a strong emotion of pity for those poor, forlorn, misguided beings, whose existence had been uselessly squandered in such mistaken seclusion; and I could not help fancying how acutely, from the spot on which I stood, they might have compared the moral loneliness of their mansion, with the natural joy and loveliness of that river scenery, from which their relentless mountain had severed them: indeed, I hope my reader will not think an old man too Anacreontic for saying, that if any thing in this world could penetrate the sackcloth garment of a monk, "and wring his bosom," it would be the sight of what I had just turned my back upon—namely, a vineyard full of women! That the fermentation of the grape was intended to cheer decrepitude, and that the affections of a softer sex were made to brighten the zenith of mid-day life, are truths which, within the walls of a convent or a monastery, *&c.* must have been most exquisite torture to reflect upon.

As I descended from the grotto, I saw beneath me, entering the great gate of the building, half a dozen carts laden with wood, each drawn by six prisoners. None being in irons, and the whole gang being escorted by a single soldier in the Nassau uniform, I was at first surprised,—why, when they penetrated the forest, they did not all run away! However, fear of punishment held them together: there being no large cities in the duchy, they had no where to run, but to their own homes, where they would instantly have been recaptured; and though, to a stranger like myself, the forest seemed to offer them protection, yet it was certain death by starvation to remain in it.

On entering the great square, I found it would be necessary to apply to the commandant of the establishment for permission to view it. I accordingly waited upon him, and was agreeably surprised at being politely informed by him, in English, that he would be proud and most happy to attend me. He was a fine, erect, soldierlike-looking man, of about forty, seventeen years of which he had reigned in this valley, over prisoners and lunatics; the

average number of the former being 250, and of the latter about 100.

As I was following him along some very handsome cloisters, I observed, hanging against a wall, twenty-five pictures in oil, of monks, all dressed in the same austere costume, and in features as in dress so much resembling each other, that the only apparent distinction between them was the name of each individual, whose barren, useless existence was thus intended to be commemorated beyond the narrow grave which contained him. Ascending a stone staircase, I now came to the lower division of the prison, one half being appropriated to women, and the other to men.

Although I had been for the whole day enjoying pure fresh air, yet the establishment was so exceedingly clean, that there was no smell of any sort to offend me. The monks' cells had in many places been thrown by threes into large rooms for tailors, weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, &c., &c.,—each of these trades working separately, under the direction of one overseer. In all these chambers every window was wide open, the walls were white-washed, and the blanched floors were without a stain; indeed, this excessive cleanliness, although highly praised by me, and exceedingly attractive to any English traveller, probably forms no small part of the punishment of the prison, for there is nothing that practically teases dirty people more than to inflict upon them foreign habits of cleanliness. The women's rooms were similarly arranged, and the same cleanliness and industry insisted upon; while, for younger culprits, there was an excellent school, where they were daily taught religious singing, reading, writing, arithmetic, and weaving. Having finished with this floor, I mounted to the upper story, where, in solitary cells, were confined patients who had relapsed, or, in plainer terms, culprits who had been convicted a second time of the same offence.

Many of these unfortunate people were undergoing a sentence of three, four, and five years' imprisonment; and to visit them, as I did, in their cells, was, I can assure my reader, anything but pleasing. On the outside of each door hung a small black board, upon which was laconically inscribed, in four words, the name and surname of the captive—his or her offence—and the sentence. I found that their crimes, generally speaking, were what we should call petty thefts—such as killing the Duke's game—stealing his wood—his grass, &c., &c.

As I paid my melancholy visits, one after another, to these poor people, I particularly observed that they seemed, at least, to be in the enjoyment (if, without liberty, it may be so termed) of good health; the natural effect of the cool, temperate lives they were obliged to lead, and of the pure fresh air which came to each of them through a small open window; yet so soon as their doors were opened, there was an eagerness in their countenances, and a peculiar anxiety in their manner of fixing their eyes upon mine, which seemed to curdle into despondency, as the door was rapidly closed between us. Each individual had some work to perform—one man had just finished a coffin for a poor maniac who had lately ended his melancholy career—the lid, instead of being flat, was a prism of many sides, and, on the upper slab, there was painted in black a cross, very nearly the length of the coffin.

So long as the soldier, in his buff belt, who attended the commandant, continued to unlock for me, and lock, the dungeons of the male prisoners, so long did I feel myself capable of witnessing their contents; for to see *men* suffer, is what we are all, more or less, accustomed to; but as soon as he came to the women's cells, I felt, certainly for the first time in my existence, that I should be obliged to abandon my colours, and cease to be of the scene before me—a “reviewer.”

In the countenance of the very first female captive that I beheld I could not but remark a want of firmness, for the possession of which I had not given to the other sex sufficient credit—the poor woman (to be sure she might have been a mother) showed an anxiety for her release, which was almost hysterical; and hurrying towards me, she got so close to the door, that it was absolutely forcibly slammed by the soldier, almost in her face.

In the third cell that I came to, there stood up before me, with a distaff in her hand, a young slight-made peasant-girl of about eighteen; her hair was black, and her countenance seemed to me beaming with innocence and excessive health. She was the only prisoner who did not immediately fix her eyes upon mine; but, neither advancing nor retiring, she stood, looking downwards, with an expression of grief, which I expected every moment, somewhere or other, would burst into tears. Such a living picture of youthful unhappiness I felt myself incapable of gazing upon; and the door, being closed upon her, was no sooner locked, than I thanked the commandant for his civility, adding, that I would not trouble

the soldier to open any more of the cells, observing, as an excuse, that I perceived they were all alike.

After standing for some time listening to the rules and discipline of the prison, I inquired of the commandant whether he had any prisoners confined for any greater crimes than those which I have already mentioned, to which he replied in the negative; and he was going to descend the staircase, when I asked him, as coldly as I could, to be so good as to state for what offence the young person I had just left was suffering so severely. The commandant, with silent dignity, instantly referred me to the little black board, on which was written the girl's name (I need not repeat it) and her crime, which, to my very great astonishment, turned out to be "DISSOLEUTE;" and it was because she had been convicted a second time of this offence, that she was imprisoned, as I saw her, in a cell, which, like all the others, had only one small window in the roof, from which nothing was to be seen but what she, perhaps, least dared to look at—the heavens! I certainly, from her appearance, did not judge rightly of her character: however, upon such points I neither outwardly profess, nor inwardly do I believe myself, to be what is vulgarly termed—knowing. Had I looked into the poor girl's countenance for guilt, it is most probable I should not have searched there in vain, but, at her age, one sought for feelings of a better cast; and, notwithstanding what was written on the black board, those feelings most certainly did exist, as I have very faintly described them.

I now accompanied the commandant (going along, I may just observe, that he had learned English from his father, who had served as an officer in our German Legion) to another part of the monastery, which had long been fitted up as an asylum for lunatics, most of whom were provided for by the Nassau government, the rest being people of family, supplied with every requisite by their friends.

There was but little here which particularly attracted my attention. In clean, airy rooms, formed out of three cells, as in the prison, there lived together from eight to ten lunatics, many of whom appeared to be harmless and even happy, although, in the corner of the room, there certainly was a large iron cage for refractory or dangerous patients. In one of these groups stood a madman, who had been a medical student. He was about thirty years of age, extremely dark, exceedingly powerfully made,—and

no sooner did I enter the room, than raising his eyes from a book which he was reading, he fixed them (folding his arms at the time) upon me, with a ferocity of countenance, which formed a very striking contrast to the expression of imbecility which characterized the rest of his companions. The longer he looked at me, the deeper and the darker was his frown; and though I steadily returned it, yet, from the flashing of his eyes, I really believe that like a wild beast, he would have sprung upon me, had I not followed the soldier to the next room.

Having inspected the great apartments, I next visited the cells in which were confined those who were not fitted for intercourse with others; they were generally of a gloomy temperament. Some were lying on their beds, apparently asleep; while some, particularly women, actually tried to escape, but were mildly repressed by the commandant, whose manner towards them seemed to be an admirable mixture, in about equal parts, of mildness and immovable firmness.

I should have continued along the passage which connected these cells, but the poor creature, whose coffin I had seen, was lying there; I therefore left the building, and went into a great garden of the monastery, filled with standard fruit-trees, which had been planted there by the monks. In this secluded spot there was a sort of summer-house, where the worst lunatic cases were in confinement; none, however, were in chains; though some were so violent, that the commandant made a sign to the soldier not to disturb them.

Having now very gratefully taken leave of the deserving officer in charge of this singular establishment for crime and lunacy, the whole of which was kept in complete subjection by a garrison of eight soldiers, for a considerable time I strolled alone about the premises. Sometimes I looked at ancient figures of a boar, which I found in more than one place, rudely carved both on wood and stone; then I wandered into the old cathedral, which was now strangely altered from the days of its splendour, for the glass in its Gothic windows having been broken, had been plastered up with mud, and upon the tombs of bishops and of abbots there was lying corn in sheaves,—heaps of chaff,—bundles of green grass.

My attention was now very particularly attracted by the venerable entrance-gate of the monastery, which, on turning a corner, suddenly appeared before me, surmounted by colossal statues of

the Great St. Bernhard with his crosier—of St. John, holding a long thin cross, at the foot of which there was seated a lamb—and of the Virgin Mary, who, with a glory round her head, and an olive branch in her hand, stood in the centre, considerably exalted above both.

The sun had long ago set—and I was no sooner immediately under the great arched gateway, than, leaning on my staff, I stood as it were riveted to the ground at the sight of the moon, which, having risen above the great hill, was shining directly upon the picturesque pile and images above my head.

As in silence and solitude I gazed upon the lovely planet, which majestically rose before me, growing brighter and brighter as the daylight decayed, I could not help feeling what strange changes she had witnessed in the little valley of Eberbach! Before the recorded meeting of the “*sus atque sacerdos*,” she had seen it for ages and ages existing alone in peaceful retirement—one generation of oaks and beech-trees had been succeeded by another, while no human being had felt disposed either to flourish or to decay among this vegetable community. After this solemn interview with the pig, she had seen the great St. Bernhard collecting workmen and materials, and as in the midst of them he stood waving his cross, she had observed a monastery rise as if by magic from the earth, rapidly overtopping the highest of the trees which surrounded it. In the days of its splendour she had witnessed provisions and revenues of all sorts entering its lofty walls, but though processions glittered in its interior, nothing was known by her to have been exported to save a matin and vesper moan, which, accompanying the wind as it swept along the valley, was heard gradually dying, until, in a few moments, it had either ceased to exist, or it had lost itself among the calm, gentle rustling of the leaves. Lastly, she had seen the monks of St. Bernhard driven from their fastness—and from their holy cells. As with full splendour she had since periodically gazed at midnight upon the convent, too often had she heard—first, the scream of the poor maniac, uttered, as her round gentle light shone mildly upon his brain; and then his wild laugh of grief, as, starting from a distempered sleep, he forced his burning forehead against the barred window of his cell, as if, like Henri Quatre,—

As she proceeded in her silent course, shining successively into each window of the monastery, how often did she now see the criminal lying on the couch of the bigot—and the prostitute solitarily immured in the cell of celibacy! The madman is now soundly sleeping where the fanatic had in vain sought for repose—and the knave unwillingly suffering for theft where the hypocrite had voluntarily confined himself!

From a crowd of these reflections, which, like mushrooms, rapidly grew up by the light of the moon, I was aroused by Katherinchen and her satellite Luy, whose hounds (scarcely visible from the shadow of the great gateway), pointing homewards, mildly hinted that it was time I should return there; but on my entering the convent, rather an odd scene presented itself. The supper of the lunatics, distributed in separate plates, being ready in the great kitchen, like a pack of hounds, they were all of a sudden let loose, and their appetites sufficiently governing their judgments, each was deemed perfectly competent to hunt for his own food, which was no sooner obtained, than, like an ant, he busily carried it off to his cell. The prisoners were also fed from another kitchen at the same hour; and as certain cravings, which with considerable dignity I had long repressed, were painfully irritated by the very savoury smells which assailed me, stopping for a moment, I most gladly partook of the madman's fare, and then, full of soup and of the odd scenes I had witnessed, leisurely seating myself in my saddle, guided by Katherinchen, and followed by Luy, we retraced our intricate paths through the forest, until, late at night, we found ourselves once again in sight of the little lamps which light up the garden and bowers of my resting-place, or caravanserai—the New Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad.

JOURNEY TO MAINZ.

HAVING occasion to go to Mainz, I sent overnight to apprise the ass, Katherinchen, and the groom of her bedchamber, Luy, that I should require the one to carry, the other to follow me to that place. Accordingly, when seven o'clock, the hour for my de-

parture, arrived, on descending the staircase of the great Bad-Haus, I found Luy in light marching order, leaning against one of the plane trees in the shrubbery, but no quadruped! In the man's dejected countenance, it was at once legible that his Katherinchen neither was nor would be forthcoming; and he had begun to ejaculate a very long-winded lamentation, in which I heard various times repeated something about sacks of flour and Langen-Schwalbach: however, Luy's sighs smelt so strongly of rum, that not feeling as sentimental on the subject as himself, I at once prevailed upon him to hire for me from a peasant a little long-tailed pony, which he accordingly very soon brought to the door. The wretched creature (which for many years had evidently been the property of a poor man) had been employed for several months in the driest of all worldly occupations, namely, in carrying hard stone bottles to the great brunnen of Nieder-Selters, and had only the evening before returned home from that uninteresting job. It was evident she had had allotted to her much more work than food, and as she stood before me with a drooping head, she shut her eyes as if she were going to sleep. I at first determined on sending the poor animal back, but being assured by Luy that, in that case, she would have much harder work to perform, I reluctantly mounted her, and at a little jog-trot, which seemed to be her best—her worst—in fact, her only pace, we both, in very humble spirits, placidly proceeded towards Mainz.

Luy, who besides what he had swallowed, had naturally a great deal of spirit of his own, by no means, however, liked being left behind; and though I had formally bidden him adieu, and was greatly rejoicing that I had done so, yet, while I was ascending the mountain, happening to look behind me, I saw the fellow following me at a distance like a wolf. I, therefore, immediately, pulled at my rein, a hint which the pony most readily understood, and as soon as Luy came up, I told him very positively he must return. Seeing that he was detected, he at once gave up the point; yet the faithful vassal, still having a hankering to perform for me some little parting service, humbly craved permission to see if the pony's shoes were, to use the English expression, "all right." The two fore ones were declared by him (with a hiccup) to be exactly as they should be; but no sooner did he proceed to make his tipsy reflections on the hind ones, than in one second the pony seemed by magic to be converted into a mad creature! Luy fell,

as if struck by lightning, to the ground, while the tiny thing, with its head between its legs (for the rein had been lying loose on its neck), commenced a series of most violent kicks, which I seriously thought never would come to an end.

As good luck would have it, I happened, during the operation, to cleave pretty closely to my saddle, but what thunder-clap had so suddenly soured the mild disposition of my palfray, I was totally unable to conceive! It turned out, however, that the poor thing's paroxysm had been caused by an unholy alliance that had taken place between the root of her tail and the bowl of Luy's pipe, which, on his reeling against her, had become firmly entangled in the hair, and it was because it remained there for about half a minute, burning her very violently, that she had kicked, or, as a lawyer would term it, had protested in the violent manner and form I have described.

After I had left Luy, it took some time before the poor frightened creature could forget the strange mysterious sensation she had experienced; however, her mind, like her tail, gradually becoming easy, her head drooped, the rein again hung on her neck, and in a mile or two we continued to jog on together in as good and sober fellowship as if no such eccentric calamity had befallen us.

As we were thus ascending the mountain by a narrow path, we came suddenly to a tree loaded with most beautiful black cherries evidently dead ripe. The poor idiot of Schlangenbad had escaped from the hovel in which he had passed so many years of his vacant existence, and I here found him literally gorging himself with the fruit. For a moment he stopped short in his meal, wildly rolling eyes, and looking at me, as if his treacherous, faithless brain could not clearly tell him whether I was a friend or an enemy: however, his craving stomach being much more violent than any reflections the poor creature had power to entertain, he suddenly seemed to abandon all thought, and again greedily returned to his work. He was a man about thirty, with features, separately taken, remarkably handsome: he had fine hazel eyes, and aquiline nose, and a good mouth; yet there was a horrid twist in the arrangement, in which not only his features but his whole frame was put together, which, at a single glance, pointed him out to me as one of those poor beings who, here and there, are mysteriously sent to make their appearance on this earth, as if practically to explain to mankind,

and negatively to prove to them, the inestimable blessing of reason, which is but too often thanklessly enjoyed.

The cherries, which were hanging in immense clusters around us, were plucked five or six at a time by the poor lame creature before me, but his thumb and two fore-fingers being apparently paralyzed, he was obliged to grasp the fruit with his two smallest, and thus, by a very awkward turn of his elbow, he seemed apparently to be eating the cherries out of the palm of his hand, which was raised completely above his head.

Not a cherry did he bite, but, with canine voracity, he continued to swallow them, stones and all; however, there was evidently a sharp angle or tender corner in his throat, for I particularly remarked, that whenever the round fruit passed a certain point, it caused the idiot's eyes to roll, and a slight convulsion in his frame continued until the cherry had reached the place of its destination.

The enormous quantity of ripe fruit which I saw this poor creature swallow in the way I have described quite astonished me; however, it was useless to attempt to offer him advice, so instead I gave him what all people like so much better—a little money—partly to enable him to buy himself richer food, and partly because I wished to see whether he had sense enough to attach any value to it.

The silver was no sooner in his hand than, putting it most rationally into the loose pocket of his ragged, coarse cloth trowsers, he instantly returned to his work with as much avidity as ever. Seeing that there was to be no end to his meal, I left him hard at it, and continued to ascend the hill, until the path, suddenly turning to the right, took me by a level track into the great forest.

The sun had hitherto been very unpleasantly hot, but I was now sheltered from its rays, while the pure mountain air gave to the foliage a brightness which in the Schlangenbad woods I had so often stopped to admire. Although it was midsummer, the old brown beech leaves of last year still covered the surface of the ground; yet they were so perfectly dry, that far from there being anything unhealthy or gloomy in their appearance, they formed a very beautiful contrast with the bright, clean, polished leaves, as well as with the white, shining bark of the beech trees, out of which they had only a year ago sprung into existence. This russet co-

vering of the ground was, generally speaking, in shade, but every here and there were bright sparkling patches of sunshine, which, having penetrated the foliage, shone like gaudy patterns in a dark carpet.

As the breeze gently stole among the trees, their branches in silence bowing as it passed them, their brown leaves, being crisp and dry, occasionally moved;—occasionally they were more violently turned over by small fallow deer, which sometimes darted suddenly across my path, their skin clean as the foliage on which they slept—their eye darker than the night, yet brighter than the pure stream from which they drank.

Enjoying the variety of this placid scene, I took every opportunity, in search of novelty, to change my track; still, from the position of the sun, always knowing whereabouts I was, I contrived ultimately to proceed in the direction I desired, and after having been for a considerable time completely enveloped in the forest, I suddenly burst into hot sunshine close to Georgenborn, a little village, hanging most romantically on the mountain's side.

The Rhine, and the immense country beyond it, now flashed upon my view, and as I trotted along the unassuming street, it was impossible to help admiring the magnificent prospect which these humble villagers constantly enjoyed; however, the mind, like the eye, soon becomes careless of the beauties of creation, and as my pony jogged onwards in his course, I found that the cottagers looked upon us both with much greater interest than upon that everlasting traveller the Rhine. Every woman we met, with great civility greeted "Guten Morgen!" as we passed her, while each mountain peasant seen standing at a door, or even at a window, made obeisance to us as we crossed his meridian, all people's eyes following us as far as they could reach.

From Georgenborn, descending a little, we crossed a piece of table or level land, on which there stood a rock of a very striking appearance. Where it had come from, Heaven (from whence apparently it had fallen) probably only knows. As if from the force with which it had been dropped upon its site, it had split into two pieces, separated by a yawning crevice, yet small trees or bushes had grown upon each summit, while the same beech foliage appeared in the forest which surrounded them.

Passing close beneath this rock, I continued trotting towards the east for about a league, when gradually descending into a milder

climate, I was hailed by the vineyards which luxuriously surround the sequestered little village of Frauenstein.

Upon a rock overhanging the hamlet there stood solemnly before me the remains of the old castle of Frauenstein or Frankenstein, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the year 1300 it was sold to the Archbishop Gerhardt, of Mainz, but soon afterwards, being ruined by the Emperor Albrecht I, in a bitter war which he waged against the prelate, it was restored to its original possessors. •

But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane-tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shades of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose, easy dishabille, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities: for in Germany, in every little village, there exists a huge volume either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the *Schultheisz*, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight, the old man reflects upon it with silent pride, and to any traveller, searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky,—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I acknowledge,

of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts as well as actions are of vast importance to the world; why therefore should not the humble Fraucenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume, the rigmarole history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of highborn sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I procured the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

LEGEND OF THE GREAT PLANE-TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

THE old count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff—he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great secularity is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The “Haus-frau” (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then solitary and alone he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's “clang” resound. The Count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors

appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armour, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

“Where art thou,” he mournfully exclaimed, “thou who art banished? oh my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—ór. . . art thou dead? and is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armour; and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world’s end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me, what I have done to thee;—I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!”

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the light long pilgrim’s staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding “Whither?”

For many days the old man’s feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane-tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, “You have a beautiful plane-tree, neighbours,” he said.

“Yes,” replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree, “it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!”

“How is that?” said the Count.

“That will I also relate,” said the old man. “Many years ago there came a young man here, in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor’s shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men, yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower,

stands a lonely house, belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling, than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane-tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared, she had this plane-tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossom, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That is an odd man," said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbours, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm; I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms—let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbours went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear, bright stones harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it.

“ God bless thee, children !” said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground, he said, “ Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher.”

“ You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man,” said the little girl; “ it is our father’s pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look, yonder, he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him.”

“ Is that your father,” said the Count, “ who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath ?”

“ Yes,” said the boy, “ our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!”

“ Where does thy father dwell, boy ?”

“ There in the valley beneath, where the white gable end peeps between the trees: come with us, stranger-man, our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us.”

“ Yes,” said the little girl, “ then we always have the best dishes; therefore *do* come—I will conduct thee.”

So saying, the little girl seized the old Count’s hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprung backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger, and thus, slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark, as the pilgrim entered: at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said—

“ Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry the blessing which you bring with you farther.”

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

“ Woman! thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!”

“ Yes!” said the Haus-frau, “ he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and

speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! Sir, if you know how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear).

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No, you will also go!" said the boy warmly; "How beautiful is it to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labour," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honours that you can promise the boy—he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives: knights sit in their castles and know not how much labour, yet how much blessing and peace can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbour of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day, and when I pity him he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy;' yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul—I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged grey father—and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now—"

At this minute, the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forget myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep . . . ?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count, said—

“ See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! My father cries ‘ Huy!’ and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter’s spear; the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!” The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

“ Right so, my boy!” said the aged man; “ but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains?”

“ Yes! that he does, and the neighbours praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn!”

In the midst of this conversation the father entered; his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

“ You have had again a hot labouring day!”

“ Yes,” said the man, “ but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest labourer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day.”

“ Our father is without!” cried suddenly the boy; threw the hunter’s spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

“ Good evening, father,” cried the boy, “ come quick into the room,—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you!”

“ Ah! there you have done well,” said the father, “ one must not allow one tired to pass one’s gate without inviting him in. Dear wife,” continued he, “ does not labour well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue.”

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

“ Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!”

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half dark—the children sat upon their father’s knees.

“ Relate to us something, father, as usual!” said the boy.

“ That won’t do to-day,” replied the father; “ for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter’s spear do there? have you been again playing with it? carry it away into the corner.”

“ You have there,” said the pilgrim, “ a young knight who knows

already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned huntsman in this valley; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you.”

“ Yes!” said the vine-labourer, “ old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use . . . formerly . . . but, aged sir, we will not think of the past! Wife! bring to the reverend—”

At this minute the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

“ May it refresh and do thee good?”

“ That it does already,” said the pilgrim, “ presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!”

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

“ This boy will never be a peaceful vine-labourer, as I am,” said the father; “ he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him: hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honourable . . . Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one by a cheerful glass . . . If he did but see thee . . . thee . . . child of the best and most affectionate mother—on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age—in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again—but . . .”

“ What dost thou say there?” said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; “ explain that more fully to me!”

“ Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father, but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative; I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history.”

“ SPEAK!” said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly; “ SPEAK! who art thou?”

“ What connexion hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?”

“ SPEAK!” said the pilgrim; “ I must know thy history.”

“Well!” replied he, “let it be!—I was not born a vine-labourer—a noble stem has engendered me—but love for a maiden drove me from my home.”

“Love?” cried the pilgrim, moved.

“Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness—my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honour, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he . . .”

The pilgrim suddenly rose and went to the door.

“What is the matter with thee?” said the astonished vine-labourer; “has this affected thee too much?”

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. “Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?” said he.

At this minute the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-labourer, the aged Count exclaimed, “My Son!” and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble, faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

“Pardon, father!” said the son.

“Grant it to me!” replied the pilgrim, “and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbour of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms; but, as an honourable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labour degrades man—or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman.”



On leaving Fraunstein, which lies low in the range of the Taunus hills, I found that every trot my pony took introduced me to a more genial climate and to more luxuriant crops. But vegetation did not seem alone to rejoice in the change. The human face became softer and softer as I proceeded, and the stringy, weather

beaten features of the mountain peasant were changed for countenances pulpy, fleshy, and evidently better fed. As I continued to descend, the cows became larger and fatter, the horses higher as well as stouter, and a few pigs I met had more lard in their composition than could have been extracted from the whole Langenschwalbach drove, with their old driver, the Schwein-General, to boot. Jogging onwards, I began at last to fancy that my own mind was becoming enervated; for several times, after passing well-dressed people, did I catch myself smoothing with my long staff the rough, shaggy mane of my pony, or else brushing from my sleeve some rusty hairs, which a short half-hour ago I should have felt were just as well sticking upon my coat as on his.

Instead of keen, light mountain air, I now felt myself overpowered by a burning sun; but, in compensation, Nature displayed crops which were very luxuriant of their sorts. The following is a list of those I passed, in merely riding from Frauenstein to Mainz; it will give some idea of the produce of that highly-favoured belt, or district, of Nassau (known by the name of the Rhein-gau) which lies between the bottom of the Taunus hills and the Rhine:—

Vineyards	Plum Trees of several sorts
Hop-gardens	Standard Apricots
Fields of Kidney-beans	Peaches
Tobacco	Nectarines
Hemp	Walnuts
Flax	Pears } of various sorts
Buck Wheat	Apples } of various sorts
Kohl-rabi	Spanish Chestnuts
Mangel Wurzel	Horse Chestnuts
Fields of Beans and Peas	Almonds
Indian Corn	Quinces
Wheat of various sorts	Medlars
Barley	Figs
Oats	Wild Raspberries
Rye	Wild Gooseberry
Rape	Wild Strawberry
Potatoes	Currants
Carrots	Gooseberries
Turnips	Whortleberries
Clover of various sorts	Rhubarb
Grass	Cabbages of all sorts
Lucerne	Garlick
Tares	Tomatos.

To any one who has been living in secluded retirement, even for a short time, a visit to a populous city is a dram, causing an excitement of the mind, too often mistaken for its refreshment. Accordingly, on my arrival at Mainz, I must own, for a few minutes, I was gratified with every human being or animal that I met—at all the articles displayed in the shops—and for some time, in mental delirium, I revelled in the bustling scene before me. However, having business of some little importance to transact, I had occasion, more than once, to walk from one part of the town to another, until getting leg-weary, I began to feel that I was not suited to the scene before me; in short, that the crutches made by Nature for declining life, are quietness and retirement; I, therefore, longed to leave the sun-shiny scene before me, and to ascend once again to the clouds of Schlangenbad, from which I had so lately fallen.

With this object I had mounted my pony, who, much less sentimental than myself, would probably most willingly have expended the remainder of his existence in a city which, in less than three hours, had miraculously poured into his manger three feeds of heavy oats, and I was actually on the bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine, when, finding that the saddle was pressing upon his withers, I inquired where I could purchase any sort of substance to place between them, and being directed to a tailor celebrated for supplying all the government postilions with leather breeches, I soon succeeded in reaching a door, which corresponded with the street and number that had been given to me; however, on entering, I found nothing but a well staircase, pitch dark, with a rope instead of a hand rail.

At every landing-place, inquiring for the artist I was seeking, I was always told to go up higher; at last, when I reached the uppermost stratum of the building, I entered a room which seemed to be made of yellow leather, for on two sides buckskins were piled up to the ceiling; leather breeches, trowsers, drawers, gloves, &c., were hanging on the other walls, while the great table in the middle of the room was covered with skinny fragments of all shapes and sizes. In this new world which I had discovered, the only inhabitants consisted of a master and his son. The former was a mild tall man of about fifty, but a human being so very thin, I think, I never before beheld! He wore neither coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, nor shirt, but merely an elastic worsted dress (in fact, a Guernsey frock), which fitted him like his skin, the rest of his lean figure being

concealed by a large, loose, coarse linen apron. The son, who was about twenty-two, was not bad looking, but "*talis pater, talis filius*," he was just as thin as his father, and really, though I was anxious hastily to explain what I wanted, yet my eyes could not help wandering from father to son, and from son to father, perfectly unable to determine which was the thinnest; for though one does not expect to find very much power of body or mind among tailors of any country* (nor indeed do they require it), yet really (this pair of them seemed as if they had not strength enough united to make a pair of knee breeches for a skeleton. * * *

Having gravely explained the simple object of my visit, I managed to grope my way down and round, and round and down, the well staircase, stopping only occasionally to feel my way, and to reflect with several degrees of pity on the poor thin beings I had left above me; and even when I got down to my pony (he had been waiting for me very patiently), I am sure we trotted nearly a couple of hundred yards before I could shake off the wan, spectre-like appearance of the old man, or the weak, slight, hectic-looking figure of the young one; and I finished by sentimentally settling in my own mind that the father was consumptive—that the son was a chip from the same block—and that they were both galloping, neck and neck, from their breeches-board to their graves, as hard as they could go.

These reflections were scarcely a quarter of a mile long, when I discovered that I had left my memorandum-book behind me, and so, instantly returning, I groped my way to the top of the identical staircase I had so lately descended. I was there told that the old gentleman and his son were at dinner, but, determining not to lose my notes, in I went—and I cannot describe one-hundredth part of the feelings which came over me, when I saw the two creatures upon whom I had wasted so much pity and fine sentiment, for there they sat before me on their shop-board, with an immense wash-hand basin, that had been full of common blue Orleans plums, which they were still munching with extraordinary avidity. A very small piece of bread was in each of their left hands, but the immense number of plum-stones on both sides of them betrayed the voracity with which they had been proceeding with their meal.

"THIN!—no wonder you are THIN!" I muttered to myself; "no wonder that your chests and back bones seem to touch each other!"

Never before had I, among rational beings, witnessed such a

repast, and it really seemed as if nothing could interrupt it, for all the time I was asking for what I wanted, both father and son were silently devouring these infernal plums; however, after remounting my pony, I could not help admitting that the picture was not without its tiny moral. Two German tailors had been cheerfully eating a vegetable dinner—so does the Italian who lives on macaroni;—so does the Irish labourer who lives on potatoes;—so do the French peasants who eat little but bread;—so do the millions who subsist in India on rice—in Africa on dates—in the South-Sea Islands and West Indies on the bread-tree and on yams; in fact, only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are carnivorous: yet, in England, we are so accustomed to the gouty luxury of meat, that it is now almost looked upon as a necessity; and though our poor, we must all confess, generally speaking, are religiously patient, yet so soon as the middle classes are driven from animal to vegetable diet, they carnivorously both believe and argue that they are in the world remarkable objects of distress—that their country is in distress—that “things cannot last;”—in short, pointing to an artificial scale of luxury, which they themselves have hung up in their own minds, or rather in their stomachs, they persist that vegetable diet is low diet—that being without roast beef is living below zero, and that molars, or teeth for grinding the roots and fruits of the earth, must have been given to mankind in general, and to the English nation in particular—by mistake.

After re-crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, the sun being oppressively hot, I joyfully bade adieu to the sultry dry city and garrison of Mainz. As I gradually ascended towards my home, I found the air becoming cooler and fresher, the herbage greener and greener, the foliage of the beech-trees brighter and cleaner; everything in the valley seemed in peaceful silence to be welcoming my return; and when I came actually in sight of the hermitage of Schlangenbad, I could not help muttering to myself, “Hard features—hard life—lean pigs, and lovely nature, for ever!”

EXCURSION TO THE NIEDERWALD.

Wishing to see Rudesheim and its neighbourhood, I one morning left Selangenbad very early, in a hired open carriage, drawn by a pair of small punchy horses.

We were to get first to the Rhine at the village of Ellfeld, and we accordingly proceeded about a league on the great macadamized road towards Mainz, when, turning to the right, we passed under the celebrated hill of Raenthal, and then very shortly came in sight of the retired peaceful little village of Neudorf. The simple outline of this remote hamlet, as well as the costume and attitudes of a row of peasants, who, seated on a grassy bank at the road side, were resting from their labour, formed the subject of an interesting sketch which the Pancidolon presented to me in a very few minutes.

This exceedingly clever, newly-invented instrument, the most silent—the most faithful, and one of the most entertaining *amusements de voyage* which any traveller can desire, consists of a small box, in which can be packed anything it is capable of holding. On being emptied for use, all that is necessary is to put one's head into one side, and then trace with a pencil the objects which are instantly seen most beautifully delineated at the other.

Whether the perspective be complicated or simple—whether the figures be human or inhuman, it is all the same, for they are traced with equal facility, rain not even retarding the operation. The Pancidolon also possesses an advantage which all very modest people will, I think, appreciate, for the operator's face being (like Jack's) "in a box," no person can stare at it or the drawing; whereas, while sketching with the camera lucida, everybody must have observed that the village peasants, in crowds, not only watch every line of the pencil, but laugh outright at the contortion of countenance with which the poor Syntax, in search of the picturesque, having one optic closed, squints with the other through a hole scarcely bigger than the head of a pin, standing all the time in the inquisitive attitude of a young magpie looking into a narrow-bone.

On leaving Neudorf, getting into a cross country road, or *chemin de terre*, we began, with the carriage-wheel dragged, an uninterrupted descent, which was to lead us to the banks of the Rhine. The horses (which had no blinkers) having neither to pull nor to hold back, were trotting merrily along, occasionally looking at me—occasionally biting at each other; every thing was delightful, save and except a whiff of tobacco, which, about six times a minute, like a sort of pulsation, proved that my torpid driver was not really, as he appeared to be—a corpse; when, all of a sudden, as we were jolting down a narrow ravine, surmounted by vineyards, I saw, about a hundred yards before us, a cart heavily laden, drawn by two little cows. There happened at the moment to be a small road at right angles on our left, into which we ought to have turned to let our opponent pass: but either the driver did not see, or would not see, the humble vehicle, and so onwards he recklessly drove, until our horses' heads and the cows' horns being nearly close together, the dull, heavy lord of the creation pulled at his reins and stopped.

The road was so narrow, and the banks of the ravine so precipitous, that there was scarcely room on either side of the vehicle for a human being to pass; and the cows and horses being *vis-à-vis*, or "at issue," the legal question now arose which of the two carriages was to retrograde.

As, without metaphor, I sat on my woolsack, or cushion stuffed with wool, my first judgment was, that the odds were not in favour of the defendant, the poor old woman,—for she had not only to contend with the plaintiff (my stupid driver), his yellow carriage, and two bay horses, but the hill itself was sadly against her; her opponent loudly exclaiming that she and her cows could retire easier than he could. The toothless old woman did not attempt to plead for herself; but what was infinitely better, having first proved, by pushing at her cows' heads with all her force, that they actually did not know how to back, she showed us her face, which had every appearance of going to sleep. Seeing affairs in this state, I got out of the carriage, and quietly walked on: however, I afterwards learnt, with great pleasure, that the old woman gained her cause, and that the squabble ended by the yellow carriage retreating to the point where its stupid, inanimate driver ought to have stopped it.

On arriving at the bottom of the lane, we reached that noble road, running parallel with and close to the Rhine, which was brought into its present excellent state in the time of Napoleon.

Along it, with considerable noise, we trotted steadily, stopping only about once every half hour to pay a few kreuzers at what was called the *Barrière*. No barrier, however, existed, their being nothing to mark the fatal spot but an inanimate, party-coloured post, exhibiting, in stripes of blue and orange, the government colours of Nassau.

On the horses stopping, which they seemed most loyally to do of their own accord, the person whose office it was to collect this road-money, or *chaussée-gelt*, in process of time, appeared at a window with a heavy pipe hanging in his mouth, and in his hand an immense long stick, to the end of which there was affixed a small box containing a ticket, in exchange for which I silently dropped my money into this till. Not a word was spoken, but, with the gravity of an angler, the man having drawn in his rod, a whiff of tobacco was vomited from his mouth, and then the window, like the transaction—closed.

After proceeding for some hours, having passed through Erbach and Hattenheim, we drove through the village of Johannisberg, which lies crouching at the foot of the hill so remarkable on the Rhine for being crowned with the white, shining habitation of Prince Metternich. The celebrated vineyards on this estate were swarming with labourers, male and female, who were seen busily lopping off the exuberant heads of the vines, an operation which, with arms lifted above their heads, was not inelegantly performed with a common sickle.

The Rhine had now assumed the appearance of a lake, for which, at this spot, it is so remarkable, and Rudesheim, to which I was proceeding, appeared to be situated at its extremity, the chasm which the river has there burst for itself through the lofty range of the Taunus mountains not being perceptible.

On arriving at Rudesheim, I most joyfully extricated myself from the carriage, and instantly hiring a guide and a mule, I contentedly told the former to drive me before him to whatever point in his neighbourhood was generally considered to be the best worth seeing; and perfectly unconscious where he would propel me, the man began to beat the mule—the mule began to trot along—and, little black memorandum-book in hand, I began to make my notes.

After ascending a very narrow path, which passed through vineyards, the sun, as I became exposed to it, feeling hotter and hotter, I entered a wild, low, stunted, plantation of oak shrubs,

which was soon exchanged for a noble wood of oak and beech trees, between which I had room enough to ride in any direction.

The shade was exceedingly agreeable; the view, however, was totally concealed, until I suddenly came to a projecting point, on which there was a small temple, commanding a most splendid prospect.

After resting here for a few minutes, my mule and his burden again entered the forest; and, continuing to ascend to a considerable height, we both at last approached a large stone building like a barrack, part of which was in ruins; and no sooner had we reached its southern extremity, than my guide, with a look of vast importance, arrested the progress of the beast. As I beheld nothing at all worth the jolting I had had in the carriage, I felt most grievously disappointed; and though I had no one's bad taste to accuse but my own, in having committed myself to the barbarous biped who stood before me, yet I felt, if possible, still more out of sorts at the fellow desiring me to halloo as loud as I could, he informing me, with a look of indescribable self-satisfaction, that as soon as I should do so, an echo would repeat all my exclamations three times!!!

The man seeing that I did not at all enjoy his noisy miracle, made a sign to me to follow him, and he accordingly led me to what appeared to my eyes to be nothing but a large heap of stones, held together by brambles. At one side, however, of this confused mass, there appeared to be a hole which looked very much as if it had been intended as an ice-house: however, on entering it, I found it to be a long, dark, subterranean passage, cut out of the solid rock; and here, groping my way, I followed my guide, until, coming to a wooden partition or door, he opened it, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I found myself in an octagonal chamber, most deservedly called *Bezauberte Hohle*—the enchanted cave!

It was a cavern or cavity in the rock, with three fissures or embrasures radiating at a small angle; yet each looking down upon the Rhine, which, pent within its narrow rocky channel, was, at a great depth, struggling immediately beneath us. The sudden burst into daylight, and the brightness of the gay, sunshiny scenes which through the three rude windows had come so suddenly to view (for I really did not know that I was on the brink of the precipice of the Rhine), was exceedingly enchanting, and I was most fully enjoying it as well as the reflection, that there was no one to interrupt me when I suddenly fancied that I certainly heard, somewhere or other

within the bowels of the living rock in which I was embedded, a faint sound, like the melody of female voices, which, in marked measure, seemed to swell stronger, until I decidedly and plainly heard them, in full chorus, chanting the following well-known national air of this country :—(See “*the Schlungenbader Volkslied*,” *National Air of Schlungenbad*, at the end of the volume.)

From time to time the earthly or unearthly sounds died away,—lost in the intricate turns of the subterraneous passage;—at last, they were heard as if craving permission to enter, and my guide running to the wooden door, no sooner threw it wide open, than the music at once rushing in like a flood, filled the vaulted chamber in which I stood, and in a few seconds, to my very great surprise, there marched in, two by two, a youthful bridal party! The heads of eight or ten young girls (following a bride and a bridegroom) were ornamented with wreaths of bright green leaves, which formed a pleasing contrast with their brown hair of various shades, and most particularly with the raven-black tresses of the bride, which were plaited round her pleasing, modest-looking face very gracefully.

The whole party (the bridegroom, the only representative of his sex, of course included) had left Mainz that morning, to spend a happy day in the magic cave; and, certainly, their unexpected appearance gave a fairy enchantment to the scene.

After continuing their patriotic song for some time, suddenly letting go each other's hands, they flew to three fissures or windows in the rock, and I heard them, with great emphasis, point out to each other Bingenloch, Rheinstein, and other romantic points equally celebrated for their beauty. These youthful people then minutely scanned over the interior of the vaulted grave in which we were all so delightfully buried alive; at last, so like young travellers, they all felt an irresistible desire to scrawl their names upon the wall; and, seeing an old man reclining in one corner of the chamber, with about an inch of pencil in his lean, withered hand, the bride, bowing with pleasing modesty and diffidence, asked me to lend it to her.

Her name, and that of her partner, were accordingly inscribed; and others would, with equal bursts of joy, have been added to the list, but observing that my poor pencil, which would still have lived in my service many a year, and which, in fact, was all I had, was, from its violent rencontres with the hard, gritty wall, actually gasp-

ing for life in the illiterate clutches of a great bony bridesmaid, & very civilly managed, under pretence of cutting it, to extract it from her grasp; and the attention of the youthful party flitting of its own accord to some other object, the stump of my poor crayon was miraculously spared to continue its humble notes of the day's proceedings.

On leaving the enchanted cave, we ascended through a noble oak wood, until reaching a most celebrated pinnacle, of the Taunus mountains, we arrived at the RosSEL, an old ruined castle, which, standing on the Niederwald, like a weather-beaten sentinel at his post, seemed to be faithfully guarding the entrance of that strange mysterious chasm, through which, at an immense depth beneath, the river was triumphantly and majestically flowing.

Although the view from the ruined top of this castle was very extensive and magnificent, yet the dark, struggling river was so remarkable an object, that it at first completely engrossed my attention. While the great mass of water was flowing on its course, a sort of civil war was raging between various particles of the element. In some places an eddy seemed to be rebelliously trying to stem the stream; in others the water was revolving in a circle;—here it was seen tumbling and breaking over a sunken rock—there as smooth as glass. In the middle of these fractious scenes, there lay, as it were, calmly at anchor, two or three islands, covered with poplars and willows, upon one of which stood the ruins of the *Mäuseturm*, or tower of that stingy Bishop of Mainz, famous, or rather infamous, in the history of the Rhine, for having been gnawed to death by rats. On the opposite side of the river were to be seen the *Rochus Capelle*, a tower built to commemorate the cessation of the plague, the beautiful castle of Rheinstein, the residence of Prince Frederick of Prussia, the blue-slated town of Bingen, with its bridge crossing the Nahe, which, running at right angles, here delivers up its waters to the Rhine.

The difference in caste or colour between the two rivers at their point of meeting is very remarkable, the Rhine being clear and green, the Nahe a deep muddy brown; however, they no sooner enter the chasm in the Taunus hills than the distinction is annihilated in the violent hubble-bubble commotions which ensue.

The view beyond these home objects now attracted my attention. The Prussian hills opposite were richly clothed with wood, while on their left lay prostrate the province of Darmstadt, a large brown

flat space, studded, as far as the eye could reach, with villages, which, though distinctly remarkable in the foreground, were yet scarcely perceptible in the perspective. Behind my back was the duchy of Nassau, with several old ruined castles perched on the pinnacles of the wood-covered hills of the Niederwald.

During the whole time that I was placidly enjoying this beautiful picture around and beneath me, the bridal party of young people, equally happy in their way, were singing, laughing, or waltzing; and their cheerful accents, echoing from one old ruin to another, seemed for the moment to restore to these deserted walls that joy to which they had so long been a stranger.

Having at last mounted my mule, I attempted to bid my companions farewell; however, they insisted on accompanying me and my guide through the forest, singing their national airs in chorus as they went. Their footsteps kept pace with their tunes, and as they advanced, their young voices thrilled among the trees with great effect; sometimes the wild melody, like a stop-waltz, suddenly ceased, and they proceeded several paces in silence; then, again, it as unexpectedly burst upon the ear,—in short, like the children of all German schools, they had evidently been taught time and the complete management of their voices, a natural and pleasing accomplishment, which can scarcely be sufficiently admired.

From these young people themselves I did not attempt to extract their little history; but I learnt from my guide in a whisper (for which I thought there was no great occasion), that the young couple who hand in hand before me were leading the procession through the wood, were *verlobt* (affianced), that is to say, they were under sentence eventually to be married.

This quiet, jog-trot, half-and-half connubial arrangement is very common indeed all over Germany; and no sooner is it settled and approved of, than the young people are permitted to associate together at almost all times, notwithstanding it is often decreed to be prudent that many years should elapse before their marriage can possibly take place; in short, they are constantly obliged to wait until either their income rises sufficiently, or until butter, meat, bread, coffee, and tobacco, sufficiently fall.

As seated on my mule I followed these steady, well-behaved, and apparently well-educated young people through the forest, listening to their cheerful choruses, I could not, during one short in-

terval of silence, help reflecting how differently such unions are managed in different countries on the globe.

A quarter of a century has nearly elapsed since I chanced to be crossing from the island of Salamis to Athens, with a young Athenian of rank, who was also, in his way, "affianced." We spent, I remember, the night together in an open boat, and certainly never did I before or since witness the aching of a lad's heart produce effects so closely resembling the aching of his stomach. My friend lay at the bottom of the trabacolo absolutely groaning with love; his moans were piteous beyond description, and nothing seemed to afford his affliction any relief but the following stanza, which over and over again he continued most romantically singing to the moon: --

" Quando la notte viene,
Non ho riposo, o Niece,
Son misero e infelice
Esser lontan da te!"

On his arrival at Athens he earnestly entreated me to call for him on the object of his affection, for he himself, by the custom of his country, was not allowed to see her, precisely from the same reason which permitted the young German couple to stroll together through the lonely, lovely forest of the Niederwald, namely—because they were "*verlobt*."

The bridal party now separated themselves from my guide, his mule, and myself, they, waving their handkerchiefs to us, descending a path on the right; we continuing the old track, which led us at last to Rudesheim.

As soon as the horses could be put to my carriage, it being quite late, I set out, by moonlight, to return. Vineyards, orchards, and harvest were now veiled from my view, but the castle of Prince Metternich—the solitary tower of Scharfenstein, and the dark range of the Taunus mountains had assumed a strange, obscure, and supernatural appearance, magnificently contrasted with the long bright, serpentine course of the Rhine, which, shining from Ringen to Mainz, glided joyfully along, as if it knew it had attracted to itself the light which the landscape had lost.

On leaving the great chaussée, which runs along the banks of the river, like the towing-path of a canal, we ascended the cross road, down which we had trundled so merrily in the morning, and

without meeting cows, carts, toothless old women, or any other obstruction, I reached about midnight the Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad. On ascending the staircase, I found that the two little lamps in the passage had expired; however, the key of my apartments was in my pocket, the moon was shining through the window upon my table, and so before one short hour had elapsed, Rudesheim—the niggardly Bishop of Mainz, with his tower and rats—the bridal party—the enchanted cave—the lofty Rossel, and the magnificent range of the Niederwald, were all tumbling head over heels in my mind, while I lay as it were quietly beneath them—
asleep.

WIESBADEN

The day at last arrived for my departure from the green, happy little valley of Schlangenbad. Whether or not its viper baths really possess the effect ascribed to them, of tranquillizing the nerves, I will not presume to declare; but that the loneliness and loveliness of the place can fascinate, as well as tranquillize, the mind, I believe as firmly, as I know that the Schlangenbad water rubs from the body the red rust of Langen-Schwalbach.

Those who, on the tiny surface of this little world, please themselves with playing what they call “the great game of life,” would of course abhor a spot in which they could neither be envied nor admired; but to any grovelling-minded person, who thinks himself happy when he is quiet and clean, I can humbly recommend this valley, as a retreat exquisitely suited to his taste.

After casting a farewell glance round apartments to which I felt myself most unaccountably attached, descending the long staircase of the New Bad-Haus, I walked across the shrubbery to my carriage, around which had assembled a few people, who, I was very much surprised to find, were witnessing my departure with regret!

Luy, who had followed my (I mean Katherinchen’s) footsteps so many a weary hour, strange as it may sound (and so contrary to what the ass must have felt), was evidently sorry I was going. The old “Bad” man’s countenance looked as serious and as

wrinkled on the subject as the throat of his toad—his wan, sallow-faced Jezebel of a wife stood before the carriage steps waving her lean hand in sorrow, and the young maid of the Bad-Haus, who had made my bed, merely because I had troubled her for a longer period than any other visiter, actually began to shed some tears. The whole group begged permission to kiss my hand, and there was so much kind feeling evinced, that I felt quite relieved when I found that the postilion and his horses had spoiled the picture, in short, that we were trotting and trumpeting along the broad road which leads to Wiesbaden.

As I had determined on visiting the Duke of Nassau's hunting-seat "Die Platte" in my way to Wiesbaden, after proceeding about four miles, I left the carriage in the high road, and walking through the woods towards my object, I passed several very large plantations of fir-trees which had been so unusually thick that they were completely impervious, even to a wild boar; for, not only were the trees themselves merely a few inches asunder, but their branches, which feathered to the ground, interlaced one with another until they formed altogether an impenetrable jungle. Through this mass of vegetation, narrow paths about three feet broad were cut in various directions to enable the deer to traverse the country.

In passing through the beech forest, I observed that the roads or cuts were often as much as forty or fifty feet in breadth, and every here and there the boughs and foliage were artificially entwined in a very ingenious manner, leaving small loop-holes through which the Duke, his visitors, or his huntsmen, might shoot at the game as they wildly darted by. A single one of these verdant batteries might possibly be observed and avoided by the cautious, deep-searching eye of the deer, but they exist all over the woods in such numbers, that the animals, accustomed to them from their birth, can fear nothing from them, until the fatal moment arrives, when their experience, so dearly bought, arrives too late.

After advancing for about an hour through these green streets, I came suddenly upon the Duke's hunting-seat, the Platte, a plain white stone, cubic building, which, as if disdainng gardens, flower-beds, or any artificial embellishment, stands alone, on a prominent edge of the Taunus hills, looking down upon Wiesbaden, Mainz, Frankfort, and over the immense flat, continental-looking country which I have already described. Its situation is very striking, and though of course it is dreadfully exposed to the winter's blast, yet,

as a sporting residence, during the summer or at umn months, nothing I think can surpass the beauty and unrestrained magnificence of its view.

Before the entrance door, in attitudes of great freedom, there are two immense bronze statues of stags, most beautifully executed, and on entering the apartments, which are lofty and grand, every article of furniture, as well as every ornament, is ingeniously composed of piéces, larger or smaller, of buck-horn. Immense antlers, one above another, are ranged in the hall, as well as on the walls of the great staircase; and certainly when a sportsman comes to the Platte on a visit to the Duke of Nassau, everything his eyes can rest on, not only reminds him of his favourite pursuit, but seems also to promise him as much of it as the keenest hunter can desire: in short, without the slightest pretension, the Platte is nobly adapted to its purpose, and with great liberality it is open at almost all times to the inspection of "gentlemen sportsmen" and travellers from all quarters of the globe. About twelve hundred feet beneath it, in a comparatively flat country, bounded on two sides by the Rhine and the Main, lies WIESBADEN, the capital of the duchy of Nassau, the present seat of its government, and the spot by far the most numerously attended as a watering-place.

Looking down upon it from the Platte, this town or city is apparently about three-quarters of an English mile square, one quarter of this area being covered with a rubbishy old, the remainder with a staring formal new town, composed of streets of white stone houses, running at right angles to each other. As I first approached it, it appeared to me to be as hot, as formal, and as uninteresting a place as I ever beheld: however, as soon as I entered it, I very soon found out that its inhabitants and indeed its visitors entertain a very different opinion of the place, they pronouncing it to be one of the most fashionable, and consequently most agreeable, watering-places in all Germany.

In searching for a lodging, I at once went to most of the principal hotels, several of which I found to be grievously afflicted with smells, which (though I most politely bowed to every person I met in the passage) it did not at all suit me to encounter. At one place, as an excuse for not taking the unsavoury suite of apartment which were offered to me, I ventured quietly to remark, that they were very much dearer than those I had just left. The master at once admitted the fact, but craning himself up into the proudest

attitude his large stomach would admit of, he observed—“*Mais—Monsieur! savez-vous que vous aurez à Wiesbaden plus d’amusement dans une heure, que vous n’auriez à Schlangenbad dans un an?...*”

In the horrid atmosphere in which I stood, I had no inclination to argue on happiness or any subject; so hastening into the open air, I continued my search, until finding the landlord at the Englisches Hof civil, and exceedingly anxious to humour all my old-fashioned English whims and oddities, I accepted the rooms he offered me, and thus for a few days dropped my anchor in the capital of the duchy of Nassau.

About twelve thousand strangers are supposed annually to visit this gay watering-place, and consequently, to pen up all this fashionable flock within the limits of so small a town, requires no little ramming, cramming, and good arrangement. The dinner hour, or time of the tables-d’hôte, as at Langen Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, and indeed all other places in Germany, was one o’clock, and the crowds of hungry people who at that hour, following their appetites, were in different directions seen slowly but resolutely advancing to their food, was very remarkable. Voluntarily enlisting into one of these marching regiments, I allowed myself to be carried along with it, I knew not where, until I found myself, with an empty stomach and a napkin on my knees, quietly seated at one of three immense long tables, in a room with above 250 people, all secretly as hungry as myself.

The quantity of food and attention bestowed upon me for one florin filled me with astonishment; “and certainly,” said I to myself, “a man may travel very far indeed, before he will find provisions and civility cheaper than in the duchy of Nassau!” The meat alone which was offered to me, if it had been thrown at my head raw, would have been not only a most excellent bargain, but much more than any one could possibly have expected for the money; but when it was presented to me, cooked up with sauces of various flavours, attended with omelettes, fruits, tarts, puddings, preserves, fish, &c. &c., and served with a quantity of politeness and civility which seemed to be infinite, I own I felt that in the scene around me there existed quite as much refreshment and food for the mind as for the body.

It is seldom or ever that I pay the slightest attention to dinner conversation, the dishes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, being,

in my opinion, so very much better ; however, much against my will, I overheard some people talking of a duel, which I will mention, hoping it may tend to show by what disgusting, fiend-like sentiments this practice can be disgraced.

A couple of Germans, having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut off, the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forward with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it ; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than, darting forwards with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms !

In strolling very slowly about the town, after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a steam I observed rising through the iron gratings, which at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first I thought it proceeded from washerwomen, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause ; but I no sooner reached the great Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), than I learnt it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters that had thus attracted my attention.

As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam which was arising from it, and with ears listening to a civil person who was voluntarily explaining to me that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius ; in short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind, whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or from carelessness should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Kochbrunnen, Wiesbaden, and Co., on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting-seat, the Platte. The ground in the vicinity of these springs is so warm that in winter the snow does not remain upon it ; and

formerly, when these waters used to flow from the town into a small lake, from not freezing, it became in hard weather the resort of birds of all descriptions : indeed, even now, they say that that part of the Rhine into which the Wiesbaden waters eventually flow, is observed to be always remarkably free from ice.

Wiesbaden, inhabited by people called Mattiaci, was not only known to the Romans, but fortified by the twenty-second legion, who also built baths, the remains of which exist to the present day. Even in such remote ages, it was observed that these waters retained their heat longer than common water, or salt water, of the same specific gravity, heated to the same degree; indeed, Pliny remarked—“*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germaniâ fontes calidi, quorum haustus triduo fervet.*”

The town of Wiesbaden is evidently one which does not appreciate the luxury of “home, sweet home ;” for it is built, not for itself, but for strangers; and though most people loudly admire the size of the buildings, yet, to my mind, there is something very melancholy in seeing houses so much too fine for the style of inhabitants to whom they belong. A city of lodging-houses, like an army of mercenaries, may to each individual be a profitable speculation, but no brilliant uniform, or external show, can secretly compensate for the want of national self-pride which glows in the heart of a soldier, standing under his country’s colours, or in the mind of a man living consistently in his own little home.

About twenty years ago, the inhabitants of Wiesbaden were pent up in narrow, dirty streets, surrounded by swampy ditches and an old Roman wall. A complete new town has since been erected, and accommodation has thus been afforded for upwards of 12,000 strangers, the population of the place, men, women, and children included, scarcely amounting to 8000 souls.

During the gay season, of course all is bustle and delight; but I can conceive nothing less cheerful than such a place must become, when all its motley visitors having flown away, winter begins to look it in the face; however, certainly the inhabitants of Wiesbaden do not seem to view the subject at all in this point of view, for they all talk with great pride of their fine new town, and strut about their large houses like children wearing men’s shoes ten times too big for their feet.

The most striking object at Wiesbaden is a large square, bounded on one side by a handsome theatre, on two others by a colonnade

of shops, and on a third by a very handsome building called the Cursaal, an edifice 130 feet in length, having, in front, a portico supported by six Ionic columns, above which there is inscribed, in gold letters—

FONTIBUS MATTIACIS, MDCCCX.

On entering the great door, I found myself at once in a saloon, or ball-room, 130 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 50 in height, in which there is a gallery supported by 32 marble pillars of the Corinthian order; lustres are suspended from the ceiling, and, in niches in the wall, there are twelve white marble statues, which were originally intended for Letitia Bonaparte, and which the Wiesbaden people extol by saying that they cost about 1200*l*.

Branching from this great assembly-room, there are several smaller apartments, which in England would be called hells, or gambling-rooms.

The back of the Cursaal looks into a sort of parade, upon which, after dinner, hundreds of visitors sit in groups, to drink cheap coffee, listen to a band of most excellent cheap music, and admire, instead of swans, an immense number of snail-gobbling ducks and ducklings, which, swimming about a pond, shaded by weeping willows and acacias, come when they are called, and, ducklike, of course eat whatever is thrown to them.

Beyond this pond, which is within fifty yards of the Cursaal, there is a nice shrubbery, particularly pleasing to the stranger from the reflection, that at very great trouble, and at considerable expense, it has been planted, furnished with benches, and tastefully adorned by the inhabitants of Wiesbaden, for the gratification of their guests. From it a long shady walk, running by the side of a stream of water, extends for about two miles, to the ruins of the the castle of Sonneburg.

Among the buildings of Wiesbaden, the principal ones, after the Cursaal and theatre, are the Schlosschen, containing a public library and museum, the hotels of the Four Seasons, the Eagle, the Rose, the Schutzenhof, and the Englischen Hof.

The churches are small, and seem adapted in size to the old, rather than to the new town. By far the greatest proportion of the inhabitants are Protestants, and their place of worship is scarcely big enough to hold them. At the southern extremity of the town

there exists a huge pile of rubbish, with several high modern walls in ruins.

It appears that, a few years ago, the Catholics at Wiesbaden determined on building a church, which was to vie in magnificence with the Cursaal, and other gaudy specimens of the new town.

Eighty thousand florins were accordingly raised by subscription, and the huge edifice was actually finished, the priests were shaved, and everything was ready for the celebration of mass, when, à propos to nothing, "*occidit una domus!*" down it came thundering to the ground!

Whether it was blown up by subterranean heat, or burst by the action of frost,—whether it was the foundation, or the fine arched roof which gave way, are points which at Wiesbaden are still argued with acrimony and eagerness; and, to this day, men's mouths are seen quite full of jagged consonants, as they condemn or defend the architect of the building—poor, unfortunate Mr. Scrumpf!

After having made myself acquainted with the geography of Wiesbaden, I arose one morning at half-past five o'clock to see the visitors drinking the waters. The scene was really an odd one. The long parade, at one extremity of which stood smoking and fuming the great Koch-brunnen, was seen crowded with respectably-dressed people, of both sexes, all walking (like so many watchmen, carrying lanterns), with glasses in their hands, filled, half filled, or quarter filled, with the medicine, which had been delivered to them from the brunnen so scalding hot, that they dared not even sip it, as they walked, until they had carried it for a considerable time.

It requires no little dexterity to advance in this way, without spilling one's medicine, to say nothing of burning or slopping it over one's fellow patients. Every person's eye, therefore, whatever might be the theme of his conversation, was instantly fixed upon his glass; some few carried the thing along with elegance, but I could not help remarking that the greater proportion of people walked with their backs up, and were evidently very little at their ease. A band of wind-instruments was playing, and an author, a native of Wiesbaden, in describing this scene, has sentimentally exclaimed—"*Thousands of glasses are drunk by the sound of music!*"

Four or five young people, protected by a railing, are employed the whole morning in filling, as fast as they can stoop down to the brunnen to do so, the quantities of glasses, which, from hands in all directions, are extending towards them; but so excessively hot is

the cauldron, that the greater proportion of these glasses were, I observed, cracked by it, and several I saw fall to pieces when delivered to their owners. Not wishing to appear eccentric, which, in this amphibious picture any one is who walks about the parade without a glass of scalding hot water in his hand, I purchased a goblet, and the first dip it got cracked it from top to bottom.

In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say, that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact everybody says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot — the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients—always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sorts of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view!

As leaning against one of the columns of the arcade under which the band was playing, I stood with my medicine in my hand, gazing upon the strange group of people, who with extended glasses were crowding and huddling round the Koch-brunnen, each eagerly trying to catch the eye of the young water-dippers, I could not help feeling, as I had felt at Langen-Schwalbach, whether it could be possible for any prescription to be equally beneficial to such differently made patients. To repeat all the disorders which it is said most

especially to cure, would be very nearly to copy the sad list of ailments to which our creaky frames are subject. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden rant, the hotel-keepers rave, about the virtues of this medicine. Stories are most gravely related of people crawling to Wiesbaden and running home. In most of the great lodging-houses crutches are triumphantly displayed, as having belonged to people who left them behind.

It is good they say for the stomach—good for the skin—good for ladies of all possible ages—for all sorts and conditions of men. It lulls pain—therefore it is good, they say, for people going out of this world, yet equally good is it, they declare, for those whose fond parents earnestly wish them to come in. For a head-ache, drink, the inn-keepers exclaim, at the Koch-brunnen! For gout in the heels, soak the body, the doctors say, in the chicken-broth!—in short, the valetudinarian, reclining in his carriage, has scarcely entered the town than, say what he will of himself, the inhabitants all seem to agree in repeating—“*Bene, bene respondere; dignus es entrare nostro docto corpore!*”

However, there would be no end in stating what the Wiesbaden water is said to be good for; a much simpler course is to explain, that doctors do agree in saying that it is *not* good for complaints where there is any disposition to inflammation or regular fever, and that it changes consumption into—death.

By about seven o'clock, the vast concourse of people who had visited the Koch-Brunnen had imbibed about as much of the medicine as they could hold, and accordingly, like swallows, almost simultaneously departing, the parade was deserted; the young water-dippers had also retired to rest, and every feature in the picture vanished, except the smoking, misty fumes of the water, which now, no longer in request, boiled and bubbled by itself, as it flowed into the drains, by which it eventually reached the Rhine.

The first act of the entertainment being thus over, in about a quarter of an hour the second commenced; in short, so soon as the visitors, retiring to their rooms, could divest or denude themselves of their garments, I saw stalking down the long passage of my lodging-house one heavy German gentleman after another whose skull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers, plainly indicated that he was proceeding to the bath. In a short time, lady after lady, in similar dishabille, was seen following the same course. Silence, gravity, and incognito were the order of the day; and though I bowed as

usual in meeting these undressed people, yet the polite rule is, not, as at other moments, to accompany the inclination with a gentle smile, but to dilute it with a look which cannot be too solemn or too sad.

There was something to my mind so very novel in bathing in broth, that I resolved to try the experiment, particularly as it was the only means I had of following the crowd. Accordingly, retiring to my room, in a minute or two I also, in my slippers and black dressing-gown, was to be seen, staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage, as slowly and as gravely as if I had been in such a procession all my life. An infirm elderly lady was just before me—some lighter-sounding footsteps were behind me—but without raising our eyes from the ground, we all moved on just as if we had been corpses gliding or migrating from one churchyard to another. •

After descending a long well-staircase, I came to a door, which I no sooner opened, than, of its own accord, it slammed after me exactly as, five seconds before, it had closed upon the old lady who had preceded me, and I now found myself in an immense building, half filled with steam.

A narrow passage or aisle conducted me down the middle, on each side of me there being a series of doors opening into the baths, which, to my very great astonishment, I observed, were all open at top, being separated from each other by merely a half-inch boarded partition, not seven feet high!

Into several of these cells there was literally nothing but the steam to prevent people in the houses of the opposite side of the street from looking—a very tall man in one bath could hardly help peeping into the next, and in the roof or loft above the ceiling there were several loop-holes, through which any one might have had a bird's-eye view of the whole unfledged scene. The arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, was altogether most astonishing; and as I walked down the passage, my first exclamation to myself was, "Well, thank Heaven, this would not do in England!" To this remark the Germans would of course say, that low, half-inch scantling is quite sufficient among well-bred people, whatever coarser protection might be requisite among us English; but though this argument may sound triumphant, yet delicacy is a subject which is not fit for noisy discussion. Like the bloom on fruit, it is a subject that does not bear touching; and if people of their own ac-

cord do not feel that the scene I have described is indelicate, it is quite impossible to prove it to them, and therefore "the less said is the soonest mended."

As I was standing in the long passage, occupying myself with the above reflections, a nice, healthy old woman, opening a door, beckoned to me to advance, and accordingly with her I entered the little cell. Seeing I was rather infirm, and a stranger, she gave me, with two towels, a few necessary instructions,—such as that I was to remain in the mixture about thirty-five minutes, and beneath the fluid to strike with my arms and legs as strenuously as possible.

The door was now closed, and my dressing-gown being carefully hung upon a peg (a situation I much envied it), I proceeded, considerably against my inclination, to introduce myself to my new acquaintance, whose face, or surface, was certainly very revolting; for a white, thick, dirty, greasy scum, exactly resembling what would be on broth, covered the top of the bath. But all this, they say, is exactly as it should be, and, indeed, German bathers at Wiesbaden actually insist on its appearance, as it proves, they argue, that the bath has not been used by any one else. In most places, in ordering a warm bath, it is necessary to wait till the water be heated, but at Wiesbaden the springs are so exceedingly hot, that the baths are obliged to be filled over-night, in order to be *cool* enough in the morning; and the dirty scum I have mentioned is the required proof that the water has, during that time, been undisturbed.

Resolving not to be bullied by the ugly face of my antagonist, I entered my bath, and in a few seconds I lay horizontally, calmly soaking, like my neighbours. Generally speaking, a dead silence prevailed; occasionally an old man was heard to cough,—sometimes a young woman was gently heard to sneeze,—and two or three times there was a sudden heavy splash in the cell adjoining mine, which proceeded from the leg of a great awkward German Frau, kicking, by mistake, above, instead of (as I was vigorously doing) beneath the fluid. Every sigh that escaped was heard, and whenever a patient extricated him or herself from the mess, one could hear puffing and rubbing as clearly as if one had been assisting at the operation.

In the same mournful succession in which they had arrived, the bathers, in due time, ascended, one after another, to their rooms,

where they were now permitted to eat—what they had certainly well enough earned—their breakfast. As soon as mine was concluded, I voted it necessary to clean my head, for from certain white particles which float throughout the bath, as thickly as, and indeed very much resembling, the mica in granite, I found that my hair was in a sticky state, in which I did not feel disposed it should remain. I ought, however, most explicitly to state, that the operation I here imposed upon myself was an act of eccentricity, forming no part of the regular system of the Wiesbaden bathers—indeed, I should say that the art of cleaning the hair is not anywhere much encouraged among Germans, who, perhaps with reason, rather pride themselves in despising any sort of occupation or accomplishment which can at all be called—superficial.

Before I quit the subject of bathing, I may as well at once observe, that one of my principal reasons for selecting the apartments I occupied at the Englischen Hof was, that the window of my sitting-room looked into the horse-bath, which was immediately beneath them. Three or four times a-day, horses, lame or chest-foundered, were brought to this spot. As the water was hot, the animals, on first being led into it, seemed much frightened, splashing, and violently pawing with their fore-feet as if to cool it, but being at last more accustomed to the strange sensation, they very quickly seemed exceedingly to enjoy it. Their bodies being entirely covered, the halter was then tied to a post, and they were thus left to soak for half or three-quarters of an hour. The heat seemed to heighten the circulation of their blood, and nothing could look more animated than their heads, as, peeping out of the hot fluid, they shook their dripping manes and snorted at every carriage, and horse, which they heard passing.

The price paid for each bathing of each horse is eighteen kreuzers, and this trifling fact always appeared to me to be the most satisfactory proof I could meet with of the curative properties of the Wiesbaden baths: for though it is, of course, the interest of the inhabitants to insist on their efficacy, yet the poor peasant would never, I think, continue for a fortnight to pay sixpence a-day, unless he knew, by experience of some sort or other, that his animal would really derive benefit.

One must not, however, carry the moral too far; for even if it be admitted that these baths cure in horses strains and other effects of *over-work*; it does not follow that they are to be equally be-

neficial in gout, and other human complaints, which we all know are the effects of *under-work*, or want of exercise.

For more than half an hour I had been indolently watching this amphibious scene, when the landlord entering my room said, that the Russian Prince G——n wished to speak to me on some business; and the information was scarcely communicated, when I perceived his Highness standing at the threshold of my door. With the attention due to his rank, I instantly begged he would do me the honour to walk in; and, after we had sufficiently bowed to each other, and I had prevailed upon my guest to sit down, I gravely requested him, as I stood before him, to be so good as to state in what way I could have the good fortune to render him any service. The Prince very briefly replied, that he had called upon me, considering that I was the person in the hotel best capable (he politely inclined his head) of informing him by what route it would be most advisable for him to proceed to London, it being his wish to visit my country.

In order at once to solve this very simple problem, I silently unfolded and spread out upon the table my map of Europe; and each of us, as we leant over it, placing a fore-finger on or near Wiesbaden—(our eyes being fixed upon Dover)—we remained in this reflecting attitude for some seconds, until the Prince's finger first solemnly began to trace its route. In doing this I observed that his Highness's hand kept swerving far into the Netherlands; so, gently pulling it by the thumb towards Paris, I used as much force as I thought decorous, to induce it to advance in a straight line; however, finding my efforts ineffectual, I ventured, with respectful astonishment, to ask, "Why travel by so uninteresting a route?"

The Prince at once acknowledged that the road I had recommended would, by visiting Paris, afford him the greatest pleasure, but he frankly told me that no Russian, not even a personage of his rank, could enter that capital without first obtaining a written permission from the Emperor!!!

These words were no sooner uttered than I felt my fluent civility suddenly begin to coagulate; the attention I paid my guest became forced and unnatural—I was no longer at my ease; and though I bowed, strained, and endeavoured to be, if possible, more respectful than ever, yet I really could hardly prevent my lips from muttering aloud, that I had sooner die a homely English peasant than live to be a Russian Prince! In short, his Highness's words acted

upon my mind like thunder upon beer ; and, moreover, I could almost have sworn that I was an old lean wolf, contemptuously observing a bald ring rubbed by the collar from the neck of a sleek, well-fed mastiff dog ; however, recovering myself, I managed to give as much information as it was in my humble power to afford, and my noble guest then taking his departure, I returned to my open window, to give vent in solitude (as I gazed upon the horse-bath) to my own reflections upon the subject.

Although the petty rule of my life has been never to trouble myself about what the world calls “ politics ”—(a fine word, by-the-by, much easier expressed than understood)—yet, I must own, I am always happy when I see a nation enjoying itself, and melancholy when I observe any large body of people suffering pain or imprisonment. But of all sorts of imprisonment, that of the mind is, to my taste, the most cruel ; and, therefore, when I consider over what immense dominions the Emperor of Russia presides, and how he governs, I cannot help sympathizing most sincerely with those innocent sufferers who have the misfortune to be born his subjects ; for if a Russian Prince be not freely permitted to go to Paris, in what a melancholy state of slavery and debasement must exist the minds of what we call the lower classes ?

As a sovereign remedy for this lamentable political disorder, many very sensible people in England prescribe, I know, that we ought to have recourse to arms. I must confess, however, it seems to me that one of the greatest political errors England could commit would be to declare, or to join in declaring war against Russia ; in short, that an appeal to brute force would, at this moment, be at once most unscientifically to stop an immense moral engine, which, if left to its work, is quite powerful enough, without bloodshed, to gain for humanity, at no expense at all, its object. The individual who is, I conceive, to overthrow the Emperor of Russia—who is to direct his own legions against himself—who is to do what Napoleon at the head of his Great Army failed to effect, is the little child, who, lighted by the single wick of a small lamp, sits at this moment perched above the great steam-press of our “ Penny Magazine,” feeding it, from morning till night, with blank paper, which, at almost every pulsation of the engine, comes out stamped on both sides with engravings, and with pages of plain, useful, harmless knowledge, which, by making the lower orders acquainted with foreign lands—foreign productions—various states of society, &c., tead

practically to inculcate "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men." It has already been stated, that what proceeds from this press is now greedily devoured by the people of Europe; indeed, even at Berlin, we know it can hardly be reprinted fast enough.

This child, then,—“this sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,” is the only army that an enlightened country like ours should, I humbly think, deign to oppose to one who reigns in darkness—who trembles at day-light, and whose throne rests upon ignorance and despotism. Compare this mild, peaceful, intellectual policy, with the dreadful, savage alternative of going to war, and the difference must surely be evident to every one. In the former case, we calmly enjoy, first of all, the pleasing reflection, that our country is generously imparting to the nations of Europe the blessings she is tranquilly deriving from the purification and civilization of her own mind;—far from wishing to exterminate, we are gradually illuminating, the Russian peasant—we are mildly throwing a gleam of light upon the fetters of the Russian Prince; and surely every well-disposed person must see, that, if we will only have patience, the result of this noble, temperate conduct must produce all that reasonable beings can desire. But, on the other hand, if we appeal to arms—if, losing our temper and our head, we endeavour (as the bear is taught to dance) to civilize the Emperor of Russia by hard blows, we instantly consolidate all the tottering elements of his dominions; we give life, energy, and loyalty to his army; we avert the thoughts of his princes from their own dishonour; we inflame the passions, instead of awakening the sober judgment of his subjects, and thus throwing away both our fulcrum and our lever, by resorting to main strength, we raise the savage not only to a level with ourselves, but actually make ourselves decidedly his inferior; for Napoleon's history ought surely sufficiently to instruct us, that the weapons of this northern Prince of Darkness—(his climate and his legions)—even if we had an army, we ought not, in prudence, to attack; but the fact is, our pacific policy has been to try to exist without an army,—in the opinion of all military men we have even disarmed ourselves too much, and, in this situation, suddenly to change our system, and without arms or armour to attack one who is almost invulnerable, would be most irrationally to paralyze our own political machinery.

If, by its moral assistance, we wisely intend, under the blessings

of Heaven, to govern and be governed, we surely ought not from anger to desert its standard; and, on the other hand, it must be equally evident that before we determine on civilizing the Emperor of Russia, by trying the barbarous experiment of whether his troops or ours can, without shrinking, eat most lead, it would be prudent to create an army, as well as funds able to maintain it; for—

“Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee!”

BEING desirous to observe the way in which a Sunday evening was passed in Germany, at seven o'clock on that day I followed a crowd of people into the theatre, and found the house so full, that I had great difficulty in obtaining a seat. The performance was a complete surprise to me; for though ages ago, when I was young, I had been in the habit of regularly attending for years together an Italian theatre, yet never having before witnessed a German opera, I did not know it was possible so completely to adapt the sounds of music to every varying thought and sentiment in a play; in short, the words of the play, and the notes of the orchestra, were as nearly as possible fac-similes of each other; demi-semi-quavers, crotchets, and minims being made most ingeniously to mimic, not only exclamations, but marks of admiration, notes of interrogation, colons, and full stops.

The musical emphasis which accompanied every line throughout the piece, while it merely astonished me, seemed to be most scientifically appreciated by the audience, whose countenances of severe attention were very remarkable; no interruption, however, of any sort took place, their feelings of approbation or censure being equally mute. In the various departments of the performance, a great deal of natural talent was displayed, and whether one attended to the music—to the style of acting—to the scenery—or even to a dish of devils, which made their appearance, most strangely garnished with toads, bats, serpents, and non-descript beings, one could not help admitting that, in spite of its torpor, there must exist a considerable quantity of latent genius, imagination, and taste, in the audience itself; indeed, there can be no fairer criterion of the

mental character of any country, than its own national spectacles, which are of course, and must be, made to correspond with, and suit, the palates of those who support them. It is true that that mimic Fashion will occasionally introduce into a country foreign habits, not suited to its climate. For instance, of our own fine London opera, Italians say, that without calling upon the English audience itself to sing, their behaviour quite clearly proves that they have no real taste for—that they are not capable of relishing, the foreign musical luxury which by the power of money they have purchased: in short, they accuse us of listening, when we ought to be coughing—of talking to each other, when we ought to be breathless, from attention—and of most barbarously throwing the light of the theatre upon ourselves instead of on the performers—thus showing that we prefer looking at tiers of red cheeks and rows of white teeth, to listening to the soft, simple melody of music. But, whether these foreign remarks respecting an Italian performance be true or not, in our own element, in our own English theatres, the accusation of want of taste does not hold good. The admirers of Shakspeare, Siddons, Kemble, Kean, O'Neil, &c., cannot complain that the writings of the one, or the acting of the others, have not reached the hearts of those to whom they have been directed; in short, without sympathetic talent throughout the country, those names could never have reached the respective eminences on which they stand, and thus, though they do honour to the country, the country can also claim honour from them.

When the pleasing performance I had been witnessing was at an end, on coming into the open air, I found it was raining. Like myself, most people were without umbrellas; the rain, however, seemed to have no effect upon the tide of human bodies that flowed *en masse* towards the Cursaal, which, ready lighted up, was waiting for the disgorging of the theatre. On entering the great door, each person was required to pay a florin, and as the large room was rapidly very nearly filled, the band struck up, and dancing most vigorously began. I could now scarcely believe my eyes, that the performers, so awkwardly attempting to be active before me, were the identical people whose passive good taste and genius I had, with so much pleasure, been admiring; for with a more awkward, clumsy, inelegant set of dancers I certainly never before had found myself in society. Not only was the execution of their steps violently bad, but their whole style of dancing was of a texture as

coarse as dowlas, and most especially, in their mode of waltzing, there was a repetition of vulgar jerks which it was painfully disagreeable to witness. Leaving, therefore, these dull, heavy, tetotums to spin out the evening in their own way, I quitted the great room; but no sooner did I enter the smaller dens than I found that I had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire, for these "hells" were literally swarming with inhabitants. In each chamber an immense solitary lamp (having a circular reflector) hung over the green cloth table, round which, male and female gamesters, of all ages, were bending, with horrid features of anxiety; and as the powerful rancid oil light shone upon their ill-favoured countenances, I could not help with abhorrence leaning backwards, at seeing a group of fellow-creatures huddled together for such a base, low-minded object. In passing through the chambers of this infernal region, I found one worse, if possible, than the other. Under each lamp, there were, here and there, contrasted with young nibblers, individual countenances of habitual gamesters, which, as objects of detestation, many a painter, or rather scene-painter, would have been exceedingly anxious to sketch; but I was so completely disgusted with the whole thing, that, as quickly as my staff and two legs could carry me, swinging the other arm, I took my departure.

In hastily worming my way through the ball-room, I saw there no reason for changing my opinion; and when I got into the fresh, cool, open air, though I was fully sensible I had not spent my Sunday evening exactly as I ought to have done, yet, in the course of my very long life, I think I never felt more practically disposed to repeat, as in England we are, thank Heaven, still taught to do—

"REMEMBER THAT THOU KEEP HOLY
THE SABBATH DAY."

THE END

Schlungenbader Volkslied

National Air of Schlungenbad.

Moderato

Bru-der ich und du, Bru-der

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics 'Bru-der ich und du, Bru-der' are written below the vocal line.

ich und du, wir schlafen im-mer zu

The second system continues the melody. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics 'ich und du, wir schlafen im-mer zu' are written below the vocal line.

still und still und im mer still weil mein mädchen

The third system continues the melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. The lyrics 'still und still und im mer still weil mein mädchen' are written below the vocal line.

schla-fen will stil--le! stil--le!

The fourth system continues the melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. The lyrics 'schla-fen will stil--le! stil--le!' are written below the vocal line.

Kein gerausch ge-macht!

The fifth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. The lyrics 'Kein gerausch ge-macht!' are written below the vocal line. The piece ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

